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CATHERINE II.

Surnamed the Great Empress of Russia

Born 1729

Died 1796

An authentic portrait engraved exclusively for the Lady's Magazine and Museum

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THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE
AND
MUSEUM

OF THE BELLES-LETTRES, FINE ARTS, MUSIC, DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c.

IMPROVED SERIES, ENLARGED.

JANUARY, 1836.

UNDER THE DISTINGUISHED PATRONAGE OF

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

MEMOIRS OF CATHERINE THE SECOND, *surnamed* THE GREAT,
EMPRESS OF RUSSIA, AND OF HER COURT.

PARTLY TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF THE DUCHESS D'ABRANTES.

(Illustrated by a beautifully painted Portrait, taken from the life.)

[Subscribers' Copies contain two Plates, illustrative of the Fashions, and one of 'the Series of ancient authentic Portraits:' the Magazine should be delivered on or before the 1st of each Month.]

At the early age of nineteen years, Sophia of Anhalt renounced the faith of her forefathers and her *baptismal* name, that she might gain even in the icy regions of Russia a new country, a husband, and, above all, a crown.

At this period she was, in appearance, a lovely girl, with a fresh complexion, dark eyebrows, and a magnificent head of hair; in temper, gay and playful; yet her soul, stirred by feelings of ambition, had not yet taken for itself her afterwards celebrated motto—

“I WILL HAVE POWER at any price.”

Young, fair, and candid, she might have had flatterers without controverting history, in order to bestow on her, well-merited praise.

Sophia, who was afterwards surnamed Catherine, was born at Stettin, in the year 1729. Her father was Christian Augustus, prince of Anhalt-Zerbst; her mother, the Princess of Holstein Entin, a lady of great beauty, of consummate diplomatic skill, though of moderate acquirements. She educated the young Sophia, her daughter, herself; clad her in the simplest habits, and took care to sup-

press all pride and arrogance in her manners, which were formed with that tone of frankness and pleasant adaptation to the tastes of others, of such infinite use to her in after-life. She had an early taste for literature, was acquainted with most of the European languages, and the first writers; moreover, she had profoundly studied history, and the rudiments of several sciences. Such was she when instructed by a celebrated Lutheran divine, who little thought his young pupil would soon renounce her primitive faith.

In the renunciation of that faith for the adoption of a ritual, full of the most gorgeous ceremonies, and almost endless genuflections, in which the Greek church appeals to the eye, and not to the understanding, the young Sophia lost her true guide, and the only one that could have led her without scathe through the corruptions which, at the court of Petersburg, on all sides surrounded her. Her advancement there was, on the part of her clever mother, a stroke of consummate art.

The reigning empress of Russia, Eli-

zabeth, daughter of Peter the Great by his last wife, had been betrothed in her youth to the Prince of Holstein Entin. He, however, died just before the marriage; and Elizabeth, who doated on him with the deepest passion, made a vow in her frantic grief never to wed another man. After his death, she kept up a very warm and affectionate correspondence with his sister, the Princess of Anhalt. Elizabeth had adopted, as the heir of the Russian empire, Peter, Duke of Holstein Gottorp, the orphan of her eldest sister, the Princess Anne; and, as this young prince was desirous of marrying, the Princess of Anhalt invited herself to pay a visit to the frozen dominions of her friend, and took in her hand her lovely and accomplished Sophia, on a real expedition of husband-hunting; for, though a princess, the young German girl was very slenderly endowed with the gifts of fortune.

Although the Empress Elizabeth had showed so much sensibility on the death of her betrothed, she, the offspring of a beautiful father and mother, was herself one of the loveliest women in Europe, yet of unchaste and sensual habits. Such was the degeneracy in those days, that she was the mother of several illegitimate children, who were taken privately from the palace. One of these, the son of a very handsome Englishman, a Russia merchant, resident at St. Petersburg, was noted in England for his great munificence and noble person, and as a princely patron of the fine arts. His name will be long remembered as the founder of a gallery of paintings. The story goes, that, when a babe, this gentleman was let down in a basket from the window of the empress's palace at St. Petersburg, and endowed, by his imperial mother, with a fortune of 100,000 roubles of gold. This fortune was well improved by his father, who brought the princely boy up as a merchant; and when of age, he made in this country such a prudent and benevolent use of his vast means, that his name will be placed on our annals as the rival, in good deeds, of our Greshams and Herriots. He died, full of years and honours, in England, in 1813. His daughter, the beautiful Julia A——, married a Russian prince; and his son follows the steps of his father in England. How much happier is this distinguished and virtuous

family, than if their imperial ancestress had struggled to leave them her crown of thorns. This slight digression will be excused, since it casts a light on the peculiar state of female conduct in Russia at that time, even in the highest grade, and proves the corrupt society into which the ambition of the Princess of Anhalt plunged her daughter; and it also offers some apology for the enormities of conduct of which that princess was afterwards guilty.

The young heir of Russia, like all the Romanzoff family, was remarkable for his fine person and handsome face; and, though ill-educated, possessed talents, and an ardent desire to gain improvement. The empress had received the sister and niece of her former lover with tender friendship; and the charms of the young Sophia speedily captivated the grand duke. As soon as he had declared his passion, the Princess of Anhalt threw herself at the feet of the empress, and assured her that the young lovers were attached by an unconquerable love; and reminding her of the love she still bore her brother, conjured her not to destroy the happiness of his niece. The stratagem succeeded; the choice of a wife for the grand duke was next day announced by the empress to the ambassadors and ministers; and magnificent preparations were made for celebrating the marriage.

Meantime the grand duke fell ill of the small-pox, which disease he had with such virulence, that, although his sight and life were spared, his handsome face was so much disfigured, that his bride could not look on him without shuddering; and this accident converted the love of the young Princess Sophia, if she ever had any for him, into hatred. However, she was not of a disposition to let an ugly face frighten her from a throne. *She embraced the Greek religion, was baptised under the new name of CATHARINA ALEXIEVNA*; and, with the entire approbation of the empress, was married to the grand duke.

The ungrateful dislike she had taken to her husband, for what was no fault of his, soon manifested itself in quarrels and ill-will. She made a party against him with his aunt, and was successful, till the lightness of her own conduct became the subject of open comment. Her first lover was the grand chamberlain of

her husband, Prince Soltikoff: he was sent into banishment by the empress. It was four or five years before her son was born, the unhappy Paul, whose tendency to melancholic insanity bespoke him a legitimate descendant of the house of Romanzoff: and, if other proofs were wanting, the bitter and unnatural hatred borne him by his mother, proclaims him the true son of Peter. This prince was born on the 1st of October, in the year 1754. The Empress Elizabeth adopted the young prince, Paul Petrovitch, as the future heir of Russia, and gave him as a playfellow one of her own children, André Rasoumowsky, whom she had by the grand huntsman, a nobleman to whom she was afterwards privately espoused.

The next lover who engaged the attention of the grand duchess was the elegant and accomplished Stanislaus Poniatowsky, afterwards king of Poland, and then ambassador from Augustus III. of Poland, at the court of Russia. This *liaison* was a great expense to the accomplished Pole, as the empress, from motives of political jealousy, kept the grand duke and duchess in great poverty. Poniatowsky supplied them both with money, and having obtained great favour from the grand duke, completely established himself in their domestic circle. It is said that he was the only really disinterested lover that Catherine ever had, after the birth of the Princess Anne, a baby that died fifteen months old. This illicit connexion also became public, and Poniatowsky received orders to quit the Russian court. His absence caused agonies of grief to the grand duchess; but Poniatowsky was afterwards fitly punished by this very woman for the wrong he had committed against his friend, her confiding husband.

Catherine had a female favourite, the Princess Dashkoff, who, like herself, was a correspondent and pupil of Voltaire and Diderot: with this lady she framed a code of laws for Russia, which was handed privately about, and obtained her great popularity. They were constructed on the most liberal principles, and embraced general freedom and a representative government. This was the first seed of the future revolution, and of Catherine's favour with the Russians.

After the proved infidelity of his wife, the grand duke took for his mistress Elizabeth Vorontzoff, the sister of the Prin-

cess Dashkoff. It was whispered that as soon as he came to the throne he intended to divorce Catherine, and marry this lady. Notwithstanding this promised advancement of her family, the Princess Dashkoff, seriously wishing to give a free constitution to her country, continued to exert all her abilities, and the influence her beauty gave her, to strengthen the widely-extending faction of the grand duchess, her friend.

On Christmas-day, 1761, O. S., died the Empress Elizabeth. The grand duke was an hour afterwards on horseback, and proclaimed emperor. In his new station he behaved with great dignity and discretion; indeed, the liberality and humanity of the first acts of his reign were such as completely to falsify many of the slanders heaped on his memory by his adulterous and murderous wife. He was suffered to reign for so short a time, that it was scarcely possible for him to offend very deeply. It was said that he was fond of drinking, but in after-life Catherine herself was not free from this vice.

In the eyes of his new subjects it was a great crime being attached to the Lutheran faith, the religion of his youth. Among Catherine's numerous bad qualities, she was pre-eminent in hypocrisy; so easy it is for an atheist to act the part of a fanatic. Although, like her husband, she had been reared in the national faith of Germany, she became loud in her professions of enthusiasm for the idolatrous practices of the Russian church. We should be loath to cast the stigma of idolatry on any Christian church, but the corrupt belief of the ignorant Muscovites degraded the Greek church—full of symbols and images—to a very low scale; and the pupil of the French philosophers put on the air of a bigot during the most superstitious observances of the Russians. Her husband likewise offended his subjects by proposing a reform in some of these superstitions, and also by disbanding the noble guards that had placed Elizabeth on the throne. He installed in their place his own Holsteiners. And in this he acted with sound policy; for the guards he displaced were a sort of prætorian band, that made and unmade sovereigns at their pleasure. In his utmost extremity he gave peace to the King of Prussia, Frederick the Great, for whom he had an admiration that was

very ungratefully repaid. The predilection which Peter the Third had for every thing German made him unpopular with his subjects, and, above all, he too long neglected going to Moscow to be crowned, according to the ancient ceremonies of the czars. In all this, however, there was nothing deserving deposition, much less death. His wife, who pretended to great sanctity and reformation of conduct, was reconciled to him on his accession, gave him the worst advice she could contrive, and her partisans privately aided her efforts in bringing odium upon him.

In her public conduct she was correct, but her private life was not less licentious than formerly. While yet grand duchess, she had seduced a non-commissioned officer of the artillery, Gregory Orloff, a man of low birth and no education, but possessed of great personal beauty and the most daring courage. His brothers, Alexis and Vladimer, were common soldiers in the guards. This infamous intrigue was known only to Catherine's chamber-woman, Ivanovna; nor did Orloff himself suspect who the lady was by whom he was secretly visited. At length, finding him intrepid and clever, Catherine confided to him her rank and ambitious projects, and he engaged his brothers to enter with zeal into the conspiracy against the emperor. The Princess Dashkoff had frequent meetings with the Orloffs, without suspecting this base degradation of her friend, the empress. This lady gained over to her cause the hetman of the Cossacks, and Count Panin, the preceptor of young Paul. The plot was fast ripening, when it was suddenly discovered by the imprudence of Lieutenant Passick, who spoke of it to his captain, supposing he was in the scheme. Passick was arrested; and the emperor's old friend, the brave Marshal Munich, was preparing to take vigorous steps, when the Princess Dashkoff, hearing of the disaster, dressed herself in men's clothes, and flew to Orloff, to apprise him of the danger.

During this awful crisis the empress was at Peterhoff, a palace twenty-five versts from Petersburg. While the conspirators were hastening for action, Alexis Orloff was sent to apprise the empress. She was awoke from a sound sleep by seeing a common soldier, unknown to her, standing by her bedside. Her alarm was increased when this apparition said—

"Your Majesty has not a moment to lose; get ready, and follow me."

She called her woman Ivanovna, and the messenger then delivered a scrap of paper from the Princess Dashkoff, saying that the revolution must be urged forward, as every thing was discovered. Catherine arose, concealed herself under a disguise, and, along with Ivanovna, they hurried through the gardens to a private gate, where Alexis put them into a coach, which he had brought in readiness, and, mounting the box, drove so furiously that the coach was overturned, and the horses disabled, and the trio were forced to proceed on foot. However, they soon met a light cart going to market at the capital, and making a bargain with the boor who drove it, she, who was bound on an expedition to seize the mightiest empire in Europe, entered its capital in this humble vehicle the morning of her coronation.

At seven o'clock she appeared before the soldiery, dressed in their cap and uniform jacket. By accident, she had omitted the plume which was lent her by a graceful young officer named Potemkin. She harangued the army, declaring, "that the emperor had intended that night to put her and her son to death, and her danger had driven her to the necessity of throwing herself on their pity."

They answered her by shouts of "Long live the empress!" and one of their chaplains received, on a crucifix, their oaths of fidelity. In the space of two hours, she found herself surrounded by the chief of the population of St. Petersburg; and immediately followed by this motley train and the soldiery, she went to the church of Kasan, where the crown was placed on her head by the Archbishop of Novorogod, a factious prelate, who suspected Peter the Third had intended reforming the Greek church.

Had Peter the Third taken the advice of brave old Munich, he would have hurled the empress from the throne regnant as soon as she had mounted it. But he shuddered at the effusion of human blood which was necessary to support his cause, when his faithful Holstein guards drew their swords, and swore to support his crown to the last drop of their blood.

"It is not worth it," he said, bursting into tears at this proof of their fidelity. He was at Orienbaum, near the port of

Cronstadt, where the sailors of the English ships lying there begged him to take refuge on board the merchant-men, and declared they would fight for him to death; but his sole reply was,—“It is not worth the lives of brave men.”

Many persons have called this pusillanimity; in our eyes, it is true courage, for he must have known the extent of the perils which threatened his country. He forbade resistance which would have protected his person, and surrendered himself to the troops his wife sent to take him. Peterhoff, Alexis Orloff, and the other officers, added insult to injury, stripped him of his upper dress, and left him a butt to the brutal soldiery, in hopes some one more savage than the rest would murder him; but when it was found that a revulsion of feeling was beginning to act among the men, Alexis Orloff, and his colleague Baratinsky, thrust him into a gloomy under-ground apartment in the palace, and when their victim had sought refuge in sleep from his sorrows, Alexis and Baratinsky entered his dungeon in secret, and strangled him. Being a powerful man, the resistance he at first made was desperate; but the ruffian strength of Alexis overpowered him while asking for mercy. This tragedy was acted on the night of the 17th of June, 1762, in the sixth month of his reign.

The murderers brought the news of his death to court. The empress affected to believe that he had died a natural death, and made a great parade of Ephesian sorrow.

She now published her code of laws, and it must be admitted there then was great improvement. She lavished magnificent gifts among the learned men in Germany and France, who, in consequence, lauded her to the skies. She established hospitals and schools, introduced inoculation into the empire, first submitting herself and her son to try the effect of it.

The Princess Dashkoff, who had aided her in her aggrandizement, was by no means satisfied with the result of Catherine's legislation for the Russians. She wanted universal freedom; the last thing the empress intended to give. The advancement and domination of such low-bred ruffians as the Orloffs, also greatly offended her; and she remonstrated so warmly on this matter, that she received

an intimation that she had better travel to Moscow: she did so, and gave such information of the means by which her friend gained the throne to the before-discontented Muscovites, that all was ripe for revolt; and though the insurrection was suppressed sufficiently for Catherine to be crowned at the Kremlin without opposition, yet the inhabitants of Moscow ever beheld her with abhorrence. Some years afterwards, the princess was, however, again restored to favour.

The death of Peter the Third in a few years was followed by that of a poor prisoner, who had been proclaimed emperor in his cradle, after the death of the Empress Anne, his aunt, daughter to the Emperor Ivan, the elder brother of Peter the Great.

The little emperor was deposed and imprisoned while a babe in arms by the Empress Elizabeth, and brought up in confinement. The humanity of the emperor, Peter the Third, removed his poor cousin from his dungeon: he brought him to court, and gave him an establishment. On the accession of Catherine, he was hurried back to his prison; and under pretence of an insurrection in his favour, the unhappy prince, by her order, was strangled in his dungeon!

A veil, ominous in its texture, fell over these crimes. From the height of the crown there were red flowers, giving to it the appearance of being stained with blood: the astute Catherine assiduously covered the spots with fresh roses; and garlanded with diamonds and flowers, and arrayed in festal robes, she herself led the dance and presided at the banquet. All her female court refused to believe that the slightest guilt could be a portion of so elegant and gracious a sovereign, who gave every night a ball, a feast, or a masquerade; while the men followed her with admiration when mounted on horseback, and managing her steed with grace and courage, habited in the vest and plume of the guards, and holding the sword in her little white hand, she gave the word of command, and conducted a review, which lasted for hours, with the spirit and courage of a military prince. Thus rolled away the first fourteen years of the reign of Catherine, surnamed by the pensioned *savants* of France, the Great. But time that rolls onward—sweeping with it the youth as well of the czarina as of the

lowest Finnish girl in her empire, had now brought her to that period when little was to be recognised, either of the youthful Sophia of Stettin, or of the young wife of Peter the Third. Premature wrinkles were ploughed on a brow that had become unfemininely bold; and her whole expression was that of a woman, who, notwithstanding the delirium of Bacchanalian carousings, and the tumult of constant festivals, could not avoid the remembrance of guilt, and feel the constant pressure of care. Conscience, like a pursuing phantom, was constantly exhorting her, by the excellence of the present and future, to obliterate the errors of the past. It said to her—

“Be a mother to your son and your people. Be not only an empress, but a benefactress. Think more of the happiness of Russia, less of vain pleasures and debauchery;—more of false glory. Abandon those favourites, who are the ruin of the state, and the shame of the sovereign—those vile wretches, who are paid at your hands with ingots of hard-earned gold and mines of diamonds, who mock at thee, poor abused woman! while they dissipate the treasures of the country. Leave love and its delusions to youth.”

But, contrary to nature and to reason, Catherine multiplied around her the dissipations scarcely to be tolerated, and inexcusable even in the first delirium of giddy youth. Her licentious habits increased with age; her mind was deformed with the leprosy of habitual vice, which is disgusting in man, but horrible, appalling, and loathsome in woman. Whoever examines the full biographies of Catherine the Second, will be startled by the blood and dirt that soil the pages, notwithstanding the nauseous flatteries with which her contemporaries have bespattered her memory. She is an instance how very much worse than men a corrupted woman can become. The Duchess d'Abrantes gives a hideous list of her personal improprieties; but we must chiefly record her more decent crimes of murder, rapine, extravagance, treachery, and cruelty.

Gregory Orloff was no longer beloved, numerous infidelities attested that fact: although he bore the title of favourite, he began to be aware that the empress hated him, and at the same time he

comprehended the danger of his situation. Notorious, rather than illustrious, he had never merited the slightest regard of his country; but the time now arrived in which he seized an opportunity of connecting his name with something more respectable than the mere favour of a woman, whose good graces he had won by regicide and treason.

The plague had hung its black banners over the towers of the Kremlin—eighty thousand victims had already fallen in Moscow—the ancient city of the czars. The unhappy slaves who, sick or well, were alike driven to their tasks by the knout or the battoges, when they saw the vast open pits, receptacles of the dead, declared they had nothing worse to dread than death and torture, and rose in rebellion; so that the whole city was in a state of revolt. They murdered the archbishop; and the governor declared that if succour did not arrive speedily from St. Petersburg, all would be lost. Orloff requested the dangerous post of at once enforcing rational sanitary laws on the most ignorant and prejudiced population in Christendom, and thereby suppressing the revolt. His courage and genius prevailed; order was restored by means of wholesome regulations, the plague was stayed in an incredibly short time, and, without having had recourse to violent or tyrannical means, the insurrection was also quelled. Orloff had been detested in Moscow on account of his murder of the heir of the czars; but relieved as the people were from the most horrid evils, by his rigorous government and sagacity, he became almost popular. He was recalled to St. Petersburg; Catherine received him with triumphant arches and a mighty display of pageantry, and among the inscriptions at Tzarco Zelo was this line—

“Moscow delivered from contagion by Orloff.”

The throne of the czars was the reward sought by Orloff. He told Catherine so, and spoke of their union.

“Secretly, perhaps, I may marry you,” she replied, with great hauteur, “for I am willing to give a father to Bobinsky,* but not a monarch to Russia.”

Orloff seized her hands, and wringing them with violence, which caused Catherine to utter a cry, he said,—

“And is it to me that you dare refuse

* A son she had by Orloff.

a place on that throne which I have not only given you, but preserved? Katinga* — Katinga (and this caressing name pronounced with a furious aspect, made a terrible expression in the mouth of this man), you shall repent this insult." And repulsing the empress rudely, she fell into a *fauteuil* near her. Catherine regarded him in silence, but in the scowl of her dark brow and lowering eyes, Orloff could tell his reign was past. The attendants of the empress declare that her hands for several days bore the marks of Orloff's brutal grasp.

Soon after, Orloff attended the congress of Faksani in the name of his sovereign; and as soon as he was gone, his place was immediately filled by a lieutenant of cavalry named Wassiltschikoff, a stupid and timid, but young, tall, and handsome man. The moment Gregory Orloff heard of this decided step, he left the business of the empire in the midst of a negotiation, fled home to Moscow with the wild celerity of rage. He soon found that every security had been taken to bar his approach to the empress; the general of police, and the officers of the guards, had received their instructions; sentinels were placed on guard at the apartments of the new favourite; all the locks on the private apartments of Catherine, of which Orloff had the keys, were changed, and the empress herself was, of course, invisible to him.

The next day he received an order to surrender his offices, and to proceed on his travels; but he was not dismissed empty-handed; the price of his obedience was named at 100,000 roubles in gold, paid down; an estate with 6000 heads of serfs, taxed by their lords at about thirty shillings per annum, a pension of 150,000 roubles per annum, and a diploma of prince of the Roman empire: such were the spoils that Orloff exhibited to the rest of Europe as the reward of regicide.

Gross in manners, ignorant of the commonest usages of civilised society, the barbarian splendour of this man was the astonishment of every court at which he made his appearance. One while he was seen in the streets of Paris with a coat, on every button of which was an enormous diamond, and at his side was

suspended a sword of inestimable value; and another, when Louis XV. degraded his daughter, the Princess Clotilde, by inviting this ruffian to her marriage: he made his appearance in a morning frock of coarse cloth.

In the midst of the orgies of Tzarko Zelo, Catherine was planning a public iniquity, that was and ever will be deemed execrable by the rest of Europe. Poland fell dead beneath the arts and the violence of her powerful neighbours, and the first infamous partition was effected. It was in vain that King Stanislaus Poniatowsky called to mind Catherine's former love for him; she was as deaf to the voice of remembrance, as she was to the sentiment of honour and justice. She considered human souls as arithmetical ciphers, subjected to no calculation, but as the aids of her profusion to her infamous favourites, she wrote on this occasion in one of her letters, "Fourscore thousand more revenue of peasants to give away."

While Poland sunk beneath the overpowering force of Russia, the war with Turkey flagged, and the infidels obtained something like victories on the banks of the Danube. One day she received a message from the brave General Romanzoff, that the Turks had surrounded fourteen thousand Russians detached from the grand army, and that in spite of all his efforts, six hundred men had been taken. Catherine started up, her eyes flaming, and stamping her foot with violence, she said to the officer who brought the tidings—

"What is your master about, that he suffers my soldiers to be made slaves to the unbelievers?"

The aid-de-camp dared not reply, but timidly presented the dispatches of which he was the bearer. Catherine seized them, and tearing the papers into bits without reading them, she stamped on them and said—

"Return to Romanzoff, and ask him from me, why he does not give battle? Is he afraid of the Turks?"

The aid-de-camp again arrived, bringing this reply from Romanzoff—

"I have never been afraid of more than two things—of dishonour, and of uselessly exposing the lives of my men. The Turks have thrice my force, besides an advantageous position. In attacking the grand-vizier, I may compromise the

* The diminutive in the Russian tongue for Catherine.

Russian eagle, and destroy my brave army for a result very uncertain."

The empress replied immediately, by word of mouth, as follows—

"The Romans never asked the numbers of their enemies' forces, but only where they were, in order to attack and conquer them. Give battle to the Turks—you ought to beat them!"

Romanzoff was made desperate by these words. He obeyed her in every point, for the Turks were beaten, and the grand-vizier found it necessary to ask for peace in the name of his new master. Fortunately for Catherine, Mustapha no longer existed. The peace was signed by the two commanders near Kainardgi, on a drum-head, but the exaggerated pretensions of Catherine caused it soon to be again broken.

Triumphant in all her enterprises, Europe resounded with the praises of this woman; nevertheless, her empire was in a miserable state—the finances were completely exhausted: the people were overburthened with imposts, which two wars, and a disgracefully extravagant system of favouritism, had rendered necessary. All the provinces on the side of Moscow were ready for revolt on the slightest pretext; and this was found in the person of an impostor, who pretended to be Peter the Third. The strangest part of the business is, that Pugatcheff, the man who acted this part, was well known at court, where he had been remarked for the elegance with which he performed the national dance of the Cossacks. He was an intimate friend of Gregory Orloff; and many persons in Russia did not scruple to affirm, that Orloff had spurred him on to act the part of Peter, in revenge for his own disgrace, and to render himself again necessary to Catherine. Be this as it may, just before the revolt broke out, Orloff came back from Revel, where he had been banished a second time, and audaciously presenting himself at court, demanded back his places and offices, and to the astonishment of every one, his requests were granted.

"Well Katinga," one day, said the successful ruffian to the empress, in the presence of the English and Austrian ambassadors, "is it not far better to live thus in amity with an old friend like me?"

Catherine looked as if she would willingly, that very evening, have made him commence his journey to Siberia; but

such was the terrible ascendancy possessed by her husband's murderer, that she dared not reply to his insolence, except by tears. She had dismissed Wassiltschikoff after a short reign of twenty months. He was advised to travel to Moscow, and was portioned off with a palace of the value of 100,000 roubles, some valuable diamonds, a pension of 20,000 roubles, and 100,000 roubles paid down at his departure. Gregory Orloff believed that he was dismissed on his account: he was mistaken—the celebrated Potemkin was his successor. During the night of the revolution that had placed Catherine on the throne, when she assumed the dress of the imperial guards, and placed herself at their head, she had forgotten the plume; Potemkin, then a very young officer, had presented her with his; and the Countess Bruce, the confidant of Catherine, pretended that Potemkin had been in love with her ever since. Daring, ambitious, and full of genius, Catherine soon found that her new favourite was no ordinary character, and she retained Orloff near her, in order to counterbalance the mighty influence of this aspiring man. Accident, however, removed Potemkin, for a time, from the scene of his intended greatness.

Playing one day at billiards with Alexis Orloff, he both lost several games and his temper, and addressed himself most offensively to Orloff; a furious encounter followed, and before they could be parted, Orloff gave Potemkin a serious wound in the eye with the cue he held in his hand. Potemkin had the imprudence to mix the name of the empress with this brawl. Although the hour was late, Alexis hastened to his powerful brother, who, the minute he was informed of the quarrel, went to the empress. On the morrow, Potemkin was exiled to Smolensko, his native province; and notwithstanding the extreme sufferings of a wound that caused the loss of his eye, he was forced to begin his travels the very hour he received the order to depart. How this order was obtained, no one knew.

At this time, amidst the discontents of the people, and the alarm of the incendiary fires that mysteriously consumed entire quarters of St. Petersburg and Moscow, up started an army of insurgents, as if by sorcery, and advanced towards the capital. At the head of it, marched the phantom of a husband that Catherine had long since assassinated: he showed his neck

lacerated, and the livid marks of poison that had not done its work quickly enough : in short, Peter the Third seemed to have burst his coffin-planks, and come up to disquiet his faithless partner.

Yémélian Pugatcheff was this counterfeit; he was supported by a host of fanatic priests who preached sermons, declaring the murderous attempts that had been made on the life of Peter the Third by his adulterous wife, and that the life of the heir of the czars had been preserved by miracle. They brandished in one hand a crucifix, and in the other a torch, which they declared was to light the pile on which they meant to consume the false spouse—the homicide female—the bad mother—and heretical empress; for by these appellations they proclaimed the iniquities of Catherine. At this appeal, a mighty army of Cossacks made its appearance; twenty thousand Poles, who had been banished to Siberia, also joined it, with ten thousand Kalmucks of Storopol; and strong in a regular force, they replied to the proclamations of Catherine, by declaring their leader—emperor: he named his generals, his ministers, and coined money with his likeness impressed, having this inscription—

“ Peter the Third, emperor of all the Russias : on the reverse, the motto, *Redivivus et ultor*.”

Catherine no longer pretended to scorn this rival, but published an edict, offering those who apprehended him 100,000 roubles of gold.

Catherine, however, always saved by that tutelary spirit that patronises not pure souls, escaped a danger the most alarming that had yet threatened her. Pugatcheff was himself his own destroyer; he became cruel and unjust. Ignorant savage as he was, prosperity entirely corrupted him; a ferocious madness seized upon him, and he massacred his prisoners, and every one he suspected of wavering in his cause. The fields near Moscow were covered with corpses. The persons who offended him were put to death by the most horrid tortures, and cruelties the most revolting were practised on women and young girls. Nor was the opposing army more merciful in its treatment of Russian subjects. The soldiers of Catherine were defeated, and exasperated at the unusual disgrace, they wreaked their vengeance on the unhappy population. A great cause of terror likewise

existed in the camp, after the battle of Tatischeff, which was lost by the empress's general, Bibikoff: that commander was found dead in his tent, with blue spots on his person, evidently proceeding from poison. It went forth in the camp, that the vengeance of Catherine was thus wreaked on all unfortunate generals; but it never occurred to the Russians that Bibikoff might have poisoned himself, and to this day the family of the general believe that he was poisoned by the orders of the empress. She had crimes enough to answer for, without being charged with this; and we interpolate the text of the Duchess d'Abrantes, to point out the improbability of such an accusation.

The cruelty of Pugatcheff deprived him of his popularity, and his force began to dwindle away, despite of the success obtained for him by the arms of the brave and injured Poles—that gallant army, which the tyranny of Catherine had provided against herself. This man divorced his wife, and married a public girl at Yaïtsk. He violated all his promises, and among other outrages he seized upon the astronomer Lawitz, who was superintending scientifically the preparations for a canal, to unite the Volga and the Don, and had him tossed on the pikes of the Cossacks, in order, as Pugatcheff said, to be nearer the stars. These atrocities saved Catherine. Bad as she was, her government was better than the sway established by this Cossack—Jack Cade. He was soon after betrayed into the hands of General Panin, and Suwarrow enclosed him in an iron cage. He was condemned to a dreadful death; but the executioner doubting whether he was really Peter the Third, put him to death by a single blow: for which merciful act he received the knout, and got sent to Siberia.

Such was the end of this extraordinary revolt. It cost the empire many flourishing towns, and two hundred villages, and many of its best generals, and thousands of good soldiers and citizens. It destroyed also, for years, the commerce of Siberia; and dim and distant as it may seem to the rest of Europe, it was one of the most horrible events of modern history. Meantime the balls, the masquerades, and *fêtes*, were never interrupted at St. Petersburg; they sang, danced, and made love at the Hermitage, while the banks of the Volga re-echoed to the cries of civil war, and its waves reddened with the

blood of the miserable people: nevertheless, from this time a visible alteration was seen in the person of Catherine; her head was bent down under an appearance of age, but really under the pressure of care; and she adopted the custom that she continued till her death, of loading her complexion with a thick mass of red and white paint, beneath which mask the expression of fear and of remorse was not easily discernible.

Soon after this revolt, another matter troubled the peace of Catherine. We have seen that the Empress Elizabeth had vowed never to marry after the death of her betrothed, the Duke of Holstein. She broke this oath, by being secretly married to her lover, Alexis Rasoumowsky, but not till she had borne him two sons—the illegitimacy of whose birth was so well known, that they were suffered to live peaceably at St. Petersburg. One of these princes was a noted chemist, and spent all his time in his laboratory, making scientific discoveries, which ultimately caused his death; for a retort containing some gas having exploded, killed him on the spot; and the celebrated chemist, Lehman, whose patron he was, being at work with him, ran to his aid, and perished with him. The second of these illegitimate princes, the favourite of the Grand Duke Paul, died in 1800. But the sons of Elizabeth were not the objects of the jealousy of Catherine, it was her daughter who was born after marriage, and was in consequence the natural heir of the late sovereign. We have seen that Catherine had caused the young Emperor Ivan to be strangled in prison. Having removed this last scion of the elder branch of the royal family, Catherine now thirsted for the blood of the young daughter of Elizabeth. This murder seems almost gratuitous, since Catherine's son, the Grand Duke Paul, was descended from the Princess Anne, the eldest daughter of Peter the Great and Catherine I., and the Empress Elizabeth was but their youngest daughter, raised to the throne by a sudden insurrection of the army, on the death of the Empress Anne, the niece of Peter the Great, who had, by as sudden an insurrection, been placed on the throne at the death of Peter II., a child of seven years old. One would have thought that these tangled breaks in the line of succession in Russia, would have rendered Catherine

careless regarding the claimants through heirship, seeing that she herself reigned through mere election, to the exclusion of her husband and son. The Empress Elizabeth had given her child the name of Elizabeth Tarrakanoff, and had settled on her a private establishment in Poland. When Catherine effected the first division of Poland, Prince Radzivil seized on the little princess, and declared, that if Catherine persisted in her iniquitous designs in his country, he would raise the standard of revolt in favour of the daughter of Elizabeth. He then placed the girl under the protection of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and she lived in the neighbourhood of Rome for the sake of security.

Alexis Orloff commanded the Russian fleet in the bay of Leghorn. We must relate an anecdote of his conduct there, which is too characteristic of the peculiar modes of acting appertaining to Russian commanders to be omitted. Catherine had expressed a wish that he would employ a painter, while he was on the coast of Italy, to design four pictures representing the burning of the Turkish navy in the bay of Tchsmé, during the war of the Morea. It must have been an amusing scene to have witnessed a consultation on the fine arts in Italy, superintended by such a president. The result of the sitting, however, endangered the whole of the merchant shipping in the port of Leghorn; for Hackert, the painter, who did not seem to like his customer, declined the commission, saying he had never seen a ship blown up. It will scarcely be believed that Alexis Orloff immediately ordered one of the finest vessels in the Russian navy to be blown up for a pattern to the painter, utterly regardless of the safety of the ships from various countries which crowded the port of Leghorn, or of their precious cargoes. The barbarian was greatly diverted at the confusion his act of lawless extravagance caused. After all this mighty sacrifice and risk to obtain a perfect representation of a naval conflagration, Hackert's pictures (which may be seen in the Hall of Audience at St. Petersburg) are truly mediocre as works of art.

After the relation of this lawless prank, no traits in the character of this ruffian can be wondered at. His next Italian exploit bore a darker stain. It was the execution of the diabolical plan which he and his mistress had devised against the

unoffending princess, his real errand into Italy.

Alexis Orloff had the advantage of a bold, handsome exterior; indeed, all the Orloffs owed their advancement from the class of common soldiers, to their masculine beauty and brute courage. He got introduced to his young countrywoman as the Russian admiral, who was deeply impressed with the iniquity of the usurpation of the present empress, and who was willing instantly to use all his power, and that of the fleet he commanded, to maintain the rights of the grand-daughter of Peter the Great, and the legitimate child of the late sovereign. The poor girl listened to these delusions, and when Alexis offered her his hand, accepted him for her husband. They were actually married with great rejoicing, and the young princess was carried on board the fleet with royal pomp, expecting to be hailed as empress the moment she appeared on deck. When she arrived there, the scene instantly changed. The poor young creature was surrounded by scowling and threatening countenances of men, who treated her with the utmost indignity. She shrieked for her husband, but he was absent; nor did she ever see him again. She was heavily shackled with chains, and thrust into a darksome nook in the hold of the vessel, which set sail for St. Petersburg directly the prey was entrapped. Some say she was murdered before the ship arrived at the Russian capital; others, that the poor helpless girl, after being confined six years in a dungeon at St. Petersburg, was drowned by the rising of the waters of the Neva, which inundated her prison. Leopold, grand duke of Tuscany, made warm remonstrances on the violation of his territory by the abduction of the princess; but Catherine, who scoffed at the tribunal of God, held the laws of nations in equal derision.

Catherine paid Alexis Orloff for this infamous exploit, with an estate of ten thousand peasants, and the order of St. George; the collar of which order was ornamented with diamonds of the value of 30,000 gold roubles.

Potemkin, who had now remained for a year in impatient exile, now wrote a moving letter to Catherine, representing his despair at his absence from her. Catherine thought when she should recall him that she had provided herself

with a new slave, but he proved in the end a most imperious master.

Catherine had always loved this man; she found in his original genius a companionship for her own powerful intellect. Gregory Orloff was absent when Potemkin's letter reached the empress: on his return he found Potemkin reinstalled in his apartments, and prepared to defend himself with all the power of the empress, added to his own intrepidity and mental abilities. The brute force and savage cunning of the two Orloffs, quailed before the mighty genius of Potemkin. They still continued at court; but scenes of violent contention between the Orloffs and their rival were of frequent occurrence. It is curious to observe how these men, who had strangled the father, affected to patronise the son, at this time putting themselves at the head of a party which was called the faction of the grand duke. The awe and restraint in which the unhappy heir of Russia was held by his mother, this Semiramis of the north, prevented his party from proceeding to further action than by court cabals. The wishes of the whole of the people, however, rested on Paul, who was popular, to an excess, at Moscow. By the sagacious advice of Potemkin, Catherine resolved to do something to conciliate this portion of her uncivilized dominions.

Twelve years had rolled away since the empress had visited this ancient capital of the czars to be crowned in the chapel of the Kremlin. The anathemas of the population against her and her lovers, even then reached her ears. She thought that time had weakened this prejudice against her—it had only deepened it.

Before she began her progress to the ancient capital of her empire, she sent forward six hundred chosen men from every regiment of the imperial guards, who were under arms to receive her. Two triumphal arches were raised at the entrance of the city. The streets through which her *cortège* was to pass were hung with the richest silks and tapestry. Two hundred courtiers, covered with gold and jewels, surrounded the imperial carriage, which was followed by twenty coaches filled with the female nobility, clad in dresses sparkling with gems and silver tissue. Catherine herself sat like some barbaric idol, covered with jewels. Her

dress, made according to the ancient Muscovite fashion, was covered with precious stones: on her head blazed the imperial crown, in the centre of which was that famous diamond, called the diamond of the czarina, and a bandeau of those rubies which, it is said, cannot be equalled in the world. Thus adorned, Catherine seemed surrounded by a luminous aureole. The population of Moscow gazed silently on this dazzling magnificence; it was the third time the empress had demanded from them shouts in token of loyalty—for the third time she had shown her infamous head, bound with the royal circlet of their czars; but hatred and contempt were the sole sentiments which the inhabitants of Moscow had to bestow on her. She bowed and smiled as she passed on; but the silence of death was her sole welcome; and this dazzling procession proceeded as if it had been a magnificent state funeral. It was in vain that she flattered their superstitious prejudices by alighting, notwithstanding the extreme cold, and walking on foot through the city to the convent of the Trinity, where she prostrated her brow in the dust before the abbot, and made an offering of a rich silver statue of the Virgin for the cathedral of Moscow, which was the ostensible motive of her visit to that capital. It was in vain that she announced publicly the abolition of the imposts extraordinary that had been caused by the Turkish war. All hearts, all tongues, seemed frozen. The people were thankless for benefits offered by a blood-stained hand.

It was in the cathedral of Moscow that *Te Deum* was chaunted for peace with the Turks, and a reward bestowed on the brave General Romanzoff, whom the people hailed as their real defender, that, for the first time in Moscow, the ears of Catherine were greeted with a murmur of approbation, when she presented him, after divine service, with the baton of marshal, and a branch of laurel, made of emeralds, attached to a superb diamond chain to be worn with the laurel round his hat. Nor were these decorations his only reward. In estates and money, Romanzoff received as much as five hundred thousand pounds. Alexis and Gregory Orloff, envious of the honours bestowed on Romanzoff and Potemkin, with some other generals, demanded their dismissal, and it was granted.

During these scenes, the part played by Potemkin excited no little curiosity. From the time he had escorted the jewelled statue of the Virgin—the votive offering of the empress into Moscow—he had taken upon him the part of a strict devotee. He passed the night in prayer, confessed every day, and, though a lover of good living, as the austere Lent of the Greek church had now begun, he ostentatiously rejected the dainties of the imperial table, and fed on roots and water. What sort of caprice had seized on her lover, the empress could not divine; but before the court left Moscow the mystery came out. A monk of great austerity and sanctity, who was considered a saint by the Muscovites, and who was Potemkin's spiritual director from his arrival in Moscow, sought an audience of her Majesty, and informed her that Count Potemkin, feeling great remorse for the criminal life he had led with her Majesty, was determined to profess himself a monk, unless their ties were sanctified by marriage.

Catherine could not help smiling at this demonstration of Potemkin's religious farce; she dismissed the monk by saying, that she would give her answer to Potemkin himself. She then told her favourite that she did not mean to marry, and if his scruples were indeed so strong as to separate them, she should replace him before they left Moscow; she then pressed his hand, smiled, and left him.

For four-and-twenty hours, Potemkin raved like a madman; he vowed he would leave her, take orders, and be consecrated an archbishop; but having slept soundly, the next morning he got up quite like his former self, and spoke no more of being either a husband or an archbishop.

The empress returned *en traineau* to St. Petersburg. She was on the best terms possible with Potemkin during the journey, which lasted only four days. Peter the Great had once traversed this distance *en traineau* in forty-six hours: his *traineau* was drawn by twenty-four horses. When arrived at St. Petersburg, the empress redoubled her gifts and honours to Potemkin; he seemed in firmer favour than ever, when suddenly, like all his predecessors, he received an order to travel.

Potemkin soon obtained information of the cause of his disgrace. A young

Ukrainian, named Zawadowsky, whom Yelackin, the director of the court *fêtes*, had employed as candle-snuffer at the theatre of the Hermitage, was he who had attracted the imperial attention. Nobody at the court was astonished at this advancement; but the manner in which Potemkin weathered the storm surprised every one.

One of the most distinctive traits in the character of the empress, was her resolution to be obeyed; no favourite who had once been banished had ever returned, excepting Potemkin. From mere terror Orloff had, for a time, seized on his former place; but though the most impracticable of men, he had been finally obliged to submit to his sentence of banishment.

That very night, when Catherine believed Potemkin to be on his route to Moscow, he presented himself before her, just as she was about to sit down to cards with Zawadowsky and her female confidante; he assured her that she needed a fourth person at every table of play, and by his manner awing the serf Zawadowsky into compliance, with the utmost nonchalance he seated himself opposite the empress. Catherine presented him with the pack to draw a card, saying, emphatically, "You always play happily." She then fell into general conversation, and without other explanation, Potemkin preserved his employments and all his credit—nay more, he became prime minister of Russia; and if Catherine deserve any praise for good government, it is owing to the vigorous administration of this extraordinary man. From that moment Potemkin seldom concerned himself with Catherine's lovers; he took a distinct path of statesman-like ambition, and seemed relieved at being emancipated from the petty devoirs which she exacted from her favourites.

The temper and character of this great man was most singular and original; he combined the dignity and ability of a mighty statesman with the caprices of a grown baby. After devising and executing the most mighty schemes, he would relax his mind by having all his diamonds spread out on a table covered with black velvet, and pass hours arranging them in different forms, or pouring them out from one hand to another. Sometimes he would amuse himself with talking of making himself king of the Crimea, or duke of

Courland, or dictator of Poland. The day after he would profess himself a monk, be an archbishop, or even a simple priest. His empire over Catherine became a despotic sway. Sometimes he was insolent and rude to her to such a degree, that his friends trembled for the effects of his imprudence.

One day he was playing at pharo, when Catherine sent to inform him that she was with the council waiting his attendance. He replied that he would not go. The empress sent again to say that the council could not proceed without him.

"I don't mean to go to council any more," was his reply.

"But, my lord, what reply am I to give to her Majesty?"

"Thou wilt find it in the Bible."

"In what place?" asked the luckless messenger.

"At the beginning of the first Psalm, *Beatus vir*, &c., 'Blessed is the man that has not shared in the council of the wicked.'"

This is one instance of Potemkin's humorous oddities; they were of daily occurrence: yet he governed well, and took the reins of the empire at a time when Catherine had become an odious and disgusting being, without redeeming qualities of mind or person. All her conquests and greatness were the work of her minister—all her vices and crimes her own.

About this time a new victim is added to Catherine's list of crimes: this was her daughter-in-law, the Princess Natalia, whom she hated with deadly malice. The only crime this young princess had committed was, that she did not answer to the description which the envoys of Catherine had given of her character when they asked her in marriage for the Grand Duke Paul, the heir of Russia. She was the Princess of Hesse Darmstadt, and, like Catherine, had renounced her baptismal name and religion to wed the heir of the empire. Catherine had expected to see in her son's bride a weak and ignorant girl: she found her a noble creature, replete with intellectual and personal beauty, who, at a glance, captivated the intense affections of the melancholy and depressed Paul. She was the very woman to lead and govern her husband, and awaken in his mind a consciousness of his own rights, and the iniquity of the usurpation of his mother. Catherine felt

all this intuitively. At this crisis, the grand duke became of age; Catherine had noticed with rage the marked difference the people of Moscow made between the reception of her son and herself when they appeared together in public.

One day, the grand duke and the grand duchess traversed the Khitaigorod. They were surrounded by an immense crowd that followed the steps of the princess, and kissed her robe. It then became public that Natalia had secretly succoured many merchants of that immense bazaar, who had been ruined by one of the incendiary fires so frequent in Moscow, and which, a few months before, had laid a great part of the Khitaigorod in ashes. The gratitude of the people, and their shouts of joy at the sight of the heir of Peter the Great, drew an imprudent hint from his favourite and constant companion, André Rasoumowsky—

"Ah! my lord, you see what you could do if you would." Paul answered him only by a stern injunction of "silence." Catherine was duly informed of what had passed at the Khitaigorod. She trembled—the unfortunate woman was afraid of her own son. From that moment, the most tormenting system of espionage was set on foot in the household of the grand duchess. Intolerable control was established in every matter; and when the grand duchess was about to present an heir to the empire, her mother-in-law refused her attendance, excepting a Russian woman, of whom the poor young lady had the greatest horror. Assisted only by this person, the grand duchess and her infant perished. Paul was in agonies of despair, he had adored his wife with all the concentrated energy of a melancholy temperament. He had found in her, as well as the first object of his youthful passion, a friend and a faithful consoler, the sharer of all his troubles and sorrows. His fiendish mother came to comfort him, and this was the strain she assumed of consolation—

"A truce to these lamentations, over a woman who was false to you; she wronged you; and her paramour was your friend, Rasoumowsky."

She placed before him a packet of letters, which she pretended were written by the grand duchess. True or false, these proofs had the effect of unhooking the mind of the unhappy Paul. The despair he felt at the treachery of both

wife and friend, on whom his heart fondly doated, gave a dreadful blow to his reason, and awakened that dormant insanity that always lurked in the royal house of Romanoff, which excluded the Emperor Ivan, the elder brother of Peter the Great, from the throne, in which he held a fair partnership right: even the strong mind of Peter himself was not free from fits of mania, which attacked Peter's son and victim, the wretched Czarowitz Alexis. In our times we have seen them influencing the conduct of the Grand Duke Constantine. This malady now took possession of the unfortunate Paul, and produced those capricious sallies of temper, and that wayward behaviour, which urged him on, after his accession to the throne, to commit a thousand outrageous acts, and finally caused his destruction. Catherine afterwards married him to a princess, who suited her purpose better than Natalia; and the sable hangings and funeral pomp that served for the burial of the poor calumniated Natalia, were in a very few weeks displaced for garlands of nuptial roses, to adorn the marriage of Paul with the Princess Dorothea of Wurtemberg; a lady so well gifted by nature to steer her way politically among the clashing interests of a court like that of Russia, that she contrived to suit the mother, and at the same time manage the wild aberrations of mind in her husband. She but recently departed this life, after having seen the murder of the maniacal Paul, and the unaccountable death of her son, the Emperor Alexander, the pride of her family, whose sudden demise, report says, was far from afflicting her; and the exclusion of her son Constantine from his inheritance, which report, however, likewise says, was her doing. She survived to see the sudden death of her second son, when driven from Poland, he returned to Russia: and surely it may be said, that if her days were not many, they were very evil.

Potemkin carried the military glory and power of Russia to a great height. His personal regard for King Stanislaus, and a sense of moral justice which never wholly abandoned this singular man, prevented him from giving the *coup de grace* to unhappy Poland, though Catherine always thirsted for the final destruction of that kingdom. The first and second partition of Poland had already taken place, but a shadow of independence

and the name of a sovereignty still remained. Potemkin carefully guarded the remains of Poland from the talons of his mistress; but he extended her dominion on the Turkish frontier, and even to China, and greatly added to her naval power by the navigation of the Black Sea.

Catherine was chosen umpire between the Empress Maria Theresa and Frederick the Great of Prussia; she had an interview with the son of the German empress, the titular Emperor Joseph II., at Mohiloff. This acutely-minded prince knew at a glance the state of the Russian empire, with its actual slavery and forced civilisation.

"It is a premature fruit," said the emperor, "rotten before it is ripe."

At this time Catherine doated on an elegant young Pole, named Lanskoï, of a noble family. Finding him very ignorant, she amused herself by educating him, and he made the most extraordinary progress in mental attainments and literature. It is said he really loved her. But considering her age and vices, this can scarcely be believed. During the reign of this favourite, Gregory Orloff returned from his travels, perfectly mad. He had, on losing the empress's favour, espoused his cousin, the young Countess Zinowief; she was a good and virtuous girl, and made him as happy as his violent temper would permit him to be. At Lausanne, this charming woman died suddenly of a fever; her loss drove her husband mad, and in a ferocious state of excitement, he took the road home to Russia, broke in on one of the empress's *fêtes* at Tzarco Zelo, and insulted Catherine and Lanskoï before all the court, reproached her with having made him a murderer, and terrified every one present by the ravings of his grief and remorse. It was the last appearance of this man in public. He was dragged from the court by force, and sent to Moscow, where he died, delirious, a few weeks afterwards, shrieking incessantly that the spectre of Peter the Third was ever at his side, or following him. His third brother, Vladimir Orloff, brought back to the empress her portrait, which, in common with all her favourites, Gregory had always carried at his button-hole. The empress bade him deliver it to Alexis, with her permission to wear it:—no one certainly had a better right, seeing that he was the actual executioner of her husband.

The rising talents of the accomplished Pole, young Lanskoï, began now to excite the jealousy of Potemkin, who cared not for the affections of the woman but of the sovereign, and the most violent scenes were constantly taking place between her and her grand minister. Just after the death of Orloff, Lanskoï was seized with typhus fever, which in a few days hurried him to the grave; he expired in the arms of Catherine, who was in despair at his death. She sent forth the most agonizing cries: for many days refused all nourishment, and shut herself up in darkness in the palace during three months. Tzarco Zelo, the scene of all her pleasure, was closed. Her gifts to Lanskoï exceeded all her former prodigality.—To pay his debts, she gave 80,000 roubles, in diamonds 80,000, a palace worth 100,000, in money and estates 7,000,000 roubles. On his death-bed he bequeathed this immense mass of wealth to the empress. She was touched at this act of gratitude and attachment, but divided his property among his sisters, on whom she had before bestowed portions.

The Princess Dashkoff, now restored to the good graces of the empress, was very anxious to introduce her nephew as favourite; but the young man was spirited and clever, as well as handsome, and Potemkin did not approve of such a choice. He sent Lieut. Yermaloff with despatches to the empress, a tall, fair young man, half a fool, but a good figure. Yermaloff was distinguished by the empress, who became every day weaker and weaker in regard to favouritism. When Potemkin returned from the campaign, Yermaloff was silly enough to insult him, and Potemkin ordered his dismissal in these words,—“Choose, madam, between me and that white negro!” The white negro was sent to travel next day. During six months' favouritism, Yermaloff received an estate with 3000 peasants, 400,000 roubles, and 100,000 in money, and the order of the White Eagle of Poland.

In 1787 she commenced the famous progress through the Crimea, accompanied by her darling grandson, the boy Constantine, by her new favourite Count Momonoff, and all her distinguished courtiers. She set out *en traineau* on the 18th of January, and pursued her journey day and night. At every thirty toises of the road, a great bonfire was lighted, and in spite of the rigour of the season, an

immense crowd followed the imperial *cortège*.

At Kiof, Potemkin joined her; and here commenced the wonders of this marvellous progress. She saw a navy newly created, and ready to sail, in a port which had not existed in this town ten years before: moreover, two hundred thousand soldiers, newly equipped and armed, and in high discipline, gave to Catherine the most exalted ideas of her own puissance. The desert steppes were inhabited by a moving population, that hung on the path of the court, and carrying with them moving habitations, erected wooden houses with showy façades, along the sides of the roads, where the royal *traineau* passed, that had the appearance of flourishing towns and villages. Fifty galleys, painted in gay colours and sumptuously gilt, descending the Borysthenes, received Catherine and her court; on the borders of the river appeared joyful multitudes of seemingly happy people, who hailed their approach with shouts and *feux de joie*. During their triumphal march by land, the mountains were illuminated at night, and fireworks of an elaborate description were seen suddenly rising from the savage recesses of pathless forests. At Krementschouk, an entire palace with a beautiful garden conservatory was erected to welcome the empress. At Kaniëff she met the King of Poland, her early lover, whom she had not seen since the season of her youth and beauty, but whose country she had continued to oppress and despoil ever since he had worn its crown. When they first met, Catherine was agitated, but Stanislaus maintained his equanimity. He had an hour's private audience with her, nevertheless she persisted in the wrong that she had imagined against Poland; Stanislaus saw on her obdurate brow that his doom, and that of his hapless country, was fixed.

Joseph the Second had preceded the arrival of Catherine at Kherson: the empress there lodged at the Admiralty, where was constructed for her a throne that cost 1,400,000 roubles. The sovereigns of the house of Austria have long been celebrated for the paternal and simple mode of life which they lead among their hereditary subjects. The sarcastic spirit of the philosophic German emperor detected, with his usual acuteness, the holowness that lurked under all the parade

of Russian patriotism; he saw that nothing was real, and that the pretended maternity of the vicious Catherine to her empire of slaves, was all theatrical exhibition and mockery.

"We have been performing a mighty work this morning," said he, one day, after he had been engaged in the ceremony of laying the *second* stone of a city; "the empress has laid the *first* stone of a city she has just founded, and I have laid the *last*."

The Russian empire long groaned under the extravagance of the progress into the Crimea. It cost seven millions of roubles, which were utterly lost to the industrious and civilised classes of citizens.

After her return to St. Petersburg, Gustavus the Third made reprisals for some of her encroachments on his dominions by a naval attack on St. Petersburg. The windows of her palace were broken by his cannon. The spirit of this brave monarch was beyond his resources, he performed wonders, but could not effectually punish the insolent colossus of Russian power. It was in this hot action that our Sir Sidney Smith was first distinguished by the kindred spirit of the gallant Swede. Catherine always considered this desperate onset in her own territories as the most imminent of her dangers. Potemkin, at the same time, took Oczakoff, Ismail, and Bender; and that extraordinary man, Suwarrow, first rose into the notice of Europe, by his unparalleled cruelty at Ismail: fifty thousand human creatures were slaughtered, without distinction of age or sex, by the barbarous Russian soldiery, under the savage Suwarrow, who actively gave his own personal exertions in the butchery. The despatches of this monster are singular, for their Spartan brevity and a strain of oriental poetry. He announced the capture of Ismail to Potemkin by these few words—

"The Russian colours wave on the ramparts of Ismailow!"

In the preceding war, another of his despatches contained these poetical words—

"Honour and glory to God! Glory to you, Romanzoff! We are in possession of Tutukey, and I am in it! Suwarrow."

We cannot follow Catherine and Potemkin through the conquest of the Crimea, or her ambitious views on Constantinople. It was the intention of Potemkin to conquer for her the throne of

Constantinople; and it is well known that she gave her second grandson, Constantine, that name, intending him as future emperor of the east: nature and inexorable death said "nay" to these ambitious dreams. The first had stamped ugliness and meanness on the person of the favourite grandson, Constantine, and the corruptions of the most vicious court in the world had added fearfully to the obliquities of a maniacal temperament; the second called away Catherine's mighty general and statesman, Potemkin. This great man was suddenly stricken with death, as he was travelling rapidly to Yassy to join a congress. His agonies were so severe, that he was forced to alight from his carriage, and be laid down on a cloak, where he expired amidst those vast and solitary steppes, without a roof to shelter him.

Thus died this man, whose great abilities had altered the destinies of eastern Europe, and the neighbouring borders of Asia. His personal fortune surpassed that of most sovereigns: during the eighteen years of favour he had received fifty millions of roubles; and he possessed two hundred thousand peasants. Like Cardinal Mazarine, he had great chests and presses full of gold, pieces of precious stones, and receipts from foreign banks. He had thirty-two different orders. He drew immense sums as levies on the conquered towns in Asia. The value of his property has been computed at 12,000,000*l*. Potemkin left no immediate heirs, and Catherine laid hands on this vast mass of property. She had a right to it, as it was drawn from her gifts; but it was seized in a manner that showed little respect for the memory of a faithful and great minister.

Scarcely was Potemkin cold in his grave, when Catherine flew upon Poland, which her great minister had so carefully protected. She attacked it with all the fury of delayed vengeance. The resistance of that gallant country was desperate. What valour, what noble courage, was displayed by Kosciusko, Zajouzek, Kolanty, and Potocki! At last the infamous work of the bad woman of the north was consummated. The third stroke was struck; this time it was fatal. The last sigh of Poland exhaled at Maciejowice, in the midst of seas of Polish blood, despite of the valour and despair of Kosciusko, who fell for dead, covered with wounds, but drawn from a heap of

VOL. VIII.—No. 1.

the corpses of his compatriots, he was restored to life, and dragged a prisoner to a dungeon in St. Petersburg.

Those who escaped the Russian sabre took refuge in Praga: Suwarrow laid siege to this bulwark of Warsaw. It was taken by storm—no quarter shown; and the savage general led the massacre, sabre in hand, repeating the lesson he had practised at Ismail.

No quarter was given; women, children, old men, all, had outraged the justice of the empress—such was the order of the day, and were indiscriminately slaughtered! Twenty thousand innocent and helpless creatures, not to reckon the patriots who fell defending their hearths with arms in their hands, were victims to this worse than infuriated tiger.

He burned the sick and wounded alive in their hospitals, and entered Warsaw, his hands red and reeking, and his garments spotted with human blood. He was preceded by fifteen ruffians, bearing on their sabre points the heads of the most gallant defenders of Poland. He received, directly after this massacre, the title of field-marshal of the Russian forces, and immense pecuniary rewards. He well knew what would please Catherine.

The remainder of the true nobles of Poland were hurried away to perish on the icy shores of Tobolsk. As to King Stanislaus, guarded at Grodno, he received a pension, and permission to finish his life in sorrow and disgrace.

We have just seen a repetition of this tragedy acted in Poland; but disastrous as the issue of these glorious struggles have as yet been, they will be finally successful, for the spirit of the country is still unbroken.

Think, then, of the wrongs of Poland—think of her sufferings in the cause of freedom! Atone, ye nations of the earth, to the utmost of your power, for the patient on-looking with which you have viewed these intolerable barbarities. Has a brave and upright nation no claim of brotherhood? That evil is past; but is there no newly-invented act of oppression before your eyes, again to stir up your indignation, to awaken your sympathies? Has equal justice been done to all? When, with scrupulous care, you gave back to each nation the wealth, more particularly pictures and statues, which had been carried off in conquest by the mighty Napoleon,

did not your hearts set more value upon human degradation than upon the destruction of such things as these? Had not Poland a voice loud enough to be heard in your congress of sovereigns! and yet her cry *has* gone up from among all nations; but was she sacrificed, and made, against her will, a mere treasure of the Russian despot? Moreover, nations of Europe, is not *he* king, whose army was saved by the timely *aid* of the allied troops? and is it he who now seeks perpetually to enslave, not content with the destruction of a whole and mighty nation? The reference need not be pursued further; this sacrifice of a people for political intrigue must be atoned for; but the more speedily the several nations combine, to save her from total dismemberment, the fewer will be the sins, and the smaller the crimes for which you will have to answer. But read elsewhere of the "obedience" system, the working of which is above laid before you.

At last a vengeance more terrible than that of man struck Catherine, and called her to her guilty account, in the midst of her iniquitous rejoicings over the fall of Poland.

The young King of Sweden was brought by the guardian and uncle, who afterwards deposed him, to Petersburg, in order to espouse the grand-daughter of the empress, Alexandra Paulowna. The young king was much charmed by the beauty and innocence of this charming princess, and the attachment was mutual. The laws of Sweden are, however, very strict in forbidding any public celebration of the Greek, as well as the Catholic worship; and Gustavus, who did not wish to force the conscience of his wife, offered that she should have a chapel, and every facility of worship, privately in her palace; but when he found that the empress had, in the marriage contract, stipulated for a public establishment of the Greek religion in Stockholm, he refused to sign it, being against the national laws. Catherine would not give up this article, and the young king firmly refused to fulfil the marriage. It was a mere point of pride with the empress, who believed in no religion. That very evening, after the intended betrothment had ended in confusion and grief for the young lovers, the messenger of God touched the brow of Catherine, and the sentence was executed a few days

after. She was seized with a fit after the withdrawal of the young king of Sweden and his uncle from the hall of audience. The *fête* went off without any apparent ill consequences; and she applied herself next day to the dispatch of business, as usual. On the morning of the 6th of November, 1796, having taken coffee, she went into her inner cabinet, where she generally read or wrote alone. She stayed there much longer than customary; her ladies were alarmed, and, entering the apartment, found her extended on the carpet lifeless, with her feet against the door. It was an attack of apoplexy; she was bled, but never spoke again. At ten in the evening she expired.

Then was it that the last strange scene of the bloody tragedy of 1762 was acted. The new emperor, Paul, with reason in madness, immediately ordered the obscure tomb of his slaughtered father to be opened. The body was put in a magnificent coffin: the imperial crown placed on the top of the coffin, with the sceptre, and all the attributes of imperial sway. It lay in state, by the side of the empress's body, under a splendid canopy; and a scroll, bearing this inscription, was laid over the two coffins—

"Divided in life, united in death."

Paul did not find it expedient to put the murderers of his father to death; but he devised an awful punishment for them. He commanded Alexis Orloff to sit at the head of the corpse of his father; and Prince Baratinsky, who was his accomplice in the assassination, to sit at the feet during the lying in state. The eyes of the vast crowds who came to witness this singular ceremony were rivetted on these two men, whose crimes were well known, and whose singular position attracted universal attention. Prince Baratinsky, pale as death, only kept himself from fainting by the application of strong essences: at intervals, he groaned heavily. He was taken away after the funeral to his bed, from which he never arose, but died in a few days, his conscience greatly adding to his horrors. As for Alexis Orloff, he bore out the scene with his usually hardened effrontery; with an unblanched brow, he sat by the side of the mouldering corpse of the sovereign he had strangled with his own hands, whilst he had been crying out to him for mercy; and he regarded the son with

defying glances, whose expression plainly declared, "The assassins of thy father are by *his* side; around thee are thine own."

Catherine was sixty-eight years old when she died. She was a pupil of the atheistical *savants* of France, yet she is a hideous instance of want of religion in a female mind of great power. Her wickedness was proportionable to the strength of her genius. She died with the reputation of a great sovereign, in regard to the executive part of internal legislation. The police she established was one of the most efficient engines of her despotism, and served, at the same time, for the suppression of those gross and scandalous outbreaks of vice and intemperance for which the half-civilised Russians had been noted. As for what is called national glory, consisting of expensive wars, undertaken for the purpose of extending an already overgrown territory, it may certainly be said that she died with all the *éclat* of military success around her government. The present age has a juster appreciation of the words CONQUEST, GLORY, and VICTORY, than the past; and the bloody laurels worn by the Empress Catherine the Great, are now considered to have added still deeper disgrace to her shameless brow. Her ex-

travagant gifts to the worthless men she chose as her favourites, were drawn from imposts heavily laid upon the industrious classes, so that she more than counterbalanced the excellencies of a vigorous and efficient government. But the fact, that a salic law was afterwards established in Russia by her grandson, Alexander, although he had two female children living at the time, and no son, is the strongest proof of the horror in which her memory is held in Russia, and, above all, by her own family. In all other countries, female reigns have been exceedingly popular; and the subjects of Isabella of Spain, Elizabeth of England, the good Queen Anne, and Maria Theresa of Germany, have cherished their memories with affection; and it was for Sophia of Anhalt to cast so deep a stigma on her sex, that her grandson disinherited his own babes, rather than subject his country to the chance of another female reign.

There is a stern moral here, although by some mysterious providence, the prosperity of the great bad woman of the north continued to the end, notwithstanding she defied her God, and broke all his commandments: yet "her memory did not smell sweet, and blossom in the dust."

(The customary description of the dress and orders will be given next month.)

LINES WRITTEN AT DRYBURGH ABBEY,

BY THE SIDE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT'S TOMB.

He sleeps! he sleeps! the charm is o'er,
His harp is mute, 'twill thrill no more;
His course is run—his spirit's fled,
And all that e'er could die is dead.

The eye hath lost its kindling ray;
Return'd to dust, to mould'ring clay,
Claims only what is common now,
And darkness sits upon his brow.

He sleeps! he sleeps! the spell is past,
His magic wand is broke at last—
But now secure on happier shores,
"His harp th' OMNIPOTENT adores."

He needs no stone to tell his name,
No letter'd verse to sound his fame—
Or mark his couch of lowly sleep,
"For living statutes o'er him weep."

Wiseton.

JOHN CHARLES HALL, JUN.

CHRISTMAS-EVE; OR, THE LAST LINK OF THE CHAIN!

BY EDWARD LANCASTER.

(Author of "*The Last of the Burnings*," &c.)

"O! never, for pride, or worldly end,

A sport o' young hearts mak';

Lest the gentle thing ye wad but bend,

Sho'd strain its chords and brak'!"—SCOTTISH MINSTREL.

It was moonlight on the deep blue waters of the Slaney; and Wexford, with its circumjacent scenery, seemed slumbering as peacefully beneath the cresset of Luna, as did the hosts of Israel, in the olden time, beneath the protecting influence of that luminous body, which was at once their lantern, guard, and guide. Owing to a severe frost which then prevailed, the air seemed sparkling with gems: meteors and falling stars flashed through the sky with dazzling brightness, and were mocked by the stream, as it threw up a thousand drops of spray to catch the silver light and share the gazer's admiration. In one part, however, a broad, deep shadow crossed the river, like an elfin bridge, affording a fine relief to the eye, where fancy in its antics might create a whole myriad of those little airy beings, whose steps, by tradition, are so light, that they can rest firmly upon a shade. The shadow was caused by a substantial quadrangular building, of mixed architecture, used as a seminary for the higher order of young ladies in that quarter of Ireland. It was surrounded by a tolerably lofty wall of considerable thickness, laved at the north-east side by the tranquil Slaney. Viewed on the evening at which our narrative commences, one might easily have supposed it to have been some enchanted castle, majestically soaring above the deep, to fix belief in tales of magic:—that it was tenanted by beings no less fairy-like!

To make the delusion more complete, the windows facing Wexford (distant about three quarters of a mile), were hung with variegated lamps, and a blaze of coloured light blended cheerfully with nature's silvery rays. Music, too, was heard,—delightful music! even the laugh of young maidens!

What girl, with her spirits light and her heart free, could have been sad at such a season? It was CHRISTMAS-EVE.

The pupils, whose friends resided at a distance, had several days previously departed home, but those whose dwellings were more proximate, and had consequent-

ly more frequent opportunities of holding personal communications with their relatives, remained from choice up to the last moment at school,—such was the estimation in which they held the worthy Mrs. Aristotle, their governess. These lasses the old lady had treated with an additional "breaking-up *fête*;" and it was in the celebration of this holiday of the heart, that they were employed at the period of which we write.

Who has not read "*The Light of the Harem*," with its description of the Cachmerian girls at the "*Feast of Roses*?"—Just such joyous, innocent creatures were those, who now, regardless of winter, sported through the play-ground and its groves, with all the grace and wildness of mountain lambs. Here was seen a little galaxy of beauties, from fifteen to seventeen, clustered in a group, and discussing over the bewildering chart of visits, balls, assemblies, &c., which they intended marking out for the ensuing vacation. A little further might be observed a knot of mortal nymphs, in the national dress of jewelled green, lightly tripping it upon the lawn, and reminding one of the legend of "*Good-people*," who sprung from blades of grass, and were be-gemmed with its dew: still further, the eye was attracted by a band of happy, blooming girls, who, linked hand-in-hand together, like a wreath of roses, gaily wound in and out the openings between the trees, seeming, as they appeared and re-appeared, like the blossoms of spring, sent to charm us in the midst of winter.

At length the gay laugh was stilled; the bounding step slackened its spring, and the excited spirit lost somewhat of its elasticity. "Now, girls," said the governess, at this juncture, "you must all be up and home by daybreak. So away, with ye! to bed—to bed!"

"To bed!—to bed!" echoed the romping angels with simultaneous delight; and then sportively bustled, and pushed, and crowded, in order to be first up stairs and in their chambers:—a great triumph on such occasions.

* This tale was afterwards successfully dramatised.

But amid the playful crowd, there were two fair beings who shrank timidly back, and then with cautious steps stole unperceived to an embowered walk, where they were secure from observation. Here they remained till the last school-girl had disappeared—the last light was out, and the last sound silent. “Now, now, Amy,” said the elder of the two, “now is our time! Quick!—If we keep in the shade of those poplars, no one will see us.”

“Oh, Kate! my heart misgives me,” replied her companion, “what if we are missed from our bed-chamber?”

“That cannot be; I took precaution to lock the door and secure the key, so that, as we are bedfellows, they will imagine we were among the first who gained their rooms.—Come; to retract would now render us objects of suspicion for ever.” Saying this, the speaker took her companion’s hand, and led her, unresisting, to the north-east wall. Having ascended this, by means of an old grape-vine, and the large nails by which its branches were confined, the two truants cast their anxious and searching glances across the water—but what saw they there, that made them so suddenly start and cling to each other? It was but the object they came to see.

Glistening in the moonbeams, they observed a shallop advancing to the shadowed portion of the waters. On deck could be traced the outline of a manly form, which by its slenderness and grace betokened youth, and, by the bearing of its lofty stature, a noble mind. This figure was so much observed, that they scarcely noticed his companions, who were, a stalwart-looking gentleman, in military uniform, and three others, attired in square-tailed coats, ruffles, bag wigs, and three-cornered hats, which were so much in vogue at that period. After some cautious manœuvring, the bark was safely moored beneath that part of the parapet on which the ladies stood. As it approached, the youth above-mentioned seemed under the influence of some powerful excitement, but whether from wine or agitated feelings was not apparent; the vessel had scarcely reached its destination, before he sprang to its prow, and exclaimed in a voice of joy, “Amy—my sweet Amy!”

“Is that you, Mr. Cavendish?” said Amy.

“Mr. Cavendish!” exclaimed the youth,

in a mingled tone of expostulation and entreaty.

“Well, then, *Horace*—have you arrived at last?” returned Amy.

“Yes,” said the youth—“on the gilded wings of wealth and expectation, I now come to bear you away as my bride.”

“Oh! but do you know, *Horace*,” said Amy, “I’m sadly afraid that I shall alter my mind about accompanying you: papa and governess will scold so.”

“Then it behoves you to show yourself a girl of spirit, by exercising a will of your own.—Come, come! no roguery, Amy. The boat and every thing is ready, so use dispatch—there’s a good child!”

Though Amy was somewhat startled at the impatience with which *Horace* uttered these words, she strove to appear cheerful, and laughingly replied—“*Child!*—I’m sixteen!”

“So old?” said *Horace*, “then it is high time you prove yourself a heroine.”

“*Me* a heroine!—Oh la! *Horace*, why I never even cried at a fashionable novel.”

“Blunderbusses and bludgeons! what’s all this chattering about?” cried a person in a red nightcap, from the window of an upper story, at the same time pointing a huge pistol at those below. This was a young man, named O’Rourke, who taught drawing and other accomplishments to the ladies, by whom he was much esteemed for his good humour and drollery. He was deep in the confidence of the party now assembled, which will account for Amy at once and fearlessly replying, “It’s only me, Teddy.”

“And who’s me?” cried O’Rourke; “speak, or I’ll blow *me’s* head off!”

“Simpleton!—’tis Amy Somerton and *Horace Cavendish*,” said Kate Kavanagh promptly,—“so retire to rest, and let us all run away, or you shall never make love to me again.” This intimation had the double effect of immediately despatching Teddy to his pillow, and accelerating Amy’s movements. Taking a last look at the school and play-ground, she prepared to descend the ladder, which her lover had raised against the wall, when her step was arrested by a sweet, low, solemn strain, that peeled from the organ of a distant nunnery. Instantly a feeling of awe crept through each bosom, and each was silent:—the very waters seemed to murmur more gently as they rippled by, and the voice of the dying

breeze seemed whispering to all nature to be hushed. Meanwhile, the music quitted its pensive tone, and swelled in solemn grandeur through the air, as if desirous of accompanying the choirs above. Then was heard the measured chant of female voices, which gave utterance to the devotions of midnight, and the "JUBILATE!" that welcomed in the morning, sanctified by a Redeemer's birth;—again the organ sunk to a scarce-heard note—again reached its highest pitch, and then became lost to the ear.

Amy burst into tears.

"Good heavens! My own cherub, what is it affects you?" exclaimed Horace.

"Oh! Cavendish!" cried Amy, "the sisters of St. Ursula are chanting their matins to the Virgin, and the sounds are wafted here as a warning to me not to infringe upon the duty of a child,—'tis the voice of Heaven that speaks, and we must part."

"Rather say, that the holy strains are sent to sanctify the act which makes you mine," said Cavendish, with rapture.—"Hasten, then, my treasure, and put it in my power, when'er I hear these sounds repeated, to bless the hour when first they struck upon my ear."

"Well, then, to fate I commit myself," sighed Amy; and with a desperation which seemed intended to hurry her from herself, she flew down the steps into the arms of her lover. Kate followed—the boat was cast off, and away it darted like a dolphin through the waters. The motion of the vessel, and the beauty of the scenery on either side, soon raised Amy's spirits to their natural height: she prattled, she laughed, she sang, and she bantered her own fears with a gaiety which a looker-on would have wondered at, but suddenly her manner changed, and she drooped her head.

"Horace," she exclaimed, in a voice subdued by modesty, "when I am your wife, you must forget this girlish levity of mine; I know that it is not becoming,—I know, too, that the world looks with a blaming eye upon the thoughtless enthusiast, who scorns the bond of constraint to flee with the man she loves. But you, Horace,—you must never join in that censure!"

"Dear innocent, this bleeding heart shall wither first!" cried Horace, pressing her to his bosom.

For the first time, the military gentleman now broke silence, and grasping the arm of Cavendish, he impressively exclaimed—"REMEMBER!"

This person had formerly held the rank of major, in the —th regiment of heavy infantry, but had been broken for ungentlemanly conduct. He still, however, audaciously retained his uniform and title, which materially assisted him in imposing upon the better part of society, and mixing with those who were unacquainted with his disgrace. To supply the means of preserving appearances, he also associated with a herd of professed gamblers, and often assisted in the ruin of many an unwary victim. In brief, Terence Fitzormond—for so was he named—was one of those dangerous bad men, who, by the aid of fascinating manners, are enabled to conceal a villain's heart, and a deceptive soul. Horace Cavendish had met him in early life on the continent, where an intimacy sprung up between them, which, though unproductive of pecuniary misfortunes to our hero (for he was too poor to lose any thing), was nevertheless highly injurious to his character. The world very properly judges a man by his associates, and Horace suffered in the estimation of his friends, in consequence of this intimacy with Fitzormond, although he himself was totally unconscious of his worthlessness.

The stigma which thus attached itself to Horace was of the utmost consequence to him. Amongst the most influential friends of his family, was Sir W. Somerton, a resident magistrate in Wexford. The knight at first took a great partiality for Cavendish, and even at times said, half in joke—half in earnest, that the young man was "just the sort of dog whom he would select as a husband for his daughter." Owing to this, our hero expressed a desire to see her; and no sooner was this accomplished, than he internally exclaimed, that Amy was "just the sort of girl whom he would select for his wife." But scarcely had he time to ingratiate himself in her favour, before the presence of Fitzormond cast a shadow over his hopes, and Sir W. Somerton peremptorily forbade him to continue his visits. This was a death-blow to the youthful lovers,—nevertheless, they contrived frequently to meet in the playground of the school at evening, and the

artless Amy was easily induced to promise that she would give her hand to Horace, whenever he could acquire a sufficient competence to shield them from penury.

Thus matters stood, when the death of an uncle put Horace in the unexpected possession of a fortune, amounting to more than thirteen thousand pounds,—a very large sum in 1797, the period when these events occurred.—He consequently lost no time in conveying the information to Amy, and urging her to elope immediately, accompanied by her cousin, Kate Kavanagh, who had all along promised to be the companion of her flight. To accomplish the affair more easily, Horace secured the assistance of three "*gentlemen*," recommended to his notice by Fitzormond, named McCarthy, Dalrymple, and O'Keefe—men of desperate fortunes, and ready to employ the most desperate measures to mend them; though, to do Cavendish justice, this was a fact with which he was unacquainted.

We have seen the result of these arrangements. Amy disregarded the admonitions—the commands of her father, and abandoned her happiness to one whom she scarcely knew, because her fond romantic heart, in its childish heedlessness, had received the impression of his handsome form.—Poor girl! bitter indeed was the punishment her rashness was fated to receive.

As the boat proceeded down the river, the attention of the strangers was naturally directed towards the heroine of their expedition. She was beautiful in the extreme;—her form blended the perfections of grace and elegance; her disposition was gay, her manners bewitching; she was amiable, intellectual, accomplished, and only sixteen years of age.—Who, then, can wonder, that to see was to adore so angelic a creature?—Fitzormond was enchanted, but his fixed gaze was like that of Lucifer upon Paradise:—in admiration of that which it would destroy. His companions participated in his sentiments, excepting McCarthy, who felt that he would rather protect and worship such a being, than do her any wrong.

Horace, feeling secure of winning Sir W. Somerton's forgiveness as soon as the knight became acquainted with his wealth, had not taken any pains to conceal himself, but hired a house in nearly the most conspicuous part of the town—namely, at one of the extremes of the

celebrated bridge, which forms so great an ornament to the place. Thither our party was conveyed, and found a priest waiting ready to unite the lovers. Kate was the bridesmaid, and Fitzormond gave her away.—The ceremony was concluded, and the fate of Amy Somerton sealed for ever.

If in this life man be permitted to enjoy a period of unalloyed happiness, it is during that brief space emphatically designated "*the honey-moon*;" for then the heart, having just attained the bliss to which it had aspired, is without an ungratified wish, and throbs only with emotions of joy. The cup of life appears as sweet as *honey*, and the smiling world as bright as *moon*-beams. But Amy was not permitted to disobey her father, and yet enjoy these transports.

The very day that followed her ill-starred nuptials, commenced her future lot. She discovered that Fitzormond was to be a resident, nay, a boarder with the family. She remarked that her husband already cast aside the persuasive manners of the lover, and devoted more of his conversation to the captain than to herself. This she would scarcely have minded, had she at least been allowed a listener's privilege; but the dialogue was carried on in so low a tone, that she was condemned to vacant silence, save when her cousin occasionally broke the monotony. In the evening the friends went out, and it was late ere they returned. Cavendish seemed chafed and angry, while Fitzormond was sullen and malignant. In this mood they retired to their respective chambers, leaving the weary cousins to weep and wonder.

From this moment, Amy never enjoyed the exclusive society of Cavendish for an hour, and she became a lonely, deserted being. If she remonstrated against his continual absence, his reply was "*business*;" and if she reproached him for his coolness, she was silenced by the question—"Am I unkind to you?" True, he was *not* unkind, but he was far from being kind. That there was a deep mystery hidden under these proceedings, Amy felt convinced; for sometimes she would observe the looks of Horace fixed with all their former fondness upon her, but a glance from the ever-present Fitzormond would again congeal him to a breathing icicle. Once or twice she heard—the look accompanied by a repe-

tition of the first word Fitzormond had ever uttered in her presence—"Remember!" and when she sought the meaning of these things, Cavendish would rise abruptly and quit the house, from which he continued absent until many hours past midnight. At these times her misery was extreme; for as she would not permit Kate to share the watches of the night, she was of course alone, with no companion but herself-reproving thoughts. To add to her unhappiness, not a night passed in which she did not hear those solemn sounds, that had so powerfully affected her on the evening of the elopement; "Oh! holy sisters," would she exclaim, as they swelled through the silent air, "would that your warning had not been sent in vain!"

The only person who ever cheered her for a single moment was young O'Rourke, who came at every opportunity to carry on his suit with Miss Kavanagh; but she had too fatal an example before her eyes, to encourage a hasty or clandestine marriage. She did not, however, absolutely dismiss her admirer, who had many good points in his somewhat eccentric character, and was full of fun and good humour. One constant theme of his conversation, was an old blunderbuss, which an uncle had given him when a lad, and which he almost invariably carried about with him. It was, like Corporal Trin's Montero cap, "at once his oath, his wager, and his gift;" and such was his anxiety about it, that once, when it was mislaid, he actually visited half the houses in Wexford, to inquire if their owners "had seen his blunderbuss?" From the general esteem in which he was held, Amy selected O'Rourke to be the bearer of a letter to her father, in which she craved his forgiveness, in hopes that, if she obtained it, her husband's love would return. Sir William sent a verbal message in reply—"Tell Mrs. Cavendish," said he, "that I do not curse her, but I will never see her more."

"Oh God! why is not my husband here to comfort me?" said the miserable girl, bursting into a convulsive passion of sobs and tears, as she sank overpowered by these heart-breaking words.

To render her afflictions still more acute, Amy, about this time, discovered, that a chilling air of poverty added gloom to her situation. Instead of the comfort and affluence she had been taught to

expect, the table was scantily provided; and money to purchase necessities doled out in sums so insignificant, that more than once she was inclined to believe that her husband was without resources. The following incident made her surmise conviction.

One morning Horace left her completely destitute, and she was unable to provide any thing for dinner beyond bread, and a few salads gathered from their own garden. How bitterly she wept as she surveyed her preparations! Just then the footsteps of Cavendish were heard, and she quickly dried her swollen eyes, observing to Kate, "He shall not have to complain that clouded looks were his only welcome after we were wed."

When Horace entered, Amy flew to him in her usually affectionate manner; but coldly putting her aside, he seated himself, and inquired if dinner was prepared.

This cut Amy to the heart; but subduing her feelings, she answered, "Yes, love; but 'tis a very humble one: for—for—('tis absurd!) but do you know, Horace, love, you—you left me without money!"—"How was that, dear?"

Horace eyed her with the aspect of one watching the impression of his words, and answered, "Amy, I *have* no money."

"Ah! your fortune, then?—"

"Has passed from me."

"And our future lot?"

"Is poverty!" With these words Horace turned to the window, but as the deep sobs of his wife struck upon his ear, he again advanced towards her, and taking her hand, with some tenderness he said, "You weep, Amy!"

"And can you wonder at it?" said she, "remember, I am only sixteen—a mere child! Troubles are new to me now—but I shall learn to bear with them as I grow older!"

"Poor girl!" involuntarily ejaculated Horace, dashing an unbidden tear from his eye.

"Husband!" cried Amy, "the tone of affection which struggles with your coldness, convinces me that you are unhappy. O! if such be the case, let your wife be sharer of your grief. What blow has thus felled fortune, and your spirits? Nay," added she, casting herself into his arms, "I *will* draw the secret from your bosom."

"I am not unhappy, Amy," returned

Horace; "at least, no more so than I am made by these irksome lamentations."

"*Irksome!*" reiterated Amy. "To whom should I complain but to you? Whence this estrangement? Why do you leave me evening after evening until almost sunrise? O! Horace, if you knew the wretchedness of misery unshared, you would have pity. I sit sometimes, without stirring hand or foot, for hours together, completely destitute of one happy thought. Yesterday, when alone, I heard the clock strike seven, and remembered that it was the time when our good governess used to dismiss the school-girls to the play-ground. I pictured them even then, sporting like butterflies along the path; I could almost imagine that I heard the merry shout of laughter in which my tones used to be most loud; and as I contrasted the idea with reality—the playful throng of happy school-girls to the care stricken-wife in her solitary chamber, a choking throb rose in my throat! I felt my eye-balls burn with tears; and while the scalding drops ran down my cheeks, I wished, in agony of heart, that I was again at school. For God's sake put an end to this! you *can* do it; for had you entered at the bitter moment I have described with one smile of kindness on your lips, I should have been content and joyful."

"Exquisite girl!" exclaimed Cavendish, folding her in his arms, "I can no longer wanton with your affection, but will at once —"

"*Remember!*" said Fitzormond, who had silently entered the apartment. Horace started, but recovering himself, he quitted the room, saying, as he went, "This way, Captain Fitzormond, a word with you."

The captain followed, and Amy could not resist an attempt to learn what passed between them. "You will urge me to madness," she overheard her husband say: "how long is this to last?"

"Only a month longer, *darlint*," replied Fitzormond.

"I'll perish first!" rejoined Cavendish, with impetuosity.

"Pooh, pooh, honey! *Remember!* Come, come; let us to the ruins of St. Mary, I have something for your private ear." So saying, he unclosed the street door, and led Horace forth; whilst Amy retired, marvelling at the unaccountable influence this man usurped over her husband's mind.

The reader need not be reminded that then, as now, a heavy blow was aimed at the Protestant establishment in Ireland, and that Wexford (considered the most peaceful county in the island) was the volcano, whence burst an eruption which lit up the flames of rebellion over a whole nation. Foremost amongst the disaffected, were Terence Fitzormond and his three colleagues, who cunningly abstaining from action themselves, were satisfied with working upon the more active minds of such men as the celebrated Bagnal Harvey, Father Michael Murphy, Rudd the innkeeper, and others. Midnight meetings were held, and secret associations formed in all quarters, to which pikes, muskets, and other arms were abundantly distributed. Over all these things Fitzormond was the directing, but invisible, spirit. He had every thing to gain, and nothing to lose; consequently, he considered that by thus keeping himself behind a mask, whilst gathering together all attainable information, he would be enabled to claim reward which ever party won the day. From government—by betraying the conspirators; and from the rebels, if successful, by proving the service he had been to the cause. Not a soul, save M'Carthy, Dalrymple, and O'Keefe, was cognizant of this double-dealing; and as their interests were bound up with his, he knew he could rely upon their silence and co-operation.

One of the chief aims of Fitzormond, was to swell his list with influential names; and as Horace Cavendish was related to several powerful families, he spared no pains to win him over. But Horace was proof against all the arts of his insidious companion: in vain, when they reached St. Mary's, did the confederates dwell upon the certainty of success; the young man declared that he would never raise a hand against the existing government, and threatened summary punishment to whoever should tempt him to so disloyal an act. Fitzormond bit his lip, but, after a few moments' silence, replied, "I see you do not understand the joke: it is not my intention that you should really join in the attempt to subvert good order, but merely to seem to do so, by signing this fictitious list, that we may try a *certain experiment* to the utmost."

"What!" cried Horace, "lift my eyes to my wife's face for her to fancy that she reads rebel there? I'll die inch-meal first!"

"So much the better for me!" said Fitzormond, with a demoniacal expression of exultation upon his countenance,—"Remember!"

"Fiend in human shape!" exclaimed Horace, snatching the fatal paper, and subscribing his name to it, "you will next prompt me to sell my own soul!—There—'tis signed! O! into what a vortex have I drawn myself!" With these incoherent expressions, he rushed from the ruins; while Fitzormond, after folding the paper, and placing it in his bosom, calmly turned to his companions, and said, "Another gudgeon hooked!"

About this period, Kate Kavanagh became so heartily weary of the monotonous life she led, that she employed O'Rourke to effect, if possible, a reconciliation with her uncle. As Sir William did not believe her to have influenced his daughter in the scheme of elopement, he was not long in suffering himself to be persuaded; and unhappily, when Kate returned to his house, she inflamed the knight's mind more than ever against Horace, by her representations of the cruel conduct observed towards Amy.

The departure of Miss Kavanagh afforded an opportunity, long waited for by Fitzormond, to approach Amy when alone; and he now sedulously improved the advantage, by exaggerating all the faults of Horace, and contrasting them with his own "excellencies." Our heroine, however, was true to her marriage-vow. She had taken her husband "for better or for worse," and her affections still clung to him, like ivy to a shattered oak. On the memorable morning of Whit-Sunday (1798), Amy was sitting with Cavendish at the breakfast-table, when he suddenly roused himself from a state of gloomy abstraction, and said, "I shall remain at home to-day."

"I'm delighted at that," returned Amy; "it will be the first day since Christmas that I shall have had you for a companion."

At these words Horace started, and said, with some confusion, "I suppose then you are determined that I shall not be alone?"

Amy's eyes swam with tears, and looking mournfully in her husband's face, she said in a heart-broken tone—"Oh! Horace, if you have discovered a charm in being alone, for the love of Heaven teach it to me." This appeal was too

much for Cavendish—he kissed her cheek, and blended his tears with hers. "Ah!" she added, "I see that I have still your love, though not your secret. Well—well, all in good time. Meanwhile, I am determined to fan the spark I have discovered, till it blazes with all its former lustre."

"You are irresistible, Amy," said Horace; "and henceforth —"

"You'll be a little more cautious," exclaimed Fitzormond, stepping into the apartment.

"What brings you here, Terence?" asked Horace, with a convulsive effort at composure.

"A trifle! only thirteen thousand pounds! There, go along, and recover yourself. I will not let you injure your own interests, and would make matters straight at once, if others weren't concerned in the affair." No sooner had the captain ceased speaking, than Horace, like a docile child, rose from his seat and quitted the room.

"Alas! alas! he is mad!" said Amy.

"No! only foolish: or, may be, something worse," remarked Fitzormond.

Amy desired him to explain himself, and he added—"Horace has a mistress; that's all."

"Thank you, Captain Fitzormond," said Amy, ironically; "I now, with relief, perceive your drift. But learn that my high opinion of Mr. Cavendish remains unshaken: he is no nefarious gambler, nor one whom the army has broken for his malpractices, though untoward events may force him to associate with such men."

Fitzormond winced beneath this sarcasm, but re-assuming coolness, he said—"The mistress I mean, is ambition. What would you say if I stated that Horace was a plotter against government?"

"That you lied—lied most foully!" exclaimed Amy, her young soul flashing indignantly in her brilliant eyes.

"Humph!" ejaculated Fitzormond, drawing a small portfolio from his pocket—"what say you, then, to this well-known pocket-book, containing secret instructions for the expedition?—what to these bank-notes for thirteen thousand pounds, pretended to be saved for you, but handed to me to pay certain rebellious expenses?—or what to this signature, which brands the writer *rebel*?—At the last question he produced the document

which Horace had signed. Amy seized it with a trembling hand, but no sooner did the fatal writing seem to vouch what she had heard, than she uttered a loud shriek and dropped it on the floor.

"Go on—go on!" she cried. "Let me know all. Pile horror upon horror, till my cheeks are flooded; for such is my extreme wretchedness, that the man who could now draw a tear from my eyes would perform an act of charity."

At this instant the calm which usually pervades the Sabbath-day was broken without by the report of a gun, and a loud tumultuous yell, proceeding from a hundred mouths.

"The conflict has begun!" shouted Fitzmord. "Amy Cavendish, stir not, I charge you, on your life: I will be back anon! Hurrah! Erin go bragh!"

With these exclamations he dashed into the street. The calm was broken, and rebellion reared its hideous front.

The sensitive reader would turn shocked and horror-stricken from a detail of the inhuman outrages that marked this sanguinary struggle; I shall, therefore, leave the historian to narrate the massacres of the farm of Scullabogue, Three Rock Mountain, Enniscorthy, and Wexford Bridge. Suffice it, that the last-mentioned affair took place in the very sight and hearing of Amy. As if spell-bound by the eye of a rattlesnake, she stood fixed at the window, while the traitors advanced beneath an arch of flame, that spread devastation along their path. She saw them close in deadly struggle with the unarmed Protestants. She beheld hundreds of her fellow-creatures slaughtered on the fatal bridge, or plunged into the Slaney. The ground glowed with the marks of carnage, and the sun blushed back the hue in blood-red beams. All this was rendered more dreadful by the infuriate shouts of the multitude—the screams of women and children—the ringing of bells—the report of artillery—the yell of despair, and the groans of the dying; forming together a chaos of sound, equal to any that ever yet appalled the human ear. At length a stray shot dashed through the window at which Amy stood, and her paralysed frame sunk in a swoon upon the floor.

When she recovered she found herself in total darkness, and a suffocating smell of fire and smoke almost restored her from oblivion. Hearing some one move near

her, she feebly inquired where she was, and was answered by a voice to whose tones her heart still responded. It was Horace, who, after thanking Heaven for her recovery, informed her that they were concealed in the cellars of their own house, which had been reduced to ashes by the belligerents. He himself had been severely wounded, though he took no part in the fray, and had lain helplessly by her side for four-and-twenty hours, without food. This intelligence inspired Amy with the heroic resolution of braving every danger to procure food, rather than see her husband perish by famine: but they were both without a coin in the world.

"Never mind, dear Horace," said she, "your wife will *beg* for you."

Without waiting to hear his remonstrances, she rushed forth. Oh! how calm and clear the twilight-sky looked at that moment. For a short time her soul partook of its serenity, but when she recollected the darkness and stifling air in which her husband breathed, she almost reproached herself for daring to enjoy one pure zephyr. And now did that innocent girl, reared in affluence and luxury, forward to stretch the mendicant's hand and suppliant's glance. At first she shrunk back when any one approached; but, perceiving that she was passed unnoticed, despair overcame her fears, and, at the next footstep she heard, she averted her face, and—asked for alms!

"And hath intestine commotion reduced a young thing like thee to beggary?" said the passer-by, in a kind though melancholy voice. "God help thee, poor child! There, go and struggle with life a little longer." So saying, he put some silver into her hands, and proceeded onwards. His tones went to Amy's heart; she cast one frenzied look upon his retreating form, and found that she had been begging of her own father.

With every sense almost shattered by this blow, Amy recoiled from the spot, and almost sunk into a state of stupefaction; she, however, succeeded in rousing herself sufficiently to purchase provisions and some styptics for her husband's wounds, with which she fortunately gained his place of refuge unperceived.

Week after week passed by, during which Amy uncomplainingly attended Horace, whose recovery was still doubt-

ful, and each evening she asked charity for his support. She dared not apply to her friends, lest danger might accrue. Besides, to her dismay, she one night saw a reward offered for the apprehension of several rebels, amongst whom were named Fitzormond and Cavendish. The authorities had gained possession of these names through O'Rourke, who, having entered Amy's house in the hopes of saving her, had discovered the paper which Fitzormond had forgotten to take from the ground where she dropped it, and he had handed it over to the magistrates. His kind intentions towards Amy were frustrated through her removal by Cavendish; but Teddy and his blunderbuss, nevertheless, proved highly serviceable to the Protestant party. Amy would not shock her husband by imparting this circumstance to him, though it made her more cautious in leaving and in re-entering their miserable shelter.

Meanwhile, Fitzormond and his three friends having been disappointed in their schemes, were hunted from hiding-place to hiding-place, until there was scarcely a spot left where they might hope for concealment. At length they found a temporary refuge in the ruins of Selksar Priory, an ancient edifice, constructed by the Danes; but having reason to suppose that even this place was suspected, the captain resolved to sally forth and inspect the remaining portion of Cavendish's house. He was aware that it had already undergone the diligent search of the soldiery (who, however, never thought to look beneath the fallen masses where the vaults were situated), and calculated that, as it was not likely to be again inspected, they might lurk there till an opportunity offered of crossing the river, which was their only means of ultimate escape. In pursuance of this intention, Fitzormond was examining a nook whence a passage seemed to proceed, when he saw Amy approach with her usually cautious step. Prey to a hungry tiger could not have been a more welcome sight. Fitzormond had long resolved to make Amy his victim, and seizing the present favourable opportunity, he suddenly threw his cloak over her head to stifle her cries, and then, aided by the shades of night, bore her in his arms to Selksar Priory.

Here, on account of being closely watched, Fitzormond was obliged to let

her remain undisturbed for some days: but having at length eluded the lynx-eyed police, and made every necessary arrangement for the proposed change of abode, he had her brought before him. "Good morning, Mistress Cavendish," he began. "Pray don't suffer yourself to be at all alarmed, honey: you will receive none but the *traitement* due from gentlemen!"

"GENTLEMEN!" echoed Amy, with indignation. "Speak of a class with whom you are accustomed to associate, Mr. Fitzormond."

"Come come, *darlint*," returned he, "don't employ so much of the nettle in your *spach*. I am your husband's friend, and can prove his innocence to the world, if I like."

"You can?—you can?" cried Amy. "Oh! do so, Fitzormond, and you shall have my eternal gratitude."

"My terms shall not be very hard, *ma vourneen*," said the ruffian; then taking her hand, he added with an insidious gentleness, "only your smiles, *lama ma chree*!"

"Odious reptile!" exclaimed Amy, shaking him off, "sooner would I caress a toad than one who has thus crept with adder's stealth into my husband's breast to sting him to the heart!"

"Well, there's no blarney in that," said Fitzormond, "so I'll not stand on any ceremony myself. Dost know what is meant by the word '*force*,' honey?" Amy's agony of mind was now almost insupportable, and she looked around nearly despairing of relief, when she perceived a small cask of gunpowder, on which one of the men had placed a pair of pistols. With the speed of thought she darted towards the welcome weapons, and seizing them, pointed one at Fitzormond's head, and the other at the cask. "Hold!" she exclaimed, "advance one foot before another, save to conduct me hence, or offer the slightest show of violence, and girl—child—infant as I am, I'll send thine unprepared soul to eternity. Should my aim miss, I will fire into this barrel of powder, and may the eternal Judge take me to his bosom!"

"By heavens!" said McCarthy, "her spirit charms me! Hark'ee, friend Fitzormond, pass the word for this poor thing to be set at liberty, or even I will take up arms in her defence."

When the occasion which braces up

the mind to a full display of its energies is suddenly removed, the relaxation is so effectual, that it sinks lower than before. Thus Amy, who, a few moments previously, had struck awe into the hearts of those around her, became overpowered the instant she found a protector. She dropped the pistols, and flew to the side of M'Carthy. Fitzormond no sooner perceived his advantage, than he secured in turn the weapons, and bursting into a loud laugh, exclaimed with savage exultation, "Now, then, whose turn is it to triumph? What shall now stay my purpose?"

"This blunderbuss, you murdering thief of the world!" shouted a voice from above. All eyes were immediately raised, and beheld Terence O'Rourke with a detachment of life-guardsmen, who had at length become successful in tracing the rebels to their concealment. Fitzormond, with a presence of mind which he always displayed upon emergencies, at once precipitated himself amongst the intricacies of the ruins, and succeeded in reaching the shelter of Cavendish's house; but his companions were all secured, and conveyed with Amy to the town. Our heroine's woes were, however, not yet at an end. On passing the bridge, her attention was attracted by an immense crowd proceeding towards it, as if to add a new victim to the outraged laws; for already was to be seen a dismal display of human heads, spiked on a line of pikes along the bridge. These had belonged to Bagnal Harvey and his followers, who were executed on the very spot where they had commenced their atrocities, and thus the same platform witnessed the crime and the atonement. In proof that another culprit was about to suffer death, Amy saw the block already prepared on the centre of the bridge, and the executioner leaning upon his axe; she turned to discover the criminal, and beheld—her husband!

The alarming absence of his wife, had goaded Horace to crawl into the open air. He was discovered, seized, tried, condemned, and was now being conveyed to the last scene of existence by Sir William Somerton, who had contrived to have proceedings expedited in order to gratify a not unnatural revenge against one whom the representations of Kate Kavanagh had so much incensed him. The moment the dreadful truth was known to

Amy, she uttered a piercing shriek, and, bursting through the crowd, she flung herself at her father's feet. "Father! father!—mercy!—life for my husband!" was her frenzied exclamation.

This sudden apparition of his daughter nearly overpowered Sir William; but, rallying himself, he addressed Amy in a soothing tone, assured her that she should again be received at home, and that her husband had received every attention to prepare him for that eternity, from entering which no human power could now save him. In vain Amy called Heaven to witness that Horace was innocent; her father spoke of the list which had been found with his name appended, and expressed surprise that she could plead for one who, by his conduct, had given her so much cause for hate.

"Aye! father, but I still love him," said Amy; "and you will not break my heart by destroying its only stay. Rivet after rivet of my affection has been unloosed, but *the last link of the chain* remains unbroken! The gay, laughing hoyden of the boarding-school was fated to have her joyous songs of mirth stifled in their very exuberance, and to become a lonely deserted wife—still, father, I loved him! He turned the look of coldness instead of love upon me—still my affections clung to him! I was told he joined the traitors to his country—still, like the Persian who pays homage to the very orb that sucks damp vapours from a fen to fill the air with plague, still, I say, I loved him, and will do so while life and sense are wedded in my frame!"

"Oh! Mr. Cavendish," said M'Carthy, who was standing close by, "had Fitzormond overheard this avowal of fidelity, he must have acknowledged your wager won."

"Explain yourself, young man," said Sir William; whereupon M'Carthy entered into a narration which afforded a complete key to the strange conduct of Horace. It appeared that when that misguided man received his fortune, Fitzormond's cupidity was awakened, and with it the determination to ruin Cavendish. This he effected by first intoxicating his victim, and then artfully leading the conversation on the merits of woman. "It's my belief," said Fitzormond, "that no woman's affections are so warm as to maintain their fervour

against indifference, nor her principles so strong as to preserve their rectitude when treated with neglect." Horace vehemently combated this opinion, and at length vauntingly offered to stake his entire wealth upon the love and purity of Amy. This was what Fitzormond wanted. He accepted the wager, and induced Horace to lodge his money in the hands of M'Carthy, stipulating that he should be allowed to propose and witness whatever tests he thought proper of Amy's wish—this was done for the double purpose of weakening the ties that bound her to Horace, and of opening a path to gain her himself. Having thus accomplished his project, Fitzormond prevented Horace from drawing his bet, by keeping him continually at the bottle until Christmas-eve.

"Well, sir," said Sir William, when M'Carthy ceased speaking, "and where is the money thus dishonestly obtained?"

"I grieve to say," returned M'Carthy, "that I was under promise to deliver it up to Fitzormond before he nominated me receiver. He has it now in his possession, and has not expended a guinea; having determined to escape with it to America, if his schemes in this country failed."

"I give you credit for this stratagem to save your friend, but can see through it," said Sir William; and then, turning to the soldiery, he sternly added, "lead on to the execution, and line the shores, that no one may escape. Amy, take the last embrace of your husband."

It would be utterly impossible to convey an adequate idea of the distressing scene which now ensued. Amy poured forth a thousand lamentations. To find her husband true, and yet to lose him, was dreadful. Even Horace wept like an infant, and the rude guards became infected with his distress. At this moment, when the entire attention of the spectators was occupied by the youthful

pair, Fitzormond, who, from the propinquity of the ruins, had overheard all that passed, deeming this a favourable opportunity to drop unperceived amid the crowd, and so make his escape, before it was effectually prevented by the proposed guard, emerged from behind a raised buttress, and was about to leap, when O'Rourke perceived and recognised him. It was not the work of an instant with Teddy to raise his blunderbuss to his shoulder. "Now, villain, I have you!" he exclaimed, and discharged his piece: the contents took effect, and Fitzormond fell, mortally wounded.

A medical man, who was near, instantly pronounced him to be without five minutes' life, upon which Fitzormond feebly exclaimed—"Then stay the execution, that I may atone for my sins before I die. All that M'Carthy has said is true. You will find the money concealed beneath my epaulettes: I should have robbed Cavendish of it even though he won the wager. I induced him to pretend to be a rebel that I might *decave* his wife. Oh! I die. Ireland for ever! Erin go bragh." With these words still quivering upon his lips, he expired.

After this it would be needless to say that the case of Horace underwent a thorough investigation, and that he was ultimately acquitted. Restored to the bosom of his wife, the friendship of her father, and the enjoyment of fortune, he was speedily in possession of renewed happiness, and lavished every possible mark of fondness upon Amy. But she never recovered her former hilarity of heart: the melancholy which so many months of wretchedness had left behind, continued through life to punish her disobedience to a parent's mandate; but her constancy was rewarded, by finding that THE LAST LINK OF THE CHAIN which held her to Horace remained firm to the end of her days.

YOUTH.

As on the days that are no more,
We turn a sad and tearful eye;
How many a scene we loved before,
Calls forth the tribute of a sigh:
As the lone exile strains to see
His home from off the vessel's prow,
So we, sweet hours, revert to ye,
And doubly mourn your memory now.

Sweet hours ! e'en as a lovely dream
 Your halcyon course to us appears,
 Too perfect and too pure ye seem
 For this terrestrial vale of tears :
 As when the dark waves sink to rest
 The star reflects its own soft light,
 So now, upon the troubled breast,
 Your memory gleams—as cold—as bright !
 What ! though again we view the scene
 So lovely, in the days gone by,
 We cannot be what we have been,
 Nor check the tear that dims the eye.
 Though, as in spring, a gentle breeze
 Across the autumn's wreck may blow,
 It cannot cheer the leafless trees,
 Nor bid the blighted blossoms glow.
 Yes, boisterous mirth may still delight,
 And pleasure may the moment charm ;
 But though each scene may shine as bright,
 It cannot now the bosom warm :
 The innocence of youth no more
 Sheds on our path its radiant beams ;
 And where the bright sun shone before,
 A cheerless star now only gleams !
 Oh ! not again our lives can know
 The sunny freshness of those hours,
 When e'en Elysium seemed to glow,
 And every path was strewn with flowers :
 The shades of former joys flit o'er
 The wreck which blighted hopes have made ;
 Their memory charms us now no more,
 In such a tearful garb arrayed.
 Oh ! may we hope when life's drear road
 Is past, we then may taste those joys,
 And live where 'neath the smile of God,
 Nor woe corrodes, nor care destroys ;
 There may the brightness of the past
 Remain, when all its woes are o'er ;
 Where youth itself shall ever last,
 And chance and change afflict no more !

PELIKAR.

A TALE OF THE RHINELAND.

" O Mutter ! Was ist Seligkeit ?
 O Mutter ! Was ist Hölle ?
 Bei ihm, bei ihm ist Seligkeit,
 Und oher Wilhelm Hölle ?"—Bürger's *Anonymous*.

" Oh mother ! mother ! what is bliss ?	or,	" Oh mother ! tell me what is bliss ?
Oh mother ! mother ! what is hell ?		Oh mother ! what is hell ?
With Wilhelm only there is bliss,		With him, with him alone is bliss,
And without Wilhelm—only hell."		And without William—hell !"

R. W. SPENCER.

EDITOR.

On a small eminence near the ruined Castle of Fehlenberg, on the banks of the Rhine, stands a monument, overgrown with moss and ivy, and apparently of very remote age ; it has no date, and

the only inscription is, " verloren ! ach verloren !" (Lost ! ah, lost !)

This spot is avoided by the neighbouring peasantry, as, according to tradition, it has been the scene of one of those

romantic legends with which the Rhineland abounds. An ancestor of the Count de Fehlenberg, the present owner of the place, had been deeply attached to a peasant girl, of the most extraordinary beauty, who, to her ruin, returned his love. The customs of the age forbade her the hope of ever becoming his wife; her wildest dreams could not imagine such an event; and he was already married to a beautiful woman of noble family, whom he, however, detested. The consequences of the attachment soon became apparent, and the poor girl, once the pride of the country, was the scoff of all. Peace and happiness no longer existed for her; driven from her home with a father's curse, she rushed to the spot where she was wont to meet her lover, and uttering the words "Lost! ah, lost!" plunged beneath the waters of the Rhine. Peace to her spirit! The legend goes on to state, that the count, in despair at her loss, made a compact with the enemy of mankind, to enjoy the company of his mistress, on earth, for a certain time, and at the end of that period to give up his soul to the fiend. Contrary to the usual custom in such matters, the conditions were faithfully observed, and the lovers used to meet at the scene of her death, where a monument had been raised over her body. At last the time allowed expired, and the fiend seized his prey under circumstances of the deepest horror. On the castle wall is shown a battlement with some dark stains, against which he is said to have dashed the body of the count. Be this story true or false, the place ever after bore the reputation of being haunted, and a solemn mass for the repose of their souls is celebrated yearly in the neighbouring convent. Yet the consequences of the crime seemed entailed upon the progeny of Rodolph de Fehlenberg, and the castle was gradually deserted by his descendants; few of whom dared approach the fated mound, as the demon was said to have power over every member of the family, who ventured near the scene of his triumph, especially on the anniversary of the death of the unfortunate peasant.

"Can it be that we shall be again united in another world to those we have loved?" said the Count de Regina to his friend Ernest Villars.

"My dear count," answered Villars, "I never trouble myself with such ethereal speculations. I prefer the world

to any future prospects—here at least we have a certainty; and to tell you the truth, I should be very sorry to pass eternity with any one."

"Talk not of thy cold, heartless philosophy to me! Thou hast never loved—thou knowest not what it is to have thy bride snatched from thee, when happiness seemed beyond the power of fate."

"I grant," said Villars, "you have been unfortunate, but you are yet young—why not seek another mistress?"

"Barbarian, utter not the blasphemy!" shouted the count.

"Well, my friend, I had no intention to offend you; but if you will not try the pleasures of love, serve your country, seek to free her from the dominion of priests and kings, who hold her in slavery, and prey upon the vitals of the people."

"What care I for country," said the count; "where her ashes repose—where her loved remains rest in their parent earth—there is my country."

"Then it seems to me," replied his friend, "your best plan is to sell yourself to the devil, like your ancestor, and so rejoin your wife."

"Would that I could rejoin her; be it in heaven, be it in hell. I tell thee, four hundred years ago, on this very night, did Rodolph de Fehlenberg give up his soul to perdition for her he loved. To see her again, I would renounce my salvation—I would brave every torment."

"Be quiet, for Heaven's sake," said Villars, who trembled at the horrid blasphemy. "No!" shouted the infuriated lover; "I care not for bliss—I laugh at hell; I want but Beatrice. Hear me, ye powers of air—take my spirit, take my life, but give me her I have so fondly loved." A low melancholy sound, like the last dying notes of an Eolian harp, swept across the waters of the Rhine, and he distinctly heard the words, "It is granted." Delirious with joy, he informed his greatly-astonished friend of his happiness. Villars tried to laugh; yet, in spite of his philosophy, he felt a foreboding that some terrible misfortune was about to happen to the count.—After a short time they parted.

The persons between whom this conversation took place, were Ernest Villars, a young Frenchman, and the Count de Regina, an Italian nobleman, who had come from the neighbouring town of C—, to soothe the grief he felt for the loss of

his wife, or, rather to nourish it amongst the magnificent scenery of the Rhineland; for he studiously avoided all society, and his only friend was Villars. What the bond of sympathy between them was it would be hard to say; for two more dissimilar characters it was impossible to find. The count (whose mother was a German) united all the ardour and passion of the south, to the deep romantic feelings of his mother-land; whilst Villars was a materialist, or at least professed himself one, though fear had oppressed him, especially on one occasion, when at the point of death; but this he accounted for, saying, that this weak state of body always produced a corresponding effect upon the mind. This creed led to its natural results: having nothing to hope for in another world, his only aim was to enjoy himself to the utmost in this, heedless how, or at whose expense, he obtained the gratification of his wishes.

It was a lovely Sabbath eve; the setting sun shed a flood of light on the wood-crowned banks of the calm magnificent stream, which flowed beneath them like a sheet of burnished gold. On the right arose the town of C—, with its lofty cathedral dimly overshadowing the houses, like a guardian angel watching his charge; and from the spot where they stood, they could hear the pealing tones of the organ, mingled with the sweet notes of the choristers, rising in vocal incense to their Maker. A scene like this, which would have rendered the minds of others calm and resigned, only augmented the frenzy of the count. That happiness and peace should be granted to all save himself was too hard to bear, and under the influence of this feeling he uttered the blasphemous wishes recorded before, not without some lingering hope of seeing them realized, for the superstitious feelings he had imbibed in childhood, yet retained a place in his breast. His lot was a hard one. He had loved with the utmost devotion the beautiful Beatrice de Spineto, a daughter of the noble house of Doria. She returned his love, the consent of her family was obtained, and a day fixed for their marriage. It came at last, bright and sunny as the spirits of the count, over whose breast some indefinable feeling of impending evil had hitherto weighed, but on this morning all doubts were fled, and his burning pas-

sion flowed in a strong unbroken torrent. They were united. In the evening, the bride, wearied by the heat and fatigue of the day, retired to her room for awhile. The count waited at first patiently, but as several hours elapsed and she did not appear, he became alarmed and went to her room. No answer was he able to obtain; he burst open the door—Beatrice lay dead upon her couch. At first they were unable to discover any traces of the cause of her death, as there were no marks on the body except a slight scratch on the neck, though her face was black and discoloured. After some time a small serpent of a peculiarly venomous kind was detected amongst the bed-clothes, and beside it lay a nosegay of flowers he had presented to the bride, by the smell of which it was evident the reptile had been attracted.

To describe his grief is beyond the power of language. That at the moment his happiness seemed beyond the reach of fate, to have the cup thus dashed from his lips would have driven the calmest mind to despair; on his fiery soul the blow came like lightning, blasting and searing all within, and leaving nothing save black and hopeless misery. His sufferings were rendered still more acute, by the thought that he had been in some measure the cause of her death.

The effect of misfortune is various; some it humbles, others it urges on to frenzy. Of this latter description was the now wretched count; he lived but to lament his loss, and to curse his fate. In vain his family tried to urge him to the pursuit of pleasure—in vain they held out the lure of ambition. At length they managed to persuade him to leave his native country, and to spend a short time at C—, the place of his mother's birth. The change was of little service: he shunned his relatives, and spent his time wandering in the gloomy ruins of Fehlenberg, which he loved for their natural loveliness, as well as the tradition attached to them; and often did he feel a wish to imitate the example of his ancestor, although he had never, till this evening, given utterance to his wishes. He made the demand—it was granted. He received the promise with joy, careless of the tremendous penalty to be paid; he thought but of the bliss of beholding his bride—he thought but of the fulfilment of his desires.

A violent ringing at the door of his lodging awoke Villars from a broken and troubled rest, which had been haunted by the most horrible dreams. He could not but think it was some intelligence from his friend, yet he trembled to inquire. His suspense was soon at an end. In a few moments the count's valet rushed to his bedside, imploring him to go instantly to his master. Villars could ask no question; his tongue was, as it were, transfixed to his mouth with horror; but dressing himself with the utmost speed, he hastened to the abode of his friend. On entering his room, he went to the magnificent bed in which the count was extended, and drawing aside the curtains, started back—for what met his view? He had left him the evening before a young and handsome man; now he could not recognise him, for every feature was changed, his jaw was sunk, his eyes, glittering like fire, seemed about to start from their sockets, and his whole frame shook and quivered like a reed shaken by a wintry blast. Villars took his hand, but dropped it with a shudder: it seemed as if he were touching fire. The count after awhile raised himself up, and fixed a haggard look on his friend, and then uttered sounds which terrified him. He had always been celebrated for the beauty of his voice; but its charm was now gone, and it resembled more the screeching of an owl, than any sound from a human breast. "Ernest," at last he began, "there is a God, and I know it. My friend, look on me, and say if any human power could thus distort my frame. Vain are all our dreams—vain our boasted reason; there is a hell, oh! I feel it. I told thee that my wish was granted; that low melancholy voice, I hear it yet; it promised me my desires, and I left thee frantic with joy. I had retired to my couch, whether I slept I know not; but my senses were gradually fading into oblivion, when I heard a sound like the distant tolling of a funeral bell. It grew louder and louder: some invisible power hurried me along; over me sounded the rustling of mighty wings, and the knell peeled its mournful notes. I was borne through immeasurable space (whether in body or spirit I know not) to a bright region, where glittering forms glanced by me like flashes of lightning. The space gradually became darker, till

at last the light was of a dim violet hue. I felt myself stop. Before me was a dreary plain, boundless on all sides; the sky was purple of one unvarying tint, and the ground black and parched, as if scorched by a torrent of lava. Suddenly the sky assumed a deeper hue, and on it was written, in characters of the brightest fire, 'Have thy wish.' Yes, I have had my wish; the wrath that I defied has been poured on my head, I have tasted the torments I braved.

"Every object at this moment vanished. Loved land of Italy, thy glorious skies once more blessed my sight! It was night: the blue sky sparkled with stars, shedding their cool pure light over a vast city, and as I gazed on its stately palaces and glittering spires, methought I heard the busy hum of the voices of men. I stood before a magnificent building; on the gate was sculptured the winged galley of the house of Doria. Within, all was mirth and revelry; the sound of music, and the light laugh of joy rung through its vast halls: a gorgeous saloon now opened to my view, and the figures of the dancers flitted lightly by me, as they moved to the bewitching strains of music. One form fixed my gaze, too well I knew it—'twas Beatrice, radiant in loveliness. I could not distinguish the features of her companion, but they seemed to talk of love; his gestures were eager and impassioned, and I marked her downcast eye, her trembling smile. Suddenly the phantom turned towards me; I saw myself. Can I ever forget those halls—that night:—'twas there I first beheld her—'twas there I first drank the intoxicating cup of love. After a time the room grew dim, and the music died away.

"Another scene appeared. The moon threw its silver rays over a vast bay. Nothing was stirring, all lay hushed and quiet; and I heard nought save the low ripple of the tiny waves as they gently kissed the shore, and my cheek was fanned by the cool night breeze, wafting over me the sweet perfume of the orange flower. Two persons appeared at a distance; they drew nearer: God of heaven! it was myself and Beatrice. They sat beside me. The very air seemed to burn with their passionate sighs—they were locked in each other's arms: their lips met; and I could hear their vows as they swore eternal truth. It was on

such a night, by the bay of Sorrento, on those immortal shores, that I first told my love, and first knew I was beloved.

"Once more the scene changed. I beheld the abode of my ancestors; the fields in which a child I had sported, and where I once fondly hoped to pass a life of bliss. The turrets of the castle were streaming with gay flags, the trees were hung with festoons of flowers, and the bells rung out a merry peal. A crowd of gay and high-born nobles issued from the castle-gates—in joyous procession they entered the village church—before the altar I knelt with Beatrice, beside us was my aged mother; I marked her joyous smile, whilst the priest, amidst the peal of the organ and the steaming of incense, invoked a blessing on our heads. I now saw a well-known room—my wedding-chamber. Beatrice entered; she touched a spring, a panel flew open, and a man was at her feet—she caught him in her arms; she printed kisses of fire on his lips; their scornful laugh yet rings in my ear, whilst they gazed on the picture of myself she wore in her bosom. A beautiful bunch of flowers I had given her was there—they tossed it on the bed. I saw no more. Too well I knew the face of her lover: he called himself—my dearest friend.

"A mighty whirlwind swept all away, and I beheld the plain where I had first stopped. A sound, like the roar of ten thousand cannon, rang through the space—the ground was rent in all directions, and from the gaping cliffs rose myriads of dim and ghastly figures. One drew near me; I tried to flee, but in vain; I was rooted to the earth. It reached me! it touched me! I felt the cold chill of the grave, and the loathsome touch of the foul reptiles of the charnel-house, as they crawled upon me with their slimy bodies—the grave-clothes dropped from its face, and I beheld—Beatrice! Not with angel beauty, as when I first saw her; but with a face, black and discoloured as when she lay on the bed of death. Her veins seemed bursting through the skin; and oh! Ernest, they were flowing with liquid fire. She pressed me to her—she put her loathsome lips to mine—she shouted in my ear—"Love! we have met! Love! we part no more!" Whilst around us the figures formed a dance, yelling in chorus, 'Joy to the bridegroom! Joy

to the bride!' How long this continued I know not; but another tremendous peal was heard, the figures vanished, and I was alone.

"A bright and glorious being now stood before me; his look was mournful, and his glittering eyes were dimmed with tears—"Being of clay," he said, 'thou hast dared to arraign the justice of the Omnipotent; thou hast presumed to defy him who made thee: to gratify thy mad passion, thou hast relinquished the hopes of that, to which thy race, though fallen, may yet aspire. Thou desiredst but to see her whom thou didst love: thou hast with thine own eyes beheld her false to thee: and know, that 'twas in mercy the hand of Death snatched her away. She loved thy rank and wealth—thee she never loved: she was content to become thy bride—but 'twas for a time; thy death was already plotted, and then thy friend would have revelled in thy spoils! Now hear thy doom. A disembodied spirit, thou shalt yet retain the form, the pains, the passions of thy mortal frame; to her who betrayed thee shalt thou be bound; in her foul embrace shalt thou be held; like her, thy veins shall glow with liquid fire. Thus shalt thou remain, till that dread day when all shall receive their doom.' 'And is there no hope?' I cried. 'Dare not to pry into the designs of the inscrutable. Yet another day thou remainest on earth, and then thy course is run!' he spoke, and vanished.

"I remember nothing further, until this morning my faithful Antonio found me in the state thou seest. Ernest! Ernest! I have deserved my fate—I braved it—I have wished it! The pains, the fire, I could have borne; but oh! that blasting sight! to be chained to her—to see her cursed form—oh! 'tis too much. Oh! mercy, mercy!"

The almost supernatural energy which had animated the unfortunate count during the recital of this tale now failed him, and he sunk back, apparently in a dying state. Villars even thought for a time that he was dead; but he revived, after a short interval. It is needless to say that, horror-struck, he had listened to the count with feelings of the deepest sympathy; he would fain have persuaded him it was but a dream; he endeavoured to think so himself; but in vain: the agonized frame of the count,

and his piercing screams, too fearfully convinced him of the reality of what had happened. One feeling of this world yet remained in the breast of the high-born noble—the pride of birth. He would not suffer assistance to be sent for—he could not bear to think that a member of his noble house should become the scoff of the common herd, or that his sad end should be held up as a warning to others. Villars tried every effort to relieve him, but to no purpose. The count asked for water, but, when it was brought him, he cast down the cup, saying it was filled with flames.

The atheist tried to pray, he could not bear it; he said, it sounded in his ear like the mocking of a fiend, crying out, there

was no hope for him. Thus passed the day: as the night drew on, the count's agony became more intense. He cried, that his veins were burning—that the room was filled with figures, who were mocking and gibing him; and pointing to the sun, which was now fast sinking beneath the horizon, Villars could distinctly hear around the bed a low moaning noise, mixed with fiendish yells of joy.

At length, as the last rays of the sun faded into twilight, a loud rustling of wings was heard, and the room was, for a moment, filled with a blaze of purple light. Villars looked on the bed; the body of the count was a mass of senseless clay; his spirit was —.

ANOTHER YEAR IS GONE!

Another year is gone!
With all its changeful hues of grief and gladness;
From some it parts in joy, from some in sadness,
From all too swiftly flown!

How has it passed o'er THEE?
As dews of summer bend the sleeping flow'rs,
Guarding their fragrance for the sunshine hours,
Then falling tenderly?

Hast thou no record kept
Of thoughts untold, and hopes too fondly cherish'd;
No sad regrets, no friendships dimm'd or perish'd,
No fault the heart has wept?

Canst thou gaze fearlessly
Around the circle which thine heart embraces,
And meet at every glance the same bright faces,
Where each was wont to be?

Or has it been to thee
A long, long year of sickness or of sorrow,
Hast thou been crushed to earth, does every morrow
Wake thee to misery?

Yes! for thou turn'st aside
To hide the tear that in thine eye hath started:
Some loved one, then, is gone, some tie is parted,
And life has nought beside!

Alas! for those who cling
With unwise heart to shrines of earthly treasure;
Where will they turn when grief has silenced pleasure,
And life is vanishing!

CAROLINE.

PAST ERRORS.

BY MRS. G. S. KINGSTON.

"Who by repentance is not satisfied,
Is nor of heav'n nor earth; for these are pleased,
By penitence th' Eternal's wrath's appeased."—SHAKESPEARE.

"Well, well, you may just say what you like, Mr. Trusty, but I am persuaded that there must be some great mystery at the bottom of all this, thus to delay the marriage of your master and my mistress, who can have nobody to consult but themselves upon the subject."

"Pooh! pooh! Mistress Tramp, you waiting-women, you know, have ever been famed, from time immemorial, for your love of mysteries and intrigues: now, I'll warrant ye, that the fact is, that my master has so long been accustomed to lead the easy life of a bachelor, that he does not quite like to make up his mind to take upon himself the cares of married life."

"That's all very fine, indeed; but I'd have you to know, Mr. Trusty, that all the delay is on my mistress's side.—Your master, indeed! humph! that's a good one; he'd be glad enough to get my mistress any how, that's certain—for people do say, as they don't know how ever he'll get in for the borough again, unless."

"Pish! good Mistress Tramp, that, you know, is neither your affair nor mine. Of course, the Lady Barbara's broad lands would not come amiss to my master; but as to his being so glad to get her, why that's another case; and all I know about the matter is, that Sir Andrew is very much changed since the thing has been so much spoken of; and to hear him sigh and groan, and speak to himself when he thinks that no one hears him, clearly proves to me that he has got something on his mind, and makes me think that he's not quite so happy on the score of his intended marriage, as some people might think he should be."

"Oh! I'm sure as to that, that my lady is quite even with your master, for she has likewise got something on her mind, most assuredly; and I've often overheard her, when she did not think that I was so near her, sigh and say, Heigho! I'm sure I shall never dare to confess to him! and sometimes weep and exclaim: All this must have an end! and add, that though she esteemed him so much, and

that things were gone so far between them, still she really must refuse your master after all."

This last phrase was uttered in a tone of triumph, and with a saucy toss of the head, which imparted to the countenance of Mr. Trusty gentleman's gentleman a piqued and unpleasant expression. However, all further argument was put a stop to, by the presence of the parties who had given rise to the dialogue here related, as they passed in earnest conversation through the hall, from the terrace to the drawing-room of Lady Barbara Broadwood.

The lady was tall, thin, and of that amphibious age, between a forty and a fifty, but which has nothing to do with thirty, whatever the owner may choose to hope upon the subject. Her attire was as antiquated as this age of full skirts and "folle" sleeves could possibly admit of; i. e. having about half the "ampleur" fashion of the present day, yet exactly what her ladyship, in her *bon goût*, considered as the very "juste milieu" between fashion and folly (Olympians claiming close consanguinity). Her voice was thin, but by no means shrill; and her general appearance, though strongly conveying the notion of prudish rectitude, bespoke her gentle and kind-hearted. The cavalier, by whom she was attended, was tall and graceful in form and bearing; his countenance was lofty, and undeniably handsome; his fine dark eye denoted intellect, and his pale and elevated forehead, though slightly furrowed, imparted that "air distingué," which in our eyes might take beauty's place, even in its total absence. In fact, Sir Andrew Artless was quite the English gentleman.

"If her ladyship will lend me her attention," said the baronet, when they had seated themselves at a reverential distance from each other, "I will endeavour frankly to unburthen my mind, upon a subject which long has laid heavily upon it; and if, after the disclosure of a fault, which I scarce dare look back upon, her ladyship should in her infinite goodness still allow me to preserve the fond hope

of being united to her, I will strive, by a life of devotion and repentance, to repay, if possible, the errors of my youth."

"Oh! pray, sir, be brief, you frighten me!" ejaculated the startled lady.

"Alas! madam, I was sure it would be so; and yet could I dare to enter the sacred state of matrimony, without a frank and open confession of the sin for which I am about to crave your ladyship's indulgence. I should have proved myself truly unworthy of that happiness, which ——"

"Ah! good Sir Andrew, we all need indulgence in this sad world; and did you know how deeply I have myself erred, you might be less scrupulous, and less willing to pardon."

"Nay, Lady Barbara, you who have ever been pure and immaculate as ——"

"Oh! don't call me immaculate, I entreat you, Sir Andrew!" exclaimed her ladyship in a perfect paroxysm, and seemingly startled at the recollection of her guilt. "I am far, far from immaculate," added she, in a faltering tone. A deep silence of some minutes ensued; after which the worthy baronet summoned his resolution, and resumed his confession in the following terms:—

"Madam, you scarce will conceive that the man who is now before you, whom you have respected and esteemed, who has had the honour of representing so many times in parliament the town where first he saw the light, and where his ancestors enjoyed from generation to generation the reverential consideration due to their many virtues. The man so fortunate as to be at present pleasing to the public, once appeared before that public. Oh! I cannot speak it," said he, hiding his face within his hands.

"For Heaven's sake, Sir Andrew, do terminate my cruel suspense; I am upon the rack of torture."

"Well, then, madam, that man appeared before the public disguised! with paint upon his cheeks! He was in his youth, a scapegrace! a runaway! in fact, an actor!!!"

"Sir Andrew!"

"Aye, madam, frown upon me—bid me begone—quit your presence for ever!—you cannot, I know, esteem me now. But I could not be guilty of base deceit."

"But pray, sir, explain yourself. Is the circumstance generally known?"

"Madam, in my boyhood I was a younger son; and my father, the late

respected Sir Abraham, was a man of cold, stern and rigid morality; my brothers and myself felt awed when in his presence; but *I*, the rebellious, the undutiful and unworthy son, having at sixteen years of age been thwarted in a desire which I then considered most reasonable, dared most audaciously to follow the advice and example of young Frederic Dashwood, and fled from my father's house to join a company of actors, who were then strolling through the country; and under a feigned name, *I six times* appeared upon the boards, and should possibly have persevered in my perversity, had not my father caused me one night to be arrested and secured by the constables, at the very instant I was about to appear before the audience. I was conveyed home, and remained a prisoner in solitary confinement within my chamber, until my sincere repentance, and the death of my elder brother, softened my father's heart towards me."

Lady Barbara, who several times had recourse to her kerkchief during the recital of her pretended lover, now sobbed audibly, and her "inamorato," who imagined that *his crime* alone had been the cause of her agitation, strove vainly to console her; but at length, when words could find a fitting utterance, she exclaimed—"Your error was indeed a great one, Sir Andrew; but mine! mine! the remembrance of which has so long tortured me, inducing me to refuse you my hand, which I considered as unworthy of you, and which I at last basely, until awakened by your generous confidence, had formed (prompted by its very magnitude) the resolution of keeping concealed from you for ever. How, oh! how, shall I now reveal it? Yet will I do so; and if you then consider that time and penitence have had power to blot out the past, I will strive, during the remainder of my life, to repay your generous conduct by my everlasting gratitude. But if, on the other hand, you consider me unworthy, I will freely restore to you the promise which you made me, believing me to be innocent."

"Oh! Lady Barbara, you overpower me, you cannot now be serious."

"Ah! Sir Andrew, be lenient, and judge not too harshly, I entreat you."

"My mother, the late lamented Countess of Broadwood, was a woman of profoundly religious principles and spotless

virtue, whose very delicate health and frail constitution (which proved for so many years a subject of deep anxiety to my father,) did not permit her to take upon her the superintendence of the education of myself, her only child; and at the age of fifteen, the loss (by death) of the worthy governess, who had reared my first steps in the paths of virtue, was replaced by a young woman, whose indulgence and flattery proved most fatal to me. She had spent her life with the more dissipated portion of the nobility, and endeavoured to impress upon me their manners and principles. The book of serious reading sent me by my good aunt Prudence, was often exchanged for the comedy or light romance by my new instructress, who jested me unmercifully upon what she called my primitive ways, adding, that she intended to amuse her dear Lady Harriet Harebrain, her last pupil, with a full description of me. Shortly after her arrival at the hall, my mother's health became so bad, as to require her to be immediately removed to Bath. Miss Selina Smatter was enchanted at the change; and when there, soon induced my parents to permit me to associate with some of her former charges. One evening—oh! that I could obliterate the memory of that evening—she obtained of my father a consent that I should accompany some friends to the theatre, where a set of strolling actors was engaged. The play was 'The Rivals,' and I sat in breathless expectation until the curtain was drawn up; I was all attention, for it was the first entertainment of the sort I had ever witnessed; in short, the part of Falkland was performed by a young man of exceeding comeliness of person and elegance of manner, and one to whom Miss Smatter had often called my attention in our morning promenades, declaring that 'the handsome creature was quite smitten with me, and followed me every where, for he had even been seen 'neath the windows of the house we inhabited.' I was entranced at the sight, and felt an inward thrill of pleasure, which, since that hour, it never has been my fate to experience. We were in the stage-box, and the young man proved that he fully recognised us, by the glances which he cast at me whenever he was unobserved. The play ended, and our carriage having tarried in coming up when we left the box, what was my astonishment at beholding the handsome

actor by my side; he tendered to me, silently and unobserved by any but my governess, a folded paper. I was far too agitated, and perhaps still retained too much propriety, to admit my putting forth my hand to receive it. Miss Smatter hastily seized it, and hurried me away. It contained a declaration, couched in the most passionate terms, and ended by beseeching me to bestow upon its writer a lock of my hair! And, oh! Sir Andrew! counselled by her who should have protected my steps from falling, I was induced to comply."

The lady, who was here overcome by her emotion, was suddenly interrupted by Sir Andrew, who exclaimed in a voice almost hoarse with contending feelings, "Say, oh say! dear Lady Barbara, was the young man's name——"

"Cleveland!" ejaculated her ladyship.

"Cleveland! and you, then, Lady Barbara, are that lovely fair one who addressed a short sweet note to him (containing a ringlet of golden hair), signed 'Cassandra?'"

Her ladyship sighed deeply, and Sir Andrew, drawing from his bosom a small black silk bag, which had the appearance of a Catholic relic, exhibited to the eyes of his mistress the words she had traced in her girlhood, and a lock of hair that most vividly contrasted with the borrowed ones, of a deep dead brown, which now shaded the brow that once had worn it. Then, throwing himself at her feet, he solemnly protested, in the most knightly manner, that the recollection of her, and of the only romantic incident which ever had befallen him, had 'ever, until now, prevented him from contracting any of the alliances which he might have aspired to. Her ladyship's tears of penitence were replaced by those of joy, at having found her Cleveland; and, in calmer moments, gave vent to her pleasurable surprise by a number of trite old-fashioned sayings; concluding the whole by affirming, that "none can fly from their fate, and that marriages are made in heaven."

In some few weeks from this period the *Morning Herald* of the day announced "a marriage in high life." The bridegroom was Sir Andrew Artless, Bart., M.P.; and the blushing bride was the Lady Barbara Broadwood, sole heiress to the immense estates of Broadwood and Longlands, in the counties of

****. Sundry antiquated grooms and footmen, bearing snow-white favours more than twice the size of those adopted in the present century, were seen hurrying to and fro in the square inhabited by the happy pair. Amongst the number, the good old Mr. Trusty, having determined to walk in the footsteps of so good a master, was seen supporting upon his arm a spruce, well-looking gentlewoman, or gentlewoman's gentlewoman. For, notwithstanding a sort of rambling propensity, which did not quite accord

with his own steady principles, he had converted the buxom Mrs. Tramp into Mistress Trusty, following the footsteps of his worthy patron.

Sir Andrew sat once more for the borough which he had so often represented; but, being an old-fashioned personage, and unable (from prejudice, we doubt not,) fully to comprehend the politics of the *present* day, has retired from public life, and leads, with his dear Lady Barbara, a peaceful and happy existence, full worthy of the "golden age."

SONNETS ON RICHBOROUGH CASTLE.*

BY G. R. CARTER.

[Opposite the coast of Gaul, and divided from it by a narrow strait, were, first, The Cantii, or people of Kent, and part of *Middlesex*, whose principal harbour was Rupalie, or *Richborough*, where the Romans generally landed. Even in the days of Juvenal, the oysters of Richborough were imported into Italy.—*Juv. Sat.* iv. 143; from "*Butler's Ancient Geography*," chap. iv. 162, 12th ed.]

There is a castle throned upon a hill,
To whose gray walls the sunless ivy clings,
And pendent shrubs all rich with blossoms fill
The roofless halls of conquerors and kings.
Lo! the dim river as it glides along,
Is harmonized to music, and the birds
Prolong its cadence with their sweetest song,
Which strikes the ear with more effect than words.
Wreck of departed days! although the gleams
Of old tradition's light, around thee fall,
Oh! still more beautiful in classic themes
Appear thy sunken cross and ivied wall;
And Time, whose wreath upon thy brow is spread,
Seems the soul mourner o'er the mighty dead.

Memento of the past! thy walls no more
Gleam with the spears that peopled them of yore;
But clustering rootlets of the ivy cling
Around the site of Roman triumphing;
And when the plough turns up the furrow'd ground,
The coins that bear a Cæsar's name are found,—
Those dim remains of emperors and kings,
With whose renown the western world yet rings;
Who, like this ancient castle, still retain
A name which Time has breath'd upon in vain.
Unchanged by summer suns or wintry show'rs,
Appear the walls of this stupendous pile,
Array'd in wreaths of beauteous vernal flow'rs,
And lighted with the sun's declining smile.
Oh! Nature, how delightful are the charms,
Which thou hast thrown around the Roman arms.

Nature!—beneath thy beatific hand
The joyful earth its verdant robe assumes,
And many a flower awaked at thy command,
From wintry sleep the silent dell perfumes;

* Richborough Castle seems to be a great favourite with our young and studious author; unconsciously he has favoured us, at different times, with two compositions on this subject. The first was published in December, 1834, and the second copy (the above) was delayed owing to the supposition that it was only a duplicate, until the other day receiving this copy again, we compared the two, and find them to be as different as light and darkness, except that the desolate Richborough is now again enlightened by the talent of his genius.—Ed.

But how thy power *omnipotent* is thrown
 Around this ancient pile!—Time's iron tongue,
 Which long ago its final requiem sung,
 Is mute, and thou hast claim'd it as thine own.
 Thus shall the fanes and palaces which men
 Have rear'd to-day their splendid pomp resign,
 And thou shalt have an universal shrine,
 To which the world shall turn with eager ken.
 These ivied walls thy mighty power attest,
 Where erst the Roman eagle built her nest.

Once more—as in my childhood's cloudless noon,
 Old Richborough! I gaze upon thy wall,
 O'er which the festoons of the ivy crawl,
 Unvisited by Sun or gentle Moon.
 How the horizon arches overhead
 Its stainless sapphire, and the river glides
 With plaintive murmurs o'er its sandy bed,
 To mingle with the foam of Ocean's tides.
 Can I lament the ages which have pass'd
 Into the whelming waves of hoary Time,
 When Nature, o'er thy crumbling form has cast,
 Spells more profound, and features more sublime,
 Than in the days of Cæsar's godlike race,
 Who here maintain'd their kingly pride of place.

June, 1835.

THE NEW-YEAR'S WELCOME.

BY MRS. HOFLAND.

Notwithstanding people advanced in life are generally partial to the years that are past, and leave to the young their predilection for new things, being willing to class novelties with frivolities, yet we generally find every person, of every age and situation, give welcome to the new year.

Yes! we receive a new year (as if it were an old friend, a prodigal son returned from far) with feasting and dancing, with smiles and gratitude, as one that will increase our happiness, or remove our sorrows. The man who is at "ease in his possessions," and has nothing left to wish for, hopes the new year "will not be so dull as the last," whilst the unhappy and anxious man trusts it will relieve his difficulties and reward his efforts; even the bereaved and afflicted, who know that no after-time can restore those they have lost, find consolation in the recollection that the new year cannot inflict upon them the sorrows they experienced in the old one, and give a languid smile to its successor.

If thus the "new year" is welcomed as a friend with cordial greetings, and arrives at a time when hospitality is

Vol. VIII.—No. 1.

awake and busy, when relations and acquaintances meet for purposes of pleasure, when happy mothers are surrounded by their children, and grown-up daughters are seen in the merry dance, or heard in the gay song, it must be calculated to warm our hearts, and draw forth our best sympathies. The young and the merry, though sometimes thoughtless, are generally well disposed; they will forgive us if we steal from them a few smiling moments, to turn their eyes upon some characteristics of the new year, distinct from those by which they themselves are surrounded.

This annual festival arrives in a season of frost and snow, cold and hunger; the face of nature is bare, and the heart of the poor man sinks within him, as he contemplates his own similar state. Never is penury so pinching in its privations, nor disease so cruel in its attacks, as in the depth of winter; and bitter, indeed, must be the sick man's reflections, who lies on a hard pallet, in a cold garret, surrounded by a starving family, attended by a feeble wife, in *this* inclement season. He hears the pealing bells announce the new year, and the carriage wheels which whirl the rich and gay to friendly meet-

ings and luxurious boards; and remem-
bers, that the new year brings no emol-
lient to his pains, no tempting food to
his reviving appetite; his shivering limbs
have no blanket, his sobbing children no
bread, yet his weakened frame is as de-
licate, his parental heart as tender, as
that of the fur-wrapped mother now
driving past his miserable abode.

Did she *know* of his affliction, she
would relieve it freely, for every woman
pities sickness, and the helplessness of
infancy has a certain chord in her mater-
nal bosom—we seek, therefore, only to
remind those who hail the new year with
feast and pageantry, that such sad scenes
are near us all. Especially should the
heads of families recollect the value of
broken victuals (the refuse of a good
dinner, properly preserved) to a starving
family; and that a little wine spared from
a splendid revel may restore the strength
of a pining father, or a son, who is the
support of his parents.

The young beauty may spare from the
ornaments her loveliness renders unne-
cessary, the means of furnishing homely
clothing to many an object of distress,
thereby protecting infancy from early
blight, and decrepitude from severe suf-
fering. Doubtless, there are many gay
hearts that bound more joyfully in the
festive evening hour, from knowing that
the engagements of their morning soothed
the aching hearts and increased the scanty
comforts of the poor; many a London
Lady Bountiful glides *unnoticed* through
courts and lanes where fashion has never
smiled, and prosperity rarely entered, to
carry the means of relief, and explore
the extent of necessity—many a grace-
ful form has bent over the couch of sick-
ness, despite of its disgusting details, in
the cell of poverty, or examined the
pining child stretched in ragged misery
on its mother's lap—many a voice, dear
to a fond parent's ear, and music to a
raptured lover's heart, has whispered
words of pious hope to a trembling
sinner, or sought to lead an ignorant
one from "the error of her way"—they
are thus employed this very moment.

Shall we not say to the fairest, the
youngest, the busiest, and the wealthiest,
"Go ye, and do likewise." If ye have
not yet tried the pleasures of benevolence,
the cares of charity, nay, its very pains,
begin to do so; for, in the very exercise
of those propensities which God bestows

on all, though all do not obey their dic-
tates, you will feel an expansion of heart
and mind, a sense of power, and an in-
crease of all the higher sensibilities of
your nature, which will prove to you "an
exceeding great reward," even if every
other were denied.

Never did a young beauty enjoy a new-
year's ball-dress so much as she, who, in
her own heart's silent memorials, could
retrace the choice of that secondary silk
by which she saved the means of buying
a stuff gown for a shuddering apple-
seller;* and the old satin slipper will sit

* In a very recent ramble near town, we
spoke with an aged woman selling apples, and
by way of encouragement bought a few, adding
thereto a sixpence, which was received with
gratitude; she saying that that sum would do
her more good than if she had sold all her
apples. We found her to all appearance so re-
spectable in character, that, taking her address,
we afterwards called at her lodging. The single
room was very neatly adorned with little
prints. We then heard of her privations, but
not as such, rather of the manner in which she
lived, almost altogether upon tea and bread
and butter. A dinner, she said, she had not
tasted for many years! The cold, she told us,
was so great the other night, that she was almost
frozen in her room, as she was destitute of
firing, purchasing, however, when she could,
three-pennyworth at a time! Tea she bought by
the half ounce. Free we believe from all hypo-
crisy, and to our judgment a very worthy woman,
for the little packet of tea we saw which she
had been enabled to purchase. She seemed to
be possessed of a truly Christian spirit, patient,
content, and wherewithal, for whatever little she
had, grateful. This woman, by her account, had
been the wife of a man who had had a large
establishment (sixty hands) engaged in manu-
facture in Ireland, and in one fell day was
reduced to beggary. The troops engaged in
suppressing the rebellion (that very rebellion,
strange to say, which is part of the tale *Christ-
mas-Eve*, at p. 25), erroneously thought he
favoured the rebels, his premises were burnt to
the ground, and his all was lost. "Then was
the time," she said, "when myself, a house-
keeper, I could indulge both in my green and
my black teas of the finest quality, and buy
several pounds at a time." We will not enter
more into private detail, as we give her name
"Mary or Margaret Jamieson." She had never
applied for parochial relief, and by her account
is personally known to several high families,
who, most probably, know not in the least
where to find her, to give her that aid which
would now be most seasonable, a domicile in
an alms-house; for her sight is nearly gone,
and her faculties and constitution much impair-
ed. With great delight, she said, she could
sometimes get a child to read the Bible to her,
when she had a cup of tea to spare to give in
return. Many there are of this class whose
privations never see the light, but whose suf-
ferings deserve to be alleviated by the diligent
inquiry of the benevolent.—Ed.

more easy on the "light fantastic toe" of her who has given shoes to a barefoot child that intercepted her on the road to buy new ones, which were, in fact, unnecessary. There is sweetness in such sacrifices: they are incense, which, on its way to a higher region, embalms the heart from which it emanated, and throws over the countenance that calm cheerfulness which proves that, let the little or great crosses of life be what they may, there is one species of content "which virtue bosoms ever;" one source of enjoyment in which, whilst the heart renounces the pride of Pharisaic pretension, it can humbly rejoice and tranquilly repose.

There is not one circumstance which so entirely draws young hearts together, either in love or friendship, as a joint interest in any object of compassion. How earnestly will two girls, of the same age and rank, lay their dear heads together, for the purpose of making a charitable purchase, or finding time for a necessary exertion in behalf of a suffering object, each finding the other more dear every time they meet. Though they are unconscious why the love increases, it is certain we may trace it to the increased esteem, and the increased knowledge of each other's hearts, thus obtained in moments of most endearing and innocent confidence.

Love is allied to benevolence, and, indeed, a portion of its very essence; and every woman, in her day of influence, would do well to exhibit her own notions of duty, and awaken those of the man she prefers on subjects of this nature. Few men are the poorer for what they give; but in the ardour of strong feelings *some* might be tempted too far at this period, who might be wisely regulated by the prudence, not less than excited by the sensibility, of the woman they loved: in either case, how beneficially would her counsels and example prove; and how often, in after-life, might she find wisdom of conduct and liberality in feeling elicited by principles implanted during a period when the ductile heart was alive to every gentle emotion and generous impression.

During the severe winter of 1829, an elegant young man (a man of family and

fashion) called on my late son,* and desired him to lay out fifty pounds in clothing and blankets for women and girls. "I feel more particularly for *females* in this cold weather," said the considerate donor; when he departed, after enjoining strict silence as to his name.

It struck me that, young as he appeared, he was a lover, and had been led, as such, to think on the many ills which "woman is especial heir to:" nor could I be far wrong, for within the year my son said his marriage was announced. On recalling him and his kind action to my mind, I may be allowed to parody the words of Sterne, and exclaim—"Happy art thou, and happy is the wife of thy bosom, and happy are the children which sport on the lawn before you!"

With such a picture to warm our hearts and fill our eyes, I bid adieu to my fair readers, wishing them all not only to receive, but to impart, so far as they are able, "A HAPPY NEW YEAR."

[We annex to the above the following extract from a valuable little treasure of a book, some time ago transmitted to us and reviewed, entitled "The Economy of Human Life," by Robert Dodsley. There may be some rich old miser, whose treasures, upon perusal, may flow more abundantly:—]

"As blossoms and flowers are strewed upon earth by the hand of spring, as the kindness of summer produceth in perfection the bounties of harvest, so the smiles of pity shed blessings on the children of misfortune.

"The tears of the compassionate are sweeter than dew-drops falling from roses on the bosom of the spring.

"When the fatherless call upon thee, when the widow's heart is sunk, and she imploreth thy assistance with tears of sorrow, O pity her affliction, and extend thy hand to those who have none to help them!

"When thou seest the naked wanderer of the street shivering with cold, and destitute of habitation, let bounty open thine heart, let the wings of charity shelter him from death, that thine own soul may live.

"Whilst the poor man groaneth on the bed of sickness, whilst the unfortunate languish in the horrors of a dungeon, or the hoary head of age lifts up a feeble eye to thee for pity, O how canst thou riot in superfluous enjoyments, regardless of their wants, unfeeling of their woes!"

* This gentleman was one of the ministers of St. Andrew's, Holborn.—Ed.

SONNET.

BY MRS. HOFLAND.

(Composed upon the picture of "The Eleventh Hour," by Mr. Prentis.)

Oh! sight of woe—this is not hoary age,
 Resigning with meek joy life's ling'ring breath,
 Here we behold alarm'd, that awful stage
 Where griping Avarice yields his soul to death.
 Where Piety's pure prayer in vain ascends,
 To ease the torture conscience ceaseless pours,
 Nor "can the skilful leech prolong his hours?"
 Asks the fair girl that o'er his pillow bends.
 Her hope is crushed—far different feeling low're
 In the dark brow of his besotted heir;
 Whose mien, alas! presents a gloomy page,
 Where all may read what vice has written there.
 Painter of morals—mighty is thy power,
 Heaven guard us all from such most fearful hour.

Paris Intelligence—News and Fashions.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The Past Year.—Loss of Friends.—Death of Prince Talleyrand's Wife.—Jerome Bonaparte's Wife, and Napoleon's Eulogy.—Terrible Occurrence.—Sale of Baron Gros' Pictures, Napoleon's Hat, &c.—Marshall Soult's Sale.—Fashionable Bazaars and Lottery at Versailles for the Poor.—New Visiting Ticket.—Mirabeau's Statue.—New Immense Convent.—No Midnight Christmas-eve Mass.—Lotteries to be abolished after this year.—Orlean's Visit to Algiers.—Slave Marriage.—Arrivals and Departures.—The Weather.—Fashions and Dresses.

PARIS, Dec. 24, 1835.

Nous voilà, ma très chère amie, à la fin d'une autre année. Hélas! avec quelle vitesse les mois et les années s'écoulent—mais aussi quels longs—et parfois quels tristes souvenirs ils nous laissent! surtout le regret de ceux qui ne sont plus—de ceux qui dans le cours de l'année ont fini leur mortelle carrière. Ah! voilà, voilà les douleurs qu'on a le plus de peine à supporter, aimer un objet pourqu'il nous soit enlevé; voilà ce qu'il y a de plus amère dans la vie, de plus cruel dans ce monde! Tu vois que je suis triste, mais puisque je ne veux pas te le rendre aussi, parlons autre chose.

You will have heard of the death of Madame la Princesse de Talleyrand; she was in her 74th year, and had been separated from her husband for more than thirty years. The prince, as you may imagine, is not deeply affected at his loss; he has been dangerously ill himself during this last fortnight, and *on dit* that doubts are entertained of his living over this winter: some of the journals inquire, assez spirituellement; "L'habile diplomate aurait-il quelque *intérêt* à mourir?" Others say, that he is looking out for a second wife! The amiable Princesse de Montfort, wife of Jerome Bonaparte, and sister to the reigning king of Wurtemberg, is also dead; she has left three children, and was

only 52 years of age. The Princesse de Montfort gained the respect and admiration of all Europe, by her fidelity to her husband during the period of his fallen fortunes. She justly merited the fine eulogium of Napoleon, when speaking of her at St. Helena: "The finest testimony," said the emperor, "in favour of Jerome, is the affection with which he has inspired his wife; this princess immortalized herself in history by her admirable conduct, when, at the time of my downfall, her father, that terrible King of Wurtemberg, so despotic and so cruel, wanted to divorce her from her husband."

I must tell you of a dreadful occurrence that took place a night or two since. A gentleman, married within the last three months, was called upon to fulfil his duties as garde nationale; the morning being fine, he omitted taking his great coat when he left home: however, finding himself ordered out on one of the piquets, and the night having set in with a sharp frost, his comrades agreed that their first round should be to the street in which he lived, in order that he might call for his coat. Having knocked for some minutes in vain at the porte-cochère, he at length decided upon calling to his wife to throw him the coat from the window; presently the window was opened, and madame, en bonnet de nuit, appeared, and threw him out the

coat, which he immediately put on: the piquet marched off, and in about an hour returned to the caserne (guard-house), which he had no sooner entered than he was assailed by the laughs and sneers of his comrades; unable to account for such conduct, and seeing every eye fixed upon the coat, he looked down, when, lo! and behold! he saw fastened to the breast the red ribbon and cross of the Legion of Honour. The dreadful truth of his wife's infidelity instantly flashed upon his mind. He fled from the caserne, and in a few seconds was at his own door: this time he succeeded in arousing the portier, and no sooner did he gain admittance, than rushing to the chamber of his wife, he struck her, horrible to say, one blow that laid her dead at his feet! The law of course will take cognizance of the affair, but it is not supposed that any thing will be done to the injured husband.

I told you that the pictures of the late Baron Gros were to be sold by auction: some of them attained immense prices. The sketch of the plague at Jaffa was sold for 8,000 francs. At the same auction, and on the anniversary of the battle of Austerlitz, the hat worn by Napoleon at the battle of Eylau was sold. This precious relic was put up at 500 francs, and knocked down, in less than a quarter of an hour, at the sum of 1,950 francs. On some persons inquiring if the purchaser was a Frenchman? a little old man, in a white great-coat, came forward—"Yes, gentlemen," said he; and, turning to the auctioneer, added, "inscribe the name of Doctor Lacroix:" these few words were received with thunders of applause.

The Prince Demidoff has become the purchaser of several of the finest pictures in the splendid collection of M. Soult.

Charitable bazaars, ou comme on dit en Anglais "fancy fairs," for the benefit of the poor of the different arrondissements, have commenced, under the auspices of several of our belles of the *haut ton*. A splendid lottery is shortly to take place at Versailles, the profits to be distributed amongst the poor of that town. Her Majesty, the Queen of the French, and the princesses, have sent several beautiful specimens of their own work.

Oh! ma chère! I must tell you of our new-fashioned visiting tickets. You recollect I told you, in a former letter, of the pretty things we make of perforated cards: these cards are to be had now with beautiful water-colour drawings done in the centre, by first-rate artists; some of the subjects (enfin the most distingué), are copies from the historical paintings at the Louvre, and in the principal private galleries of Paris. We write our name at the back, and have the pleasure of seeing our

visiting ticket carefully preserved in the splendid album, instead of becoming a prey to the devouring element, as is so frequently the case. The prices of these cards vary; some (but very inferior productions) are to be had from three to fifteen or twenty francs, but the *chef-d'œuvres* cost from thirty to one hundred; some are really exquisite.

A bronze statue of Mirabeau is, they say, about to be placed on a pedestal in the Place du Palace-Bourbon, Chamber of Deputies, and the place to be called "Place Mirabeau."

Three large hotels, in the Rue de Varennes, Nos. 39, 41, and 43, are being converted into one, to form an immense convent, under the name of the "Sisters of the *Sacré Cœur*." The convent is said to be under the protection of one of the princesses of the royal family.

There is to be no midnight mass on Christmas-eve this year in Paris.

I suppose you have heard that lotteries are about to be abolished in France at the end of this present year.

Oh! ma bonne! would you not have liked to have been at Algiers during the recent visit of the Duc d'Orleans to the colony; I should have liked it of all things; and if the season had not been so far advanced, I really would have tried to have prevailed upon M. de F—— to have taken me there. The prince must have been delighted with all he saw. On his landing, he was presented by the mayor and municipal authorities with a superb Arabian courser, magnificently caparisoned after the fashion of the country, with housings of silk brochée, in gold and silver, &c. &c.; and on this animal his royal highness made his public entry into the town. In the evening there was a grand ball at the municipality; all the "chaises à porteurs" (sedan chairs) in the colony were put into requisition; and those who were not fortunate enough to obtain these conveyances, adopted the singular plan of being carried on the shoulders of the Biskeris. I should like to see our Parisian elegantes going to a ball at the court by such a conveyance! When the prince went to visit the camp at Bouffarie, a young negress rushed through the troops, and throwing herself at the feet of the duke, implored him to save her from the brutal treatment of her master. At the same moment the master came forward to claim her as his property: the poor creature seemed ready to sink into the earth. The first notion of the prince was to purchase her from the tyrant—but what could he do with her? He therefore promised a fortune to any free negro of good conduct who was willing to marry her. A quarter-master, belonging to the regiment of the Spahis, instantly presented himself;

the fortune was paid down, and the "happy couple" were immediately married, at the grand mosque at Algiers.

Amongst the newest fashionable arrivals in Paris,* we have Lord and Lady Francis Egerton, the Duke of Argyle, Viscount and Viscountess Sydney, Viscount Mandeville and family, Captain Sir John Ross, Captain Basil Hall, and Mr. Roscoe; all of whom purpose remaining for the winter. The Earl of Jermyn, Captain Price, Sir Henry Hunloke, Captain Neale, and several others, have also arrived. Sir Augustus and Lady Clifford are expected to accompany the Duke of Devonshire to our gay metropolis. The Duke of Manchester, the Duke of Roxburg, the Right Hon. Edward Ellice, and Sir T. Brisbane, have quitted us. The Earl and Countess of Carlisle will shortly leave for England; it seems they have postponed their journey to Vienna. *En voilà ma chère assez de bavardage, parlons toilettes un peu, mais très peu car je n'ai presque rien à te dire sur ce sujet aujourd'hui.*

We have had such wretched weather this short time back, ma chère Clorinde, that you must not expect any *nouveautés* this time. The cold is so intense, that, if we stir from our well-heated apartments, we are glad to wrap ourselves up in douillettes and well-wadded mantles. I have already told you that silk douillettes are fashionable. The cloaks are mostly made with sleeves, *à la Vénétienne*, and are without deep capes, and fastened at the waist; these are called "*Surtouts*." However, the cloaks without sleeves, and with capes, are very fashionable. They are, as I have already mentioned, made of satin de laine, Cachemere, fine merinos, velvet, satin, silk, and many are to be seen of what they call English-figured stuff; the only disadvantage in this material is, that it is hard, et cela ne drappe pas, comme nos étoffes. *Poux de soie* and *gros de Naples* redingottes, made à corsage plat, with sleeves, full all the way down, and the skirt to open at the side, are much worn. Some are trimmed all round with a *liseré* (piping) of a different colour.

Dresses for Grande Toilette, are made with corsages, *à la Sévigné*, or plain corsages, with or without draperies put on. The sleeves are very short and full, *à double* and *à triple sabot*, but not reaching to the elbow. The skirts are very long; some open in front, some at the side, and held back by bows of ribbon, or small bouquets; others are looped up at bottom, at one or both sides. Ball-dresses at present are invariably ornamented with either bows of ribbon or bouquets. Dinner-dresses

* Our English fashionables are requested to announce arrivals and departures for us at Mr. Bennis' Library.

are, of course, much plainer; the corsages are the same as those just described, the sleeves either long or short. For morning dresses the corsages are plain, fitting tight to the bust, or what is called *drapé*, with a poignet down the centre of the front, and the fulness reaching from the shoulder to the poignet: perhaps you would understand better were I to say, a corsage *à la Sévigné*, but high. Pelerines round at back, long upon the shoulders, and cut away a good deal in front, with the ends to fasten under the belt, are very much worn.

Hats.—The hats are still worn very large, the crowns not particularly high, nor quite flat at top, but the fronts deep, *évasée*, and very long at the sides, the bavolets deep and full; the trimmings are of rich broché satin ribbons, and a couple of ostrich feathers; some few still wear flowers. Underneath the fronts of the hats, flowers are still much in vogue; a small wreath crossing the brow, or one at each side, or what, perhaps, looks quite as well, a single rose placed over the temple among the curls.

The Hair is worn, as I mentioned in my last, either in ringlets *à l'Anglaise* or *bandeaux lisses* (smooth bands): the back hair in a braid on the crown of the head, or rather farther back: some wear coques or bows. Flowers are a good deal worn in the hair, *en grande toilette*.

Dress Hats in the Spanish style, *Dress Caps*, *Toques*, and *Turbans*, ornamented with plumes of feathers or birds of Paradise, are excessively fashionable this winter.

Colours for Hats.—The prevailing colours are pink, black, green, and grenat.

Colours for Dresses.—Puce, dark blue, green, browns, and violet.

Maintenant, ma chère et bonne amie, je te dirai adieu! Je te sonhaite bien sincèrement une bonne et belle et heureuse année.

Crois-moi pour la vie, ton amie sincère,
L. de F.—.

DESCRIPTION OF PLATES.

(No. 1.) DINNER OR SOIREE DRESS.
—Dress of a new material called *séphora crape*, embroidered in coloured floss silks. The corsage fits tight to the bust, and is *à pelerine*, or *à revers*: this low pelerine (see plate) is cut on the cross way, and is joined by a *liseré* on the shoulders; it is cut in a small point in centre of the front, and is very deep on the shoulders; it is edged all round with a piping of satin, and a narrow blonde put on rather full. The sleeves are plain, excessively short and full. The front of the skirts of the dress is embroidered *en tablier*, and a light guirlande of the same goes round the bottom.

The hair is in light ringlets, brought low at the sides, and interspersed with light flowers (see the plate); the back hair is tightly drawn to the back of the head, where it is braided, and the braid turned round several times on itself (see the plate); from this braid springs a very small light bouquet. Gauze scarf, ceinture to match, long white kid gloves, white satin shoes, silk stockings, and necklace of cameos.

(No. 2.) MORNING INTERIEUR DRESS.—Surtout of triple satin, wadded and lined throughout (see the plate). The corsage fits tight to the bust, and the inner sleeves (see the plate) tight to the arm; they are fastened at the wrist by a deep poignet, and finished by a lace ruffle. A second pair of enormously loose sleeves (see the plate) are worn over the tight ones; they reach a very short way below the bend of the arm, and are not taken in any where, but left quite loose. A very full pelerine, put on

in close full gathers at the neck, and reaching nearly to the waist, is worn with this very seasonable morning dress; it is edged with a *liseré* or piping. The skirt is fastened down the front with five rosettes of quilled ribbon, placed at distances, and of the colour of the lining of the surtout. A falling collar, or small lace frill, may be worn with it. *Cap à la Charlotte Corday*, of the Vendean shape; the crown high, the head-piece narrow, with three ribbons drawn through (see the plate). The border is narrow and plain across the brow, and very deep and full at the temples and down the sides of the face; it is narrower again across the back. Three small bunches of violets ornament this pretty cap; one placed on either temple, beneath the border, and the third towards the right side of the head-piece. A small bow of ribbon is placed at the back. White kid gloves, black drap de soie shoes.

SONNET.

[This beautiful picture, in the olden style, which has past away for ever,* I have extracted from the poems of Sylvester, published in 1633; it is a work now extremely scarce.—УМНА.]

Sweet mouth, that sendst a muskie-rosed breath;
Fountain of nectar, and delightfull balm;
Eyes cloudy-clear, smile-frowning, stormy-calm;
Whose everie glance darts mee a living-death:
Bows, bending quaintly your round ebene arks:
Smile, that then *Venus* sooner *Mars* besots;
Locks more than golden, curl'd in curious knots,
Where, in close ambush, wanton *Cupid* lurks:
Grace angel-like; fair forehead, smooth, and high;
Pure white, that dimm'st the lillies of the vale;
Vermilion rose, that mak'st *Aurora* pale:
Rare spirit, to rule this beauteous emperie:
IF IN YOUR FORCE, DIVINE EFFECTS I VIEW,
AH! WHO CAN BLAME ME, IF I WORSHIP YOU?

Beforehand—To the Editor of the "National."
—“Sir, Several journals have noticed the report of my departure for Portugal, as a pretender to the hand of Queen Donna Maria. However flattering to me be the supposition of an union with a young, beautiful, and virtuous queen, the widow of a cousin who was dear to me, it is my duty to refute such a report, since no step that I am acquainted with can have given rise to it. I must even add that, notwithstanding the lively interest attached to the destinies of a people that has just acquired its liberties, I should refuse the honour of sharing the throne of Portugal, if chance made some persons cast their eyes upon me. The noble conduct of my father, who in 1810 abdicated because he could not combine the interests of France with those of Holland, has not been obliterated from my mind. My father has proved to me, by his great example, how preferable our native country is to a foreign throne. I feel that, accustomed from my infancy to cherish my country above all, I can prefer

nothing to the interest of France. Persuaded that the great name which I bear will not always be a title of exclusion in the eyes of my countrymen, since it reminds them of fifteen years of glory, I await with calmness, in an hospitable and free country, till the people recall to their bosom those whom, in 1815, 1,200,000 foreigners banished. This hope of one day serving France as a citizen and a soldier invigorates my soul, and is worth, in my estimation, all the thrones in the world.—I am, &c. NAPOLEON LOUIS BONAPARTE.”

“Arsenberg, Dec. 14, 1835.”

Silver Wire Cradle.—The Lady Mayoress having given birth to a child, the custom has been questioned, whether the darling babe is not entitled to a silver cradle. Mr. *Wire*, of the Common Council, seems to be of opinion, that it was only intended to be a cradle made of silver wire, and not of solid silver: this great question is still under discussion, and will, doubtless, be well *Wire*-drawn before it is settled.

* Yes, Mind has supplanted the Nothingness of Thought—the last lines are, however, exquisite!—Ed.

Literature, &c.

Marco Visconti : a Romance of the Fourteenth Century. From the Italian of Tommaso Grossi, by Miss CAROLINE WARD. In 2 vols. 1836. Smith, Elder, and Co.

Here is, indeed, an extraordinary and welcome addition to our literature; a noble, spirit-stirring, romance of ancient Italian history, translated from the original Italian by the same accomplished lady, whom we have lately seen triumph over the difficulties of Rossette's "Anti-Papal Spirit," with all its learned and abstruse quotations.* Although the present is a task of less glory and of less utility, yet it must have been so much more pleasing to the fair author, and will be so much more delightful to lady readers in general, that we cannot help congratulating her on the more pleasant and flowery path into which her deep knowledge of the Italian language has led her. We scarcely need assure our readers that she has transfused her Italian author into elegant and perspicuous English, because we mean to prove "that same" by quotation. The first duty of a translator is, to choose a good subject; the next is to render it into a native language with spirit and fidelity. Few readers are aware how intimate a knowledge of a foreign language is necessary to perform the first and most important of these points. He who would write well must also study incessantly, and be in a manner imbued with foreign literature, before a judicious critical choice can be made. All we need say further on the subject of the translation is, that Miss Caroline Ward has chosen her task well, and performed it ably.

We repeat, that it is an extraordinary circumstance to meet with an Italian romance, founded on the chivalric chronicles of Italy. Every nation but Italy has been fond of taking Italian ground for the scene of tale and song, excepting the natives of that soil, who, with singular want of nationality, have preferred ringing the changes on the legends of Charlemagne a Frank, Arthur a Briton, or of Godfrey, of Bologne, a Frenchman, to taking subjects from their native feuds and struggles, where more heroic valour was idly wasted, than if properly employed, would have once more made Italy mistress of the world. These encounters, where city strove against city, and province against province, seemed designed merely to furnish subjects for Italian Chevy Chases and Robin Hood tales, and to find employment for the Goethes, the Schillers, and the Sir Walter Scotts, of Italy. Alas! till now, such notions never seem to have entered into the

imaginations of Italians, for however sweet their poetry may be, it is the most anti-national in the world, and we may turn over Crescimbini in vain, and all the labours of the be-wigged and be-powdered Arcadians and Della-Cruscans, without lighting on an Italian national allusion, or even the record of a native superstition; though we should have been charmed with a ghost or a witch, in the place of the eternal sameness of heathen goddesses, allegories, personifications, and classic fables.

We hail with pleasure the present work, so widely different from the old imitative strain of writing, with which the mental torpor of three centuries has oppressed Italy. Full of spirited and truly dramatic dialogue of marked character, faithful to the costume and history of the times in which the story is placed, the author, Tommaso Grossi, deserves European reputation, as the first in his country who has dared strike out of the dull beaten path pursued by former Italian writers. With what pleasure it will be read, those must know who have observed how the details of costume and manners suffer in the hands of foreigners. Madame de Stael, Madame de Genlis, and Madame Cottin, with all their talent, set English people laughing when they attempt to draw scenes in our country, although all these ladies abode in England for some time; and, doubtless, Italians would find a thousand discrepancies (and no wonder) in English writers, who cast their scenes in Italy. It is this consideration that makes us value national subjects, treated by natives, so highly; they have a life-like tone, a reality, an individuality, that no foreigner could give. Who could have written King John, Richard the Third, or Henry the Fourth, like the English Shakespeare; or Wallenstein, like the German Schiller; or Goetz, like the German Goethe; or Waverley, like the illustrious Scott; and those beautiful snatches of Italian history and tradition, that appear so distinct and real, amidst the mystic and half-mythological gloom of the *Inferno*—who could have written them so effectively as the Florentine Dante? Other Italian poets and romancers, struck with the superiority of the tales of Rimini, of Ugolino, and of Pia, to the rest in Dante's poetry, have seized on the subjects, have amplified, have diluted, and told the stories over again with variations, have tortured them every way, without gaining the secret and the charm, that fascinates in them; which is the earnestness of reality, illuminated by the grandeur of true poetic intellect; illustrated by one intimate with the subjects of which he treats.

Till this moment England has never

* See review of this valuable publication.

received a really national subject from Italy. The sentimental novel has been attempted by Manzoni, and his most celebrated work has been lately published in England, where it has been rather gazed at with the curiosity that an original prose work from Italy always excites in our literary circles, than read and relished by the public at large, as a fiction capable of giving an absorbing pleasure. We do not scruple to place the present work of Grossi as high above the sentimentalities of Manzoni, as we should an historical play of Shakspeare's above a comedy of Hugh Kelly's, if any one remembers such a person. But it is time for us to show what our Italian Walter Scott, aided and abetted by his fair interpreter, has done for us. The hero, Marco Visconti, is one of those great men of the middle ages, who wasted, on a narrow arena, ability that would have made his name immortal, had they been better directed. The author could have scarcely found a hero "better fitted to point out a moral, or adorn a tale." The reader pursues his career with breathless interest, notwithstanding Marco has qualities which render the serpent's crest (the armorial cognizance of the illustrious viscountess) peculiarly appropriate to him.

The time of the story is in that era, fruitful in feuds, when Italy was convulsed with the claims of the rival popes, John XXII. and Nicholas V., who, like the two kings of Brentford, were both pushing each other out of the same chair; although (odious profanation altogether in the pretence!) there was, by the Roman Catholic faith, only one vicergerent of the Deity on earth. The great lords and partisan captains of Italy followed either as best suited their *interests* and ambition; and this is the course pursued by Marco Visconti, one of those splendid but obscure historical characters, only known to the antiquarian reader of history, till the magic light of some brilliant fiction, like the present, flashes full upon it, and brings it out in grand relief. The principal place of action is the mountain village of Limonta, whose unhappy inhabitants are a prey to a most cruel miniature civil war, the property of their persons and lands being contested by the monks of St. Ambrose, to whose domination they are very averse; while Count del Balzo, their rightful suzerain, scarcely enforces his claims, being of a feeble and compromising character: his peculiarities are well touched by the author. His wife, Ermelinda, has been the beloved of Marco; she is torn from him in the bloom of her youth, and married to the poor-spirited Balzo. The great Marco Visconti, in after-life, meets her beautiful daughter, Bice, the exact image of her mother when he lost her, and very natu-

rally transfers his passion to her, to the great dismay and distress of the poor girl, who, after much trouble and turmoil, has become the betrothed of a handsome young cousin of his, Ottorino Visconti. After giving a description of the person and dress of Marco Visconti, the author says,—

"When he saw Ottorino enter the apartment, he pointed to a seat, saying, 'I shall be at leisure in a moment;' and approaching the secretary, who with his pen in his hand, appeared to be waiting for his lord's bidding to retire, he continued: 'No, no; go on, my cousin is to know every thing,' and he dictated the last sentences of a letter which was to be despatched to the pope's legate at Bologna. The epistle was written in the rude Latin of that time, and the concluding part, as well as Ottorino could hear it, run thus: 'Castel Seprio, and the Martesana, still reply to my voice, (these districts were fiefs belonging to Marco,) the friends of the republic are not all crushed; the lion sleeps, but when I awake him, his roar shall be heard even as far as the Vatican; the intoxicated hoy (thus was Louis of Bavaria usually called at Milan) shall be made to repent most bitterly. My old war-cry is, 'Long live the Church, and death to the betrayers of their country!'"

"To make the last words perfectly intelligible, we must explain to our readers, that Marco had used them as his war-cry eight years before, when, having routed the pope's forces, he fell upon some Milanese outlaws who were fighting in their ranks. The words themselves acquired much celebrity at the time, and gave men to understand that secretly, at least, Visconti was no enemy to the Church, although he was then bearing arms against its head.

"The letter being concluded, the secretary left the apartment, and Marco turned to Ottorino with a smile: 'And so you are really come back? you were waiting for me to send an ambassador after you, were you not?'

"'I did not suppose——' began the young man, hesitating.

"'Enough, enough,—you are here, and I forgive all.' After some farther conversation, Marco, putting his hand kindly on his cousin's shoulder, explained to him the reasons which had induced him to enter into an alliance with the pontiff of Avignon, and imparted to him all his newly-formed plans for the future.

"'So that now, in short, our cry is to be, Long live Pope John!' exclaimed Ottorino:—'and Nicholas V., for whom we have hitherto left no stone unturned, what is he to be called?'

"'What he really is,' answered Marco, 'a schismatic, a hypocrite.'

"'We must all go to school again then, and learn the Guelphic jargon,' said the young knight.

"'We shall have a blessing on our heads,' said Marco.

"'True; but the other will excommunicate us,' replied his cousin.

"'You must be conscious,' said Marco, gravely, 'that the pope of Avignon is the only true and lawful pontiff; he has persecuted my

* His war-cry, we fondly hope, will soon be the cry of peace, in these our realms.—ED.

father, my family, and all our friends; he has excommunicated us; he has broken the cross over us; he has done us all the injury in his power, but he is the only true pope, nevertheless; and can you think that I enjoyed any inward peace during the many years I was his enemy, knowing myself under the condemnation of the Church?'

"The young knight, who had never suspected the existence of such feelings in the mind of his great kinsman, now gazed at him in boundless wonder; and Marco continued, with a disturbed air—'The memory of my poor father has ever saddened the splendour of my greatest triumphs. That revered head, against which, for so many years, the thunders of the pope were levelled, was lifted high above that of every other Italian prince. The conqueror of his enemy's temporal arms, he had always held his spiritual weapons in derision: but on the approach of his last moments, when he felt that this world was fading fast before him, he then experienced the dread of what he had constantly derided during his life. The remembrance of that night will never be effaced from my memory. When agitated by the darkest apprehensions, he assembled the whole household, and all the clergy of Monza in the Church of St. John, and there, throwing himself on his knees before the altar, repeated the creed of our faith, protesting his wish to die in the bosom of our Holy Church, and bitterly lamenting that he could not lay his head in consecrated ground. Oh! if you had beheld that countenance, so placid in dangers, so serene amidst all the miseries of exile, so tortured at that hour by a secret terror!'

"Ottorino could not reply, and he would have questioned whether Marco was speaking in earnest, had his manner not been too composed and grave to admit of a doubt.

" 'I always supposed,' said the young man at last, 'that John was the heretical pope, and Nicholas the lawful one; I have been constantly told so by all our learned men, and by you, who, soldier as you are, might dictate to them all. From my youth upward, therefore, I have done nothing but fight against the blessed pope, who, after being long false, has now suddenly become true. I scarcely know what to think about it.'

"Marco answered him with a composed smile on his lips: 'We have to thank these vile and ungrateful Ghibellines for forcing us to take the right way at last. Are you aware that it is the pontiff himself who has opened his arms to me?—who has promised me the forces of the Church to aid me in the conquest of my paternal dominions? Do not suppose that I blindly trust myself in the power of a man who has always been my enemy; I confide in the force of circumstances, which compel that man to league with me for his own salvation. The power of the Bavarian is diminishing daily; many of his partisans, oppressed, taxed, and betrayed by him, are ready to abandon his standard on the first opportunity; and Milan, hitherto faithful to him, will revolt at my bidding, for the Milanese begin at length to see on which side hangs the balance of justice and honour: they are tired of the interdict.'

" 'And yet,' answered Ottorino, 'the city is filled with preachers who resort to the streets

and squares, collecting crowds, and abusing John XXII.; it was but just now that I heard one of them here, who was very violent, calling him a homicide, a necromancer, and every thing bad besides.'

" 'You will soon hear a different story.'

" 'How?'

" 'You will hear them preach against Nicholas, and in favour of John.'

" 'I should like to hear it.'

" 'Listen,' said Marco, in a confidential tone: 'the pope has granted permission to some of the priests to re-enter the state, that they may assist me in my enterprise, but of this they have no knowledge or suspicion. I contrive it all secretly with the abbot of St. Victor's; and on this very day they will commence taking their rounds for the purpose of bringing the wanderers into the right path.'

" 'And if Azzone lays hold of the first comers and silences them?'

" 'He is too much afraid of the people to attempt that; and if he does, so much the worse for himself, a host of hands would be lifted up instantaneously to revenge their blood. Do you think such men as these fear death? What is death after all? Do we not dare it every day in the field of battle, for a spot of ground, for an empty name, for a child's caprice? and for him who looks to an eternal reward, what is it?' Here he stopped, cast his eyes down, and remained some time silent, and when he raised his head again, the heightened colour had fled his cheek; and turning to his cousin with an air which partook somewhat of cold bitterness, he added: 'Hitherto, he of Avignon has striven to crush me to the earth; surely, I may expect a little assistance now to raise me on my feet again. Will you give him credit for so much?'

" 'Consider well!' answered Ottorino; 'as for me, you know that I am but a sword in your hands.'

" 'And I will use it faithfully,' cried Marco, 'for I have long known its worth. I will now tell you what I have settled with our cousin Lodrisio: he is to arm his vassals under the pretext of assisting his brother, the abbot of St. Ambrose, in case of need, who on his part is going to send some troops to Limonte, to punish the rebellion of those vassals; you have been there, and must know the whole affair.'

" 'Perfectly well; and I do from my heart pity those poor mountaineers, who were almost dragged into it; if we could—'

" 'What would you have? It is a whim of the cardinal abbot's, and at this time exactly suits our purpose.'

" 'It would grieve me very much,' continued the young man, 'if the Count del Balzo, who lives there, should meet with any harm in consequence.'

" 'Oh! by-the-bye, tell me something about that Count del Balzo; does he talk as much nonsense as ever?'

" 'Poor man!' answered Ottorino, 'not very well able to say no, and not choosing to say yes.' 'And Ermelinda, his countess, did you see her too?'

" 'Did I see her? I stayed for about a fortnight in her house; she is an angel, a true angel of goodness.'

"Marco rose from his chair, and took a few

hasty turns in the chamber, then resumed.

'And Bice is very like her, eh?'

"As like her as possible."

"You told me wonderful things about her, when you wrote from Varenna; and by the way," continued Marco, "do you know that I have placed that—that Pelagru, whom you recommended to me, in my castle of Rosate; he seems to know what he is about, and may be of service to me. But I am not too well pleased with all your praises of Bice; it looks a little like disloyalty to Franchino Rusconi's daughter, who I understand is quite enamoured of your fame. I wish this alliance to take place very soon, as it will make Como more securely our own."

"Ottorino answered not a word."

"Now I think of it," continued Marco, "is this Count del Balzo as determined a Guelph as he was in his youth?"

"Quite so," answered Ottorino.

"Make him come to Milan, then," said Marco; "in these times, a wealthy gentleman of an illustrious family, who talks on every subject, right or wrong, who affects to be learned in laws and decretals, and has always been a Guelph all over, is a gift from Heaven; endeavour, by all means, to bring him here."

"The fact is," said Ottorino, hesitating, "that he is always so full of doubts,—and then he leads such a quiet life among his mountains."

"You mean to say, then, if I guess rightly, that you think he will be afraid to venture into a Ghibelline city;—very well; then give him another and a more weighty cause for alarm, and he will come:—tell him that a band of furious soldiers is about to be despatched to Limonta, and that they will commit every kind of outrage and depredation there;—tell him that the abbot of St. Ambrose firmly believes that he has favoured the revolt of his vassals;—in short, set him off, and direct his flight this way."

"I would not for the world," answered Ottorino hesitatingly, "be the cause of leading him into the least danger."

"How fearful you are become, cousin!" said Marco, fixing his eyes steadily on his countenance: "how considerate you are for the peace of this friend of yours! Enough! if he comes, well; if not, I have nothing more to say on the subject: true, the abbot hates him cordially;—the band he is sending to Limonta is apprised that there is plenty of money and property in the castle, so that he may take his chance of what will be most to his own advantage."

"Here he left off, with the air of one who is determined neither to speak farther, nor to listen to any reply; and Ottorino, having made a low bow, took his leave and retired. On entering the hall where he had left his esquire, he perceived that his presence had the effect of silencing a great noise within; the bachelors and soldiers all respectfully saluted the kinsman of their lord, and Lupo immediately followed him out."

"What meant all that noise?" said Ottorino, when they reached the head of the staircase.

"Nothing," answered Lupo: "it was only Bellebuono, helmet-bearer to Lodrisio, your cousin, who, not knowing that I was from Li-

monta, began, while he was prating and drinking, to speak in abusive terms of my countrymen."

"What did the unlicked bear say, then?" demanded his lord.

"He said that they were all heretics and cowards;—in short, he uttered a mountain of abuse, boasting that he was commissioned to go and reduce them, and that he would give them one by one to his sixty lances, that each might hang his own man, and keep half-a-score in reserve for him."

"The slanderer!" cried Ottorino; "he is like the sheriff's bell, which only rings to announce misfortunes;—and you made him swallow it, I hope?"

"I told him that the hangman's trade suited him very well; that in face and manner he looked it exactly; but that if he laid a hand upon one of my mountain friends, he would very likely burn his own fingers: so one word brought another; we grew warm, and I bestowed a cuff on his face, which soon raised an apple over his eye, and caused him to scream out as if I had murdered him."

"You are too fond of using your hands, friend."

"True, I know I did wrong," said Lupo: "but who could help it? I declare that he would have provoked a cripple to box his ears; and if it had not been for the honour and respect I bore to the house, on my life, I would have kicked him."

"Ah! indeed! what, you would have made matters worse, eh!"

"Well, well!" cried Lupo; "we may meet at Limonta, if your ill luck ever carries you there again, and I will then pay him off."

"They did meet within a short space of time, and Lupo kept his promise. It is our intention to accompany him there also; but at present we must travel alone, to seek the Count del Balzo."

But we have not quite done with Marco, and take a peep again at him in his study, after he has seen Bice, and been bewitched by her:—

"Left to himself, Marco long paced the chamber with quick and uncertain footsteps, and eyes fixed upon the ground; every now and then shaking his head impatiently, and waving his hand, as though he wished to put away some object which displeased him. At length, he resolutely stood still, and exclaimed aloud, and in a tone which seemed meant to convey a command to himself: 'I must write to Florence.' He unbuckled the sword from his side, and hung it against the wall; on laying his hand on the hilt, it touched the little gift he had received from Bice, which he had wound round it: for a moment his eyes were fixed on the ribbon, but quickly withdrawing them with a peevish movement, he went up to the table, unfolded a sheet of parchment, uncovered the inkhorn, and dipped his pen in: he then discovered that it wrote too thick, and that it must be mended; but all would not do: his brain seemed to whirl round, and after relapsing into another fit of musing, he suddenly started as though he had but just perceived what he was about, or rather what he intended to be about, threw away the pen, which by this

time was reduced to the stump, took a fresh one, boldly made it to his liking, and began his letter.

"*„Folilibus dominis sapientibus, etc., et communi Florentie, amicis diligencie precipue, Marcus Vicecomes cum sincera dilectione salutem."*

"Having written thus far, he leant back in his chair, looked upwards, and began to consider in what terms he should continue his letter; but a long time elapsed; his back was still resting against the chair, his eyes still fixed on the ceiling, and the letter was unwritten. At last, he flung aside a pile of papers which stood before him, and getting up, he struck his forehead with his hand, and cried: 'Ought I not to have known beforehand that she must resemble Ermelinda? did not Ottorino tell me so, both in writing and in speaking of her? That graceful head! and the voice so like hers! and the smile, and the gait, and the glance of the eye, all her own! poor dove! At the sight of her, at the sound of her voice, I seemed to live over again the days of my youth and hope.... Where are those days flown? the poisonous breath of wickedness had not then contaminated my heart.... at Ermelinda's side all creation smiled on me, and every man seemed a friend. And now!—what dark griefs oppress me! I have defiled myself with iniquity, I have shed blood! Oh! surely I was not made for this.... Bice! it is a very pretty name....' Here he burst into a contemptuous laugh, as if he had detected some one, and that an inferior, in a degrading action. 'Art thou the Marco,' he cried, 'to whom a great part of Italy looks with anxiety for the fulfilment of its destinies? Inured to misfortune, by many a long and bitter struggle, can the remembrance of a girl come across thee, on the threshold of the dark future towards which thou art advancing? What would Lodrisio say with his jeers? Ah! begone dark clouds, and let my star shine forth in all its brightness....' He caught up the letter, began to write once more, and never quitted the pen, nor lifted up his eyes, until he had filled four slides with minute writing; after which, he went to bed with his head full of Guelphs and Ghibellines, popes and emperors, treaties and arms."

Now that same name of Bice we do not think a *very* pretty name; in fact, it requires some explanation to the English reader. It is a fondling diminutive of the popular name of Beatrice, and is pronounced in two syllables, *Be-ché* (the true Italian utterance), and is so natural an elision of *Be-a-tri-ché*, according to the Italian enunciation of that beautiful name in four syllables, that all the old poets of Italy use it. Annibal Carracci, in his beautiful sonnet to his deceased wife Beatrice, says, "*Mi Bice*." Dante, in an old edition we have of the time of Charles the Fifth, calls his Beatrice very often Bice, when the arrangement of the verse requires it. So that this name (which will be comically pronounced by English lips in general) is one of the minute touches of Italian costume, proclaiming the hand of the native.

Next to Marco, to our minds, Lupo, the true-hearted squire of Ottorino, and the valiant partisan of his oppressed native village of Limonta, is the next powerful character in the work. In consequence of a *scrummage* at Limonta, headed by Lupo, the poor fellow gets into a pretty considerable scrape, and is condemned to be hanged. We were much amused by the dialogue between him and one of his guards, the night before his intended execution, and we may, at another time, present the passage to our readers.

To this same tournament does Messer Marco betake himself, very murderously disposed, with the downright intention of demolishing his late favourite and own cousin, Ottorino, by the superior strength of his mighty arm. One of the most delightful traits in the work is the deep devotion of both Ottorino and his man Lupo to the great Visconti their master, who only returns their doating affection, by abstaining from murdering them when it comes to the point. The exquisite beauty of the passage, where Lupo and his master send forth, as their war-cry at the Milan tournament, the beloved name of Marco; and it is echoed by all the partisans of that chief in Milan, just as Marco (the unknown knight) is prepared to kill his loving kinsman, out of jealousy of Bice, will be noticed by all readers, especially where Marco tries to open the visor he had purposely bought fastened, and breaks the sharp ends off the lance, with which he had intended to have destroyed Ottorino: this is finely done. As it is, he finds it in his conscience to use his blunted lance effectually enough to give the poor boy a most tremendous tumble, and nearly knocks his brains out; but that was nothing in the days of the shield and the lance. A less skilful writer would have made the youthful lover overcome the mighty champion; and Sir Walter Scott sometimes makes his silly boys of heroes do such improbable feats, an error the Italian has avoided; though, for a lover, and a hero of course, Ottorino is as interesting as can be expected. The purchase of Marco's visor is one of those passages where deep antiquarian knowledge is interwoven with spirited dialogue: had we space, we would have quoted this, to show the peculiar high character and research of the work. It is such passages that present insuperable difficulties to any but a most accomplished translator.

That the romance does not terminate happily, viz. with the hero and heroine marrying, and "living very comfortably ever after," as children say when they tell stories, is only in keeping with history. When village was divided against village, and town against town, during ages of civil

war, it was not the fashion "to live ever after very comfortably," but rather to be starved to death, or hanged, even if one did get married. The work concludes with a moral and religious truth, so finely expressed, commenting on the fact, that the best people do not get the luckiest lots in this world, that we cannot do better than conclude our review with it:—

"On the first bearing of such facts as these, we are apt to experience a sensation of disappointment and disgust; but let us pause and reflect, that if Providence did so ordain events, it was for some all-sufficient reason; and that the desire of seeing every one requited in this world, according to our opinion of his merits or demerits, is all impatience, folly, and presumption on our part;—it is supposing that we have more discernment than he who made us;—it is forgetting that our debts are contracted in this world, and finally settled in the next."

The Outlaw. By the Author of the
"Bucaneer." R. Bentley.

This long-expected work, by Mrs. S. C. Hall, has appeared to open the publishing season; and, although it enters the list together with "Rienzi" and "Gilbert Gurney," we venture to prognosticate that the lady will be found no wit behind even the celebrated writers with whom she has started.

The "Outlaw" is a story borrowing interest from the historical era in which it took place, after the manner of Sir Walter Scott's novels; and we can honestly aver that no writer of this school with whom we are acquainted, has attained so much of the spirit of the master without any servile imitation as Mrs. Hall. The time in question he has left untouched, being that of the Revolution; in which, as the personal friend of the Prince of Orange, but still more the friend of that violent spirit he terms "liberty," the outlaw is engaged. How far this person is imaginary or not, we are not sufficiently instructed to say; but certain it is that he well suits the time in which he appears, and the work he has to do, but he is (with all his high qualities) a very unlovable person, and has much less of our affection than the "Bucaneer" who preceded him; but the endearing Sir Everard Sydney, a devoted naturalist, a fine old English gentleman, is certainly as sweet a creation as imagination, in her most happy mood, ever gave birth to; and Rosalind, his niece, is well worthy of her uncle. Any young lady ought to be more than contented with such praise.

We have other ladies, both young and old, who form diversities in a wide gallery of animated pictures, and all the historical anecdotes, or characters, are given with equal truth and effect. One scene at

Hampton Court is particularly admirable. Much knowledge of natural history, and a pure taste for the face of nature, is displayed in every page; and the observations on facts and feelings show alike the gentleness of a nature purely feminine, and the established sense of high principles in the mind. It is altogether a very excellent novel, and must greatly extend a reputation already fixed on a broad basis.

It would be impossible to delineate the story, were we inclined to do so, as it is intricate and full of incident, and the *dramatis persone* too numerous for a strict review; we shall therefore offer only an extract in the opening of the work, descriptive of our favourite, Sir Everard Sydney:—

"It is time we take note of the outward appearance of the excellent baronet, and observe his proceedings as he left the room, whose contents and inhabitants, whether stationary or migratory, we have endeavoured to describe. He was unusually tall and erect, of a free unfettered carriage, and a bearing bespeaking both the man of letters and of gentle blood. There was more of grace than strength in his form and movements; and though age had dealt mildly with him, as with a cherished offspring, it had sobered his step, and changed the clustering hair, that disdained the fashionable encumbrance of a periwig, from raven black to a closer resemblance of our nature's lot: it was mingled white and grey, and curled with unrestrained elegance over his shoulders.

"The countenance of this venerable gentleman, without having any one feature that could be marked out as indicative of a decided propensity, was of so tranquil and happy a nature, that it was impossible to look at him without feeling he was one of those blessed beings who drinks the draught of life and drains it to the very dregs, without tasting enough of its bitterness to discompose the elements of which he is formed. His was a somewhat uncommon character: among men he lacked the energy, the activity, the strength, both of mind and body, which characterise the sterner sex; but he possessed a benevolence of feeling, a temperance and chastity of thought and action, which amply entitled him to the holy and emphatic praise of being 'a friend to God and man:' it may be added, to God's creatures; for even in the pursuit of that innocent and guiltless science which brings its votaries into commune with the Almighty through the medium of his works, he has been known (and we state it on the authority of his humble and devoted follower, Ralph Bradwell, who, simple body as he was, had still sufficient wit to understand that the anecdote illustrated, while it told favourably for the character of his master, whom he loved to adoration) to forego the possession of a rare and beautiful specimen of the feathered tribe, rather than destroy it when in his power.

"'There was two of em,' said Ralph; 'I forgot their proper names, but something main strange. I tracked 'm for es good as four months,

and master had them both in the taking-net.' 'What shall I do with the hen-bird, Ralph?' says he, 'I've got one stuffed at home, and 't would be a wanton waste of life to take what I don't need.' 'Let it go, sur,' said I, and master did, and he held the other in his hand, thinking how to make away with it in the gentlest way; and the creature fluttered and screamed; and on that the she-bird, that master let off, came and flew so close that I could have caught it again. So I seed master looking at the bird, and his blue eyes grew brighter and brighter, as he watched the great love the bird had for her mate; and all of a sudden he opened his hand, and the two flew off together, and rested on a black thorn tree, the cock-bird on the top branch, and the poor hen on a little twig, close at its feet; and the male, master said, burst into a song of gratitude; and, says master, and he swore, which is what he don't often do, and wished the little hen in the black-hole. 'I've been five years,' he says, 'after that specimen; and, Ralph, I could ha' killed it but for the wail o' the she-bird.' 'Sur,' said I, for I understood him, 'sure, you could ha' killed both, and then she would not fret.' 'Ralph,' says master, 'you're an ignorant brute.' And that, added Ralph, was the hardest word I ever heard out o' master's mouth, to man or beast, though I've tracked him now for seven-and-twenty years, through all the quagmires, peat-heaths, hedges, rivers, and lakes within any miles."

We can only add a short picture of the heroine:—

"Rosalind Sydney was not beautiful, if her claims to beauty were determined by the standard generally received and acknowledged; but her great fascination consisted in a play of feature, which a limner would have found it impossible to convey to his canvas. Her eyes were dark, her teeth white, and even her brow high and polished; her skin and complexion of marvellous purity, both of quality and colour; and her hair of the true bright nut-brown, rich, curling, and abundant: it was her many moods, the rapid succession of thoughts and feelings, the lofty, yet affectionate, tone of her impassioned mind, that rendered her face the dial of her true heart's thoughts and wanderings. Whatever she thought was told forth by her mobile features—joy, sorrow, hope, disappointment, scorn, respect, pleasure, pain, chased each other over her countenance with an earnestness that made those who loved her tremble for her future fate.

"In those days, what is now called education, did little for woman; but Nature did more for that sex which must ever be her largest debtor. Now the pestilential breath of worldly wisdom is breathed into the dove's bosom, even before her wing has known the joy of liberty.

"Rosalind's person was full and well-formed—graceful, withal, and dignified; her clear, soft voice harmonised with the trees and shrubs, and melody of a May morning—to nothing else can I liken the joyousness of its sweet and expressive music."

With these extracts we must conclude our notice of this truly interesting work; they will suffice to prove, that, although

the fair authoress dedicates her time and her genius to such men as bucaniers and outlaws, she is yet gifted, like Monimia, "with all her sex's softness."

Ancient and Modern Geography. By SAMUEL BUTLER, D.D., F.R.S., &c. &c. Longman, 12th edition.

This is a work *professedly* for the use of schools; it may, however, be studied with equal advantage by old and young. The present edition commences with an elaborate chronology of *ancient* history, embracing a period from the creation of the world down to the crusades. The maps are in two volumes, exhibiting the modern in 23, and the ancient world in 22 engravings: we have no reason to doubt the general correctness of the plates; some of them we have looked over attentively: they comprise every country of the ancient geographers, and the most recent discoveries of modern travellers. With the descriptive volume we are likewise much pleased, it is a very agreeable record, as well as an illustration of the several maps. The value of Dr. Butler's work is already decided in the estimation of the public, and the reviewer has little to do except to notice its re-appearance, which we do with great pleasure, being assured that no library can be complete without this, or some similar work.—As a portable travelling companion, either for old or young, this is in a size far more convenient than any other we have seen, as in general, without other advantage, they are on a larger sized paper.

The prefatory note to the index of the ancient atlas is put forth with the modest deference of a man of merit. The measure of each proper name being placed over it, whether to be pronounced long or short, is a very beneficial aid, even to the erudite, how much more so, then, to the student. The alphabetical index of every name to be found on the maps, together with the number of the plate in which to be found, and the latitude and longitude, render these books a very pleasing "companion to the newspaper," whereby the juvenile reader can comprehend, and the grown-up reader, perhaps, better understand the matter before him. The books came to us just at the time when we had finished the story of "My Great-Great-Grandfather," and we were curious to find out Timbuctoo, and to look at the deserts and the seas, the supposed scene of his most extraordinary and highly interesting exploits. We found the spot, and also found every thing strongly in favour of his narrative, as a reality, at a period too, long, long before any thing, in this country at least, or to the world at large, was known of such a real city of such surprising wonders. These, then, are the new years' gifts which

are fit for young persons, whom the parent, godfather, or friend, would wish to become intelligent and useful.

A Manual of Entomology. Parts 11 and 12; 13 and 14; 15 and 16. Churton.

This work, professedly a manual for the student, is not fit for the general reader, as many things needful to be known to form the *man* of science, by the knowledge of which he is enabled to draw other important and beneficial inferences, are not properly the objects for general research, any more than we should expect to find persons of each sex, and in each condition in life, in a theatre of anatomy. The plates, in illustration of the text, are well executed, and the editorial department conducted with no ordinary talent.

The English Boy at the Cape: an Anglo-African Story. By the author of "Keepers' Travels." In 3 vols. Whittaker.

Mr. Kendall has long been known as one of the most successful writers for the juvenile world. It may seem to be a condescension for a man of his learning and literary distinction thus to employ himself, but when we remember that the editions of his "Keeper in Search of his Master," bid fair to rival those of "Robinson Crusoe" and the "Pilgrim's Progress," we need not wonder that he now and then gives the public a work of a similar character. We consider that his *Boy at the Cape* and his green monkey, will be as attractive to young readers, as any of the tales in his preceding volumes.

In this pretty work is to be found all the information that can be interesting to children, gathered from the most authentic sources, from the Greek historians down to the last African travels, published this year by Lieut. Moodie, combined and interwoven with story of no common interest. The three small volumes are very prettily got up, and are each adorned with an attractive frontispiece.

The Works of Alexander Pope. By the Rev. G. CROLY, LL.D. Vol. 4. Valpy.

The illustrations of this volume of Pope are very successfully executed, both in design and engraving; the trees in the vignette are beautifully handled. With the smaller, and in some instances with the more worthless poems of Pope, this fourth and last volume of his works is brought to a close, as far as his authorship is concerned; but we think the last thirty or forty pages are ill-occupied by the trumpet panegyrics written by the poets and poetasters of his day. Pope's vanity appended them to his own editions, though he must, with the exception of Gay's

sprightly biographical stanzas, have despised the whole lot. Perhaps some verses of Lord Lyttleton's deserve to be exempted from this censure; but as to the rest, they cannot even claim the petty praise of his lordship's finical line—

"Melodious linnets warble sprightly lays;"

for duller staves never were printed; more particularly a leaden Essay on Satire, done by some forgotten rhymester of the unbounded family of Brown. How Dr. Croly came to preserve all these silly flies in the amber of his excellent edition, we cannot divine; and only regret that if he wanted material to fill up the fourth volume, he did not supply it with racy criticism of his own and biographical anecdotes. He could have said something far more amusing of Wycherly, Fenton, Parnell, Sheffield, C. Pitt, Broome, &c., than they could say for themselves. These are names that made a noise in their century, we know as well as Dr. Croly; but at the same time how few of their best productions, with the exception of the tragedy of "Mariamne," are known now, or deserve to be known. We can, however, give Mr. Valpy's edition the praise of being at once the most elegant, compact, and cheapest, we have yet seen.

Travelling Sketches in Rhyme. By Lady E. S. WORTLEY. Longman and Co.

A word has gone forth in the literary world, that the Lady Emmeline scorns criticism, and persists in writing without correction. We have internal conviction that the last of these charges is true, because we often find passages of great power sadly deformed by errors—mere verbal errors—which a moment's consideration would have removed. Lady Mary Wortley used to say, when she showed her verses to Pope, "No touching, Pope! for the world will attribute all that is good to you, and all the rest to me." And Lady Mary was right. Taking the *whole* of the compositions of the two writers into consideration, supposing genius could be bought or transferred, we would have bid for Lady Mary's lot, in preference to Pope's; for her genius possessed greater originality, ease, sprightliness, and utility. With these notions on the subject of correction, we would not advise Lady Emmeline S. Wortley to submit her works to any other person than herself; and to learn to correct and criticise her own productions, if she would wish them to survive the influence of her own beauty and graces. Every one that she listens to will praise the talents of the high-born daughter of the ducal house of Rutland, and much there is that may call forth the sincerest praise; yet, if that praise had been mingled with honest stricture, if the blemishes as well as the beauty-

spots, had been candidly dwelt on—how then? We think from the reflective cast of many passages in her works, that such candour would, if accompanied by courtesy, have been candidly received, and have produced the happiest results. The great, unhappily, have few friends. We do not mean to lap up our opinions in mystified generalities that mean nothing: we say plainly, that her style is too much loaded with redundant adjectives, and that such lines as these, consisting of strings of verbs, are not poetry:—

"Arouses, teaches, smites, sustains, and guides."

These make up lines, but have no affinity with verse. These mannerisms are fast encroaching on the writer's genius; and as her train of thought becomes more and more metaphysical, will over-run the fair flowers of true poetry, with which her mind is naturally imbued.

A vivid and enthusiastic feeling of nature, and the bursts of true poetic beauty with which the Lady Emmeline often describes natural objects, atoned in our eyes for all imperfections. In the present volume she has left her flowers, and all lovely things, to soar into the stern and grand; but, even if she arrived safely in those regions, is their atmosphere wholesome and pleasant for feminine minds? No; there is a spirit of gloom and mournfulness—a sort of repining, like the wayward "Childe," which is not a healthful feeling for woman. Better far to snatch a handful of Alpine flowers, and carol wildly to them, than nurse morbid feelings of grief and regret. These feelings will intrude on the most favoured persons—they are the common lot, but it is unwise to give them utterance in song. Her natural descriptions have not sufficient individuality to please: a morbid tendency to metaphysical discussion intrudes, and mars the graceful and the beautiful. It is true, that passages of real sublimity often occur: the following comparison, between the appearance of a mountainous district and a troubled sea, is remarkably fine; and when freed from the turgid and crude lines that intervene, will be read with unmixed admiration: it is from a poem, full of exquisitely detached pieces; and yet, from the want of professional knowledge or study, it does not satisfy the mind of the reader with a sense of perspicuous wholeness: we mean that called "Recollections of the Corniche:":—

"How whilst I gazed, with hushed amaze around,

Fresh glories 'midst that prospect vast I found!
Like granite billows heaved in thousand shapes,
Appeared those mountainous forms—with
beaked capes,
With huge curled crests that soared into the
skies—

While proudly each upreared its giant size.

As though that mountainous chain was meant to be

A vast colossal statue of the sea!

These granite giants thus were meant to form

A statue of the sea and of the storm!

Dread waves!—so silent and so motionless—

Doth not your very stillness help to impress

The spirit with a more religious awe?

And from its depths doth not your silence draw

A fuller homage that would breathe in prayers,

But, taught by ye, all language it forbears?

How were ye thus heaved up in solid walls—

Whence no stray fragment melting, loosening,
falls—

Like the obedient tides of the old Red Sea,

That saw the favoured hosts pass safe and free

Through their riven depths, and soft, then cast
aside

All the dread terrors of their power and pride;

But oh! not so their looks of threatening might,

Those fiercer billows softened to the sight!

Nor laid aside with motion and with sound

Their awful aspect, scattering gloom around!

They seemed, thus checked, and sentenced thus
to stand,

By some resistless and supreme command,

When at their fury's wildest pitch and worst,

Their most overwhelling sweep and fiercest
burst!

'Twas thus to fancy's vision they appeared,

While each its giant frame, sublime, upreared,

And imaged forth too painfully and plain

The maddening ire of a tempestuous main!

Yet such stern lessons they ne'er learned from
thee,

Thou blue, broad mirror of tranquillity—

Smooth, bright, transparent Mediterranean Sea!

(Or so I deemed, beholding thy clear breast,

By zephyrs and by sunbeams soothed, caressed,

What time I mused on thy enchanted shore,

And blessed the look of peace thine aspect
wore,

Could ever roaring gale and rugged storm

Presume that heavenly beauty to deform—

Mar that ambrosial luxury of repose,

And break the elysian calm that round thee
throws

Almost an air of sanctity—when shine

Thy waves beneath blue skies—scarce more
divine?)

But howsoe'er such lessons harsh and stern

Those rocks, those frowning heights, were made
to learn,

Too darkly they presented, near and far,

The troublous show of strife, and wrath, and
war;

And thus my mind was with wild conflicts
vexed,

By dark opposing influences perplexed;

The immortal, the immaterial learned to share

The mortal, the material trouble there.

Ah! rather 'twas the living soul alone

That then did the anxious agitation own;

No heaving pulse might ruffle and molest

The mountainous region's adamant breast;

'Tis but of strife the semblance and the show—

Peace, perfect peace, for ever lurks below.

Oh! the least pulse of even the meanest thing

That crawls, creeps, swims, or moves on tiniest
wing,

More wringing pain, more perturbation shares—

More startling, thrilling, keen emotion bears,

Than all the eternal elements can feel,
 Whate'er of wild disorder they reveal.
 Can feel? oh no!—this solid earth may reel—
 The old ocean toss and rave—the mountains

look
 Split—riven by thunder-stroke on thunder-
 stroke;

But there is pain, strife, trouble, fear, suspense,
 Only where life is—throbbing life and sense!"

From the same poem we give a nest of
 similes, abounding with exquisite and mi-
 nute beauty of thought:—

"Or like bright stars, that still, when one
 hath crost

Night's threshold, press in thickly-mustering
 host;

Or as the spring's young leaves—when that
 the first

Hath been set free, by shining myriads burst
 Their silken sheaths—with dew and sunshine
 nursed,

And with their clustering and luxuriant pride,
 The stalks that bore them in adorning hide;

Or as those large drops, that in sultry hours
 Plash down with startling noise on banks and

bowers
 (The big drops of the exulting thunder-
 showers),

And when the first hath fallen, the alarm to
 sound,

Beat loud and louder still on the echoing
 ground!"

Again, from "A Scene near Nice," we
 extract this bit of delicious painting:—

"A scene of beauty—the close olive-trees,
 That scarce let through the winged and va-
 grant breeze,

Weave their pale, silvery tapestries of light
 leaves,

To doubly, triply-veiling folds—scarce cleaves
 The day-beam through this thick and entangled
 screen,

So dim, so dense, so shadowy, and so green.

And where it doth, it must consent to wear

A twilight softness—worth its proudest glare

When cloudless noon is most supreme and fair,

That silvery tint of tenderest shen it gains

Which trembleth o'er those trembling leaves,
 that stains

Its ruddy orient, clouds its golden hue,

Abates its fiery flash, like moistening dew,

And tempers its keen radiance—all too keen,

For such a tenderly sequestered scene."

Such is the true and natural bent of this
 noble lady's poetical genius: such passages
 as these will delight the world in general,
 that stands beyond the immediate pale of
 her family and personal influence. The
 Lady Emmeline, when she leaves the light,
 the bright, and lovely, for Byronic gloom,
 wanders in a dangerous and thorny path,
 which led him who first traced it, in these
 our days, to needless sorrow and early
 death. But we must not be misunderstood:
 many passages in this volume bespeak a
 pious mind; yet true piety, it must be
 remembered, produces a cheerful strain of
 thought, which we shall be delighted to
 see restored to this gifted lady's poetry.

VOL. VIII.—No. 1.

Perhaps the Lady Emmeline is unused to
 dissecting criticism: we hope she will allow
 that these our comments are tender and
 true.

Tremordyn Cliff. By MRS. TROLLOPE.

In this new modern romance of Mrs.
 Trollope's, we see strong symptoms of that
 red-hot hurry which, according to the
 common adage, prompts authors to make
 hay whilst the sun shines; and we can
 warn her, that if her hay is not cut, and
 carried, and stacked, in better form and
 order, the sun of popular favour will not
 long shine for her. The story and situa-
 tions are so badly designed, and carelessly
 put together, that Mrs. Trollope's easy
 sparkling style and acute observations can
 scarcely atone for the daring defiance of all
 possibility, to say nothing of probability.

The interest of the story consists in the
 workings of evil ambition on the mind of
 one single character in the piece, for there
 is but one, Lady Augusta Delaporte. This
 lady is brought up by her father, the Earl
 of Tremordyn, in all the state of a future
 countess in her own right, till she is four-
 teen, when she finds herself suddenly sup-
 planted by the birth of an heir. The Earl
 of Tremordyn is an exact copy of Hook's
 Marquis of Snowdon, only he is not so
 amusing in conduct. Lady Augusta's char-
 acter and situation are taken from a more
 legitimate source, even from that of Mary I.,
 of England. After some delineation of
 feeling, powerfully drawn, the disinherited
 heiress makes an internal vow, one way or
 other, to gain the power she was born to.
 She devotes herself to gain the affections
 of her young brother, and to obtain unlim-
 ited influence in her own family. The
 scene where she chooses a tutor for her
 young brother is admirably done; and the
 stream of interest rolls on with a power
 that would make the fortune of a modern
 romance, until, as the author has drawn
 the character, we arrive at the impossi-
 bility of Lady Augusta's consent and as-
 sistance being given to effect her brother's
 marriage. This lady, instead of hatching
 the shallowest plots in the world, would
 have taken refuge in dogged obstinacy of
 purpose: we pass, however, this flaw, it
 leads to some good scenes, and then con-
 tinues an attractive interest till the parties,
 at the end of the first volume, sail for
 England; then adieu to all interest, as re-
 gards the original actors with whom we
 have set out.

We find, in the second and third vol-
 umes, occasional traits of Mrs. Trollope's
 aptness in catching the follies floating on
 the surface of society; but she knows no-
 thing of the forms and usages of country
 society in England—nothing; her parties

are great London re-unions, transplanted into the country; and as to her scene in the country bookseller's shop, the original is not to be found in such towns as she describes. People do not congregate thus, excepting at a subscription-room at Hastings, Brighton, Margate, Cheltenham, or Leamington, and from such places has she drawn her Broton bookseller's-shop. Then it is in the very worst taste to describe her pattern widow, Catherine, making a round of visits, with her long curls floating from under a close widow's cap, singing and making conquests of other people's lovers. Catherine and her silly mother and strong-minded Scotch cousin, circumstanced as they were, would not have gone into, nor gained admission to the society of a country town, if they could. Somehow, we suspect that Mrs. Trollope has seen as little of genteel home society in England as she did in America. The domestic part of her work is infinitely surpassed by two lately published novels, "*Village Belles*" and "*Chances and Changes*;" and from the last we see, in some of the best passages, a tone of imitation that we can scarcely think can be accidental.

Mrs. Trollope's peculiar style of attack on parties manifests itself only in two points, the character of the Radical reforming, Calvinistic button-making parvenu, Sir William Wortley; and she forgets this truth in him, as well as in Lady Augusta, that people do not often openly confess to themselves their inherent villainies, either by word or writing. There is something of party malignity, too, in the base part she assigns to the performance of a Polish emigrant count, without saying any thing redeeming either for his country or countrymen; we consider it an inhuman stab against many whose case is hard enough without Mrs. Trollope's arraying her ill-derived popularity against them.

When Lady Augusta appears on the scene again in England, she is a miracle of surpassing beauty. Authors, like other characters, need have long memories: how does this splendour of loveliness agree with the gaunt figure, the bad complexion, and, above all, the large features, united with the *small head* and premature old lady look with which Lady Augusta travels six-and-thirty years of her career? Women cannot at will blaze out into superb beauties at six-and-thirty, Mrs. Trollope; neither will tiny contracted heads, wherein have been nurtured little futile, cunning, acquisitive plots, prompted by corroding envy, through want of benevolence and veneration, expand into lofty and commanding brows with change of situation. If such miraculous personal change could have been effected, the character and conduct would have changed as well.

The last plot Lady Augusta lays is more wretchedly contrived than any other. That she should show to Lucy the certificate of her brother's marriage with Catherine, or engage Lucy's assistance at all, is an outrage on all possibility, that destroys the reality of the work. Without probability there is no reality, and no work divested of it, will survive longer than a Christmas pantomime. Authors in a hurry contrive to dispense with this needful ingredient to a finished work, but will their labours last longer than a season? We shall see.

Mephistophiles in England; or the Confessions of a Prime Minister. In 3 vols.

The author of "*Mephistophiles in England*," is an instance how low poetical genius and an easy educated style may be degraded, by submitting to feed the vicious appetite of that portion of the public delighting in personality and gossip. We can gather from its pages that the author is a scholar, a linguist, a poet, and a genius of no common order: let the person thus gifted look at his pages, and answer the question truly, "*Are you not ashamed of this dirty work?*" Are you not ashamed of attacking women as you do? To be sure, the scandals are placed in the mouth of the father of falsehood, and therefore the ladies aggrieved may take them whence they come; the assertions of Satan, of course, are not to be taken as truth. The work is eked out of odds and ends: there is also a story, not very purely told, of an abbess and her nuns, which has no further connexion with the text, excepting that his sable majesty happens to be in a story-telling humour. The plan of the work is chiefly taken from Faust: the adventures on the Brocken, the incantation, and the accompanying fiend, are all caricatures of Goethe's extravaganzas—lighter and more flimsy than shadows of a shade. This is done in the very indolence of a book-maker, who has, perhaps, once found a market. Our author's best efforts are, where he pleases to be original: witness the whole scene of the *commerz* with the German students: the poetry is there fine, the characters distinctly, though rapidly, marked; and the whole strikes us as drawn from life, and is full of just satire, showing up the follies of a particular body of people, without injuriously selecting individuals. The story of poor Francisca is sweetly touched. We regret the arrival of the precious pair in England, as common-place scandals and washy character names are poor substitutes for the lively delineation of the interior of a German university, which is touched off in a style wholly new to England, but is worthy of comparison with Henri Heine's best sketches. As to the prime minister,

his office is coined for the purpose of an advertising puff-name, and nothing more. The man is a Whig, who left office when the Tories lately came in. After killing two fair ladies, one in England and the other in Germany, he stabs the father of Francisca, and pistols the cousin of his English love, and married a peeress, whom he takes *pour passer le tems*; and he does all these deeds without the slightest inquiry being instituted into his conduct. This is awful; he ought, at least, to have been brought to condign punishment, now that his ally from the kingdom of darkness has quarrelled with him and departed, and the prime minister has resigned office, married his honourable love, and settled quietly in the country. This is all miserable nonsense, and a proof of what folly may be offered to the public in the shape of a romance, published in supposed connexion with passing political events.

Architectural Magazine. Parts 20, 21, and 22, Oct., Nov., and Dec., 1835. Longman and Co.

The 22nd number completes the second volume of this work, which is, we think, likely to meet with greater success, both in circulation and years, than generally falls to the lot of similar publications. The matter becomes more readable "out of the school," that is, takes a wider range, and embraces every subject of modern improvement and invention, as well as architectural history. It is likewise embellished with a great number of engravings. We like much No. 20, it is full of good and useful reading. We had purposed extracting at large from the first article, *On the Architecture of the Middle Ages*, by E. B. Lamb, Esq., Architect, wherein is pointed out how much architects fail in the Gothic, who have not studied the original buildings.* Mr. Lamb touches upon the grand opening in the competition for the building of the Houses of Parliament—alas! an opening for the

weazel only, as far as our knowledge goes of competition in general. Is not one of the commissioners he who *tried* to get the building of the 10,000*l.* church of the General Cemetery Company, Harrow-road, *gratuitously*, though his titled relative thought he might have so many shares *given* to him?! In No. 21, are two hits upon the same subject, to architects "amusing themselves!" by sending in competition plans, and meeting with this kind of disappointment.—We say, then, *let the competition be PUBLIC*; and who has more right to be satisfied than the parties who are to pay for it? when, on the other hand, the public know too well how, too frequently, these things are *managed*. See also what the *Morning Chronicle* says, as quoted at p. 466. "On Gothic Architecture," by the late Dr. James Anderson, exhibits great taste, and much thought. How justly he eulogises the Temple Church, Westminster Abbey, and St. Stephen, Walbrook, of which he says, "it is indeed, and in truth, a most wonderful structure."

We like the conductor's remarks upon "Ventilation," at p. 461. Stranger things than he talks of, that "in another half century, the only coal-fires in London will probably be those in steam-engines, &c. may come to pass in our day. There is nothing to hinder all private houses from being *heated*, as well as lighted by gas; and from having all the cooking of every description performed, and boiling water for washing, &c. heated by that fluid." Certainly, as to boiling water and cooking meat by boiling, the suggestion may cause the plan to be put into immediate practice. We keep our urns hot, nay, boil water with ignited alcohol—but how we are to be warmed, is another matter; although in Switzerland, and in some parts of Italy, the room fire is not seen, the projecting back is in the room, the front sometimes in the passage, sometimes in another chamber. Since, however, we get our gas principally from coal—that coal will be cheaper to use than the extracted gas: respecting that part of this paper, viz. "On Ventilation," the answer of *Candidus*, at page 558-60, is exactly what he terms it, "written, if possible, to extort a smile (of contempt) from the horrified reader (of his own ribaldry)."

On the Literary Composition of Architects and Surveyors, at p. 470, by a SOLICITOR; as if theirs was a mystery practised only by freemasons; justly points out the necessity of an *intelligible* language—this, perhaps, is the reason why those who employ them can never find the figures in the *estimate*, and the figures in the *account*, *AGREE*; the one is architectural language, we suppose, and does not therefore correspond with the other. See what

* Let the traveller who has visited the Vatican, and also the British Museum, compare, in his recollection, the *castes* taken from the Elgin Marbles, by order of his most gracious Majesty, King George the Fourth, and presented to his Holiness the Pope, of two most exquisite figures.—Or let the traveller call to mind the Laocoon and his two sons, in the Gallery at Florence, and remember that of the beautiful original in the Vatican—and this proposition is fully established. An English lady last year, as many travellers have often done, had an alabaster copy made of the former, at many pounds cost, and when she arrived at Rome, she was, as might be expected, greatly chagrined that she had not previously seen both. We confess, at first sight, we saw much to dislike in that of Florence: yet it is highly prized.

is said on this subject, at p. 488, from an old work "*Old Fuller's Ideas of Building.*" We would willingly steal the whole of the amusing and instructive extracts supplied from his book, by J. A. Picton, Esq., Architect. They might almost be quoted as proverbs of an architectural Solomon.

But we must hasten to an end. In No. 20, is the demise of Francis Goodwin, Esq. The writer has omitted to mention his grand design, (however impracticable,) in the year 1830, (five years after the new successful cemetery plan had been before the public,) which he exhibited to at least one-half of the metropolis,—it was, like our title-page, which combines in our sketch *every thing* pertinent to the arts, a combination of every thing appertaining, if not to every kind, at least to sepulchral architecture.

In No. 21, art. 12, the paper on the method of supplying water for dogs, by using the present hollow cavity in lamp-posts, by W. J. Short, Esq., is humane and clever. Article 15, on the new and rapid mode of excavating the entrance to the London Docks, by W. J. S., with illustrative engravings, is worthy general adop-

tion; indeed, we wonder why the principle is not adopted in a great variety of ways, which we could mention, and have often thought of. No. 23, art. 4, suggesting a mile-stone, combining a resting-stone for pedestrians, and a mounting-stone for equestrians, by J. P., seems to be original: it is at all events useful.

We think we have now sufficiently explained the character of this publication, to warrant the assertion with which we started.

Margaret Ravenscroft ; or, Second Love.

By J. A. ST. JOHN. In 3 vols. Longman and Co.

A hasty perusal has convinced us that this work contains merit equal to the former reputation of its author; and that our readers will find passages of high interest therein; but the prior claims of several other authors and publishers, who have previously forwarded their volumes, prevent our finding room this month for the critical analysis and extracts of "*Margaret Ravenscroft*;" which will, however, be duly inserted in our February number.

Fine Arts.

Finden's Byron Beauties. Parts 11, 12, and 13. Tilt.

"*Lesbia*," drawn by Miss E. Corbeaux, engraved by H. Cook. With one who looks so amiable, "no doubt 'twas he who was to blame."

"*The Maid of Athens*," by Meadows, engraved by H. T. Ryall. This is no ideal form: the letter-press, moreover, informs us, that Theresa Macri (the maid of Athens) was seen by a traveller in Greece last year, *without a vestige of her former beauty*, struggling with poverty, but striving, in the sacred character of wife and mother, to obtain a scanty subsistence for her numerous family.

"*Haidée*," by Chalon, engraved by R. A. Artlett. The face and look are good and lovely, and answer well the accompanying description.

"*Mora*," drawn by F. Corbeaux, engraved by M. Gibbs, is in *every* respect equal to the best we have seen.

"*The Young Haidée*," drawn by G. Browne, engraved by J. Wagstaff, has that peculiar caste of form and figure pertinent to the name; but the arms and left hand would betoken a damsel born "of the Cyclades," though she seems to be the subject rather of "*A Romaic Love Song*."

"*Zoe*" is just what she ought to be; but the right arm, why such an untoward length? In other respects, it is a well-

drawn figure by W. Bostock, nicely finished by H. T. Ryall.

"*Genevra*," drawn by E. Corbeaux, engraved by H. T. Ryall. The letter-press tells us of Byron's light appreciation of his own talent in sonnets. The eyes and look of this figure are intended to embody this sentiment—"While gazing on them (her eyes), sterner eyes will gush;" and it does exhibit this most effectually. The first finger of the left hand, however, calls off attention from excellencies. The flowers in the hair are very spiritedly done.

"*Laura*," drawn by W. Boxall, engraved by J. Adcock. We quote the letter-press, and admit that *Laura* "is perfect as a specimen of that class she represents, and yet so stamped by individuality, that the attention is rivetted to her as a living character." We like this much, for such its close resemblance to what it should be, and for the general execution.

"*Theresa*" finishes the book. It is well conceived by E. Wood, and satisfactorily executed by W. H. Mote.

"She was pensive, nor perceived
Her occupation, nor was grieved,
Nor glad to lose or gain; but still
Play'd on for hours, as if her will
Yet bound her to the place, though not
That her's might be the winning lot."

Thus, this beautiful work is, we perceive, now brought to a close, in its 13th number.

As long as the poetry of Byron is read with interest, so long will pictorial illustrations of so highly-finished a character as those by the Messrs. Finden, be a public desideratum in the world of letters. A work of this merit has, indeed, only to be known, to become the companion of the classic author in every library where his writings have a place. We feel assured that the sale, however extensive it has been, has only *now* begun, when a purchaser can at once, by the completion of the work, see what pleasure is in store for him. We confess, we shall miss our regular monthly visitor, and mourn the absence of the four damsels, who in each successive number have gained our admiration. In parting, let us say, that if we have been occasionally pointed in our remarks, it is our wish, as it is our province, to endeavour to improve our school of design and engraving; and as we feel assured that the artists have on such occasions only chosen imperfect models, we would warn them, at least, to inquire of superior judges, whether we are right or wrong. It may be correctly the woman's arm and hand; but to make a beauty, give us at least the hand of a Blessington, with its fair proportions upwards. In the collection there are thirty-nine figures.

Stanfield's Coast Scenery. Parts 5 and 6.

Dedicated, by permission, to the King. Smith, Elder, and Co.

This work is improving in its artistical designs. In the fifth number all are *good*. We have "Rye Old Harbour," which is particularly well engraved by J. W. Appleton. "Powderham Park, Exmouth," engraved by E. Finden. "Hamoaze, Plymouth," beautifully conceived (by Mr. C. Stanfield), and executed *à la Meriello* by J. C. Armytage. This print alone would be well worth the price of the book. "East Cliff, Hastings," dark and portentous of storm, with the vessels heaving to and fro, engraved by J. Stephenson.

In No. 6, "Calais," admirably shown from its projecting light-house, with the pier, distant cathedral and churches, and the white foaming waves beating against its shores, engraved by Finden. But we must take a short trip *again* to the sea-coast, to see whether the waves in ordinary, or even extraordinary stress of weather, show such wiry linear marks, or whether they are not rather many curling masses of some three or four feet long. We continue the same remark upon the sea at "Hastings," though the town looks very captivating, and with the milk-white cliff, are nicely executed by W. Miller. "Dieppe" is well conceived, and well executed by W. B. Cooke; and we rather like the peculiarity of the artist's style in the plate of

"Boulogne Upper Harbour," it is engraved by W. Floyde. Appropriate letter-press, as usual, accompanies the plates.

Illustrations of the New Testament. Part 2. Churton.

We should be glad if this publication had a very extensive circulation. Here are eight engravings, (with descriptions by the Rev. Hobart Caunter, D.D.) really very good, for the price of one shilling! In "The Angel announcing the Nativity," "The Raising of Lazarus," "Paul on the Island of Malta," and "The Angel binding Satan," the artists have particularly excelled.

Arboretum Britannicum. By J. C. LOUDON, Esq. Nos. 10, 11, 12. Longman and Co.

We are in arrear to Mr. Loudon, as three numbers of his valuable "Arboretum" remain unnoticed. These are entirely composed of wood-cuts, save that in two of them are some pages of excellent letter-press, relating to arboriculture in northern Europe. We find very ably delineated the family of the hawthorns, their cousins the cherries, the wild apples and pears.

The portrait of the gliditschia, from Syon, a full-grown tree, seventy-two feet high, with a man standing beneath to show the relative height of tree and man, is a capital notion, and, although very simple, truly effective. The cotoniaster, with all its accompaniments, is a fine spirited wood-cut. The sorb-tree is very good; but we are inclined to protest against the *eraiemblance* of the oak, the ash, and elm; the outlines may be correct, but there is a want of ease and freedom in the leafing and branching.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS.

The 67th anniversary was held on the 10th ult., at Somerset House, and prizes of various value were awarded to the following gentlemen:—To Mr. W. D. Kennedy for the best historical painting.—Mr. H. Timbrel for the best historical group in sculpture.—Mr. J. Johnson, the best architectural design.—To Mr. Claxton for the best, and Mr. J. H. Wheelwright for the next best copy made in the painting school.—Mr. J. Walsh for the best; Mr. W. T. Harland for the second best; and Mr. E. B. Morris for the third best drawing from the life.—Mr. T. Sharp for the best model from the life.—Mr. A. Bailey for the best; Mr. G. Williams for the second best; and Mr. E. Bennett for the third best drawing of Fishmongers' Hall.—Mr. S. Buck for the best; Mr. E. Van Harthells Monk for the second best; and Mr. L. Kozanecchi for the third best drawing from the antique.—Mr. W. C. Marshall for the best model from the antique.

The General Assembly unanimously re-elected Sir Martin Archer Shee, president.

Council.—New list. C. Stanfield, C. R. Leslie, H. W. Pickersgill, Esqrs., and Sir F. Chantrey.

Visitors in the Life Academy.—New list. E. H. Baily, H. P. Briggs, W. Collins, and W. Mulready, Esqrs.

Visitors in the School of Painting.—New list. H. B. Briggs, W. Collins, E. Landseer, and C. R. Leslie, Esqrs.

Auditors re-elected.—W. Mulready, J. M. W. Turner, and R. Westmacott, Esqrs.

New Music, &c.

Cruse's Psalms. Sold by the Author, at No. 2, Carburton street, Portland-place, and by all book and music-sellers.

It is not often that the musical world is presented with a work of such intrinsic value and importance as the present, and Mr. Cruse must possess no ordinary mind to have undertaken its execution. We cannot do better than quote the author's own title-page of contents. "*Cruse's Psalms*, adapted for four voices, applicable also for one or two, with a condensed Instrumental arrangement, being a continuation of *Psalms of the Church*, containing, in addition to the original compositions written expressly for this work, specimens of the composition of Church writers from the earliest period; *melodies from every musical nation*, together with the rudiments of music, concise instructions in singing, remarks on congregational singing, the duties of an organist, biographical notices, and a variety of other interesting information, **THE WHOLE CALCULATED FOR GENERAL ADOPTION, by every sect of the reformed religion**; prepared under the immediate sanction and protection of **THE QUEEN**."

The laborious author gives in his concise instructions on singing, hopes which we should be glad to see as speedily realized: we should be glad to put under his charge one or two would-be singers with whom we are acquainted. He says, "let no one suppose that he cannot sing: whoever can speak will surely sing, if he will take the trouble to try,"—and he then refers to the foregoing instructions in his work: we hope his lessons may be effectual. But our author puts forth another strong inducement, in quoting Dr. Rush, the American physician, who thus speaks of the utility of singing, not only as an accomplishment, but as a corrective to the too common tendency to pulmonic complaints: "Vocal music should never be neglected in the education of a young lady. Besides preparing her to join in that part of public worship which consists in Psalmody, it will enable her to soothe the cares of domestic life, and the sorrows that will sometimes intrude into her own bosom may all be relieved by a song, when sound and sentiment unite to act upon the mind."

We do not indeed think that any better instruction can be given to children, as a part of Sunday discipline, than committing

hymns and psalms to memory, and warbling them in song. Often have we been gratified at the extraordinary discipline of the children of the national school at St. Pancras Church, and the earnest and thrilling appeal must have its weight in interesting the congregation in their welfare.

In this respect, as is justly observed at page 22, the Protestant church has gained much, which is admitted also by the Roman Catholics, whose priests sing for them. In some of the Roman Catholic states of Germany, however, the people are allowed to indulge in song, and they join in the service with rapture.

The Presbyterians also sing in a body, and the musical portion is the chief and most heart-touching part of their service; and experience shows us that it is perfectly true, as quoted at page 31, from Dr. Herbert, "Every one may observe, that in churches where psalms are best and oftenest sung, those churches are always best filled." The case then is clearly made out, and we give it our full approval, that singing in church warms the heart and awakens piety, and in as much as we greatly like it, we do most strongly condemn the *self-conceited hypocritical cant, or crafty avarice*, which adapts Psalms and Hymns for its own chapel and even church, (at 10s. 6d. each, to be had of the clerk,) as if there were not to be found portions at least, if not whole psalms of sterling value and true piety. In this, we except some anthems, which are now a part of the national psalmody, and hereafter will doubtless be added to the collection in the Prayer-book.

The collection opens with the "Morning Hymn;" but we must now compress our remarks, for it would be impossible to comment upon upwards of 150 pieces of song and music, comprised in this very commendable, very useful, and excellent work; the price of which is such, as to make it the duty of managers to possess it for the use of their pupils.

By an advertisement at the end, we perceive that Mr. Cruse purposes giving twelve lectures, in which time he guarantees a complete understanding of the grammar of music.

My Gentle Child! Words by MRS. HERMAN; composed by A. ROCHER. Duett.
This is the last composition of the la-

mented Mrs. Hemans; deeply interesting it will be to the public on that account: but it has merits, independently of those of association. Mr. Roche is an excellent composer. Key A.

Beautiful Eyes: a Ballad. By C. BLONDEL. George and Manby.

We have been tardy in doing justice to this charming song, on account of the mislay of the review from our musical contributor: it did not deserve to be forgotten. The words are poetry of the true lyrical cast, that sings well; and the beauty of the sentiment will render it a favourite with the fair. The music is worthy of the poetry; and if both words and melody are written by the same person, we must say he is deserving the same name with the Troubadour Blondel—"him of the lyre and sword." Major Key of C.

Once more, Good Night! a Serenade, for One or Two Voices. The Words and Music by Miss L. H. SHERIDAN. Inscribed to her Grace the Duchess of St. Albans. Dean.

There is very sweet poetry in these words, and the elegance of the music will make it, we doubt not, popular. Key E Flat.

The Deserted Home. By Miss SMITH. Dean.

The words and music of this air are pleasing, and creditable to female talent. Key E.

The Charming Woman. By Mrs. PRICE BLACKWOOD. J. Dean.

This lady has shown great talent, as well

as dexterity, in this humorous song; it is, moreover, an admirable quiz upon the fulsome and unmeaning exclamation of "charming woman," so often on the lips of some people, who as often speak of the same person in quite a different strain behind their backs. It is quite a little history.

The admired Bolero, the *Bridegroom's Return*, "*Ouvrey, ouvey*," as sung by Madame Stockhausen. Composed by DESSAUX, and arranged as a Rondo, with a new introduction for the Piano-forte, by J. MOSCHELES. Mori and Lavenu.

The popular Barcarolle, *Or che in Cielo*; sung by Signor Ivanoff, in Donzelli's admired opera of "*Marino Faliero*," arranged as a Fantasia for the Piano-forte, by J. MOSCHELES. Mori and Lavenu.

The above, to be favourites, must find a skilful performer: although, therefore, many may be pleased, a comparatively small number of piano-fortists will be able to give them full effect.

Marino Faliero.—*Melange a la Mode*, for the Harp: with the Airs introduced of "*Dio Clemente*," "*Odo il Suoi*," "*Fra due tombe*," "*Il palco e a noi*." Sung by Grisi and Tamburini, in this opera of Donzelli's. By N. C. BOCHSA. Mori and Lavenu.

Marino Faliero.—*Mouvement Militaire* for the Harp: introducing the airs "*Mi Tornano Presente*," and "*Ma un Solo Conforto*." Sung by Rutani, in this opera of Donzelli's. By N. C. BOCHSA. Mori and Lavenu.

We always like to see Bochsa's performances, and with such as these, which are really good, the oftener the better.

Drama, &c.

[It being impossible for us to attend every Theatre at the opening, we have added to our own the best accounts we could procure of others.]

DRURY-LANE.

Originally the pantomime performed on Saturday night, was produced, under the direction of Farley, at Covent-Garden, in the season of 1814-15. It is founded upon the well-known nursery story of "*Whittington and his Cat*," which is much older, and of a more remote origin, geographically speaking, than most of our readers may imagine. It has (says a contemporary) been well known in Persia, we may say, for centuries; and it was imported into Europe much about the same time as others of which Boccaccio, Sacchetti, &c., availed themselves. We believe that the earliest European version of its principal incidents is to be found in the *Facezie, Motti, Buffonerie et Burle* of the Piovano Ariotto. There is an old Hungarian tradition to the same effect; but both, no doubt, were derived from the same source. In these instances, the story is, of course, unconnected with any English worthy, and we do not believe it was applied to Sir Richard Whittington until late in the reign of Elizabeth, when some such man as Richard Johnson (author of "*The Seven*

Champions"), or Thomas Deloney (author of "*The Six Yeomen of the West*"), converted the tale to their own purposes; to this, however, we cannot speak positively, as regards the pantomime itself. All that relates to the story of Sir Richard Whittington, is, we think, precisely the same as the pantomime produced twenty years ago, the characters changed only in the representatives; viz., Ellar for Bologna, T. Mathews for Grimaldi, and Yarnold for Tinney. *Whittington* and his *Cat* (driven out of *Fitzwarren's* house by *Dame Cicely Suet*, the cross, fat old cook) ventures to return to London on the summons of the bells, accompanied by voices in the air; and is finally converted into *Harlequin*, by the fairy *Busy Bee*, that he and his sweet-heart, *Alice Fitzwarren*, may escape from the persecution of *Alderman Gobble*, his half-witted son, and *Dame Suet*. The three last are metamorphosed into *Pantaloon* and a couple of *Clowns*, and the regular harlequinade then begins. After the transformation, begins a novel performance. The parties start from Kensington in the well-known "aerial ship;" they are car-

ried through the heavens, thus viewing the comet with a curly tail, like that of a sucking pig, together with a glimpse of Jupiter and his "set o' lights." The travellers are eventually landed in Cumberland, on Ulswater Lake; *Pantaloön* and the *Clowns* are brought to the ground by a farmer firing a fowling-piece at the huge machine. A very good scene succeeds to this by Wieland, as a large baboon, under the name of *General Jacko*, who finds his way into a lady's dressing-room, and there performs various "monkeyfications," besides playing exceedingly well on the violin. Next they visit old Norwood, where a number of the now extinct race of gipsies sing the glee of "Oh! who has seen the Miller's Wife?" in order to give time for the preparation of the scene of the New Beulah Spa, and an exhibition of evolutions, very cleverly performed by female toxophilotes, under the conduct of *Columbine*, who are all dressed in lively uniforms. The rail-road to the moon is a good scene, and the hits at *attempts* of this kind are full of humour. After going through the Thames Tunnel, the party visit the Temple of Industry, where *Busy Bee* presides; and a view is given of the Lord Mayor's show by water, with boats, barges, and banners, collected near old London Bridge, very gorgeous in style, with which the pantomime satisfactorily concluded, *Harlequin* and *Columbine*, as *Sir Richard* and *Lady Whittington*, being about to ascend the galley-foist, (as those vessels used of old to be called) which are appropriated to them as Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of London.

COVENT-GARDEN.

At this theatre the Christmas entertainments consisted of *The Carmelites*, *The Bronze Horse*, and a new grand historical comic pantomime, called *Harlequin Guy Fawkes, or the Fifth of November*. Of the first two it is unnecessary now to say more, than that their representation on Saturday evening fully confirmed the popularity they had previously obtained. The selection of *The Bronze Horse*, as a part of the evening's entertainment, was, perhaps, injudicious, inasmuch as the time necessary for its exhibition materially interfered with the arrangements required to give effect to the machinery of the pantomime, as well as being too similar. The pantomime opens with a well-conceived representation of the dwelling of *Discontent*, in the Palace of Mischief, where a band of blue devils are discovered busy at the work of compounding poisons; as laudanum for lovers, Prussic acid for suicides, arsenic for murderers, hemlock for traitors, &c. This labour is prosecuted with much groaning and howling; in the midst of which *Grumblegloom*, the *Genius*

of *Discontent*, appears, and elicits a momentary gleam of joy, by announcing that his familiar agent, *Mischief*, has brought him tidings from earth, that he has there an apt disciple in the person of one *Guido Fawkes*. The means contrived for the entrance and exit of the genius *Grumblegloom*, partook sufficiently of the terrible, which were extremely well managed, and produced a striking effect. The next scene discovers the mansion and gardens of *Master Thomas Piercy*, with Lambeth Palace on the banks of the Thames. Here the young *Lord Monteagle* attempts to effect an elopement with *Alice*, the daughter of *Master Robert Catesby*; but, as they are about to step into the boat procured for the occasion, *Sir Everard Digby*, *Master Henry Garnett*, *Master Thomas Piercy*, *Catesby*, *Guido Fawkes*, and a number of the other conspirators, appear upon the scene. *Guy Fawkes* and his associates, who are rendered as inhuman, as grotesque, as perfectly monstrous as the most ardent admirers of pantomime could desire, disclose their plot, and appoint the time at which it shall be carried into execution. The *Lord Monteagle*, who has been a partial listener, suspects some foul conspiracy, and a document placed in his hands by a mysterious stranger (another monater), reveals more of the affair to him, and induces him to repair for advice to *Sir Francis Moore*, the great astrologer and almanack-maker. *Sir Francis* consults the stars, and perceives that some terrible danger threatens the state, and directs the young nobleman to watch well the vaults of the Parliament-house. The view by moonlight of *Sir Francis Moore's* house in Old Palace-yard, with Westminster Hall, Westminster Abbey, and Old Storey's Gate, was extremely well managed, and had a very picturesque and pleasing effect. The representation in the next scene of the old House of Lords, in 1605, was also well contrived; and the leave-taking of *Guy Fawkes* with his associates, as he is about to enter upon his fearful mission, was so ludicrously pathetic, his final dismissal upon his errand so unceremoniously earnest, as to produce roars of laughter even among the gravest of the audience. In the vaults under the Parliament-house were thirty-six barrels of gunpowder, which the conspirators had prepared for the destruction of the King and the pillars of the state. *Guy Fawkes* appears with lantern and matches of huge proportions, prepares his train of powder, and applies the match to it, when the *Lord Monteagle* rushes in with a broom, divides the train, and secures the traitor. A general muster of all the characters who have previously appeared immediately takes place; and whilst the *Genius of Discontent* transforms *Guy Fawkes* into *Harlequin*, and

Alice into *Columbine*, Sir Francis Moor-converts Master Robert Catesby into *Panetolon*, and Master Thomas Piercy into *Clown*. Up to this point, the pantomime was completely successful, attracting attention, and eliciting loud and hearty applause; but, owing to a great deal of new machinery, the subsequent part did not go off quite so well, and the magic influence of *Harlequin's* wand, in many instances, seemed to have lost its power altogether. Something was to be done with an ostrich in the Zoological Gardens, and it was clapped on all sides, till it made one's bones ache to see it; but the ostrich was inflexible, and remained an ostrich still. The best change during the evening was that of one flower-pot made into two: indeed, the dahlia show altogether made a bustling and agreeable variety. A boat changed into the aerial ship, and the aerial ship into a bubble, was uncommonly well contrived, and as well executed. Several others were smartly done. No attempt has this year been made to attract attention by the beauty or splendour of scenery; yet a moonlight view of the great dome of St. Paul's, overlooking a considerable part of London, is far from contemptible. The emblematical device at the conclusion of the piece, *England's budding Rose* (the Princess Victoria), with a grand display of fireworks, was extremely well managed, and restored to the audience a great portion of the good humour which had previously been much disturbed, owing to a senseless demand for some particular song from the clown, which he was at length obliged to declare, it would be contrary to rule for him to give. Miss Cehill acquitted herself with much grace and great agility, in the character of *Columbine*; nor was Mr. C. J. Smith less successful in that of *Harlequin*. Mr. Jefferini and Mr. Clarke figured ably as *Clown* and *Panetolon*. When all the machinery has been brought into proper play, this pantomime will become popular. The announcement of its repetition till further notice was received with general applause.

A second novelty, entitled, *The Bronze Horse, or the Spell of the Cloud King*, an attractive piece, which we remember seeing at Paris, was, on the first night, loudly applauded. The *Princess of Mogul* (Miss Wyndham) is in the power of a great enchanter, the *Cloud King*, who dwelleth in the planets. The apparition of this princess, the lovely *Margelia*, haunts *Zamna*, Prince of China (Mr. Collins), in his dreams; at which period, also, the spectre-statue of the emperor, *Kia-Kien*, taking pity on his mental perturbations, informs him that if he will enter his enchanted cavern, and mount the back of a magical bronze horse, he will be transported to the

glittering palace of the *Cloud King*, the only means by which he can gain access to the splendid prison of *Margelia*; but, in order to procure the release of the princess, he must extinguish the magic fire, and take the ring from the finger of the guardian statue, but also he must be able to withstand the fascinations of the *Princess of Mogul*. *Zamna* makes the attempt, but the syren beauty of the princess mars his purpose. Then comes another actor on the scene, *Peki* (Miss Turpin), a farmer's daughter, who is threatened with marriage to a mandarin (the husband of four wives), gains access, in male attire, to the *Cloud King's* palace, on the self-same bronze steed. A young soldier, in whose fate she was deeply interested, had already taken the same aerial trip, and undergone the ordinary penalty of being transformed into a statue, for having disclosed the secrets of the enchanter's dwelling. The blandishments of *Margelia* were not likely to have a very powerful sway over the mind of *Peki*. By extinguishing the fire, and gaining possession of the ring, she very soon wholly destroys the *Cloud King's* power, and re-animates all his petrified victims.

The scenery is very splendid, particularly the descent of the celestial planet, the golden valley, and the view of the river, &c. Miss Turpin sang very sweetly; and the ballet of the star-spirits was also very prettily executed by Madame Vedy, Miss Smith, and Mr. Smith; and *Peki's* intended lord and his fourth wife tended greatly to enliven the piece. It succeeded very well at Paris, and, at this holiday time, is a very seasonable arrival.

Mr. Charles Kemble has sustained the character of *Hamlet* in all his primitive force and capability.

ENGLISH OPERA.

The entertainments at this theatre on Saturday for the holidays were *Minerali*, supported by the fine melo-dramatic powers of Mr. Denvil; *Acting Run Mad*, in which Mr. Buckingham gave his capital imitations of Macready, Keeley, O. Smith, &c.; sundry songs, and a new pantomime called *Ride a Cock-horse to Banbury Cross*, alias *Harlequin and the Lady with bells to her toes*. The piece opens with a proclamation that the daughter of his worship the mayor of Banbury will appear in the market-place upon a white horse, where his worship will receive offers for her hand. Swains of every degree set out in pursuit of the prize. *Jackey Crowsnest* is well furnished by his parents with gold. *Simon Clump* carries with him only his mother's blessing. *Simon* conciliates the *Fairy of the Fountain*, is supplied with an inspiring draught, and completes his journey with ease. The party of *Crowsnest*, on the other hand, offend her by refusing to give her

alms, and she avenges herself by conjuring up a Will-o'-the-wisp, which leads them astray and bedevils them from eve till dewy morn. The whole party assemble in Banbury, and is received by the Mayor. *Simon's* comeliness wins the lady, but he is rejected by his worship; and *Jackey's* gold wins his worship, but he is rejected by the lady. The *Fairy*, however, stands *Simon's* friend; the transmogrifications take place, and *Harlequin*, *Columbine*, *Clown*, and *Pantaloon* commence their frolics, and the piece affords much amusement. Many points are decidedly successful, and many others would be better altogether omitted. There were a few mishaps during the exhibition of the piece; for example, the monster balloon drew itself up very stiffly, when commanded to exhibit itself as a mere bottle of smoke; then the Will-o'-the-wisp's light would not keep in, and a piece of slate would tumble out. At the very outset, when the *Clown* wanted to throw aside his character of *Jackey*, he found his "loose habits" stick close and hard to him. At the close of the performance, Mr. Rayner, however, came forward, and having promised that the piece should undergo a little curtailment, and other alterations, he expressed a hope that it would then deserve a long continuance of the public patronage. He said it had only been four days in preparation. We doubt not he will faithfully perform all he has engaged for, and that the bumps and thumps, the knocking to pieces, and gathering together of the *disjecti-membra* will not continue to suffer interruption. Mr. Dowlin the *Harlequin*, Signor Boleno the *Clown*, Mr. Flowers the *Pantaloon*, and Miss Gilbert the *Columbine*, acquitted themselves well. The Japanese equilibriists exhibited in the course of the pantomime some exceedingly beautiful postures, whilst others are only extraordinary for the surprising twists of the human frame.

ADELPHI.

For the entertainment of the holiday-makers at this festive season, this theatre brought forward on Saturday night "a new grand spectacle," entitled the *Elfin Queen*, followed by a pantomime, the *Battle of the Fairies*, or the *Masque of Harlequin*. The house was crowded in every part, but rather we suspect to hail the first appearance of a new and very clever actress, engaged to supply the loss occasioned by the departure of Mrs. Nisbett. Before the performances commenced, an introductory address was spoken by Buckstone, in the character of *Tom Tinkle*, in allusion to this loss, and the substitute for that lady which had been found in the person of Mrs. Sterling, followed by another address from the latter, both of which were very favourably

received. Mrs. Sterling appeared in the character of *Biddy Nutts* in the *Dream at Sea*, and is prepossessing and lady-like. In point of dress and scenery, the concluding spectacle was as splendid as usual. While the fairies are holding high revel in their "sunlit saloon," a very beautiful scene, the clouds of common sense descend slowly upon them and their enchanted dwelling, and suddenly all becomes dark and gloomy, and the delicate fairies disappear. Shortly afterwards the "Star of Poesy" shines forth, and dispelling the gloom of common sense, recalls into being the fairies *Nymphalin* and *Gossamer*, and all their train. The allegory being so true, we shall take the hint, and consent to be pleased in spite of common sense. The subject of the piece was the amours of the fairies *Nymphalin* (Mrs. Stirling) and *Prince Gossamer* (Miss E. Clifford); and the annoyances they experience from the jealous enmity of *Sir Darkling* (Miss Daly), who contrives to give his rival, *Gossamer*, a dose, which is to set him asleep for a thousand years; considerably before which period he is, however, awakened by the spell of the Spirit of Poesy, who descends in the star we have already mentioned. The whole concluded by a grand display of fireworks.

OLYMPIC.

The *Olympic Pic Nic*, by Mr. Lover, was performed on Saturday night with great éclat. Messrs. Planché and Dance made a happy succession of jingling rhymes, and smart original and selected puns. The plot is founded on passages in the loves of Cupid and Psyche, for which the reader may search Lemprière in vain. *Psyche* (Madame Vestris) having incurred the anger of *Jupiter* (Bland), for scrutinising with too curious an eye the radiant face of her lover, *Cupid* (Miss E. Lee), and having previously made an enemy of *Venus* (Mrs. Anderson), for presuming to tamper with the affections of her son, is dispatched to "Lower Pall Mall," in search of the box of beauty. This box of beauty is furnished by *Pluto*, and being opened by *Psyche*, is found to contain an eighteen-penny bottle of "Warren's easy, shining, and brilliant blacking," and the contents communicate themselves to the face of the lovely *Psyche*, and give it the lustrous appearance of a patent leather dress-boot. The disguised beauty wandering over the globe in this unhappy plight, strays to a lovely spot of earth, whither the gods and goddesses have descended to enjoy a picnic. *Zephyr* (Miss Fitzwalter), a fashionable creature, distinguishable by her West-end air, has been previously boasting of the merits of Rowland's kalydor, which she assures the incredulous *Jove* has the power of converting the ugliest object into the most beautiful. The sable-faced

stranger is selected as a test of its virtues ; the kalydor is effectually applied ; *Psyche* is joyfully recognised, and claimed by *Cupid*. *Jupiter* confers on her immortality ; and in his surprise and good humour, even forgets to punish the impious Rowland, before whom the Thunderer, and even Time itself, hide their diminished heads.

All the scenery is beautiful ; but the arrival of the gods and goddesses in their different cars upon a rainbow is perfectly splendid, though, if the immortals could manage to travel a little quicker, as they most probably will when they have had more practice, the scene would be decidedly improved. Vestris was the life and soul of the piece, and the remainder of the *dramatis persone* gave neither the author nor the audience any reason to complain. A Miss Eliza Lee, from York, made her first appearance in *Cupid*, and acquitted herself very creditably. The whole piece was warmly applauded by a numerous and highly-respectable company. The dresses are extremely splendid.

ST. JAMES'S.

The entertainments here have consisted of *Agnes Sorel*, *The French Company*, and a new burletta, called *Rasselas*, or *the Happy Valley*. Considered in a literary point of view (says a contemporary), this is a very slight production. Its *object* is to give a ludicrous turn to the philosophical romance of Johnson. *Rasselas* (Miss P. Horton) and his sister, the *Princess Nekayah* (Miss Law), weary of the monotonous pleasures of the Happy Valley, make their escape by the aid of *Jimerack* (Mr. Mitchell), an English mechanic, patentee of the aerial ship, who had found his way into this secluded abode. In this the Prince and Princess embark along with him, and are conveyed to England. They alight in the Surrey Zoological Gardens at the time of a Fancy-fair, to the astonishment of all. Here, however, they pick up some acquaintances ; and, among them, *Mr. Philander Phillpotts* (Mr. Selby), a warm philanthropist, who shows the warmth of his universal benevolence by knocking down every one who contradicts him. These clever caricatures were embodied by Mr. and Mrs. Selby with great spirit and effect. The wanderers in search of happiness afterwards fell in with a "gentle shepherd" driving his flock to Smithfield market, and are somewhat disappointed at his not realising their Arcadian notions of pastoral life. At last they find that the world, after all, is not so good as their own Happy Valley, and return to it along with a female philosopher, whom they have persuaded to accompany them. The opening scene, representing the inhabitants of the Happy Valley assembled in honour of the Emperor's departure after

his annual visit, is most beautiful ; and the ballet introduced into this scene, from the excellence of the dancing and the richness of the grouping, is worthy of the Opera-house. The dolorous chorus sung to the air of "We're a' noddin," but in the minor key, and terminating in a state of general somnolency, is admirably imagined. The music contains several other amusing parodies. The Prince, Princess, and *Jimerack*, when about to escape, make their exit with a parody on the trio "Zitti, zitti," in *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* ; and the laughing chorus in the *Freischütz* is the welcome to the aerial visitors at the Fancy-fair. Altogether the piece, which was very favourably received, is well adapted to this season, when burlesque and extravagance are the order of the day.

QUEEN'S.

At the opening of this pleasant little theatre on Saturday, under the management of Mrs. Nisbett, the fair manageress delivered an address. From the novelties produced, we have no doubt that it will be carried on with the same spirit and success which characterised the former administration of this lady. The performances commenced with a new drama, in two acts, called *Patrick the Foreigner*, or *a Knight for a Day*. The plot is not very novel or complicated : it turns on the assumption of the dignity of a knight by an Irish wanderer, who finds the wardrobe of a nobleman on the sea-shore of Northumberland. It belonged to a nobleman who had been shipwrecked on returning from the Holy Land, near his own estate. *Patrick the Wanderer*, in his borrowed dress, succeeds in imposing on the bailiff, and the other inhabitants of the district, as the lord of the estate, while the real owner of it is imprisoned and threatened with punishment as an impostor, and is supposed to be the Irish stranger. In the latter character he had excited the jealousy of the bailiff, by obtaining the affections of a pretty village girl. It concludes with *Patrick* laying aside his assumed dignity, and obtaining the pardon and patronage of the man whose name and dignity he had usurped. Mr. Jones, of the Edinburgh Theatre, made his first appearance at this theatre in the part of *Patrick the Foreigner*. This gentleman, we understand, has obtained considerable reputation in the provinces as a light comedian. The other characters were tolerably well sustained. This was followed by a new *petite* comedy, entitled, *Is she a Woman?* the chief character of which was sustained by Mrs. Nisbett. The object of this piece was to expose the folly of a young and beautiful woman indulging in a taste for field-sports. This is a lively and agreeable production ; the dialogue is smart, and the situations

are good. It was well acted throughout. Mrs. Nisbett acted with great spirit, and in many scenes she was most loudly and deservedly applauded. The hunt was a decided hit. Mr. Parry, as *Captain Cleve-land*, the suitor of the lady, sustained the character well. He is an acquisition to any company. Mr. Oxberry, as the effeminate brother of the heroine of the piece, was most warmly applauded.

The whole performance was eminently successful, and we have no doubt the piece will be extremely popular. This was followed by a new burletta, called *Flowers of Loveliness*, which was brought forward for the purpose of introducing a number of *tableaux vivants*, after the beautiful designs by Mr. Parris. These *tableaux* were extremely good, and were loudly applauded. The evening's entertainments concluded with a new comic extravaganza, called *Christmas Capers, or the Jewess in the Show-Room*. This is a laughable production, and was well received.

VICTORIA.

After the *Jewess*, in which Ramo Samee delighted the audience, a holiday pantomime, by W. Moncrieff, was produced at this theatre. *Pantaloon* is as active as *Harlequin*, and he ought to be ashamed for not catching him. *Clown* reminds us of the nights that are gone—but even he is changed. He eats less, and less gluttonously; he steals less, and less ingeniously; he is less selfish, he is less mischievous, and he talks more: he talks, indeed, all the time, and very little to purpose: in short, he is not Grimaldi—

“He who cuts out all our clowns,”

nor has he taken *pattern* by him. Elsewhere we have occasion to find *Columbine* too much given to rest—the *Victoria Columbine* rests too little; indeed, the time occupied by her incessant jumping about, in erroneous *pas seuls*, in no slight degree contributed to protract the performances to the (in every way) *unseasonable* hour of one in the morning—we hope we shall not be charged with “two-o’clock-in-the-morning morality” for saying so much. The title of the pantomime is *Harlequin Jack, and his Eleven Brothers*; though but nine made their appearance. Story—story, we have none to tell. Indeed, it would be much against Mr. Moncrieff’s character to convict him of a *plot*, though there was a good deal of gunpowder in it. The house was full, pit, boxes, and gallery; and the children were as much amused as ever.

SURREY.

Unable ourselves to go every where, we induced a friend to take our privilege and visit the Surrey Theatre; when, to a house full, was exhibited all that could be sought for by a heart redolent with joy at this festive season. *The Lord of the Isles* was per-

formed amid a hum of voices. But to the pantomime. Some may quibble at the name, *Harlequin and Old Daddy Long Legs*; or, *Mary, Mary, quite the contrary*. Is there wit in this; or, what is the next best thing, absurdity? Canvass the friendly party at the Surrey, and let their not unquiet mirth decide these points. Even the play-bill is redolent of both. It diffuses “useful knowledge” perfumed with wit. What associations spring up at the utterance of those magical words—

“Old Daddy Long Legs won’t say his prayers,
Take him by the left leg and throw him down stairs!”

He is no “child of larger growth” who cannot feel the poetry of these rhymes. Youth and buoyant spirits and gilded hopes come fluttering around us at the sound of this simple verse; and it is in this susceptibility of our nature that the power of enjoying pantomime, or any other boyhood-remembering scene, alone consists. *Prince Bonobinet* shoots a favourite bird in the enchanted gardens of the Silver Bells and Cockleshells, and by way of punishment the *Fairy* apprentices him to *Snobblecoble*, boot-maker to *Daddy Long Legs*. His probation is short; for, to the ruin of poor *Snobblecoble*, a pair of enormous boots spring, ready-made, from the ground, by the mysterious operation, as we are told, of steam. *Old Daddy* being thrown down stairs, and thus disposed of, the *Fairy* wand does its accustomed freaks, and, behold, *Harlequin, Columbine, Pantaloon, and Clown*. The scenes of their doings were principally in Crooked-lane, Wapping-wall, Bread-street, Lambeth-workhouse, and Rotten-row. There were many clever metamorphoses, and a shocking number of transpositions. With all our partiality for the *Clown*, we own his *penchant* for thieving somewhat disconcerts us, and yet his rogueries have something piquant, which half redeem their *gross immorality*! The scene of Lambeth-workhouse gave an opportunity for a few hits at the New Poor-Law Bill. The model of a new infernal machine was placed before it, which, at a touch, was changed into a poor-box, and both the *Clown* and *Pantaloon* became head commissioners. A barrel of table-beer was converted into water-gruel, and a canister of bohea into the parish pump; railways, India-rubber, silver cradles, and orangee, also suggested some amusing transformations. In the first a bottle of smoke explodes, and kills the *Clown*. His dying scene was admirable. It equalled Kean’s *Glo’ster*, or Thompson’s *Dying Gladiator*. Mr. Paul Herring threw himself into all manner of impossible positions. His friend *Pantaloon* (Mr. Asbury) operated upon him like a galvanic battery. The contortions of limb resembled an eel in a frying-pan, or a wounded worm.

Where did he get himself made? The *Chingongzotte*, or Chinese dance, by Messrs. Dunne, Dixie, and Barnes, was highly amusing, illustrating the hitherto unknown utility of the Chinese pig-tail and moustache. The dance was encored. The dioramic annual presented some of the most celebrated views described in the Waverley novels. Mr. Phillips has displayed considerable skill in these scenes. That of Dunbarton Castle, at sunrise, had an excellent aerial effect. Several parts of the pantomime itself, as well as the machinery, did not work well. But all seemed to be delighted with the Christmas treat which Mr. Honner, the very active *Harlequin*, had prepared for them. Indeed, we may say this house presented the most *rational* amusing pantomime of all the theatres.

SADLER'S WELLS.

The well-known comic song "Hokey

Pokey Whankey Fong," has given a name and a story to the pantomime here. *Poonowinkeechang* (Mr. Manders) has a queen, *Tallinee Longemore* (Mr. Moore), beloved by three rebel chiefs; they attempt an abduction, and *Poonoo*, in a fit of jealousy, strikes off his partner's head. A fairy descends, re-animates the headless lady, and changes the characters into the usual motley personages. There are some clever tricks, and some ingenious comic hits at the late corporation doings—a silver cradle, with the inscription "We-nibbles"—a *Key* with "health, wealth, and length of ears"—a newspaper, and a man in (H)armer—a pair of "Scales," &c. &c. The scenery is by Bengough, and is creditable to his talent. The motley heroes are sustained by Messrs. Nelson Lee, Sylvester, and Blanchard; the *Columbine*, Mademoiselle Leoni. Mr. Copping, the mechanist, is the reputed author.

Miscellany.

Royal Portuguese Marriage Contract.—Intelligence of the treaty for the contract of marriage between the Queen of Portugal and Prince Ferdinand Augustus of Saxe Coburg, which was signed at Coburg, by the respective plenipotentiaries of the high contracting parties, on the 7th, reached London by express on the 12th ult. This young prince, it is known, is nephew to the Duchess of Kent and to King Leopold, and eldest son of Duke Ferdinand of Saxe Coburg, nephew also of the reigning Duke of Saxe Coburg Gotha. This seems to be a very suspicious alliance for England and free institutions, no less than we hope it will be for the happiness of the youthful queen. The allegation also which was bruited abroad, that there existed a secret marriage with a cavalry officer, is also negated, in some measure arising perhaps, amongst many surmises, from the long delay in bringing the contract to a successful conclusion. The prince himself will be at Lisbon with the least possible delay.

Queen of Portugal's Marriage.—Coburg, Nov. 30. To-morrow being the day of the accession of the house of Braganza to the throne, the marriage contract will be ratified on the part of the house of Saxony, and there sent to Lisbon:—1. The young Prince Ferdinand resigns in favour of his brothers and sisters, his claim to the possessions of the family of Coburg, in Hungary, because he cannot have any other subjects than Portuguese. 2. He receives the title of his Royal Highness the Duke of Braganza, till there is an heir to the throne, when he is to be king of Portugal, but not to act, except together with the queen. 3. After the death of the queen, he is to be chosen king of Portugal, as guardian to his successor. 4. He is to have for his life a separate revenue of 35,000*l.* sterling, per annum, as an indemnity for his possessions in Hungary. 5. He is at liberty to bring as many persons as he pleases in his service, their salaries and pensions to be paid by Portugal.

Royal Marriage.—Prince Charles of Hesse

was solemnly affianced on the 11th ult. to the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of Prince William of Prussia. Prince Charles, the Grand Duke's second son, major-general in the Austrian service, was born on the 23d April, 1809, and is therefore 26 years of age. Princess Elizabeth of Prussia, eldest daughter of Prince William, was born on the 18th of June, 1815, the day of the battle of Waterloo, and is consequently 20 years old.

King Leopold's Birth-day.—King Leopold marked the anniversary of his birth-day by an act of pardon to seventy-nine soldiers condemned for slight military offences.

Duchess de Berri.—It had been asserted that the Duchess de Berri had been delivered of a child, which had died. The second part of this news is totally false; the mother and child enjoy perfect health.—*Augsburg Gazette.*

Royal Dresses Lost.—Two months ago, the Queen of the Belgians had sent to her, from Paris, a quantity of dresses and rich stuffs. The box which contained them was lost between Valenciennes and Mons, and no trace of them could be found, until Sunday se'nnight, when a peasant girl made her appearance at the church Pierre Bois, about a league from Valenciennes, invested in a rich and elegant mantle, and a fine Cachemere shawl, and, at the same time, wearing a pair of wooden shoes: astonishment was excited, and inquiry of course ensued; when the village coquette declared, that she had found the box in which they were contained, with other female apparel, on the high road, and as nobody came forward to claim them, she thought she was justified in wearing them. The box, with the remainder of the articles, was safe in the cottage, and forwarded to their original destination; the disappointed girl being in leniently by some presents more suited to her station.

Sir Charles Bell has been honourably chosen by the council to the chair of surgery, at Edinburgh, lately occupied by Dr. Turner.

Wife-seeking by Advertisement.—A M. Hartmann, some three months ago, came to Paris from Frankfort, to improve himself in the French language, and, being engaged in commerce, imagined he might make a profitable bargain by answering an advertisement inserted in the *Petites Affiches* by Messrs. Deschamps and Tazard, offering to effect marriages with young and rich heiresses, or handsome and liberally-endowed widows. The credulous German, little aware of the tricks of this capital, went to the office of Messrs. Deschamps and Tazard, who, after naming many wealthy dames they said they had at their disposal, obtained from their dupe a sum of fifty francs, giving him an engagement to return the money if a marriage to the satisfaction of the merchant was not effected within the month. They carried the farce so far as to introduce to him at their office a fair lady, who declared that she was possessed of a splendid fortune, the whole of which she would leave to her intended husband if he treated her kindly. M. Hartmann, however, could never obtain a private interview with the lady; and this and other circumstances arousing suspicions, he made inquiries, and soon discovered that she was already a married woman, a mere confederate in the attempt to defraud him. He prosecuted the male swindlers, who were to have appeared before the Tribunal of Correctional Police, but made default, and were sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment, to pay a fine of fifty francs, and to restore to M. Hartmann the fifty francs they had cheated him out of, or remain in prison a further term of six months.—*Galignani*.

True Benevolence.—"I believe (says Mr. Walker, in the 'Original') that the man who spends his money well does more good in the long run than he who gives it, and that there is no way of diffusing so much happiness as by the liberal employment of industry or genius. Those who have more money than they want, cannot, in my opinion, do better than bestow it in the promotion of public improvements, for then they not only benefit individuals of different classes, by affording them scope for their talents, and employment for their industry, but the public is benefited also. A local improvement will frequently do more to promote the convenience and good morals of a community than any thing that can be devised; and I sometimes wonder that the wealthy do not oftener turn their attention in that direction. Such a spirit, generally adopted by individuals, and by combinations of individuals, would soon produce a change for the better, both in town and country; and it is a species of liberality, in which there is no mixture of evil."

Help the Poor, who thus help each other.—Do you often hear of any disinclination among the poor to attend their parents in illness? Never. Nothing can surpass the kindness which the poor show to each other, even without relationship. It comes frequently within my knowledge that persons, who have been toiling all day, sit up with their sick neighbours night after night, until they become terribly reduced (in frame) themselves.—*Mr. Bowen's Pamphlet on the Poor Lares*.

Otaheite and Temperance Societies.—Extract of a letter from H. M.'s ship *Hyacinth*, dated

Sydney, June 23, 1835. On the 20th of April we reached Otaheite. The queen came on board on the 24th, and dined with the captain; she was saluted with eleven guns: after dinner, the captain made her a present of various articles of wearing apparel, with which she seemed much delighted, and of which she stood much in need. She is a finely-proportioned woman, and speaks English in a slight degree. The missionaries exercise an unbounded influence over her, and so strictly have they adopted the temperance society, that they will not allow any kind of liquor to be landed on the island.* The several Europeans settled there, are governed by the same laws as the natives, and if seen drinking liquor! no matter whether drunk or sober, they are brought before the missionary, who fines them forty dollars, which are equally divided between the queen and the missionary (a sure way to preserve this law in its strictest purity); if they are not able to pay the fine, they are compelled to work on the road for three or four months. The queen made a present to the ship's company of three large pigs, and much fruit. The manner of living among these people is not much unlike that of the English. We departed on the 14th of May.

Canibals.—The same letter continues. Sailed from Otaheite on the 14th of May for Tongataboo, where we arrived on the 25th. The natives there are not so civilised as the Otaheitanas, some scarcely wearing any covering. The king came on board and dined with the captain. There are two American missionaries here. The natives are tall and slender; they have plenty of poultry, pigs, and yams, but are *canibals*; they have some war canoes 100 feet long, which will carry 300 people. We left Tongataboo on the 28th of May. We had intelligence previously, of a French brig having been taken by the Fegees; but our provisions being nearly exhausted, we were compelled to make the best of our way to Sydney.

Sydney.—Same letter. Arrived at Sydney on the 18th of June. Several privates of the 4th regiment have absconded, with some convicts, in the bush—a circumstance which has occasioned strong excitement. The light company of the 17th regiment has been out in pursuit of them for the last fortnight, but as yet have not been able to come up with them.—*Correspondent in "The Times."*

Ancestral Pride.—In the castles and palaces of the ancient nobility of France, the tapestry frequently presents memorials of their pride of ancestry. On the tapestry of an apartment in the palace of the Duke de C—, is a representation of the deluge, in which a man is seen running after Noah, and calling out, "My good friend, save the archives of the C. family." Another piece of tapestry, in the palace of the Duke de L—, displays the Virgin Mary, with an ancestor of the L.'s standing bareheaded before her: "Dear cousin," says she, "pray be covered!" He replies, "Dear cousin, I would rather remain as I am!"

* Formerly our merchants, merchants of a civilised and Christian country! found no better, sorer, or more profitable commerce, than in pandering to the brutal propensities of these poor ignorant creatures; and ardent spirits were the first thought of, and most prosperous branch of commerce.—*Ed.*

Intensity of the Frost.—Christmas-day, at 11 p.m., in a sheltered situation, the thermometer was at $21\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$.

Change of Weather.—On Monday, the thermometer was at 42° .

Lord Stowell.—In the year 1745, the whole country, particularly in the north, was in the greatest state of alarm, and the approach of the rebels to Newcastle was almost daily expected; the town walls were planted with cannon, and the gates closed and fortified, and every practicable measure adopted to withstand a siege; and many of the inhabitants, who had the means, retired into the country. Mrs. Scott (mother of Lord Stowell) was at this time far advanced in pregnancy, and the family were very desirous to have her removed out of the town, but egress, in any common way, was next to impossible; their residence was in Love-lane, a narrow street adjoining to the public quay, and the town-wall, at that time, ran along the quay between Love-lane and the river Tyne. In this emergency it was contrived to have some sort of a basket, in which Mrs. Scott was to be placed, and let down from the top of the wall, on the outside, to the quay, where a boat was in readiness to receive her, and by which she was conveyed down the river to Heworth, a village about four miles below Newcastle, but on the south side of the river Tyne, and in the county of Durham; she arrived at Heworth in perfect safety, and shortly afterwards was there delivered of twins, a son, named William (Lord Stowell), and a daughter, named Barbara.

A Light Punishment.—"P. D.," in the *Times* of Dec. 3, complains of the light punishment inflicted upon cabmen for driving over, killing, or mutilating divers of his Majesty's subjects, and recommends that, in future, *they shall be compelled to carry a light*, and that a lighted cab shall be one penny a mile more than the usual fare.

Lord Wharncliffe, at the Sheffield meeting, warned the public, that the nation was being dragged to the edge of a precipice, by the coalition of radical whig with revolutionary radical.

A Compliment by-times.—The Duchess of Kent, a lady remarkable for her scrupulous and exemplary abstinence from all political intrigue. The Princess Victoria, an interesting child, whose whole time is dedicated, under her mother's anxious care, to the improvement of her mind, by the studies and pursuits appropriate to her tender age. Sir John Conroy, too, who is the state attendant of these illustrious ladies, is a gentleman distinguished by excellent conduct and most courteous manners, but is as little likely to embark in any political plot, as he is to write an epic poem.—Vide *The Times* of Oct. 1.

Menageries.—Mr. Wombwell has lost three male lions and three small animals, owing to glandular swellings of the windpipe, &c. It was at first supposed to have arisen from eating bullocks' flesh, saturated by some deleterious drug; next, that poison had been administered. But the stomach exhibited no symptoms to confirm this. The neck had not been examined. —[Glandular swellings of the windpipe have been common, the past month, with horses and other animals.]

Waxing Marble.—Mr. Hemming, a short time back, at a meeting of the Committee of Arts, made an interesting communication on the subject of waxing marble. The first experiment was made on a piece of polished marble. He took wax, and made a stripe across it with a hair pencil; he then warmed it until the marble had absorbed the wax, and left none on the surface. On mixing the wax with a little turpentine, he found that it went one-sixteenth part of an inch into the marble, but the turpentine is scarcely necessary. He put it on the top of the house for one winter, and in the spring found the polish all off the marble, except where the wax was. It does not give the marble any unpleasant gloss or polish, but makes it like the finest preserved old marble. The friezes of the Athenæum and Hyde-park are thus preserved from the atmosphere.

New Welch Copper Mines.—The *Mining Journal* states, that a very rich vein of copper, in many parts almost in a pure state, and much purer than even the copper coinage of 1799, has just been discovered on the property of Lord Dinorben, in the parish of Llanwenllwfo, Anglesea.

Overland to India.—Orders have been given by the East India Company for the construction of two large steam-boats, to be employed on the side of India; and Mr. Waghorn, so well known as agent for the merchants of India on this matter, is about to form establishments at Alexandria, Cairo, and Suez, for the purpose of forwarding goods, letters, and travellers by that route, and his arrangements will be almost immediately in operation. Persons intending to proceed from Great Britain to India by this route, will have the use of the post-office packets to Alexandria; and travellers from the continent will find similar facilities from Marseilles, Toulon, and Leghorn for Alexandria, at which place all the accommodation that country affords will be provided for their immediate conveyance thence to Suez, in six days, at a charge of sixty dollars each, including the use of servants, tents, and all other necessaries. At Suez, proper residences and accommodation will be provided, until the steam-vessels arrive; and should the use of such vessels be rendered impracticable by the prevalence of the monsoons, country boats will, at that season, proceed to Mocha, from which place trading vessels, at that period, regularly carry on the intercourse with India. When these arrangements are completed, it is expected that the journey will be accomplished in sixty days for eight or nine months of the year, and in eighty-five days during the monsoons. When the meditated railway across the desert is completed, some further time will be gained, shipments of machinery and iron bars is now going on with great activity. When finished, this part of the journey, a distance of eighty miles, will be performed in seven or eight hours. This grand conception will have been the work of one individual. A splendid steam-ship, of 1000 tons and 300 horses' power, to be called the *Auckland*, has been contracted for by government, at Glasgow, to navigate the Red Sea. The contractor is Mr. Robert Napier. She is to be of the most magnificent description, and fitted out as a man-of-war.—*Naviga- tion of the Red Sea.*

Ingenious Equivoque.—Boileau being asked his opinion of a few verses which Louis XIV. had made, replied, "Nothing, sire, is impossible to your majesty; you wished, no doubt, to make bad verses, and you have succeeded to a miracle."

Admirable New Method of Heating Lower Apartments.—A correspondent in the *Times*, gives the following as adopted at the Zoological Gardens, to warm the elephant's house, which we suggest may be also used advantageously for stone kitchens and lower paved apartments; but particularly for a range of alms-houses, with one or two public kitchens. There is a common brick-drain, which is conducted under the floor around the interior of the building: at the commencement of it, there is a hole in the floor, to the depth of about two feet, such as for any common drain, and the other end of the drain (instead of terminating in a sewer or cesspool) *finishes in an upright chimney shaft*; a small quantity of fuel is then thrown in what may be called the cesspool, at the opening slit. The effect is surprising. The downward pressure of the air to the vacuum, caused by the fire, produces a draught which is equal to that of a furnace. All the smoke being driven down through the fire is there consumed, and with the body of heat rushing through the horizontal drain for the length of two feet, before it reaches the upright or chimney shafts, all, or nearly all the heat transudes through the floor, from which it ascends with as pure a warmth as that from the sun. There is, it seems, a floor of concrete, nearly a foot in thickness, over this drain, which with the great quantity of humidity contained in it, must materially lessen the transmission of the heat, still it is considerable. The fuel used is inconceivably small; and the cheapness, simplicity, and safety of this new method of heating, cannot fail to engage the attention of all scientific and practical men.

Novel Inquest.—In the Maidstone-road, near Chatham, a body was a few weeks back disinterred. It had been found together with an axe, and expectation was at the height. A jury was accordingly summoned, but when the medical certificate appeared, it luckily turned out to be only the remains of a greyhound.

The City Challenge.—On the 24th ult., Mr. Rutch, M.P., chairman of the Middlesex quarter-sessions, who sent a challenge to the late Lord Mayor of London, for official observations which he understood were made, and who, in consequence, is under the judgment of the Court of King's Bench, sent in his *resignation* of that office, admitting the impropriety of his conduct in having called the chief magistrate to account, before he had given him an opportunity of saying whether he had used those expressions or not.

Madame de Sévigné.—An Englishman is said to have purchased the staircase, to be a memorial of this celebrated woman, for 80,000fr.

The Great Solar Eclipse of 1836.—On the 15th of May the sun will be eclipsed to an unusual visible extent in this country, it being what is termed *annular*, the sun appearing like a ring; at Greenwich, and to the whole of the south of England, ten degrees will be eclipsed out of the twelve; at three o'clock in the afternoon it will be dark enough to discern many of the stars.

Flood in Athens.—In the *Munich Political Gazette* is a letter dated Athens, 28th Oct. which states, that there was, a few days previously, a violent tempest, accompanied with hail, succeeded by torrents of rain, the ravages of which spared very few of the slightly-built Athenian houses.—"Alarmed by an universal cry, I had scarcely opened my window, when, amidst the confused cries, I heard the rushing of a mighty stream, hastening into the streets, the heavy rain had caused the water above the royal palace to overflow its banks, and it forced its way through the new royal stables, which gave way before the impetuosity of the torrent, so that it broke into the city. Several houses were at once overthrown; others are in danger of falling because their foundations are undermined. The damage is very great to the property of poor people, and one boy was killed."

Danube Canal.—The subscription for making the canal from the Danube to the Maine is complete.

Nervous Fever.—Prince Ernest of Hohenlohe, aged 19 years, and Major-general Von Geppers, have both died at Vienna of a nervous fever, which is reported to have carried off a great number, and principally young persons.

Salisbury Plain.—At a meeting of the Architectural Society, held last week, the president stated, that, on the recent inspection of the stones on Salisbury Plain, he discovered that the larger ones were of pure white foreign marble, regularly wrought in primate blocks; the discoloration was only superficial, produced, like the irregularities of shape, by the weather; and the granular character within was closely analogous to that of Carrara, obviously not Pentelic. This opens a wide field of conjecture respecting the means by which they arrived at their destination. Mr. Clarke is of opinion, that they might have been brought by the Phœnicians from the shores of Greece, and introduced into this country by Southampton-water, from the upper navigable point of which there only remained a distance of twenty-three or twenty-four miles of land-carriage to be overcome, in conveying them to their present position. The expense and labour undergone to obtain stones of a white aspect for the great Druidical circle, tends greatly to strengthen the hypothesis that the arrangement was connected with the worship of the moon, in which such a respondent combination of altars might be conceived to be peculiarly appropriate. The small stones Mr. Clarke believes to be green basalt.

Shameful Hoax.—Some heartless fool wrote last week to a number of respectable dissenters, in different parts of the country, summoning a meeting of their body, at the office of the *Morning Chronicle* newspaper; and the rascally attempt was discovered so late, that it is feared many individuals will be imposed upon, and have the needless trouble and expense of a journey to London.

A Woman nearly Buried Alive.—A few days' since, the overseers of Lambeth were requested to send a shell for Mary Ann Rackett, 21 years of age, who was stated to have died suddenly at a house in King-street, Lambeth-walk, where she had been working as laundress; Dunn was accordingly directed to proceed thither, and found the woman laid out, and every

thing necessary done; the chin being tied up, &c. Previous to being placed in the shell, while several were present uttering lamentations over the supposed dead body, Dunn feeling some warmth about the stomach, asked for water, when sprinkling a little over the face, the supposed dead gave a heavy groan to the terror of the astonished females. Instead, then, of being placed in a shell, a comfortable bed was provided, in which she was conveyed to the workhouse of Lambeth parish, where she now lies in a fair way of recovery. The poor woman is supposed to have been in a strong fit. Had the shell been sent without inquiry having been made by Dunn, the consequence must have been serious.—[With this and the evidence, and the idle custom of sheriffs' searchers who merely get a fee and do nothing, an efficient plan ought to be adopted for the public safety.—Ed.]

The Baffin-Bay Whalers and Captain James Clark Ross.—This meritorious and enterprising officer has just departed, as a volunteer in the government service, with three vessels, to release above 600 men, the crews of eleven whaling vessels, now left in the arctic regions, shut in by the ice.

Whale Ships.—Hull, Saturday Afternoon.—We are happy to state that the Harmony, from Davis's Straits, has arrived this morning. The following letter has been received by Mr. W. Coltish, dated Peterhead, Dec. 23d, 1835:—"Dear Sir, I am happy to inform you, that another of the Davis Straits' ships passed this place to-day. She was a good way off, and although a boat went towards her she could not reach her. Our whale-fishing captains say that it was the Harmony. "Sir, yours truly, "JAMES HUTCHINSON."

Loss of the Dordon.—Henry Groat, first mate, and Robert Meggison, second mate, of the ship Dordon, arrived here to-day in the Harmony from Davis's Straits. They state that the ship Dordon was totally wrecked in the ice on the 20th of October, in about 67 N. lat., and 45 miles from the west land; the crew were saved, and divided among the following ships:—Captain Willis and half the crew, with half the provisions, were taken on board the Abram, which ship had then 94 men on board; the rest were divided, taking their proportion of provisions, between the Grenville Bay, Lady Jane, and Norfolk, except themselves, who came in the Harmony. The Harmony got clear of the ice on the 28th of November, in about 62 50 N. lat., about 60 W. long. They had not seen any of the other ships since the 13th of November, on which day the Abram was in sight at 12 miles N.W. of them. The Grenville Bay, Norfolk, and Lady Jane, were in sight on the 10th, lying close together, covered in with canvas, about 13 miles N.W. They have no subsequent knowledge of these ships.—Hull Rockingham.

We are truly happy, that the Duncombe, one of the missing whale-ships, has arrived in the Humber, bringing intelligence of two or three of the other ships, which, it is to be hoped, will shortly follow her. The Duncombe was set free from the ice by strong southerly gales; provisions began to grow very short before her arrival at Hull, and the crew were put on an

allowance of half-a-pound of bread, and a small portion of beef, daily. The cold was excessively severe, during their imprisonment in the ice; several of the crew were frost-bitten, but were happily recovered. The captain lost his life, by venturing up into the crew's-nest to survey around. The Duncombe did not see the other ships after the 7th of November, and was liberated from the ice herself on the 11th. We hope, however, that the public will not delay sending succour.

Loss of the Neva, Convict Vessel.—The female convict ship, Neva, Captain Peck, left Cork on the 8th of January last, bound to Sydney, having on board 150 female prisoners, with thirty-three of their children; nine free women, twenty-two children, and a crew of twenty-five persons. They had proceeded prosperously on their voyage, until, on the 13th of May last, when, believing themselves ninety miles from land, a reef of rocks, not set down in the chart, suddenly appeared right ahead. Orders were instantly given to tack about, but the vessel struck and unshipped her rudder. The ship became altogether unmanageable, and obeying the impulse of the wind only, was driven with violence on the rocks; and, swinging round, almost immediately bilged. The boats were speedily lowered, but they had no sooner reached the water than they were upset, and in a few minutes more the vessel parted, and fell asunder in four pieces, when, dreadful to relate, with the exception of twenty-two persons, who clung to the fragments, the whole on board perished. After enduring unspeakable hardships, the survivors reached King's-island, but seven of the number were so exhausted that they died soon after, leaving only fifteen saved out of the entire complement of 241 persons.—[A knowing correspondent has favoured us with the following satisfactory particulars. The Neva, in 1833, had 2,700l. laid out on her, under the inspection of King's officers, in dock, in the Thames; one may, therefore, say she was rebuilt. She then conveyed convicts to Australia (mark, the same voyage), with the same master and mate, and returned with a valuable cargo from Singapore, in 1834, in perfect safety, and without the smallest damage: she was then again engaged for convicts by government, and inspected in dry dock, when she had in part a new deck, and was wholly new-coppered, and was certainly, when she left England, as fit to perform any voyage, as any ship in the port. B. H. Peck, the master, is a man about thirty-two, or more, who has been master these twelve years; seven of which, if not more, in the employ of the owners of the Neva, and four of the seven in the command of H. M.'s late transport Silvia. So that both the master in his experience, and the ship in soundness, were as good as could be chosen.]

Loss of Human Life.—Accidental loss of life, during the recent months, has become a matter of such frequent occurrence, that the recollection of each melancholy occasion is blotted, as it were, out of the public mind, as soon almost as the event takes place. The lamented death by fire of the Marchioness of Salisbury, was followed by several members of the family of Mr. Chennell, and likewise many other deaths from a similar cause, particularly

of children, in various quarters. Then came the sad news of the loss of the convict ship, with hundreds of poor souls on board, prisoners. During the recent foggy nights, within a fortnight past, several persons who had quitted their friends and companions in perfect happiness and peace, passed homeward to the docks, in which lay the vessels which were about to waft them, ere the morrow's dawn, to their lawful homes and families. The news, however, of that morn, gave the account, that ten persons had found a watery grave. Not the London docks, but our docks of London are very insecure, and some means ought to be taken, by rope or chain, to prevent such events in future, as we understand similar accidents have often happened before. But the foggy weather, unfortunately, bewildered many persons, and several more met a watery grave in the Thames, mistaking their road. Another calamity, was in the recent destruction by fire of a Hull steamer. And again, the apparently accidental loss of the *Neva* has struck terror into the minds of convicts, and affected with deep sorrow the general public—friends of humanity. Add to these, the afflicting loss of life of members of this metropolis, which, coming home to the bosom of all, must deeply affect the many thousands who witnessed the scene; and still more so, many of those thousands who, sporting heedlessly on the glassy surface of the *Serpentine*, and of the canal in *St. James's-park*, and of other streams on Christmas-day, might each and all, but for a happy fatality, have been victims, and slept the eternal sleep of death. Deceived by the intensity of the frost, the ice at the *St. James's canal* had the fatal appearance of strength. Many persons before 12 o'clock had fallen into the water, amongst whom, it is said, were four brothers, each after the other, in rendering assistance to him who had fallen in; but they were all saved. At mid-day the crowd was excessive, for it was really Christmas of the olden time; the frost as intense as need be. After half-past one, eight or nine persons were suddenly immersed in the water, but they also were rescued; at three o'clock, four persons fell in; three were taken out in a very weak state; but an hour elapsed before the other was got out, and he was dead. At four o'clock, five persons fell in, two of whom were dead when found. The presence of mind exhibited by some of the parties saved was wonderful. One sufferer stretched out both his hands, and thus prevented himself from sinking. Another had an apron thrown to him, but the string broke; a seat from the bank was then shoved over the ice, and by that means he was released. Two individuals were conversing, and fell through the ice; they were face to face, as if conversing still; they were saved. Some one or other of these raised his hands up and claimed assistance, by clapping his hands together. A Mr. John Beck, who was passing, threw a rope to one, who eagerly grasped at it. At this moment he perceived another person close by so exhausted, that he would be lost by the least delay, accordingly here relinquished the first rope, and turned all his attention to the other individual. Both were by his presence of mind and penetration saved; but the deep groan of despair which came from the first, when he held only a slackened cord, can

never be forgotten by those who heard it. Four or five lives were saved by the exertions of Moody, a waterman, who resolutely plunged in after the sufferers. Mumford, a policeman, also rescued another. One individual only, apparently a tailor, thirty-five years of age, is unowned. Some were saved by the *Royal Humane Society*. By the evidence of Mumford, the policeman, it seems that the men belonging to the *Royal Humane Society* and others, using their exertions to prevent persons going near the unsafe portions of the canal, were only laughed at. Such silly and thoughtless conduct we have often witnessed. It should be known, that in consequence of the rising of springs, several parts are always dangerous, as well to the bather as to the skater; and that other parts of the ice are necessarily broken, to make room for the water-fowl, and to enable persons to get on the island. The *Serpentine* was crowded with skaters at an early hour, without accident occurring. About half-past twelve o'clock, two rash young men ventured near a spot, declared to be dangerous, and fell in. A Life-guardsmen pushed forward to rescue them and fell in headlong, and at the same moment, the ice breaking, fifteen were immersed in the water, and carried out of sight. After great exertions they were got out, and carried to the receiving-house, but six were corpses. One of this party, a gentleman, kept himself up by planting his fingers on the edge of the ice, and bobbing his body up and down in the water. The instant he was released, he scampered off homeward as fast as he could. It was remarked to us as very singular, that when the fifteen fell in, not a sound was uttered by any one.—When viewed by the jury, the only marks upon the bodies were on their chests, from the grappling irons. A *Royal Humane Society* man stated that the first accident occurred at nine o'clock, when three persons were rescued.—McCastie, drummer in the *Scotch Fusiliers*, deposed, that on Friday, about noon, at the *Serpentine*, he saw nine persons fall through, twenty yards from the bank, near the receiving-house. No assistance was near, and he jumped in. A *Society's* boat was brought to the spot by a lad, who was of no use. Witness got into the boat; but, before he could get near those in the water, which was ten feet deep, they had disappeared. Had prompt means been taken, no lives would have been lost. Six persons were got out before witness left, three of whom recovered. Ropes were lying upon the shore, but the bystanders could not throw them far enough. Ten minutes elapsed before any one of the *Society's* men rendered assistance. Ultimately, three boats, or punts, were brought to the hole, but twenty minutes or half an hour might have expired before the second boat was brought to the place where the men went down.—The coroner and several of the jury remarked, that witness, in his agitation, might have considered the time longer than it really was before the *Society's* men rendered assistance.—The witness further stated, that, by his own exertions, he got two of the bodies out of the water, and helped to get a third into the boat, when he was obliged to leave for fear of being censured at the barracks, for having stopped over his time.—Mr. Thomas Higgs, of

Park-street, Lisson-grove, deposed, that he was at the Serpentine river about half-past twelve o'clock on Friday, and saw at least seventeen or eighteen persons in the water at one time, six of whom disappeared under the ice. The last witness courageously took off his coat and plunged in to their rescue, and in every way most manfully rendered his aid to preserve their lives. Several of the bystanders endeavoured to throw the ropes far enough for the unfortunate men to reach them, but without effect. Witness was certain that not one of the Society's men was present till some time after the accident. Every attention was paid, and unremitting exertion used at the receiving-house, when the bodies were conveyed thither; witness had been at the Serpentine river for the last thirty years, when it had been frozen over, and had hitherto seen ropes placed across the river, with a man in attendance at each end, so that the ropes might be drawn over any part where the ice had given way; and he regretted that the Society's men had discontinued a practice so good.—We give the above evidence at length, because it fully agrees with that of private friends who witnessed the event, and we should be sorry to take from the merit of Mc-Castle, who, we hope, will be well rewarded for his noble conduct. It is stated that the ropes are cut by the skaters and others, and that chains would be too heavy. We suggest that slight chains might be put across, to which ropes could be attached and drawn across at the moment of peril. It seems, also, that the Humane Society men are not generally divers, an act which should be a needful qualification for men of their calling. But if habited in gauze flannel dresses, with a belt round the body, and a rope attached at the back, they would have greater confidence, as well as be free from danger. If the Society funds, as alleged, are insufficient to buy ropes, the public should, by a statement, be invited to increase them. To this long catalogue there has been a great and melancholy loss of poor and industrious fishermen. The close of the year 1835 will be fearfully remembered by a great many families, whilst thousands must bless the Providence which has protected themselves, and also preserved those who are dear to them as life itself.

Death of a Female Burglar.—In the *Newry Telegraph* is an account of a female burglar, who being up at three o'clock, a.m., serving customers, afterwards descended a neighbour's parlour chimney, and when half way stuck fast, (the funnel being narrow,) her clothes and arms remaining right above her head. Some of the children being unwell, the master lit a candle, and then heard a voice crying, "John, dear, come and relieve me." Going to the parlour chimney, he asked who was there? she mentioned her name. "What brought you there?" She answered, "The devil." After other interrogatories, she said she had no accomplices. He then went for his two brothers, but they all found it impracticable to bring the unfortunate woman either up or down the chimney. During all this time she was conversing freely with the family. Having next made a breach in the funnel, to their astonishment, when brought out, she proved to be actually lifeless. An inquest sat and found accordingly.

Death of Mr. James Hogg.—We learn that James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, has paid the debt of nature. From his hale and robust appearance on his late visit to this metropolis, we should have expected that he had many years in store. James Hogg was unquestionably a man of great genius. As a poet, he excelled in many departments. Many of his songs have become national; and in his "Queen's Wake," he exhibited a vigour and richness of fancy, of which there are few examples in any language. But Hogg's excellencies were, by no means, confined to poetry. As a writer of tales in prose, he is, in our opinion, without his equal in the English language. We allude more particularly to his "Winter Evening Tales"—a wonderful storehouse of invention. In these he has portrayed the manners of the various classes of borderers with unrivalled fidelity. He throws such an air of reality round his inventions, that we never, for a moment, doubt the reality of the occurrences described. He has, in this respect, all the merit of De Foe. In his "Shepherd's Calendar," too, he has described many of the adventures and incidents of his own life in a most interesting manner. The shepherds of the south of Scotland are a peculiarly intelligent class of men; and they are faithfully portrayed in the pages of Hogg. There is little resemblance between Hogg and Burns. The latter was a man of strong passions, and great energy of character. He would in any walk of life have excelled. In the highest society he could be the highest, and in low society he could be the lowest. Had he been at the bar, he would have distinguished himself as a first-rate advocate. He was a poet, rather because he was misplaced in society—in his own language, "unfitted with an aim,"—rather because he was shut out from more ambitious careers of intellectual display, than from any peculiar attraction to the Muse. Hogg, on the other hand, was a man of great simplicity of character, and it is difficult to conceive a part better fitted for him than that which he filled. He was a faithful observer of nature and character, and, like Walter Scott, whatever he observed, he knew how to turn to account. Without the energy or intense pathos of Burns, he possessed more of fancy and imagination. If he does not agitate like Burns, his tales and his songs are often very affecting; and a vein of sly humour runs through his productions. He has left a widow and several children. We fear that they but slenderly provided for.

The Body of General Lord Crewe, who died about three weeks previously, at his country seat, at Bois d'Evigne, near Liege, arrived at Brussels on the 20th ult., on its way to London, where it is to be interred.

Death of Lady Fanny Ponsonby.—Died, on Thursday, the 17th of December, at Beborough-house, near Pilltown, county of Kilkenny, the Lady Frances Charlotte Ponsonby, wife of the Hon. John Ponsonby, M.P. for Derby, eldest son of the Right Hon. Lord Viscount Dungarvon. Her ladyship was born on the 16th of Oct. 1812, and was the only surviving daughter of the Right Hon. the Earl of Durham, by his lordship's first wife, Miss H. Cholmondeley. Lady F. Ponsonby was married but a few months since, and personified all

that was lovely and most estimable in the human creation—pourtrayed in her thoughts and actions the most estimable disposition, and endeared herself to all who had access to her, by the affability and kindness of her manners. Her premature death has proved a source of deep and unmixed affliction, and cast a gloom of regret and sorrow over the entire neighbour-

hood. Her ladyship had been but seldom abroad since her arrival in this country, an insidious disease having early developed its fatal symptoms, with a certainty that marks the progress of the despoiler, who spares neither the exalted in rank, the amiable in disposition, nor the worthy and beloved in virtue and charitable-ness.—*Dublin Freeman's Journal.*

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

BIRTHS.

Nov. 21, at Hanover, the lady of Capt. Stephens, aide-de-camp to his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, of a son.—In Grosvenor-square, Dec. 12, Lady Emily Pusey, of a son and heir.—Nov. 23, the lady of Richard Carpenter Smith, Esq., Bridge-street, Southwark, of a son, still-born.

MARRIAGES.

Dec. 3, at Christ-church, Marylebone, T. G. Shaw, Esq., of Woburn-place, Russell-square, to Mary, eldest daughter of the late J. Ryle, Esq., of Carshalton, Surrey, and niece to John Ryle, Esq., M.P. for Macclesfield.—Dec. 3, at Charlton, Capt. G. G. Palmer, R.A., to Lydia, youngest daughter of the late B. Benyon, Esq., of Wilton-crescent, and Monkmoor, Shropshire.—Dec. 1, at St. George's, Hanover-square, F. Hart, fourth son of Sir Percival Hart Dyke, Bart., of Lullington Castle, Kent, to Charlotte Lascelles, youngest daughter of the Right Hon. Sir H. Jenner, of Chesterfield-street.—Dec. 1, at Great Brickhill, C. B. G. Garrard, Esq., of Lamer, Herts, to Honora Henrietta, eldest daughter of P. D. P. Duncombe, Esq., of Brickhill.—Dec. 9, at Weymouth, G. D. Scott, Esq., of the King's Dragoon Guards, and of Lovellhill, Berks, to Frederica Harriet, second daughter of E. Brnderip, Esq., of Weymouth.—Dec. 1, in the Chapel-of-Ease, Londonderry, the Rev. T. Lindsay, rector of Tamlaght, in the archdiocese of Armagh, and chaplain to the Most Noble the Marquis of Ormonde, to Harriet Catherine, eldest daughter of the Hon. the Lord Bishop of Derry.—Dec. 3, at the British Embassy, Paris, Sir C. Payne, Bart., late of Tempsford-hall, Beds, to Sophia Maria Creighton, daughter of the late Major Robert McCrea.—Dec. 10, the Hon. J. Boyle, eldest surviving son of the Earl of Cork, to the Hon. Cecilia de Roos, sister of Lord de Roos, at St. Nicholas-church, Brighton, by the brother of the bridegroom, the Hon. and Rev. Mr. Boyle.—Dec. 15, at Mundesley, in Norfolk, T. Martin, Esq., of London, to Elizabeth, daughter of the Rev. R. Steele, rector of Mundesley and Trimmingham, in Norfolk, and grand-daughter of the late Sir Parker Steele, of Dublin, Bart.—December 26, at St. John's Church, Margate, by the Rev. W. F. Bailey, Jesse Cato, Esq., of Russell-square, London, to Sarah, daughter of Edward White, Esq., Marine-terrace, Margate.

DEATHS.

Nov. 15, Emma Mary, the wife of W. Mackinnon, Esq., M.P., after an illness brought on by nursing too long her youngest child, from which she never entirely recovered. Mrs. M. was the only daughter and sole heiress of the late Joseph

Palmer, Esq., of Rush House, county of Dublin, and of Palmerston, in the county of Mayo. Mrs. M. was born in 1792, and married at the age of 22 years, at which time she was considered one of the handsomest and most accomplished women, as also one of the greatest heiresses, in the kingdom.—At Tralee, Commander F. E. Collingwood, R.N. This gallant officer, who was nearly related to the great Lord Collingwood, was during the last war on constant service; and at the battle of Trafalgar, being stationed on the poop of the Victory (Lord Nelson's flag-ship), shot the French marine who had just previously inflicted a mortal wound on the gallant Nelson.—On Sunday, Dec. 13, at York, aged 19, Miss S. S. Bullivant, youngest daughter of the late R. Bullivant, Esq., East Retford, Notts: trusting in Jesus, her spirit was wafted to the realms of bliss, to sleep.

"—like Lazarus, upon her Father's breast—
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary
are at rest."

—Nov. 24, at Worcester, aged 84, Mrs. Singleton, widow of the late Governor Singleton, of Landguard-fort, mother of the archdeacon of Northumberland, and daughter of the celebrated antiquary, Francis Grose, Esq., F.S.A.—At Leamington Priors. Nov. 24, Louisa Sarah, third daughter of Sir R. D. H. Elphinstone, Bart.—At Pope's Villa, Twickenham, Dec. 3, after a few hours' illness, of apoplexy, the Right Hon. the Baroness Howe, daughter of the admiral, Richard Earl Howe, and wife of Sir Wathan Waller, Bart., G.C.H., groom of the bedchamber to his Majesty; also mother of the present Earl Howe, lord chamberlain to the Queen.—Dec. 4, at his residence, near Liege, General the Right Hon. John Lord Crewe, in his 66th year.—Nov. 7, in Woodstock-street, Sarah, the beloved wife of Pierre Crepin, Esq., (formerly head-cook to his late Majesty George the Fourth,) aged 68.—Dec. 7, in Rutland-square, Dublin, Henry Dundas, son of Capt. Saunders, R.H.A., aged 14 months and 3 days.—Dec. 18, at his house at Tottenham, C. Hanbury, in the 72d year of his age.—Dec. 17, at Kingston-upon-Thames, at the house of her son-in-law, Mr. Jos. Fuller, Mrs. Brown, in the 96th year of her age.—Nov. 19, at Twickenham, in his 80th year, Henry Angelo Esq., formerly of Bolton-row, May-fair.—Nov. 19, at Edinburgh, Thomas Blackwood, Esq.—Dec. 24, at Tunbridge Wells, after a long and distressing illness, Lieutenant-general Sir John Hamilton, Bart., G.C.T.S., Colonel of the 69th Regiment, and Governor of Duncannon Fort, beloved and regretted by all who knew him.—Dec. 24, Elizabeth, the wife of James Morrah, Esq., of Sloane-street, in the 34th year of her age.



MARIE TOUCHET

Comtesse d'Entragues

Born 1549

Died 1638

An authentic portrait engraved exclusively for the Lady's Magazine and Museum
 VOL. IX. *N^o 36 of the series of ancient portraits.*

1836

Dobbs and Page, publishers, 112, Fetter Lane London

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THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE
AND
MUSEUM

OF THE BELLES-LETTRES, FINE ARTS, MUSIC, DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c.

IMPROVED SERIES ENLARGED.

FEBRUARY, 1836.

UNDER THE DISTINGUISHED PATRONAGE OF
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

MEMOIR OF MARIE TOUCHET.

(*Illustrated by an authentic whole-length Portrait, beautifully coloured.*)

[Subscribers' Copies contain two Plates, illustrative of the Fashions, and one of 'the Series of ancient authentic Portraits': the Magazine should be delivered on or before the 1st of each Month. Each volume is completed in six numbers, with an Index, so that the present half-yearly volume will contain Portraits of the Empress Catherine the Second; Marie Touchet; Madame de Sevigné; the Countess Grignan, her beautiful Daughter; the unfortunate Queen, Marie Antoinette; Renée de Chateaufort; with about 450 pages of letter-press, and twelve Engravings of the newest Parisian Fashions.]

Marie Touchet was daughter to the police-lieutenant of Orleans. She made a conquest of Charles IX., and retained her power over him to the last hour of his life. At what period their intimacy first commenced is not, however, known. In 1570, Charles married a young princess of great virtue and loveliness,—Elizabeth, the daughter of the Emperor Maximilian; yet Marie Touchet had not the slightest dread of a lawful rival. A French writer declares that she demanded to be shown the picture of the future queen of France, and after having gazed upon it long and earnestly, she parted from it disdainfully, saying, "*L'Allemande ne me fait pas peur*"—"I am not afraid of the German girl." She had little reason; for though Elizabeth was very pretty and meek, and saint-like in her life and manners, she was but sixteen, and rather limited in mental powers; while Marie Touchet was of majestic beauty, and full of sprightly tact and talent; her personal and mental attractions were, indeed, equally pre-eminent: in short, she was the wife of the king's choice, though state policy forced him to give his hand without his heart to a princess. Marie Touchet never interfered in politics, as her predecessors, the Duchesses of Valen-

tois and Estampes, had done in the reigns of Francis I. and Henry II. Indeed, it would have been a hard matter if she had tried, since her royal lover, Charles IX., could not prevent his ambitious mother, Catherine de Medicis, from governing his kingdom for him, to his great wrath and discontent.

From a curious old work, called "*Anecdotes du Seizieme Siecle*," we translate these further particulars of Marie:—

"Charles IX. loved Marie Touchet, daughter of an apothecary of Orleans, who was afterwards espoused to the Marquis d'Entragues Balzac: this girl had not the character of being remarkably faithful to the king, although she was the mother of his son, the Count d'Auvergne. It was whispered that she was attached to the Chevalier de Montluc. Now, though Charles was by no means infatuated with this woman, for he declared no mistress of his should ever make him the medium of gratifying ambition, yet he was resolved to punish her perfidy, and dismiss her, if he could bring the charge of infidelity home to her. He had learnt that Montluc, whenever he received letters from Marie, always put them into his purse; and on that information he devised a scheme to find out the treachery of his mistress."

Here it is requisite to interpolate that the purses of the sixteenth centur

were not a bag enclosed in a pocket, but a pouch or pocket hanging outwardly to the girdle, worn by men and women; and the word cut-purse, anciently used to signify a pickpocket, was to designate a thief, whose occupation it was to cut the strings of these pouches and run away with them.

The king gave a great feast to the whole court, and, among other guests, the Chevalier de Montluc was invited. Charles commanded the captain of his police to provide him with a dozen of the ablest cut-purses he could find among the Egyptians (gipsies), and station them amongst the royal attendants, properly disguised; they were then to steal the purses of all the gentlemen whose correspondence he wished to read, and place those pouches, with their contents, on the table in his cabinet.

Marie Touchet had that very day written to Montluc a most tender and passionate letter, but she was too cunning to put an address upon it, and by accident her page delivered it to Henry, Duke of Anjou, the king's handsome brother, who had a few days before been elected king of Poland. This individual was a striking resemblance of Montluc. Henry took the billet, and, though he had a shrewd notion for whom it was intended, he said nothing to the messenger about the mistake, but put the letter into his purse, resolving, during the king's absence, to keep the appointment that was made for that evening, and amuse himself with laughing at Marie, and teasing her about her disappointment. A few minutes after, the thieves, so inhospitably admitted by the royal host, carried off his purse with the letter in it. When the king retired to his cabinet, quite impatient to discover the success of his scheme, he was not a little astonished to find Montluc's pouch quite guiltless of any love-letter; while that of his brother, who, he believed, was devoted to the Princess de Condé, contained a tender appointment, in the hand-writing of the faithless Marie, to meet him that evening in the chamber of the Graces, for so was the boudoir of the royal favourite called. Charles flew into a dreadful fit of jealousy, and immediately darted out toward the chamber of the Graces, where his brother was just arrived, and discussing the mistake with Mademoiselle Touchet. The king heaped

upon them both the most cutting reproaches, and made so much noise, that the whole court speedily became acquainted with the adventure.

Marie found no difficulty in reconciling herself with the king; but the King of Poland was forced, in consequence, very reluctantly to begin his travels in his northern kingdom, many days sooner than he intended. Charles was then in a bad state of health, and, as foreseen by his mother, Catherine de Medicis, did not survive the departure of his brother many months. Charles was very kind to Elizabeth, his young queen, by whom it is not generally known he left a young princess, who only reached her ninth year: he tenderly commended his wife and child to the care of the King of Navarre, afterwards Henry IV., who attended his death-bed. His last words were, however, addressed to the Count de la Tour, who was charged by him to carry his affectionate remembrances to Marie Touchet. Thus we may conclude, that, at the period of the king's death, his wife was tenderly loved by him. Sully does not give this unfortunate prince that dreadful character which has descended to posterity of him; he, indeed, seems to consider Catherine de Medicis, and the furious bigotry of both parties, as the origin of the infamous massacre of St. Bartholomew. Ere Charles had wrested much power from the hands of his mother, he was attacked by his mortal illness, and died at the age of twenty-seven years. His extreme remorse and mental sufferings for the evils of St. Bartholomew, are to us rather a proof that he did not contrive the massacre, than that he did so; for the man that was cold-blooded enough to contrive it could never have felt remorse. Neither Philip II. nor Catherine de Medicis, who plotted the massacre with the Duke of Alba at Bayonne, felt any regret; while the remembrance of the horrors of that day sapped the young king's existence. It is a strange paradox in human nature, that the worst persons feel no remorse; it requires a mixture of goodness in a character to be susceptible of that agonising feeling.

Marie Touchet was the mother of a son by Charles IX., Charles, Count of Auvergne, whose turbulence and frequent conspiracies raised great disturbance in the court of Henry IV., by whom

he was condemned to death, at the same time with the Duke de Biron; but through the intercession of his sister, the Marquise de Verneuil, who was herself deeply implicated in the plot, his sentence was commuted into that of perpetual imprisonment in the Bastille. He strove perpetually to escape; but it was not till after Henry's death that he was liberated by the queen-regent, Marie de Medicis, and restored to his estates.

Marie Touchet was a regular beauty. I have seen her picture, says the author of the "*Anecdotes of the Queens and Regents of France*," done in crayons, during the prime of her beauty. The contour of her face was oval; her eyes were finely shaped and lively; her nose justly proportioned; her mouth little and crimson; the lower part of her face admirable. Such was the celebrated Marie Touchet. She married Francis, Count de Balzac Entragues; and was, by this union, the mother of Henriette de Balzac, that haughty and witty beauty, who got from her lover, Henry IV., a promise of marriage, and became the plague of his life, and of his queen, Marie de Medicis. Her proceedings and adventures will be detailed at length in a subsequent memoir, which will accompany her portrait.

Marie Touchet died at the advanced age of eighty-nine, in the year 1638.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PORTRAIT.

This figure is an instance of the manner in which the ladies of the sixteenth century combined the close coif with their riding-dress. The velvet cap was put over the coif on the summit of the head, for the purpose of out-door costume; and, when this was removed, the head-dress was seen arranged in the compact and not unbecoming style that is usually called the Marie Stuart cap: this is a modification of the same head-dress, except that the borders of the coif are edged with gold muslin instead of lace. The velvetchapa, which was attached not to the cap, but to the coif, depends at the back of the head. The robe is a species of riding-habit, with a high collar and small quilled ruff close to the face; it is made of brocaded satin, with very queerly cut gigot sleeves of the same, barred in double cheverons, from the wrists to the shoulders, in gold lace; the wrists buttoned with gold studs, and trimmed with white frills. The dress is trimmed from the chin to the feet with rows of gold lace, and being cut with a train is bordered with five bands of the same: like the dress of the Duchess of Savoy, in a former number, there is no belt. The skirt being drawn up, shows a rich blue velvet petticoat, finely worked in a gold pattern and columns. A chain of gold is tied about the velvet cap.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PORTRAIT OF CATHERINE THE SECOND, EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

*Published in the Lady's Magazine and Museum, January 1st, 1836.**

The empress, in this portrait, is arrayed in a dress of grand ceremonial, in which the robes of sovereign dignity somewhat obscure the peculiar fashions worn in the middle of the last century. The style of female dress, however, of that era, may be traced, in the cushioned and tressed hair familiar to the eye, in the many portraits and engravings of our late Queen Charlotte. The lace Steinkirk, worn round the neck, was a sort of cravat, that had been in fashion both with ladies and gentlemen, since the reign of Louis XIV.: but long-waisted gowns and hoops had for a time given way to the more graceful sacque; the robings of which we see in the portrait of Catherine are of white satin, worked

with gold and pearls; they appear on each side under the mantle, but the mantle hides the rest of the garment. This sacque is worn as a robe, over a tight high dress of blue silk, somewhat similar to the ancient kirtle: the sleeves pertain to the latter, and are tight and plain, but fastened with jewels and Brussels lace ruffles at the wrists. The gown is embroidered from the waist to the feet, on facings of white satin to match the sacque. Over all, is worn the imperial mantle of crimson velvet, lined with ermine. Her head is crowned with a tiara of pearls, surmounted by a sapphire globe and cross. A wreath of emerald laurel is clasped in front, with the great diamond, called the Czarina diamond. Report says,

* New subscribers can obtain this number through their booksellers, as, in order to meet a probable demand, we provided a considerable extra impression, and have just perfected a second supply of the beautiful embellishments.

that this jewel was once one of the eyes of Juggernaut; stolen by an agent of the empress, who paid him enormously for the risk of robbing that atrocious idol, under the guise of a worshipper. Above the ermine cape, Catherine wears the chains, crosses, or medals of St. Vladimer and St. George. Her hair, wound with strings of pearl, falls in two large tresses on her shoulders.

Whoever wishes to be satisfied with the strong personal likeness this portrait bears

to the Empress Catherine II., may compare it with her well-known profile in Lavater's "Physiognomy," which was taken from one of her medals, although the attitude and attire is different, ours being copied from her grand whole-length at Paris, yet the resemblance in features and expression is full and satisfactory: moreover, the Norfolk nobility and gentry assure us that it closely resembles that sent by the Empress to the Earl of Orford, which is now at Houghton Hall.

MY WARD, JEMIMA.

BY J. E. CARPENTER,

Author of "Lays for Light Hearts," &c.

My ward Jemima's very fair,
 Few guardians have the pleasure
 Of ruling wards so amiable;—
 She's really quite a treasure!
 It was a prudent step that placed
 Her under my subjection;
 And so it is to *me*, of course,
 She looks up for protection.

My ward Jemima's fond of dress,
 And takes some pains to show it;
 And she's a minor—thus it is,
 I pay her bills, and—know it.
 And then she goes to plays, and reads
 New novels, to amuse her;
 My ward Jemima's beautiful,
 And so I can't refuse her.

My ward Jemima's much admired,
 And she would have, I vow it,
 A score of beaux; but as to that—
 Ah, that—I can't allow it:
 It is a duty that I owe
 Her late lamented father;
 I wish to see her "well to do"
 (*I'm partial to her—rather*).

Jemima will a husband want,
 And though she *wouldn't* choose me,
 Should I propose, I do not know
 A reason to refuse me.
 I'm only forty-nine, and she,
 Next birth-day, will be twenty;
 'Tis true *I* *am* not a fortune—she,
 For both of us, has plenty.

It would be wrong if she forgot
 A proper sense of duty,
 To one who reared the bud of spring,
 Till bloom'd forth summer beauty;
 Besides, her father, dying, placed
 Her under my subjection;
 And so, of course, 'tis me she ought
 To cling to for protection.

SELDA, THE ICE-NYMPH:

A Tale of the North.

BY MRS. G. S. KINGSTON.

"Blow, blow thou winter's wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude."—SHAKESPEARE.

(*"Kaarl sought a pretext for drawing the Count from the group,"* p. 82, *vide* Embellishment.)

It was night, and many a brilliant star shone, like a diamond, upon the enamel of the dark blue vault above, whilst the moon was rising majestically in the glory of unveiled splendour, and shone with ghastly hue upon the pale, pensive, and sorrow-stricken countenance of Kaarl Freintzki, who stood musing upon the banks of the Neva with more than lover-like thoughtfulness.

The ice, which had completely covered over, as with a sheet of silver, this beautiful river, was melting rapidly away; and some frail sickly flowers uplifted their tiny heads, like the faint dawnings of distant hope, from the snow which still lingered upon its banks, giving promise of an early spring. This prospect gladdened the hearts of the humble fisherman, but caused much disappointment to the wealthy inhabitants and court of St. Petersburg, by whom grand preparations had been made for a *fête* upon the frozen river; but more particularly, to a certain youthful countess, whose hand had been promised to the young noble who should prove the victor in a sort of gorgeous ice tournament, who felt extreme confidence that the brave young lord to whom she had given her heart would be beyond every other competitor on an occasion wherein personal prowess and superiority, coupled, no doubt, with the smilings of fortune, were of such great importance in the game of victory.

Kaarl, suddenly raising his eyes towards the moon, and then again upon the river, expressed in hasty murmurs the dire forebodings which were insidiously gaining possession of his mind. Did the ice, with powerful arm, still continue to detain the captive stream, or had the waters again obtained for themselves an uninterrupted course?

He was arrested in his gloomy musings by the sudden, and seemingly miraculous appearance of female form, clad in far more than human loveliness, as it rose slowly from the more frozen portion of the river.

The bright moon-beams played round the wondrous figure, as if enamoured of her charms, and cast a halo about her snowy brow, as if sportively to bid her share her empire with her, and proclaim her a sister queen of night. The cottager felt an inward awe, which mingling with surprise, seemed to rivet him to the spot. His astonished mind was vacillating between fear and wonder, as he gazed upon the seemingly unearthly vision which was moving towards him. She waved slightly a small silver wand which she held in her hand, and the broken ice upon the river's bank became firm, and shone like a mirror beneath her feet, bearing her in safety to the place where he himself stood. At her approach his frame became agitated, and the blood within his veins was like the late river's stream, almost stagnant; but no sooner did she speak, than the music of her clear soft voice, resembling the nightingale's sweet strain, together with the kindness of her words, restored him to comparative composure.

"Child of earth!" said this unearthly visitor, "thou hast an inward trouble which prayeth on thy soul, and tempts thee to seek death within this stream! Fear me not—I am Selda the ice-nymph; and although by no means the friend of man, I feel compassion for the anxieties which oppress you, and am come to dissipate them."

"Oh, nymph!" replied the cottager, "I fear that it is beyond thy power to do so. Thou reignest, it is true, over the frozen stream, and mayest, at thy will, save or take that life which confideth itself to thee; yet what knowest thou of human sorrows, or of those burning passions which consume the heart of man? My tale is brief.—I long have loved with ardour, and pined in secret for the fairest maiden upon these shores. She responds to my love; and I have been striving to gain by daily toil, and the sweat of my brow, that worldly wealth or dross, without which I dare not hope to call her

mine. This very day a stern and cruel father would compel her to bestow her hand upon a wealthier suitor. This circumstance, lady, is the sole cause of my despair. But the beautiful spirits of the deep, incapable of feeling, can know neither human wants nor woes."

"Say not so, mortal: I am by no means a stranger to thy sorrows; for although I am the ice-king's daughter, my mother was a mortal, and being of her sex, I am, during even the period of my immortal life, once destined to feel a mortal's passion. It has been so with me. I have loved—nay, still do love one of thy frail nature; and it is even now in thy power to do me a service, which I will requite by bestowing on thee my never-ending friendship, together with the speedy accomplishment of those earthly desires which now oppress thee; for thy present woes shall melt even as yonder ice flakes away at my touch." And at these words, she struck slightly with her wand the ice upon the margin of the river, and the gushing water rushed forth with a gentle murmur, as clear as crystal, to her feet.

"Speak! oh spirit of beauty!" said the astonished Kaarl, "I am ready to obey thee."

"Go forth, then," she quickly replied, "to the emperor's palace, where a brilliant throng of courtly revellers are united in the masked dance; disguise thyself as one of them, and drawing close to Count Adolphus von Peterhoff, give him this pure white rose, and whisper to him, that Selda would speak with him ere the midnight hour be past, or the moon retire to rest, beside this stream." She drew from her bosom a snowy rose, so pure and frailly beautiful in its form, that Kaarl scarce dared to take it, lest his touch should soil it; but the nymph bade him be fearless, declaring that it was not perishable, as an earthly flower. "Do my bidding promptly," she added, "and bear the token to the count. I love him, and have been his benefactress; for I saved his life when, deserted by those of his own nature, he was left to die of cold and anguish upon these shores. He talked loudly of his eternal gratitude towards me, when restored to life. I asked of him no boon but love, which for a time he feigned to give me; but soon rebelling in soul, because perchance the purity of my nature spake not to his passions, and my very beauty by its immu-

tability, had lost, it would seem, its power over him, (for mortals love corruption and change,) during my absence, in the months of the sun, he heartlessly forsook me, for the fair Hedwige Naremburg, famed throughout St. Petersburg for her wealth and beauty. But I would fain speak with him; and if he accept the snow-flower, let him repair hither: but should he refuse to take it from thee, let him dread my power, for it is far greater than he can by possibility imagine it to be. My grandsire was the spirit of the north, and the sharp winds, my minions, are diligent to do my bidding, despoiling and withering with their breath the fairest flowers and blossoms of the earth. Hie hence, then, and let Von Peterhoff be himself the sole arbiter of his fate."

"But, lady, I dare not do thy bidding, shouldst thou mean aught evil to the count; for my departed mother nursed his infant hours, and pillowed him on her breast: he is my foster-brother; and were the whole empire of the world offered me to attempt his life, or put in jeopardy his happiness, I would reject every gift, and patiently continue to bear my present woes with me to the grave."

"His life, I swear to thee, shall be safe, if trusted to my keeping. I have no design against his years,—may they be lengthened to the fullest possible extent." Here a smile of bitter irony played round the coral lips of the ice-spirit, as she hastily added, "Begone! for the moon is waning fast, tarrying not for mortal's pleasure."

Kaarl, half persuaded by the words of the nymph, and actuated by the bright hope of his future happiness, betook himself to the emperor's palace, where, beneath the disguise of a minstrel, he soon was enabled to approach the count, who had laid aside the mask, and was earnestly conversing with some officers of the imperial guard. He sought a slight pretext to draw him from the group by which he was surrounded; and presenting him the snow-flower, he whispered to him that the ice-nymph, Selda, awaited him. But no sooner had Von Peterhoff heard her name, than his frame became convulsed with anger, and an expression of extreme ire sat upon his countenance.

"Who art thou, stranger, that darest thus pronounce before me the fearful name of the accursed spirit? Forbear even more to do so, or I will be revenged on thee."

"Nay, count, I am but the humble messenger of the nymph. *She* saved thy life, and fain would speak with thee on the banks of the Neva."

"She has thrown a blight upon my life, thou shouldst say; for oh! it had been greater mercy had she suffered me to have perished with cold and hunger, in lieu of restoring me to wither up my life with her unchanging, yet chilling, love. But tell her, I defy her now, for the nymphs of spring are on their way; and ere the eve of to-morrow's sun, she will have quitted these shores; and upon her return, she will find me united to one whose sweet presence causes my heart to glow with the warmest emotions, and my blood to flow healthfully within my veins. For though Selda, the cold and purely beautiful, may for awhile command admiration, a mortal heart must be swayed by a mortal's passion, and its love-links formed of threads of equal texture: for whenever we have observed the golden twine united with the common thread, the latter has promptly broken from its hold. But get thee gone, Sir Stranger, and tell Selda that my heart is denied to her for ever!"

Kaarl cast a mournful glance upon the count, and delayed his footsteps, lest he should soften in his intention towards the nymph; but the latter, hastening away towards the gay throng, by loud laugh and merry jest, seemed anxious to forget the disagreeable impression the cottager's words had made upon him.

The ice-spirit still lingered upon the margin of the stream, casting from time to time her beauteous eyes upon the moon, as if to measure the moments of further delay. Kaarl trembled as he drew nigh, fearing the effects of her displeasure at being thus slighted by a mortal. But slowly, and without change of feature, she put forth her lily-white hand to receive back the flower, and without deigning to comment upon the answer sent her by the count, she beckoned him to join her, that she might reward him for the pains he had taken in her behalf. Then stepping into the half-frozen river, she looked once more upon the orb of night, and both instantly vanished from sight.

Great was the surprise throughout St. Petersburg at the piercing cold and renewed frost which had set in with so much intensity just as the trees were

putting forth their leaves, and every thing seemed to portend a mild and early spring. The Neva had not for many years been so deeply congealed—it seemed as a field of crystal, and was each day covered with showy and costly *traineaux*; and whilst those devoted to the pleasures of skating, found ample means of indulging in that pastime, the poor alone, who were deprived of their divers means of subsistence by the re-appearance of the winter, were found dead with cold and hunger at the very doors of those who, spending a life of ease and affluence, dreamed not even of their wants, and gloried in the frost, for the renewal of the pleasure it was about to bring them. Albeit the *fête* to be holden upon the Neva, which had been postponed, was now ordered to take place with additional splendour. Gorgeous booths, with hangings of velvet and rich furs, were, without number, erected upon the banks of the river, and cook-shops emitting the steam of dainty viands, sent forth an odour by no means offensive even to the humbler classes who mingled in the scene. From an early hour the sounds of mirth and music were re-echoed from all parts; and fair ladies, whose bright eyes alone were visible, so closely were they enveloped in furred and wadded garments, anxiously awaited, in light cars upon the river, the count's arrival, in order to witness the warlike entertainment which was to be enacted by the nobler skaters, and which was to prove decisive of the fate of the envied and far-famed beauty, Hedwige de Naremburg.

From early dawn all was bustle and confusion; and at mid-day, the loud trumpet and martial music proclaimed the coming of the sovereign, and shouts of joy, blending with the name of "Alexander," burst forth from every tongue. The emperor was borne upon the ice in a triumphal car, drawn by eight young nobles of the highest rank, disguised as Nubian slaves, and yoked with golden chains; whilst a prince of the blood, humbly bowed before him, personifying a tributary king. The courtiers and ladies who followed in his train far excelled in splendour any thing that had been imagined by those who looked upon the *fête* as a "lute" of opulence, and a trial of strength and kingly power.

The Countess Hedwige de Naremburg, attired as a sultana, and bearing

upon her brow a tiara of sparkling diamonds, was seated in a *truineau*, lined with ermine, and was supported by downy cushions of snow-white satin. She was the fairest of the fair; and no sooner was she placed upon the ice, than a train of knights, in shining armour, dismounted from their neighing steeds, and were preceded by a herald, who proclaimed that "the Count Adolphus von Peterhoff dared to single combat each of those who claimed pretensions to the lady's smiles." Pages flew from every quarter to accept the challenge for their masters, and bel-ligerous music announced the commencement of the fight. Von Peterhoff was considered the most skilful skater in St. Petersburg, as well as one of the bravest officers of the Russian court; still, however, his success seemed several times dubious during that combat which was to decide his future happiness. Many of his antagonists had, indeed, been disarmed, and had acknowledged themselves vanquished, when, at length, an unknown knight, who was evidently not one of the court, came forward, and in a foreign accent, and with haughty bearing, dared him once again to the fight. The stranger's thrusts and parries were truly surprising; and the spectators gazed in breathless expectation, fearing greatly for the fame of Von Peterhoff. Hedwige herself could but ill conceal her growing emotion, when of a sudden, and as if by enchantment, the count became master of his antagonist, and hurled him at his feet, amid the shouts and acclamations of all assembled. Every eye was now turned upon the lovely countess, to whom the emperor had just sent a laurel wreath, desiring her to place it upon the victor's head. Von Peterhoff knelt before her, and with a beating heart and trembling hand, she executed the imperial command. Then, alighting from her car, and attended by a train of ladies of honour and attendants, she passed towards the sovereign over a carpet of crimson velvet, which had been spread for her. With bland smiles and courteous compliments, he placed the countess's hand within her lover's, saying, that he had no greater gift to offer to Count Adolphus von Peterhoff, who was, in loud shoutings, recognised by all as victor in the brilliant tournament, and now her humblest slave.

The happy lovers were placed within

a splendid car, with waving banners of crimson silk, bearing the armorial honours of the count, and love devices, embroidered with golden threads; and they were thus to descend the Neva, that, in the warm glow of triumphant affection, the persons upon its banks might hail the victor and his future bride as they passed along, by showering over them hot-house flowers and artificial roses. The eyes of Hedwige were suddenly attracted towards an all-beauteous female form, whom she felt constrained inwardly to confess, far excelled herself in loveliness. She was standing beneath the bending boughs of a willow, which overhung the margin of the stream, which the frost had given the fantastic appearance of a tree of finely-wrought silver. As if unconscious of the piercing air, the lady was habited in a loose and flowing robe of silver tissue, whilst her snow-white arms and bosom, encircled with sapphires and precious gems, were totally exposed to view. She wore upon her head a tiara of diamonds, far more costly than that which shone upon the brow of Hedwige: *she*, too, had a wreath for the happy lovers, which she aimed at them with skilful precision, as they drew nigh the place where she stood;—but it was formed of the dark cypress, and fell upon the very head of Hedwige, who was in the act of bowing back her thanks to those who shouted kind compliments as she was passing.

"Who is yon beautiful maiden, Peterhoff?" asked the lady, directing his attention to the shore. A vivid tint, as of the new-born rose, suffused the fair countenance of the ice-nymph, as her lustrous eyes met those of Von Peterhoff;—he shuddered at the sight. "Nay, love, I feel very cold and sick at heart," said the countess; "bear me homewards, I entreat thee." The swooning beauty was borne to her father's palace; and lo! the pageant of her bridal was converted to high funeral honours: for the *unseen* bleak northwinds had, with their keenest daggers, stabbed her to the heart.—Selda was revenged!

A few days after the grand *fête* upon the Neva, the ice-nymph, as she had promised, ere midnight, awaited the cottager, Kaarl Freintzki. She took from her arm a bracelet of great beauty, and from her bosom a diamond rose of exquisite form and brilliancy, and presenting them to him,—*"These glittering*

stones," said she, "*I value not above the snow-flake, yet they will serve to buy thee thy mortal happiness.* Exchange them for gold: the great will prize the baubles, and exhibit them as testimonies of their power and superiority above their fellow-men; and they will produce thee that which will make thee rich for ever. The hand of thy mistress shall no longer be denied thee, and I will be thy friend; for thy hardy sons shall be invulnerable to cold and every danger, living long in health and honour amongst their species. I will befriend thee, shouldst thou need my assistance.—But beware! call me not, save in the greatest emergency; for Selda loves not the sight of man!—"

* * * * *

Von Peterhoff never loved again. The

worst of human passions,—hatred alone, towards his fellow-men,—entered his heart, for to all the kindlier feelings it seemed turned to stone within him. He retired to a distant castle, where, unpitied by those by whom he was surrounded, he lingered out an existence, which was regarded as far too long for the profligate young courtier who hoped to inherit his immense wealth. He was a miser, for he had ceased to feel compassion for the woes of others; and the superstitious peasant of the north, who chanced (for indeed it was a rare occurrence) to meet him abroad, caused his wife and neighbours to tremble, lest some evil should in consequence betide them, when he told them that he had seen the mystic form of Count Adolphus von Peterhoff.

MEMORY.

As o'er the evening landscape beaming,
Shine the sun's declining rays;
So the star of memory gleaming,
Paints the hues of other days.
See where first in childhood straying,
All seems innocence and truth;
Then its lovely rays displaying,
O'er the fairy homes of youth!
Soon, ah! soon, its beams are clouded,
Darker shades steal o'er the scene;
Guilt its beauteous rays has shrouded,
Crime and sorrow intervene.
Yet o'er each past scene we linger,
Mingling retrospection's tear;
Ere effaced by Time's rude finger,
To our hearts they still are dear!
Every joy, in retrospection,
Now assumes a lovelier hue;
So the sinking sun's reflection,
Tints the skies with deeper blue!
Thus o'er each dear hour presiding,
Memory we thine influence own,
See, in long procession gliding,
Scenes the heart enshrines alone!
Lonely star! thy beams ne'er perish,
Though oft hid thy pensive ray;
Still thy glad return we cherish,
Sorrowing when it melts away!
Solace of life's fitful fever,
Breathing joy in smile or sigh,
At thy power stern hearts will quiver,
Lonely, deathless memory!

PELIKAR.

THE NEW-YEAR'S GIFT.

BY EDWARD LANCASTER,

*Author of "Christmas-Eve"—"The Last of the Burnings," &c.**"'Tis education forms the mind;
Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined."—POPE.*

The finest soil when uncultivated becomes unproductive, if we except the weeds which disfigure, rather than beautify it. Man, the child of earth, without constant attention, degenerates as rapidly as his parent; and the immortal soul herself, so long as she animates a frame of dust, borrows from human frailty, when neglected, and, instead of flowers, yields a thorn. One instance is worth a thousand assertions; I will, therefore, adduce a case in point, without further preamble.

One mile west of the Speenhamland-tything of Newbury, in Berks, is a very beautiful meadow, which extends to the base of an abrupt rise or mound, surmounted by the picturesque ruins of Darlington Castle; and at the precise spot where the ground loses its level character, is a well-built, handsome family mansion,† which by its appearance assures the traveller, that it is the abode of perfect comfort, wealth, and happiness. When last I visited Newbury,—Newbury! beautiful in its fine prospects, healthful breezes, loyal-hearted men, and lovely amiable women!—the mansion to which I have alluded was tenanted by by Sir Jacob Offset:—descended from ancient and respectable ancestry, and greatly respected for the dignified character always maintained by him—that of the real old English gentleman. He was also distinguished greatly for preserving, to its full extent, the same uncompromising adherence to the constitutions of his country, which had led his forefathers to take the part they did, during the disastrous times when the artillery of Cromwell disturbed the happy calm which seems inherent to this enchanting place. In early life, fortune held out her best blandishments to attach him to existence: from his parents, he inherited a handsome income; he had married a woman whom he adored; and two noble lads, with four cherub-like girls, crowded their connubial felicity. Nor was the comfort of Sir Jacob lessened by his neighbours; he was so

esteemed by the surrounding gentry. With the owner of a small villa in the vicinity he also formed a friendship, which was more resembling the intimacy of brothers, than the casual intercourse between acquaintance. This individual was named Manly, a widower, with an only child—a daughter,—about seven years old, who formed an admirable playmate for the little "Offsets" of the baronet, and indeed was looked upon as one of the family. He was a sleeping partner in a large mercantile house. The leisure which absence from business afforded him, he employed in gleaning from the great storehouses of literature; and cultivating the budding intellect of his orphan child, and by daily visits to his friend, Sir Jacob.

Nothing could be more delightful than this state of things. Scarcely an evening passed in summer time, without witnessing the two friends, arm in arm with Lady Offset, tranquilly strolling across the mead, as it caught the last glows of sunset, and watching with rapture the playful antics of their children, whilst gamboling in sportive innocence before them.—At such moments, each parent breathed an aspiration of thanksgiving to the Creator, and blessed the bounty which had bestowed on them such an offspring.

Long and frequent were the discussions which during these rambles engrossed the attention of the parents, concerning the dispositions, the characteristics, and the future lot of their children, for which the slightest incident furnished food for argument.

"Look at James," said Sir Jacob one evening, as his youngest son spiritedly ejected from the field a stout-limbed intruder upon the sports of his sisters,— "that boy has the courage of a bull-dog! Only observe the boldness which he displays while thumping so superior an antagonist!"

"And observe how he laughs, now that he is conqueror," said Lady Offset.

"He is a brave, merry urchin," re-

* Published, January 1, 1836. † October 1, 1834, and afterwards dramatized.

‡ None can fail to lose sight of this remarkable mansion.—Ed.

marked Mr. Manly; "and with the qualities he possesses, I shall expect to see him become a fine specimen of our jovial country 'John Bulls.'—Though I need not observe to you, that care will be necessary so to curb his spirit, that it may not seek for delight at bull-fights and pitched battles, nor his mirth extend to boisterous vulgarity."

"True," rejoined the baronet. "By the way, it appears to me, that there are always two channels through each, of which the same disposition may with equal facility flow, and that it becomes the duty of a parent carefully to close one up in infancy."

"Nothing can be more obvious," interposed the baronet's lady.

"For instance, our darling little Mary, whose deportment and high-minded notions you so much admire, would, without careful training, become conceited and proud. The spirited Susan, unless judiciously checked, might prove impetuous, rash, and unthinking. My little ready-witted Rose might lose her bewitching manners, in forward pertness: whilst the endearing simplicity and sentiment of Jane, would, unwatched, too likely pursue the course of foolishness and ridiculous romance."

"Ha! ha! ha!—What a pity that the rocks and shoals which impede the navigation of our ships, cannot be as clearly laid down in the charts of science!" exclaimed Sir Jacob, good humouredly.

"And what a pity that all mothers are not equally excellent pilots," added Mr. Manly; then, rejoining the broken thread of observation, he continued—"As to Augustus, your eldest boy, nothing on earth can save him from becoming a fine gentleman; but I am certain, that it will be an easy task to divert him from sinking into the fop or heartless rake."

"If it were possible," remarked Lady Offset, flattered by the last observation, "for a person to be gifted with qualities which cannot be degraded or contorted, it is your daughter, Mr. Manly. She is sensible and accomplished beyond her years, and places a proper value upon those attainments. Her kindness is extended to all; and she is thoroughly instructed in the rudiments of every kind of knowledge necessary to be acquired by young ladies."

"Madam! madam!" said Mr. Manly, shaking his head and smiling; "but for

the principles which I have already instilled into her young heart, these gems of mind and disposition might, by perversion, have become pedantry, coquetry, presumption, and conceit."

At these words, the lustre which beamed from the soft eye of Lady Offset was dimmed by the tear of maternal solicitude, and with much emotion she exclaimed—"Heaven have mercy upon me, then! for if deprived of me, yonder little treasures might all become worthless!"

Prophetic were her words!—Prophetic, indeed, was all the conversation!

In this manner, Time, with gossamer wings, flew on; and so much did the intimacy of Sir Jacob and Mr. Manly strengthen, that, in a moment when friendship nearly amounted to enthusiasm, it was proposed and agreed, that as soon as the heir and heiress of the parties arrived at a proper age, they should, by a matrimonial union, draw still closer the bonds that already existed.

One little month after this covenant had been entered into, news arrived of the decease of one of Mr. Manly's partners. A proposition accompanied the intelligence, for Mr. Manly to take an active share in the concern, which he was induced to close with, on account of the advantageous increase it would make to his fortune, at a period when the depreciated value of merchandise had threatened a severe decrease. Scarcely, however, had he signed the necessary contracts, than he discovered that he could only hope to reap a pecuniary benefit by proceeding to St. Domingo, where the most important branch of the business took its rise. Bitterly lamenting his want of precaution, and unable, without subjecting himself to heavy penalties, to depart from his agreement, Mr. Manly prepared to leave, perhaps for ever, his native land.

Great were the pangs of separation from home, and from those who rendered home so dear; Sir Jacob and his family felt equal sorrow; and when the carriage, conveying Mr. Manly and his daughter (who, of course, accompanied him) to London, turned the last curve of the road whence it was perceptible, the tearful eyes which strained to catch another glimpse, proved the estimation in which its occupants were held.

Shortly after this bereavement, Newbury was visited by a raging typhus-fever.

—Need I delay a narration of the fact? Lady Offset was amongst its earliest victims, and expired in her husband's arms!

There are climes where no twilight warns us of approaching night:—the sun careens through the heavens, like a golden vessel on a flaming sea, and then sinks, leaving the world in sudden darkness. Thus—thus had the light of happiness, which flung its sunshine o'er the happy house of Sir Jacob, become extinguished,—all once was brightness, beauty, joy! Love and friendship were the twin stars that shed a magic lustre round the domestic circle—both had set, and the charmed ring was abandoned to a gloom as cheerless as it was dreary. Sir Jacob now learned the lesson of affliction in its severest form; no gradation had prepared his mind for the reception of sorrow—all its truths were presented to him at once, and he was compelled to accept or sink under them. Affection for his children spared him the latter alternative, and in a few months he roused himself sufficiently to turn his thoughts towards their welfare; but in that short time a change, which daily increased, had taken place in their dispositions, and rendered his future cares unavailing.

The mind of youth is not formed to receive those strong impressions of grief which are so indelibly stamped in the feelings of maturer age; consequently, while Sir Jacob indulged his anguish in the solitude of his chamber, his children wept away their tender recollections and regrets, and again suffered their spirits to mount and sparkle in their hearts, and once more sought the excitements of amusement. But the eye that had watched their sports was closed for ever: the father, whose invention was always on the rack to provide them with entertainment, hid himself from view; and the playmate who stimulated and shared their joyous pranks, was in a distant portion of the globe. Hence this little family became dull and spiritless: they had no new toys or novel amusements, and being unable at so early an age to embrace the resources of intellectual pleasures, they gradually turned peevish, fractious, self-willed, and ill-tempered. In this state of things, frequent disputes would naturally occur; and Mary, on such occasions, insisted upon being arbitress, asserting her right as the eldest girl, and future mistress of the house. Her claim

was, however, not only opposed by her sisters, but by Augustus, who vehemently urged his title, as eldest son and heir. The children then divided into factions; and the quarrel sometimes arrived at such a height, that a coolness ensued, which lasted for some days. This prepared the soil for further seeds of mischief: each party becoming, by separation from the rest, entirely dependent upon him or herself for pastime, turned to seek it in place from which all children should be preserved, as from a pest-house,—*the servants' hall*.

It is needless to dwell upon the results of this imprudent selection of companions. Suffice it that Sir Jacob found his girls transformed into a set of ill-bred hoydens, and his sons to unruly lads, from whose altercations even the dinner-table was not sacred. Thinking that, perhaps, his melancholy might have led him to some austere acts, which had produced this estrangement, he unhappily attempted the desperate remedy of excessive indulgence. This made bad worse: his good nature was imposed upon, his anger slighted, and himself defied. He next tried the effect of placing a tutor and a governess in the house; but the children had too long been accustomed to have their own way to submit to control, whilst the pliant teachers were too fearful of losing their places to make the attempt.

Years rolled on, and still found the Offsets a divided family. Sir Jacob was almost always alone. Augustus, now a young man, indulged himself in studying the fashions, arranging his hair, rambling the fields, and reading poetry, for which he had a cultivated taste. James mixed with herds and grooms, played skittles, visited public-houses, and annoyed his sisters by vulgar conversation; and the girls were foolishly romantic, and for ever wrangling: yet occasionally nature would assert her rights, and put forth those solid properties with which she had gifted these young people; and, for a brief period, the father was delighted by a view of what they might have been had their mother lived, when some new squabble would cloud the happy prospect, and dim it when it shone brightest. During one of these transient calms, Augustus obtained leave to visit London for a month, to view the wonders of that queen of cities. Nothing material oc-

curred while he was there, until the last evening of his stay, when visiting Drury-lane theatre, his attention was attracted by a young lady in the boxes, whose beauty surpassed all his dreams of female loveliness: not a feminine virtue but seemed to struggle for pre-eminence in the expression of her eyes and face; not a grace but was exhibited in her fairy form. Augustus gazed and gazed, till he thought that the spirit of Shakspeare hovered above the scene to trace with living colours one of his own unequalled conceptions of womanly charms, and in a few moments our hero experienced the reality of that love which his favourite poet had already prepared him to entertain. Just, however, as he formed the resolution of approaching nearer his enslaver, a burst of applause directed his attention to a beautiful *tableau vivant*, which concluded the performances: the curtain fell; again he turned his head,—the bird had flown.

On the return to Newbury of our now disconsolate hero, he found that his father had, during his absence, received a letter from St. Domingo, conveying the tidings of Mr. Manly's death, and the consequent succession, under proper guardianship, of that gentleman's daughter to his estates in the island.

"Now, Augustus, my boy," said Sir Jacob, after reading the letter to his son, "what say you to a voyage to the Indies? you know the old contract between poor Manly and me, and I hear that his last wishes were that it should be fulfilled."

"Pardon me, sir, if I decline the union altogether," returned the self-willed Augustus. "We know not what time and climate may have done to change her disposition or appearance, and she may have become both unamiable and ill-favoured."

"Time and circumstance do indeed effect wonderful changes," said Sir Jacob, with a sigh, as his favourite wish was thus abruptly frustrated. His daughters felt the remark, but were silent.

Soon after this the baronet received another letter, by which he learned that his banker had stopped payment which misfortune rendered his presence in town imperative. Arranging his household, therefore, in the best way that circumstances would permit, he took his departure. The family, being thus left entirely at liberty, agreed very well for a time, as the novelty

of having the place to themselves furnished them with something new and pleasing to talk about. Whilst their flow of good humour lasted, Augustus, who, to say the truth, was *naturally* kind-hearted and polite, carried his sisters to various places of amusement in the town; and, amongst others, to a ball given by the chief magistrate on his accession to the mayoralty, where every person belonging to the superior classes was invited. It may be imagined that this event gave great delight to the young ladies, and they began and ended the all-important business of the toilet with more than customary satisfaction; but it was scarcely possible to behold the lovely images which their mirrors presented without being pleased. At the ball, they were the theme of universal admiration, and the handsomest young men in the room eagerly sought them for partners. Amongst the applicants, were four gentlemen with whom Augustus had formed an acquaintance whilst in the metropolis; these, consequently, carried the prizes from their competitors, and led them through the stirring dance in triumph.

Dances are insidious things; and I would advise no one who wishes to hate a pretty girl, to trust himself with her in a ball-room. There, nature, forgetting her drawbacks, smiles in all the beauty of sincere enjoyment; motion keeps alive the excitement; and music—soul-thrilling music, renders our emotions transporting! Small marvel, then, that so many hearts are lost and won in the gay temples of Terpsichore. Neither our young ladies nor their partners proved Cupid-proof on this occasion, and, in an incredibly short time after they met, a formal declaration was made, and smilingly blushed to, by the parties.

Now as all this happened with the knowledge of Augustus, who was sufficiently aware that his friends were men of honour and fortune, no blame could be attached to what had taken place; but the young ladies, possessing somewhat of the contradictory spirit with which Sheridan has invested Lydia Languish, thought it beneath their dignity to be married in the customary way, and nothing therefore but an elopement would satisfy their silly and romantic notions. This was quite contrary to the wishes of their lovers; and young Mordaunt, who was

Mary's suitor, openly expressed his dislike to the plan. "I love," said he, "nothing so much as the good old fashioned method of receiving a timid blushing bride at the altar from her father's hands, with his full and free approbation. Besides, my rank in society entitles me to the hand of almost any woman whose affections I may gain, and I do not like to seem to doubt it by clandestine proceedings."

"Then you may abandon all hope of having me," returned Mary, with petulance and pride; "as my papa would never sanction the addresses of one whose very first care had not been to secure *his* consent."

"That of course decides the question," exclaimed the rest; "but remember, ladies, you reduce us to the necessity of insisting that you leave your jewels and fortunes behind you, for we will not have it supposed, that cupidity had ought to do with our attachments."

This honourable conduct made the ladies blush for themselves, especially when they reflected that their chief reason for proposing secret measures was a fear that Sir Jacob would expose their real characters.

Two or three months had now elapsed, and even the Christmas-day passed by, without the baronet's return. Augustus hourly grew more melancholy, through nourishing a hopeless passion for his unknown charmer: his books, his music, and his fishing-rod, were cast aside, that he might be more at liberty to wander meditating upon her; and he already became in serious danger of losing his peace of mind for ever. One day, as he was riding through the noble avenue of trees fronting Shaw-house (the celebrated asylum of Charles I.), his attention was attracted by the sound of carriage-wheels behind him. He turned his head, and, through the window of the vehicle, beheld the identical being who engrossed his thoughts. Clapping spurs to his steed, he darted down the grove; but she had already disappeared.

Next day, Augustus started earlier on his wanderings, and more miserable than ever, yet not without the faint hope of again seeing her whose features made such havoc with his heart. Nor was he disappointed: crossing a paddock adjoining his father's estates, he beheld the fair unknown, with not a soul near her,

seemingly deliberating whether or not to venture over a somewhat suspicious looking spot, which evidently interposed itself between her and the way she wished to go. Augustus knew this to be a dangerous, weed-covered morass: he had therefore an excuse for flying to her side; and having done so, he exclaimed—"For God's sake, madam, forbear!—one step, and you tempt your fate!" Then bowing his head, as if to a superior being, he added in a gentle tone, "Might I so far presume as to make the offer, I could conduct you, by a short and easy path, to the opposite side."

The bearing of Augustus so completely indicated him to be a gentleman, that the young lady at once thanked him for his politeness, and took his arm. Her style of doing so was marked by that self-possession and delicate reserve which, blended, is inherent in high breeding: the true lady dreads nothing from her peer, yet, while she hesitates not to accept from a stranger those services which form a remnant of the chivalric homage of ancient times, her innate modesty always betrays itself sufficiently to prove a safeguard against presumption.

As they proceeded, Augustus had leisure to scrutinize the faultless proportions of his companion's form, to admire her symmetrical foot while its owner raised her dress to preserve it from the dewy grass, and to gaze with new rapture upon those eyes, whose hue and brilliance he had never seen equalled. So intent was he upon this "perusal" of perfection, that the pair reached the spot where they were to part without interchanging a syllable; and the young lady was first to break silence, by thanking her conductor for his civility. Augustus took her hand.

"You will scarcely credit me, madam," said he, "when I tell you that I have looked upon that face before."

"Indeed, sir," said she, slightly colouring, "I should have scarcely imagined that probable."

"Yet I certainly have, and from that moment date my——" Here Augustus, finding he was hurrying beyond discretion, paused, but his intense gaze finished the sentence, and told the secret of his love. The peachy blush that suffused the lady's features now deepened, till her cheek resembled a damask rose. For a moment, Augustus fancied that he saw approval in

the blush, and a confession of reciprocal feeling in her tell-tale glance, when, with considerable presence of mind and adroitness, she withdrew the glove from her left hand, to bid him farewell, and displayed a wedding-ring upon her finger. The youth's eye was instantly riveted to this fatal symbol: the whirl of vague hopes in his brain merged into delirium; his heart sickened—his head swam—his vision was obscured—he passed his hand before his eyes—he gazed—the lady was gone!

Opposite the spot where Augustus stood was a small but thickly-grown copse; on the left a double row of edges, and to the right a cluster of cottages and orchards. Through which of these retreats the unknown had escaped, our hero was of course uncertain: he had, therefore, no alternative but to "beat the bush" in all directions. He might, however, as well have sought for a drop of rain-water in the ocean; and he returned, disappointed and in despair.

Meanwhile, Mr. James Offset, having nothing to attend to but mischief, had been amusing himself by emptying a skillet of pitch over the head of his brother's footboy, and had spoiled the lad's new suit of livery. Upon this, Augustus, as an admirable specific against spleen, very equitably kicked his servant, and horse-whipped James. The latter made reprisals,—the sisters interfered,—and a glorious "row" ensued, in the midst of which Sir Jacob Offset unexpectedly made his appearance.

"Peace, brawlers!" he exclaimed. "For ever these unnatural contentions! Gracious Heaven! what a scene for a father to witness, after so many months' absence!"

"It is indeed dreadful, sir," said Augustus; "and I must respectfully entreat you to enable me to remove from the impertinence of my brother and sisters."

"I have already proposed a plan for doing so," returned Sir Jacob.

"You allude to the match with Miss Manly," observed his son; "but I have once before expressed my dislike to fulfilling engagements entered into so long beforehand, they seldom turn out happily."

Before Sir Jacob could reply, his daughter Mary, with great pertness, broke in upon the conversation, and said, "Have you brought me a new-year's gift, pa?"

"Speaking of that, I want a musical work-box, sir," interposed Susan.

"When you deserve what you require, young ladies, you shall have them,—not till then," returned the baronet.

"That is the way we are always snubbed," cried Rose.

"'Twould be different had we a mother living," added Jane.

"For once I can meet your wishes," said Sir Jacob. "To say the truth, I have brought ye all a present,—A NEW-YEAR'S GIFT."

"Oh, what is it?—what is it?" resounded on all sides.

"Something," continued the worthy baronet, which, by understanding the causes of your dissensions, shall have authority to check or remove them. Explicitly, while in London, I met with a very amiable young lady, and have made her my wife."

The overwhelming charge which followed Wellington's celebrated exclamation of "Up, Guards, and at 'em!" on the field of Waterloo, scarcely struck more dismay into the hearts of the French, than did the above intimation of Sir Jacob to his unruly children. "Your wife!" shrieked they together; and then ensued a breathless pause.

Augustus, who entertained more filial respect than any of the rest, was first to recover himself. "I have no right," said he, "to disapprove of any of your actions; but I must observe that it will require a great effort on my part quietly to submit to the caprices of a step-mother."

"You will act as you think proper," said Sir Jacob, stiffly.

"I'll not resign my authority!"—"I shall rebel!"—"I'll run away!"—"How romantic of pa!" exclaimed the girls in a voice.

"What a precious bit of fun!" cried young Vulgarly.

"This conduct convinces me of the necessity of acting as I have done," returned the baronet. "I will, therefore, immediately proceed to the inn where I have left Lady Offset, and establish her at once as mistress of my house."

So saying, he took his departure, and the tongues of his children were loosed. If they disagreed on most subjects, they were now united on one point,—namely, to annoy their mother-in-law as much as possible on her arrival, and to elope that

very evening. Pursuant to this determination, they wrote to their lovers, and directed them to effect an entrance through the lower window of the house, at midnight, by which time all was promised to be in readiness for a wholesome trip to Gretna.

The cartel had not been dispatched above an hour before Sir Jacob Offset returned, with his lady on his arm. Augustus looked upon her, and staggered as if from the effect of a galvanic shock. His mother-in-law was the being to whom he had yielded his idolatry!

The youth's sensations at this discovery may, perhaps, be conceived. It was with difficulty that he could stammer out a few words of welcome which were received by the young lady with considerable confusion; and having done so, he flew to his chamber, and threw himself, in despair, upon the bed.

Sir Jacob now introduced his spouse to his girls. "This, Angelica," said he, "is Mary, my eldest daughter."

"I shall be proud of such a companion," said Angelica, with great sweetness of tone and manner, as she kissed the froward girl. "I anticipate great delight, Miss Offset, in receiving my lessons of housekeeping from your lips."

Mary was subdued, and made a low curtsy.

"This," resumed Sir Jacob, "is my daughter Rose."

"Her complexion answers to her name," returned Angelica, playfully patting her cheek.

"My third girl is named Susan," continued the baronet.

"*Black-eyed Susan!*" said his lady,

"And my fourth is christened Jane."

"Then you must allow me to alter the name, and call her Fairy," said Angelica, folding the girlish beauty to her bosom.

"Lastly, allow me to introduce my son James," said the admiring baronet.

"Whom I at once dub my champion," said Angelica with vivacity. "That manly brow and stalwart arm are sure guarantees of protection, which will not, I am sure, be withheld when needed."

"I'll be hanged if I don't like you!" cried James, giving her a boisterous kiss.

The conduct of their step-mother was so completely unexpected by Sir Jacob's children, that they were at once disarmed of their evil intentions, and even sought

to gratify her: in return, she met their endeavours with a kindness so winning, and displayed a disposition so pure, so good, so fascinating, that, by the time the dinner-bell sounded, nothing but harmony and happiness beamed on the beautiful countenances of all present. At table, from which Augustus was excused on the plea of indisposition, Angelica pursued the same conciliatory course. She studied the looks and anticipated the wishes of those around her; and, though not more than eighteen, did the honours with such ease and elegance that no one grudged her the post. To Mary she was particularly attentive, making inquiries of her favourite habits, of the manner in which she best approved the serving of the dishes, and of the little rules and regulations she had established: thus apparently yielding a sway where she was *sole* mistress.

After tea the girls made an excuse to retire, in order that they might prepare for their expedition; and, when every arrangement was completed, they sat down to kill time till midnight,—one at her embroidery-frame, another at drawing, a third in the modelling of an abbey in card-work, and the fourth to a wreath of artificial flowers. Impatience at the slow pace of time soon produced the usual concomitant—*fretfulness*: and the sisters had not been seated long before ill-natured remarks and sarcasms were uttered by each on the occupation of the other, or rather on the execution of their respective tasks.

"Ah!" sighed Jane, when her roses were stigmatised as unnatural, "we shall never be happy together until we practise the lesson taught us to-day of mutual concession, mutual consideration for each other, a desire mutually to please, and giving mutual confidence!"

"I fear you are right, Jane," said Mary; "that, indeed, seems to be the true secret of happiness; and he who wrote the fable of the bundle of sticks was no simpleton, after all."

"A longer intercourse with that sweet girl whom my father has married might have once more united us," added Rose.

"It might," said Susan: then stifling a sigh, she added, "what a pity we were so premature in our resolution to elope."

At this instant a gentle tap was heard at the door, which was immediately afterwards opened by Angelica. "May I

come in?" said she, sportively putting her head forward; then, without waiting a reply, she entered the boudoir, and added—"I will do all I can not to prove an intruder."

As her presence was likely to put a restraint upon their future actions, the ladies received her, at first, with pouts and sullen looks; but these she speedily dispelled by her cheerfulness and urbanity, and, by putting the kindest construction upon all they said or did, succeeded in restoring them to harmony. Perceiving the recreation in which they were busied, she instantly commenced a series of most flattering but just comments upon the superior style in which they had executed their respective tasks; and Mary's skill, Susan's ability, Rose's ingenuity, and Jane's taste, received their due meed of praise.

"Really, madam," exclaimed Susan, with delight, "your commendations would encourage me to go over my whole work again—like a soldier who recommences a toilsome march to the inspiring strains of music."

"Music!" said Angelica, "that reminds me of a little toy which I had purchased as a present. Sir Jacob happened to mention your wish for a musical-work-box this morning, and I begged permission to purchase one for you, as I felt assured that the trifle would not be scorned if it came from *my* hands." With these words, the amiable creature took a splendid little box from her reticule, and began to wind it up.

Susan burst into tears, and replied, "Oh, madam! I shall ever value the gift as the means of softening a heart which habit and wayward humour had rendered stubborn!"

At this moment the air commenced—it was "HOME, SWEET HOME!"

"I selected that from motive," said Angelica: "I knew how dear the paternal dwelling must be to you, from having played away your moments of childhood beneath its roof—from the remembrance that there a mother's eye had glistened upon those sports—and that there also the bonds of sisterly amity had first been spun, when approaching womanhood rendered female friends more precious than the brilliant burdens of an Eastern mine."

These words went like daggers to the hearers' hearts, and the painful tear of mortification and repentance sprang to

their eyes. Perceiving this, Angelica instantly changed the discourse. "I remark," she said, "that there is as much variety as taste in your various occupations, and cannot but suspect that you are amongst those who make amusement subservient to the cause of charity. Come,—confess that all these things are intended to grace the ensuing fancy-fair."

"The goodness which actuates your own actions, madam," said Mary, deeply affected, "will not suffer you to think others less worthy than yourself; but undeserved praise wounds worse than censure. Such was *not* originally our intentions; yet, if you will deign to forward the produce of our industry, in your own name, we shall ever feel the obligation."

"Your charming candour delights me," said Angelica, "and augurs well for the disposition which prompted it. I know the lady-patroness well, and will do as you desire, though not in my own name."

"Oh, pray do; the gift will then bear double value," cried all the girls at once, and with great alacrity they proceeded to pack up the intended contributions.—Their hearts were in the right places after all!

James now entered the apartment, and Angelica immediately addressed him.

"This is kind, sir," said she: "ladies, however gentlemen may flatter them, are but poor society, unless the conversation be directed by the stronger-minded sex."

"Do you really think so?" said James, almost afraid that he was being made game of.

"Certainly I do. Variety is the spring which causes conversation to re-bound whenever it becomes depressed; and what variety, my dear sir, can exist amongst a party of ladies only, whose limited intercourse with the world, leaves them little else to talk about but green tea, scandal, and the fashions." In this way, Angelica began to sow the seeds of self-respect in the breast of James, hoping to produce the same good fruits which had attended her exertions with his sisters. Ultimately she succeeded, but not until after considerable pains; for men are far more stubborn in their habits than women: and it is an experienced fact, that a *female* heart, with *one* good spark gleaming in its recesses, may *always* be reclaimed; while some men, with a hundred noble qualities, will pursue an evil

course through life, however great the exertions to reform them.

By the time Angelica had established an almost impregnable bond of friendship between this hitherto divided family, Sir Jacob came in, and his daughters, with swimming eyes and smiling lips, cast their arms affectionately round him. Angelica looked significantly, and said, "With such a wreath of 'flowers of loveliness' to entwine you, how rich you must be in *heart's-ease*, Sir Jacob!"

"Humph! I fear I can only boast of idle weeds," returned the baronet.

"There you are mistaken," said his lady—"they are fine flowers that have been suffered to grow wild: a mother's care was wanting to train their youthful minds."

"They had their father's care, Angelica."

"So have exotics the sun to warm and fertilize; yet without nicer care, their very luxuriance would make them rank and wild. Have you never seen a wild-brier thrive through the unwearied pains of some careful hand?"

"Yes; my favourite Jane grafted one on a rose-tree, and it soon surpassed all the others in my garden."

"And why?" said Angelica; "because, when wayward shoots appeared, she doubtless clipped them to preserve the stem. If a leaf withered or betrayed a blight, she would crop that also, to keep the others green,—in the same way as the removal of one blemish in the disposition prevents the appearance of more; and as one by one, the perfumed buds unenclosed in sweetness to the air, she propped their tender heads, lest one scented leaf became lost! What hours of anxious watchfulness must this have cost; yet how ample the reward: as at last the full-grown tree, laden with crimson treasures, blushed its thankfulness for loveliness, which but for her would have been undeveloped, or lost in wildness."

"Dear comforter!" cried Sir Jacob in ecstasy, "you have removed a burden from my breast. I perceive that I have only to bend my twigs properly to make them trees of promise."

"That is all," replied Angelica; "and I think the plan I proposed to you this evening will be of material assistance." The last observation roused the young ladies' curiosity, and they eagerly inquired the nature of the scheme alluded

to. "Bless me!" said she, "did not I name it? then I must explain. My proposal is, that as the females of the family are five in number, each must have an evening in the week assigned to her, when she will be expected to preside over the domestic circle, to cater for its refreshment, and have sole command over its amusements."—"Oh! what an enchanting notion!" exclaimed all—"what a spell we snail possess against *ennui*!"—"On the remaining evenings," continued Angelica, "Sir Jacob has promised to carry us abroad, in order to vary the scene."

"And what are Augustus and I to do all this while?" exclaimed James, with a lengthened countenance, on finding that his name was not introduced.

"Oh!" cried Angelica, "you are both left out of the arrangement altogether; for you will find quite sufficient employment in teaching us to act that great maxim which is the only rivet of society:—'TO BEAR AND FORBEAR!' Also in reading to us while at work—talking to us—instructing us—and *protecting* us in our daily walks and rides."

Even James now turned aside to conceal a tear, whilst he said to his sisters, "This is some angel, sent to instil the principles of love and happiness in our hearts." He had scarcely spoken, before the hall-clock struck twelve; and while the last chime yet vibrated upon the ear, a crash was heard below, and the sound of several feet, as if stumbling in the dark, became plainly distinguishable. Sir Jacob instantly exclaimed, "There are robbers in the house!" and quitting the room, he secured his blunderbuss, hastened to the hall, where he saw several men moving about in confusion, and presenting his piece, exclaimed firmly, "Yield, or ye are dead men!"

Angelica, who with the rest had followed him, now pushed his weapon aside, and exclaimed, "Good God! these persons are known to us. Hold, sir, they are all gentlemen, of fame, family, and fortune."

"Gracious Heaven!" cried Mr. Mordaunt, (for, as may be surmised, these were the lovers of the Miss Offsets,) "is it possible that I behold Miss ——?" Sir Jacob here interrupted him, by sharply saying, "And what brings them here at such a time, and in such a manner?" To this question, Mordaunt gave

a prompt and explanatory reply : whereupon Sir Jacob expressed himself perfectly satisfied with his honourable intentions, but severely reproached his daughters for their duplicity.

"Dear papa," said Mary, falling at his feet, "spare your reproaches. Indeed, we had changed our intention of eloping, on account of your lady's and your own kindness to us : kneel with me, sisters, and implore for pardon."

Upon this, the father was forthwith surrounded by a kneeling group of repentant children, who, with tears and caresses, besought his forgiveness. Angelica did not remain silent : "Let me join their entreaties," she said ; "I can answer for it, that they now deserve an act of amnesty for the past."

"There is no resisting *your* pleadings," said the now happy baronet ; "give me time to form a closer acquaintance with these gentlemen, and my children shall be gratified :—go, then, girls, and let your conduct as wives, cancel your errors as daughters."

"Errors, dear papa," said Jane, "which this lady has for ever eradicated."

The events of the evening were not yet at an end. Whilst mutual congratulations were being exchanged, a stealthy foot was heard upon the stairs, and a glimmer of light, as if from a lantern, was seen along the passage : James promptly seized the intruder, who was a man enveloped in a large roquelaure, the collar of which completely concealed his features. James tore the cloak aside, and discovered his brother, evidently equipped for a long journey, and carrying a portmanteau under his arm.

"Augustus!" exclaimed Sir Jacob ; "why, what has occasioned this mad freak?"

"To unbosom my heart, sir," said his disconcerted son, "I must confess, that my

affection for your inestimable lady would, I fear, exceed those filial sentiments which alone are due to the wife of my father."

"And yet, Augustus," returned the baronet, "this is the very Angelica Manly whom I wished you to espouse, and who was brought by her guardian to London, when, for reasons, I feigned that she was abroad."

"The loved companion of our childhood!" exclaimed all the girls, rushing into her arms—their hearts overpowered by a thousand recollections of by-gone times.

"Gracious Heaven! and you have married her!" cried the frantic Augustus.

"Mark," said his father, "how much better it would be for children, if they occasionally made some concession to a parent's wish. However, to relieve your agony of mind, my marriage was a device to reclaim your sisters, and give you an opportunity of forming an unbiassed judgment regarding her :—she is *not* my wife!"

"Not married!" exclaimed Augustus, springing with transport to the feet of Angelica. "Oh, madam!—if a life devoted to your service——"

Here Angelica interrupted him ; "spare your protestations," said she, "conduct is the only way to win me."

This hint was not lost. Our hero, in a few months, became all that his mother could have wished him. The same talisman operated upon his brother and sisters. All parties are now united, and reside in the neighbourhood of Newbury ; and whenever Augustus clasps his idolized wife to his heart, receives some new indulgence from his father, or gazes on his amiable sisters, a benediction silently steals towards heaven, upon the moment when Sir Jacob first brought home his "NEW-YEAR'S GIFT!"

ST. VALENTINE'S COMPLAINT.

BY MISS AGNES STRICKLAND.

"Alas!" St. Valentine may say,
"My glories now are ended ;
And every charm hath pass'd away
That *once* my day attended.

"What time each swain, with anxious care,
His hours from sleep would borrow,
Inhopes the first to greet his fair,
With 'Valentine, good morrow!'

"Who, till she heard him, looked not out,
 For fear she should discover
 Some loitering and unwelcome lout,
 And not her favoured lover.

"And youths and maids, with puzzled brains,
 Were to each other writing,
 In amatory, doggrel strains,
 Of Cupid's own inditing.

"And duly with their tender rhymes,
 They sent some true-love token,
 Which custom of *the good old times*
 Is now despised and broken.

"For in these modern days we see
 Each custom scorned and slighted,
 Of ancient, sweet simplicity,
 Wherein our sires delighted.

"Instead of annual loving lays,
 From untaught minstrels flowing,
 In which the chosen lady's praise
 Through every line was glowing—

"The laden postmen now dispense
 Epistles most perplexing,
 Ill-written in foot-foudered verse,
 Malicious, dull, and vexing.

"With double postage saddled, too,
 To make the joke the better,
 From distant towns, a witless crew
 Send many a huge blank letter ;

"At sight of which each tongue inclines
 To cry, with angry racket,
 'How could you, on St. Valentine's,
 Take in that foolish packet?'

"Which custom, as the time draws near,
 To lovers once so pleasing,
 Converts my joyous day each year
 To one of hoax and teasing!"

A BACHELOR'S RECOLLECTIONS.—No. I.

COMMUNICATED BY MRS. HOFLAND.*

I had several times been in company with a reverend gentleman, whom I knew to be a travelled man, one who had lived much in the world, and had the reputation of being learned and highly polished, but who appeared to me to have *une belle passion pour le silence*. At length, however, the doctor *spoke*, and, as I thought, very incautiously.

An appeal was made to him on the subject of a lady's beauty, who lived in his neighbourhood, whom it appeared he

had not seen,—in giving this information, he added, "I believe she is very handsome, for my wife told me she was, and being herself beautiful, indeed the most beautiful woman I know, I apprehend she is a judge in such matters."

I had never before happened to hear a married man call his own wife *beautiful*, and the words struck me the more, as coming from one so generally reserved, and whom I knew to have been married many years, as grown-up children were

* Extract from a letter from the amiable and talented authoress, accompanying the above:—"I mean to make this, if you approve the beginning, a series of papers, each to be complete in itself, so that no inconvenience can attach, and each to contain a short tale or a character, amusing or instructive." [Mrs. Hofland, our readers will doubtless agree with us, cannot act more judiciously.—Ed.]

around him. It led me to consider how many, or rather *how few*, decidedly beautiful women I had ever seen, considering how extensive a portion of beauty the Jennerian conservative has bestowed upon the country. The consequence was, that I began to think such a woman as Lord Byron saw at Liverpool, "to whom neither sculptor nor painter could do justice:"—such women, in short, as poets describe, and painters make up out of many subjects,* were very scarce in the world. I ran over the various styles of beauty I had heard, or read of, as well as those I could remember to have seen,—considered the power of blue eyes and hazel ones,—olive skins of exquisite texture, rich in their glowing tint; and fair ones still richer in their delicate glow and transparent whiteness,—recollected that in this country we have finer complexions than features; for I had seen very few finely-formed mouths, still fewer perfect noses, or sets of teeth,—found that foreheads, if smooth and high, were unfeminine, and if low, were childish or mean-looking. Finally, I concluded, that the D.D. in question was not fastidious in his requisitions, and felt thankful that a sufficiently lovely woman might be found to excite admiration, and enable a man to retain his early conceptions of beauty as life advanced; and for the thousandth time, began myself to think it were high time to marry, lest the capability of similar self-deception should escape me altogether.

The following winter I made one of a large evening party, at the house of that friend where I had met the doctor, and on hearing his own and lady's name among the announcements, my recollections of the train of thought he had awakened, induced me eagerly to look through the crowd of blooming girls and handsome matrons, by whom I was surrounded, in quest of her whom a doating husband had named as a beauty *par excellence*. Whilst thus busied, lo! the party divided, as if intuitively compelled to perform homage, and Mrs. D——, the truly brilliant, but not unconscious beauty, gracefully and modestly advanced towards the place where I was standing, and I fully accorded her the right to be indeed called *beautiful*.

* The writer has precisely hit upon the cause, why we have so often complained of the hands of the beauties engraved as fancy-termed sketches, viz. that they are not the individual's hands, but a bad selection.—Ed.

Yes! there was no fault, no deficiency, not even that of youth—for forty-one summers, and the cares consequent on a large family, had passed over her, without leaving one painful proof of the action of time behind them—the pearly whiteness and the rose-leaf hue of her complexion, were the same as they had been in her eighteenth year—her eyes were as brilliant, her lips as full, her teeth as faultless, and her nose had the fine outline I had so often sought in vain. Her figure was as perfect as her features—round, yet delicate; of sufficient height for dignity, yet not beyond feminine softness, and moulded as by the hand of art, with an ease and grace conferred alone by nature. She wore no other ornament upon her head, than her own dark, full, auburn hair; in other respects, her dress was queen-like in its effect, and might be called splendid, although without one article either showy or expensive. No! it was beauty and *contour* that dimmed the diamonds of other matrons, and elegance of person and manner, which reduced pretty girls to mere chits—indeed, she was so unquestionably beautiful, so evidently superior, that the ladies fully allowed her attractions, and became anxious to enshrine her as the "glass of fashion," not less than "the mould of form;" and sought only to copy every article of her dress, imitate her smiles, and register her gestures.

But this it was more easy to do, than to attain the eloquence which in silvery sounds issued from her lips, and which every one was so eager to listen to, that I soon became elbowed beyond the circle—the fair being generally adepts in obtaining good places, on similar occasions; and I was shortly afterwards, to my extreme mortification, claimed by certain persons, who ushered me into a distant apartment, to "make one at a sober rubber," just as if I were an elderly gentleman, who had no longer—

"A nerve to tremble, or an eye to charm."

At length our evening sitting was over, but, alas! the fascination of the evening was over too, Mrs. D—— had departed, and I addressed our host with the inquiry of, "Wherever could Dr. D—— find such a beautiful creature?"

"I think, she says, he met her first in Bath, but she says so much, that I really——"

"But how could he win such a charming creature? he seems so silent, that——"

"Silent! how should he be otherwise? she talks enough for a dozen: had you remained here the whole evening, you would have heard—

"Like to the Pontic sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course,
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on"—
so went she on, quietly, ceaselessly—"

"But sweetly! also—I thought her voice as gentle as her face was lovely."

"Very pleasant, I grant; but if, like the girl in the fairy tale, pearls and diamonds dropped from her mouth whenever she opened it, I'd none of her; for a perpetual torrent, though of liquified crystal, is too much for any human brain to bear.—How the doctor has borne it so long, I know not; but I conclude that his power of speaking once a week in the pulpit operates as a safety valve—in fact, he is nearly worn out—he will not live through another winter."

So, indeed, it proved, for he died at forty-seven the following autumn. I must own, I thought her lovely in her weeds (unbecoming as they are in general); of course, nothing less than positive beauty could have borne the trial. Ah! how grieved was I, on farther acquaintance, to find the truth of my friend's assertion, and lament that the sweet sound of her sorrows were so interminable, that even the smiles which softened them to the eye, failed to relieve the sated and wearied ear. A bachelor is a creature unfitted by habit to live in a mill.

But, for this fatal drawback, what a splendid creature this would be at the head of one's table, or to exhibit in a barouche: how enviable would be the situation of him who was in possession of such a treasure, devoid of those fears of

losing it, so natural to others similarly situated, knowing that his beauty, as a grandmother, might be expected to avoid flirtation, and deem herself incapable of elopement. How gratifying it must be to feel certain she was willing to become *blue*, though she had not ceased to be *fair*, and that nothing could be more likely than her editorship of a new "Book of Beauty," with her own lovely countenance claiming its right to admiration, no less than that of the exquisite one we have already beheld,—this would be glorious, this would reconcile any bachelor to becoming, "Benedict! the Married Man."

But no!—though Sir Roger de Coverley never had a widow more "in his eye" than I have,—yet I must not, dare not, marry her, for, alas! I am nearly as old as the doctor was, and as portly as he ought to have been—I must not be talked into an atrophy—my dyspeptic symptoms would be confirmed by reasoning at dinner, declaiming at dessert, retailing anecdotes at breakfast, and singing at bedtime. If I do venture on matrimony, I must take Sterne's advice, and "see through my ears, instead of hearing through my eyes." But then—the season is passing, and with me "seasons have their change," and when only another dozen are come and gone, I shall be on the list of elderly gentlemen. Ah! if she would but be silent, till I could make the tender avowal—if she would only permit *me* to expatiate on her charms, instead of doing it herself—if—but I fear it is impossible—she never can be quiet, she is a beautiful evergreen, but never will resemble the Green Man and Still, by becoming "*une femme verte et tranquille*."^a

THE DREAMER.

And I have lived, and travell'd o'er the plain
To realize my dreams of bliss again;
Have seen the idol of my soul—have seen
The wave that bore her on its emerald green;
Have sighed her name among the rocks—the surge
A weeping chorus to my plaintive dirge!
Have walk'd along the cliff—perchance, her foot
Was nigh my own. Although so deadly mute!
All silent!—the retiring waves proclaim—
Ah! can it be? it is—it is her name!
One look sufficed; and though the rock was steep,
My resolution was upon the leap;
Despair—love—passion prompted me, and I
Leap'd—but, from Morpheus, to REALITY!

H.

^a This popular sign was thus translated by the French.

EDITH; OR RETRIBUTION:

A Tale of the Sixteenth Century.

BY THE HON. HENRIETTA MARY BEAUCLERK.

Love is a feeling none can well explain,
 Though it prevails in every action of our life;
 Love is a passion we defy in vain,
 As it will come, despite of every strife.

Love is a passion then in some as pure,
 As the fresh tear it causes oft to flow;
 Love is a malady that nought can cure,
 It is an ill, that comes to rich and low.

The Lady Edith was the only child of the Earl of Strankally, who was a faithful adherent of the Stuarts. His grandfather was killed fighting at the head of a few followers, at the famous battle of Naseby, in the year 1645, when the royalist cause received its death-blow. After this memorable defeat, Charles I. fled with a few of his remaining friends to Oxford, where he had to console the widowed Lady Strankally and her orphan son for their loss. On Charles II.'s return to England, he restored the family possessions to the present Earl of Strankally, who, soon after his marriage, having the misfortune to lose his wife, retired to his estate with his only child, the Lady Edith. She had been betrothed from her childhood to her cousin, Lord de Courtenaye, whom her father now wished her to marry. Edith felt how impossible it was for her to do so, for her affections were irrevocably fixed on Sir Robert Arden, a distant relation of Lord de Courtenaye, who had invited him to his uncle's, to be present at his approaching nuptials.

From the first moment Sir Robert beheld Edith, he loved her; but when they became better acquainted, that love was changed almost to adoration; every thing that was perfect seemed to be united in her person and mind. He long strove against these feelings, considering it base even to think of his friend's betrothed; but when he saw he was not indifferent to her, these notions vanished, like a cloud on a bright summer's day, and, without reflecting on the consequences which must follow, he gave himself up to the intensity of his passion. When he declared his love to Edith, she informed him of her prior engagement, confessing, at the same time, that though her hand was engaged to Lord de Courtenaye, her heart should ever be in his possession. Edith repeatedly begged her father not to sacrifice his only child at the altar of ambition, for she could call

it nothing else;—but all in vain, rank and fortune overruled parental affection.

The eve of the day appointed for the wedding, the Lady Edith was pacing up and down a room in her father's castle: a lamp, suspended from the high carved ceiling, hardly served to light the corners of the apartment, so spacious was it. The walls hung with tapestry, on which some old family legend was recorded, only served to increase the gloom; and, but for a few articles only adapted to females, the place resembled a dungeon, so bleak and desolate was it in appearance. A lute, unstrung, lay neglected on a rich velvet couch, and near it a tapestry frame, whose half unfinished wreath showed plainly neglect on the part of Edith. Suddenly stopping, and raising her dark eyes filled with tears to heaven, she exclaimed—“Become De Courtenaye's wife—never! Yet what can I do to avert my fate? My father declares I must either wed him, or his—the thought is too horrid,*—

* It is not a little singular, that although laws, divine and human, lay such stress upon filial obedience, no provision whatever is made against an excess of parental authority;—that is, there does not exist any counter injunction in favour of children. In the early ages of the Jewish church, children were even as the servants of their parents—nay, were bequeathed as legacy, the younger to the elder. But to the point before us.—Can there be a greater or more offensive cruelty than a forced marriage? This tale, doubtless but in simple fiction, yet tells, however, too accurately, what was of yore often enacted. To think that a parent, at his own bidding, could rule the destinies of his child for the whole period of that child's existence, (as if every parent were either humane or rational,) by holding out a curse for non-compliance with his selfish will, and that he could do this himself without fear of human consequences, and his victim without appeal, is indeed monstrous. It may be said that parents have at heart the interests of their children: we admit it to be true, as a general principle—nay, indeed, but rarely untrue, now-a-days, since the warlike strife of families is ended—if the pecuniary interest be therein in-

I never can link my fate with his! Oh! Arden, why did I ever love thee? yet to know and love thee, were the same thing. Heaven only sees the deep feelings of my heart towards thee. For thee I would sacrifice every thing!—name, country, all—to live with thee, the idol of my heart! To-morrow, I become De Courtenaye's wife; but, no! sooner shall this dagger find a resting-place in my bosom, than Robert Arden greet me as his cousin's bride!" As she uttered these words, the door of her chamber slowly opened, and a fair-haired girl appeared: speedily concealing the weapon, she exclaimed—"Alice, what brings you here at this time of night?"

"My lady, I come from your father, who bids you attend him and the Lord De Courtenaye in the banqueting-hall."

cluded. We have also heard of parents, with their dying breath, holding out a curse for the disobedience of a child, in the *after* choice that child would like to make, and by will having confirmed the harsh decree.* That every man, that is, every rational man, may dispose of his property as he likes, is law—but such a maniac testament, if such a curse could be proved, should be set aside, as against the law of nature and of reason. The power of actual compulsion exists, most happily, no longer; but there is a negative compulsion, which, like the march of "passive resistance to tithes," strikes at the vitals of the domestic happiness of the younger folk. It consists, if unhappily a parent take a mortal dislike to the intended alliance of his son, in threatening to cut him off without a penny; and in the case of a daughter, something in addition more terrible than poverty, this threatened curse. If, then, the match desired by the parent be acceded to, notwithstanding strong and previously declared detestation of the proposed union, a handsome dowry in the case of a daughter, (our province is to take care of the ladies, particularly young ladies,) sells the fair creature: and her happiness with that of the husband chosen for her, is of the most equivocal character; it being well for them if they dwell not together in real wretchedness. On the other hand, it must be admitted, that thousands of would-be miserable love-matches

* *Diary (from Devil-land) of a pious Christian.*— "Knowing the strong attachment my daughter has for the individual against whom I have been led to take an utter aversion, I have tried by 'a curse' to deter her from her choice. This may operate powerfully upon her mind whilst I am living; but as life is short, I have written this very night to my lawyers to alter my will: depriving her of the whole of the fortune which she had every right to expect to receive, leaving her the sum of fifty pounds a year, to be paid weekly by my executors; but only in case of absolute poverty, so that she may not die of starvation, and bring her paternal name before the world. The portion thus cut off I will give to her brother, a promising youth, who has not yet offended me.—*Sunday night, Jan. 31, 1783, after family prayers.*

"Alice, I cannot go: I am not well—my temples throb—I need some rest."

"It was my lord's most earnest request you would attend; is your answer decisive?"

"Nay, reach me my veil, I will attend my father."

In passing through a long passage leading to the hall, Sir Robert Arden was rushing past Edith, when she clasped his hand and exclaimed—

"Arden, why would you shun me? Because I am miserable, is it a reason you should avoid me? Alas! my cup of misery was sufficiently full, without this addition. Oh, Arden! if you only knew the struggles in my bosom, between filial affection and love for you, you would accord me some pity."

"Pity!—how can I offer pity to any

have been averted by the wise and prudent interference of parents, to the comparatively few instances of such outrages of decency and parental authority as compulsory alliances. Marriage is altogether a matter for the exercise of extreme caution: the young should be greatly indebted to those who, having the right to control, appeal to judgment and good sense; but to give obedience to those who in their parental station exhibit neither, requires a virtue and a self-command very rarely to be found in the present non-heroic day. We heard, indeed, a few sessions ago, that some member, (we believe, the honourable member for Knaresborough,) whose kind and benevolent heart had taken such parental interest for the *whole* of the poor and unfriended in the sister kingdom, had had the *subject brought before him* by one of his constituents, and that he felt much inclined (as who, having influence, would not!) to cause to be inserted a penal clause, in an appropriate bill, preventing parents from deterring their children by a curse from entering into a marriage, as the effect of such assumed control evidently was, that the more mild, amiable, and really worthy that child was, (the very person, indeed, who would be disposed to yield to a parent's away, however in appearance arbitrary on this particular point,) the more cruel and infamous was such a threat; whilst the cold-hearted and, perhaps, worthless child, would leave the parent to dwell upon that saying of Scripture, "Curse not, that ye be not cursed," and follow such course as might be most agreeable to the fancy. In the end, however, the honourable member, we believe, most unluckily, got only laughed at by the colleagues he wished to league with him in the most meritorious purpose of bringing about such an enactment, inasmuch as they could not believe that such a monster of a parent could possibly exist. We, however, trust, for the sake of humanity, that this matter was all moonshine; but we, nevertheless, think there would be no harm in adding such a clause to the penal code, which hitherto, perhaps, has disregarded the subject, judging, like a code of old; that neither this could happen, nor a child commit the dreadful crime of parricide.—Ed.

one, when I am so much in need of it myself. Edith, your fate is in your own hands, in a short time it will be so no longer. Fly with me!—'Tis true, I cannot offer you either the rank or fortune of Lord de Courtenaye—no coronet will deck your brow; but still, the blood of the heiress of the Lords of Strankally would not be disgraced by an alliance with the last of the Ardens. Edith, I now entreat you not to hesitate another moment, or our happiness is lost for ever!"

"Arden, much as I love, nay idolize thee, I cannot leave my father's house under thy protection. How could I bear to see thee lie bleeding at my feet, killed by De Courtenaye! How could I bear to hear him cry, 'Edith, you are the cause of Arden's death!' How could I bear to hear my father call down curses on one who had so far forgotten every sense of propriety and duty, as to fly from her father's walls with almost a stranger! No, Arden, much as I love thee, I could not bring down all these trials on my head."

"Edith, call you this love, that can be frightened by some foolish fancy of the brain? It may be love, but of a far different sort to what you have hitherto professed for me. Oh, Edith! let me recall my words! my brain is nearly turned with the excess of my grief! Pardon me!"

"Arden, from my heart I forgive you; but never, hereafter, doubt a woman's love, for nothing can be more pure or ardent than that I bear you."

A servant here interrupted their conversation, and they both proceeded to the appointed place. A far different scene was passing below. In a small room, which the glare of a wood-fire seemed to illumine, sat the Earl of Strankally and Lord de Courtenaye; the latter seemed much excited, and exclaimed—"Do you wish to deceive me? I tell you she loves him—ay, and with her whole heart! Cannot I see her cheek flush, and her eyes light up with fire, when he addresses her? Far different is her behaviour towards me; always cold and distant. Oh, Edith! thou little knowest how dear thou art to me. Arden, base fiend! to rob me of that prize for which I would have ventured every thing. I loved thee once, but now that love is turned to hate, more deep, more desperate, than human frame can conceive."

He stopped, and pressed his forehead

O.—VOL. VIII.—FEBRUARY.

with his hands: his passion gave him the appearance of one bereft of reason. Lord Strankally, trembling with fear, replied,—

"De Courtenaye, thou art surely mad. My Edith loves thee. To-morrow thou wilt claim her as thy bride. Let us hie to the banqueting-hall, and there she shall sing to thee. I will send for her."

On entering the hall they discovered Edith and Arden in close converse. A contraction of the brow and a slight compression of the upper lip was all that could be observed in De Courtenaye's countenance, as, in a hurried manner, he saluted Edith's hand.

"Come, Edith—mine," said he, "the banquet only waits thy fair presence; deign to grace the festive board, and I shall be happy."

Saying this he led her to the table. Long they sat, and deep De Courtenaye drunk: at last Edith rose and said—"Father, I would retire; give me thy blessing, that I may rest in peace."

"Nay, lovely Edith, stay till we have drunk thy health."

"Then be it so, De Courtenaye; but pray be speedy, for I would fain retire."

"Bring hither the goblets, boy!" saying this, De Courtenaye filled four of them with wine; but in the last he, unobserved by all, save by the too fearful Edith, poured a small powder, at the same time giving strict injunctions to present the last to Sir Robert Arden; but Edith, quickly rising, snatched it, and, before De Courtenaye could stop her, drained it to the dregs. A cry of horror burst from his lips.

"Aye, de Courtenaye, thou mayst well shriek in horror! Father, listen to me; it may be for the last time. That man you would have wedded your only child to is a murderer! In his hand is now the paper which held the poison I have drunk. With his own hand he mixed it at your board; he would have poisoned Sir Robert Arden, his own cousin! De Courtenaye, crimes like thine can never go unpunished; retribution will come sooner or later."

She stopped, and gasped for breath; her features grew pale, and in a few minutes the poison had taken its effect: Edith was no more! Suddenly a shriek was heard, more piercing and shrill than words can describe—Sir Robert Arden had stabbed De Courtenaye to the heart!

THE TOMB OF THE PRINCES OF JUDAH

Away in a far distant land,
 From the home of their birth and their glory,
 A sepulchre, raised on the sand,
 Tells the stranger their desolate story.
 There Judah, thy princes are laid,
 Once so powerful, happy, and free ;
 Now broken thy sceptre and blade,
 No trace is remaining of thee !

Once mighty, now mighty no more !
 Once powerful, past is thy power !
 Even memory scarce can restore
 Thy blissful but too fleeting hour !
 Thy conquerors, conquered by death ;
 Thy city, consumed by decay,—
 Their glory must fade like their breath,
 Unseen HE who rends it away !

Yet Judah, while loved of the Lord,
 HE conquered for thee all thy foes ;
 So proud, so successful thy sword,
 That none upon earth dared oppose !
 In the night-time, a pillow of fire
 Proved all their endeavours in vain ;
 And at noon-day, HE bade them retire,
 While clouds HE spread over the plain.

Yes, fallen and humble in dust,
 Too truly thou tellest thy tale,
 Polluted and broken thy trust,
 Which still thou must ever bewail :
 Thou yieldest example too true,
 (Though broken and ruined thy state,)
 Of that which thou ever must rue,
 The withering glance of HIS hate !

PELIKAR.

SONNET.

TO THE MEMORY OF JAMES WHITE, ESQ.*

Thou shalt not lack a flower to grace thy bier,
 (Altho' of wintry growth, and fading hue,)
 For well it meriteth as warm a tear,
 As ever friendship from affection drew.
 Oh ! noble spirit—generous, kind, and true ;
 Alive to all that must the heart endear ;
 With talent gifted : knowledge, given to few,
 E'en in the ranks of learning's highest sphere ;
 Accept this tribute—far below thy worth,
 But like thy lays, unprompted and sincere ;
 I may not hope to meet again on earth
 A friend like thee : new shoots have not their birth
 In autumn's withering days, when worn with grief,
 Sinks the chill'd bosom, like the seared leaf.

BARBARA HOFLAND.

Pembroke-square, November 29th, 1835.

* Several beautiful sonnets, written by this gentleman for the *Lady's Magazine and Museum*, have appeared during the past year.

TALES OF THE ENGLISH CHRONICLES.*

BY MISS AGNES STRICKLAND.

SIR LUCAS STANMORE AND THE LORD HIGH ADMIRAL.

CHAPTER I.

"That deep breathless slumber no troubles shall wake n
To break his repose no invader shall come;
But the long waving grass, by the lonely breeze shaken,
Shall whisper a requiem around his calm home." BALLAD.

Evening had closed prematurely over the disastrous field of Bolton-le-Moors, and although it was the harvest season, heavy rain-clouds obscured the horizon. "The aspect of the heavens is as gloomy as that of the royal cause!" said Sir John Stanmore, a cavalier colonel, whom his son was conducting mortally wounded from that fatal fight. The eyes of young Lucas Stanmore were mechanically directed for a moment to the black and lurid vapours which obscured the setting sun, but they instantly returned to the melancholy occupation of watching the progress of the darker shade which was stealing over the dear and honoured features he was contemplating with such painful interest.

"Alas! my father," said he, "I can think of nothing but the sad state to which I see you reduced; and when I look around this wild and desolate track of country, and recollect how far distant we are from any place of repose and shelter, I am maddened at the thought that it is out of my power to procure surgical assistance." "Believe me, it were unavailing, if you could," replied the colonel, speaking in that hollow broken voice which so surely forebodes approaching dissolution. "Lift me out of the saddle, my dear boy," continued he; "it is perfectly useless to make any further attempt at flight at this slow pace, when, too, I feel full well that not my hours, but my very minutes are numbered." Lucas led his father's charger to a little broomy dingle, at a small distance from the river whose course they had been following; here he assisted Sir John to alight, and laid him on the green turf. "I am easier now, my son," said the colonel; "but do not offer me that tempting water yet, the death thirst is indeed upon me; but if I taste the precious draught I shall die, and

leave untold all that I wish to say." Lucas Stanmore bent over his father, and in the agony of his heart sobbed aloud. "Be composed, my beloved boy," said Sir John calmly; "were it not better that I should die thus fresh from the battle-field, than that I should live to be dragged ingloriously to the scaffold, or shot in cold blood, as many brave and noble gentlemen, the sad survivors of this melancholy day, will be? But a strange heaviness is stealing over me, which makes speaking a painful effort. The spirit is willing, but the overworn body would fain be at rest! yet," continued he with strong emotion, "there are ties which bind me forcibly to life; and it is the agony of tearing those bands asunder, that shakes my firmness now, and makes me feel the bitterness of death. Lucas, you have not seen your eighteenth summer, yet it is to your care I must leave your infant sisters; in a few moments they will have no other protector. Promise me that you will be a father to the dear pledges which your sainted mother left me!"

Lucas Stanmore said every thing which duty and affection could suggest.

"It is not that I doubt your inclination to obey me," said the colonel, wringing his hand with the cold grasp of death; "if you are suffered to retain your patrimony, I know that my infant family will not miss a parent's care, though I shall be low in the dust; but if the battle, which the young king is rashly about to venture with the wily and experienced usurper, should terminate unsuccessfully, as I foresee it surely will, then you will be driven from your home, and despoiled of your possessions. You, young, energetic and high-spirited as you are, may enter foreign service, and find many opportu-

* The following tales of the English Chronicles have been published in this Magazine, viz.:

No. 1. Hubert de Burgh, the favourite of King Henry the Third, January, 1834, p. 6.

No. 2. The Sanctuary, in the same reign, April, 1834, p. 206.

No. 3. The Prisoner of State, during the Wars of York and Lancaster, December, 1834, p. 378; January, 1835, p. 10.

No. 4. The Double Bridal, during the same period, March, 1835, p. 150.

The above numbers may be had singly, or in the respective half-yearly volumes.

nities of bettering your fortune ; but what is then to become of my orphan little ones ?”

“ I swear to you, my dear, my honoured father, by the love we mutually bore to my lamented mother, and by all my anguish in this dreadful hour, that I will never abandon them, and they shall ever be the objects of my personal care,” said Lucas Stanmore, with streaming eyes. “ May then the blessing of that God, in whose presence I shall shortly stand, be upon you, son of my hopes and love !” Then signing for the water he had so lately refused, he drank a deep draught of the refreshing element, and bowing his face on his son’s bosom, he expired without a sigh. Sir Lucas Stanmore continued to sustain the lifeless form of his beloved father in his arms, feeling, yet dreading to certify the awful truth, till the colonel’s head falling heavily back over his supporting arm, showed him the mournful change which had taken place, in those dear and familiar features, noble even in death.

He then laid all that remained of his father reverently on the turf. Just at this moment the cloud burst that had so long hung over them, and the rain began to fall in large and heavy drops. With that vain care, of which erring mortality cannot divest itself for the unsuffering dead, Sir Lucas raised the body of his father from the spot where he died, placed it in the overhanging shelter of a sandy bank, and covered it with his cloak. He thought not of himself, he attempted not to avoid the fury of the coming storm. He remembered not his own wounds and exhaustion : he was conscious of nothing but the intensity of his sorrow. How long he might have remained in that melancholy abstraction is uncertain, but the approach of a party of fugitives roused him from the stupor of grief. “ Ah, Lucas, I see how it is with you !” said the young Lord Widdrington, whose crape scarf and sable plumes testified his own recent loss ; for the stout baron his father had fallen in the skirmish, which immediately preceded this disastrous action. “ Flee ! flee ! my brave friend, this is no time for the indulgence of sorrow, which can avail the valiant Sir John Stanmore nothing. We are hotly pursued by the victorious round-heads. Mount ! mount ! and ride with us, without another moment’s delay !” Slowly and sadly Sir Lucas Stanmore rose from the ground ; he uncovered the face of his

departed father, and gazed mournfully on it, while he took from the yet warm bosom the portrait of the deceased Lady Stanmore. He sighed heavily as he contemplated for a moment the lovely features of his mother. “ You seem to smile more sweetly than usual, though in the horrors of an hour like this.” His tears fell fast on the crystal which covered the inanimate resemblance. “ Ah ! my mother,” continued he, as he secured the miniature in his bosom, “ you are happily unconscious of the anguish of your son, and I am spared the agony of telling you a tale which would have broken your heart to have heard.” He then imprinted a farewell kiss on the marbled brow of his father ; mounted his mettled steed, and rode off at furious career, not trusting himself to cast one look behind. The dawning light found him at Oaklands, the family mansion of which he was now the sole master. The old domestics crowded round him, as he flung himself from his steed at the gate ; but they saw the cloud on his brow, and asked no questions. Indeed, his lonely return, the disorder and sanguine stains of his dress, and the foam-wreaths on his horse’s sides, told but too plainly the tale of the defeat and death of their revered master. “ Now Heaven preserve us ; but you return with a heavy countenance, my child !” said old Bridget Graystone, his nurse ; “ I almost dread to ask you what tidings from Bolton-le-Moors.”

“ All is lost, Bridget,” said Sir Lucas, dashing the tears from his eyes as he spoke.

“ And your brave father, our noble master, how fares he ?”

“ As well as many gallant gentlemen who lay cold in their blood last night on that fatal plain,” returned the young baronet. There was a general exclamation of grief among the household at these words ; and Sir Lucas Stanmore avoided all farther questions by rushing past the servants, and entering the oak parlour, where he found his young sisters. “ Dear, dear brother !” said they, springing into his arms, “ have you returned at last, and without our father. We sat up late last night in hopes of seeing you both.”

He folded them to his bosom in silence, for he could not speak. “ Well but, dear Lucas, did you see the king, and did you win the battle ?”

“ Do tell us what a battle is like !”

said little Helen Stanmore, pulling him playfully by the cloak. Sir Lucas covered his face with his hands, and wept afresh. "Do not ask him, Helen," whispered Blanche, "he has lost the battle, I know, or he would not weep. Lucas, I have heard my father say that brave men lose a battle sometimes. But where is our father, Lucas,—when will he return?"

"My dear sisters, he will return no more," said Sir Lucas, throwing himself into a seat; then drawing the little girls close to his bosom he continued—"We have no parent now, but God. Our father

was slain by the rebels at Bolton-le-Moors."

"Why then did you not kill the false-hearted rebels who slew our dear father!" asked Blanche, passionately: while Helen, who was just old enough to comprehend their mutual calamity, buried her face in his bosom, and mingled her tears with his; and Sir Lucas, tenderly uniting the young orphans in a fraternal embrace, vowed afresh never to leave them, but to watch over them, and be a father and protector to them both.

CHAPTER II.

"Ah! happy, if he slept that breathless sleep,
Where all find rest, and none awake to weep."

It was in vain that Sir Lucas Stanmore gave orders to the few servants who yet remained at Oaklands, to go to the field of battle in search of the body of their master. Panic-stricken by the fate of their comrades who had accompanied Sir John Stanmore to the battle, they refused to approach that fatal spot. Maddened by their cowardice and obstinacy, Sir Lucas determined to overcome the pain and exhaustion which overpowered him, and lead them himself to the performance of this necessary act of duty: but it was a vain effort, he fell from his horse while endeavouring to mount, and was carried back to his bed in a state of anguish of mind that passes description. During the whole day there was a vehement struggle between his mental powers and his bodily sufferings, which ended in the complete victory of the latter; and night found him, though oppressed with fever, occasioned by neglect of his wounds, yet torpid and heavy with excessive fatigue. A delirious stupor, which much resembled sleep, soon stole over him, but brought no relief to his sufferings. On the morning of the fourth day, his ardent spirit at length overcame bodily illness, and regardless of the warning, admonitions, and entreaties of his nurse, he rose at break of day. "This is no time for lying supinely on a bed of sickness," said he, impatiently replying to the supplicating looks of Bridget Graystone, who ventured to follow him to the stables, recommending the propriety of further rest—"this is no time for being stretched in slothful indolence. Does not the revered form of my father lie unburied

at Bolton-le-Moors. Evening shall see me revisit that fatal plain."

Sir Lucas found that he had not a single servant left to saddle his horse, or to attend him on his journey. Seized with a panic, they had all fled, and he was forced to proceed alone, on his melancholy errand. As he rode to the place of his destination, he could not help observing the hurry and confusion in which the whole country was involved. The fatal battle of Worcester had been fought, and indescribable terror and alarm pervaded the most remote corners of the island. Many people cast inquiring glances at Sir Lucas, who, riding slowly and recklessly, passed on through town and village, heeding not the tumult with which he was at times surrounded, and seeming to care little what should next befall him. The sun was setting when he gained the little broomy dell where he had left his noble father reposing in the arms of death. At the first glance, a pang shot through his heart, he thought the body had been removed—a second convinced him of his error; the dark outline of the figure was just discernible in the same sheltered nook in which he had left it; but the long and willow herbs, which had been crushed and trampled down, had now risen up, and bent and waved round the body, as if desirous of sheltering the place of the warrior's repose. Sir Lucas, with a beating heart, drew the cloak from the face of his father, having an undefined dread of seeing those beloved features strangely altered, or disfigured. It was precisely at that moment when death puts on for a short

space the hues of beauty, ere decay hastens to touch the mortal mould with her deforming fingers. A slight colour suffused the face of the deceased, a calm smile was settled on the lips. How often did Sir Lucas, when hollowing the nameless grave which was to contain those beloved remains, pause, and gaze on the placid rest of that countenance, with emotions of intense desire, that he might be stretched by the side of his father in a sleep as sweet, as deep, and as unbroken.

The setting sun had given place to a lovely moonlight, before he had finished the grave, for his recent wounds had unnerved his youthful arm. After he had, with great toil, placed the body in its lonely narrow dwelling, and wrapped the cloak round about it, he hastened to the little river which flowed hard by, and gathering handfuls of water flowers, strewed them over the clay-cold soldier. Then kneeling by the side of the grave, he prayed long and fervently, and clasping the pale hand in his own, renewed the vow he had made to his father in his dying hour. Time ebbed rapidly away, as he sat by the side of the open grave, silently communing with his own spirit; now gazing on the silent march of the heavenly host above him, and now contemplating the unruffled placidity of the breathless sleeper that lay before him till he felt in love with death, and envied the calm repose of the grave.

At length he remembered the duties he had sworn to fulfil, and recalling his spirit to the thoughts of this world, with a sigh he forced himself to heap the turf over the grave of his father, and bidding it a long farewell, took the road to his home.

The grey light of the morning had dawned, before he approached the banks of his native river; as he was about to take the road to the hall, a low moaning

cry seemed borne on the wind: he checked his horse, and paused to listen, and found it proceeded from a hut on the opposite side. He remembered that this little dwelling, which was built on waste ground, was owned by no particular tenant, but occupied occasionally by gipsies and other houseless wanderers. Impelled by humanity, he dashed across the stream, imagining that some unhappy and friendless fellow-creature was suffering in that desolate abode. He stood gazing fixedly on the scene before him, yet with no other feeling than that of wonder. Seated on a rude block of stone was his nurse, old Bridget Graystone, vainly endeavouring to soothe his weeping sisters, who were clinging to her. Her eyes were full of tears, and her grey head shook with sorrow and cold. "Speak, Bridget, what do you with your master's children at this strange hour and place, so far from their home?"

Old Bridget raised her head, and wept afresh at the sight of him, while Blanche and Helen rushed to their brother with a joyful cry. "Alas! my child," said she, "neither you nor these have a home. A roundhead colonel has taken possession of Oaklands by a warrant from Parliament, and thrust out me and these helpless infants to the night. I took shelter here, for the sleepy and terrified babes could not go further. Indeed, I knew not where to take them."

Sir Lucas, with a sigh that spoke the desolation of his heart, took from his shoulders his cloak, and wrapping the children in it, who were pacified by his presence, laid them on a heap of dry straw in a corner of the dwelling, where they soon became happily unconscious of their sorrow, and he sat himself down with an aching heart to watch the rising sun.

CHAPTER III.

"All thy fellow birds do sing,
Mindless of thy sorrowing:—
He that is thy friende indeede,
He will help thee at thy neede;
If thou sorrow, he will weepe;
If thou wake, he will not sleepe.
Thus of every grieve at harte,
He with thee will bear a parte.
These be certaine signes to knowe
Faithful friende from flattering foe."—RICHARD BARNEFIELDE, 1598.

After the first stunning effect of the repeated misfortunes that had befallen the heir of Stanmore had a little sub-

sided, he began to consider with some anxiety what were the measures to be adopted for the future subsistence of his

young sisters and himself, for they now began to feel the approaches of want, having exhausted the trifling sum he had about his person in the purchase of necessities, and the family were now subsisting on some little matters belonging to the faithful old servant, Bridget Graystone. Sir Lucas Stanmore left the hovel to commune with himself during a lonely walk on the banks of the river. "If Reynard Melton were here," said he, "we could devise something together. Doubtless, he has been slain at Worcester, whither he certainly went with his dependants to join the king. My friend has assuredly fallen in the battle, or I should have seen him long ere this." As he spoke he felt a slight blow on his shoulder. He started and turned round, in full expectation of seeing the friend who occupied his thoughts. It was a friend, and an attached one, even the good steed that had carried him so gallantly at the fight of Bolton-le-Moors. On the evening of his return from his father's burial, he had dismounted from his charger; the circumstances that followed had so completely occupied his thoughts, that he had totally forgotten him, and the animal, who loved his master, had, by a noble instinct, kept near the place of his abode; and instead of returning to his own stable, had wandered on the heath, seeking a scanty pasture. No sooner did he see his master, than he approached him, and put his head affectionately over his shoulder. Sir Lucas saw with some concern that this favourite, which had been used to the most assiduous attendance, was still encumbered with the heavy war-saddle, and was in the same plight as when he had dismounted from him some nights since.

"Thou hast a careless master, Pedro," said he, patting the beautiful Andalusian with affection. "How comes it that thou didst not desert him with the rest? How comes it that thou didst not seek thy home? They would have welcomed thee at Oaklands, my noble steed." So saying, he relieved his favourite from the heavy accoutrements, and after having rubbed him down, and dressed him, he fed him with the bread meant for his own supper, being indeed all he had to give him. The next morning he accoutred Pedro, and rode to Melton-hall, a

seat some miles distant, in order to see what had become of its possessor. Reynard Melton was a young gentleman, about three years older than himself, to whom his father had been guardian. Sir John Stanmore had discharged the trust bequeathed him by the parents of Reynard Melton in the most exemplary manner. He had educated his ward with his own son, and always treated him with equal affection. By his generous assistance and excellent management, heavy mortgages had been paid off the Melton estate, and its heir restored to the consequence and riches of his forefathers. When Sir John armed his tenants and dependants to join Earl Derby, he refused to suffer his ward to accompany the array. "I will venture my life, my son, my estate, my all, to serve my royal master," said the generous Stanmore; "but I will not suffer the son of my friend to risk aught."

Lucas thought it rather a severe exercise of his father's delegated authority; he sincerely pitied his friend, and was thankful that Sir John had not put him to the same trial, as he felt convinced he should then have committed his first act of disobedience, and ridden to the field of Bolton-le-Moors in defiance of his father's commands. Indeed, he wondered much at the obedience of Reynard Melton to such unreasonable injunctions, and felt half ashamed that the ward of Sir John Stanmore should feel more real obedience and veneration for him than his only son. On their journey, Lucas had warmly thanked his father for not putting his duty to so arduous a trial, and expressed his admiration at the ready obedience of Reynard Melton, particularly as his friend was within a few days of attaining his majority. Sir John Stanmore smiled rather mysteriously, and replied, "Reynard acts according to his nature, and thou to thine, my noble, ardent boy. I have already made him his own master, and before I took the field settled his accounts, and gave him up the title-deeds of his estate, which is now clear, all but the sum of two thousand pounds, which I advanced for him. Here is his acknowledgment for the money," continued he, taking it out of his pocket-book, and giving it to his son, "should I fail in the battle, it will be better in your possession. It wants some days of being valid, since

he is not yet of age ; but he will pay the money—he is surely honest," repeated he in a doubtful tone. "Yes, yes; the son of my old friend is surely honest."

No misgivings for a moment crossed the mind of Sir Lucas Stanmore, as he rode up to the entrance of Melton-hall ; but his heart bounded with joy when to his eagerly asked questions, whether his friend were at home and in health, an affirmative was given. He told the servant, who was a stranger to him, and somewhat uncouth in manners and person, to announce his name, and tell his master that he wished to see him instantly. The man retired, shutting the door against him, and leaving him mounted at the entrance.

After a pause of some minutes, the long narrow casement of one of the compartments of a bay window on the ground floor unclosed, and Reynard Melton appeared at the opening, which, as Sir Lucas sat on horseback, was a convenient though not a very hospitable place for conversation. Sir Lucas gazed on Melton for more than a minute, with looks of the most unfeigned wonder, being totally unable to comprehend the grotesque change that had taken place in his outward appearance, suspecting that he was himself under the delusion of a most fantastic dream. Reynard Melton had always affected a very rich and even showy style of dress ; he was now attired in a close-fitting jerkin of the saddest russet brown. His hair, which was almost the colour of wool, had somewhat atoned for its insipidity of hue by falling round his neck and face in a profusion of rich curls, was now cut so ridiculously short, that even the skin of his head was visible, giving him the appearance of a man who has taken off his wig. He had withal assumed a demure look of deceit and hypocrisy, which, as he had had but a few days' practice, sat with an air of constraint on his features, strongly suggesting the notion to the beholder that he was a player, who was studying the dress and manner of a queer character in a new comedy, who was not yet perfect in his part. He held in one hand a quarto, containing Dr. Manton's hundred and nineteen sermons, on the hundred and nineteenth Psalm ; and in the other a hat, in the fashion of which the peculiar mode of the puritans had been so much exaggerated, that it looked

like an enormous extinguisher. Behind the young 'squire stood several figures, with sour and doleful visages, and similarly equipped ; several of the domestics of Melton-hall, in like disguise, filled up the back-ground. In the singleness of his heart, Sir Lucas Stanmore verily believed that his old associate was playing one of his former wild tricks, and was actually, with some of his domestics, mimicking the victorious round-heads out of a frolic. Somewhat provoked at his choosing such a time for mummery, he exclaimed impatiently, "Out upon thee, Reynard Melton ! what means this masquerade ? Is this a time for such devices ?"

"I have renounced maskings, and all such godless divertisements, since I have come to man's estate, and been mine own director," replied Melton, in a tone that perfectly suited his habiliments. "You have interrupted our godly assembly from being edified by the fifteenth head of pious Dr. Manton's eighteenth sermon, which I am reading to my household, and these discreet neighbours, as a worthy preparative to my being enabled to preach the word without premeditation : therefore, I pray you to speak your pleasure somewhat speedily."

There was something in this harangue that kept Sir Lucas still in doubt as to the reality of the speaker's intention. He had so often, in their boyish frolics, seen him mimic the precisians in nearly similar language, that he still thought him in jest, although he considered it most unwarrantable conduct ; he therefore replied rather sternly, "My errand here is to request you to pay me some convenient portion of the money your late affectionate guardian, Sir John Stanmore, advanced to free your estate. There is your memorandum of acknowledgment." He held towards him, as he spoke, the paper he had received from Sir John Stanmore.

The countenance of Melton fell as he surveyed it, and all the dark passions of his heart became visible in his face.

"That matter," replied he, with a bitter sneer, "I will settle with the lawyer of my friend, Colonel Rushworth."

The name of the usurper of Sir Lucas Stanmore's estate was so little familiar to his ear, that he said, quickly, "Why do you talk of referring this affair to lawyers, Melton ? There is no need of

lawyers between you and me. You know you had the money of my father; therefore, pay it to his heir."

Melton unblushingly replied, "That the Commonwealth had in its great wisdom made worthy Colonel Rushworth heir to the Stanmore estates, as a fitting punishment for the delinquencies of the late Sir John and his son; therefore any debts due to the late Sir John Stanmore, ought in justice to be paid to the present possessor of the property. Not," continued he, "that any thing is due from me, since I consider that my late guardian was mine enemy, in corrupting my youth, and leading me to walk with him in the godless paths of malignancy: and as to that paper, I was glad to sign that acknowledgment in order to get my writings out of his hands." There was a general murmur of disapprobation among Melton's puritan guests at the end of this atrocious speech. Despite of party bigotry, they acknowledged the feelings of human nature. The old servants groaned aloud; not a man among them but knew well how deeply overwhelmed with debt and mortgage the great Melton estate had been when the generous Sir John Stanmore had taken it,

with its infant heir, under his own protection; and the whole country could witness how nobly he had discharged his guardian duties. Crimson flushed the cheek of Sir Lucas, and fire darted from his dark eyes at this vile imputation on the memory of his adored father. Instinctively his hand fell upon the loaded pistols which were still in the holster of his saddle. At the clash of the weapons, the base Melton leaped backward, and ensconced himself behind the jamb of the window, raising before him the thick quarto volume he still grasped as a means of defence. Sir Lucas Stanmore replaced his petronel with a smile of bitter contempt. "Live, reptile!—live, until life becomes as loathsome to thee, as thou art to every man of honesty and principle, let him call himself roundhead or cavalier. I would not breathe the vital air for a single day, with a heart and conscience like thine, not even to free me and mine from our present dire necessity." So saying, he turned his horse's head, and departed at fiery speed, nor drew his rein till he had gained his wretched home, which he entered with a heart overcharged with sorrow, disgust, and indignation.

CHAPTER IV.

"The sea of fortune doth not ever flow,
She draws her favours to the lowest ebb;
Her tides have equal turns to come and go,
Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest webbe."

FATHER SOUTHWELLE.

Sir Lucas Stanmore was a very young man, and this his first experience of worldly selfishness in a fellow-creature, was a severe and unexpected blow to his ardent and generous mind. The blight which had fallen upon his prospects at his first entrance into life, the extinction of all his lofty hopes and expectations, his fall from rank, riches, and honourable consideration, to the very depths of poverty and misery, were sufficiently painful; but the neglect and cautious disregard of his former dependants, and the base avarice and ingratitude of his friend, inflicted a wound on his feelings, which might justly be called the bitterness of grief. Had he known more of human nature, he would have been sensible that the conduct of these people proceeded not so much from ingratitude to his family, or contempt to himself, as from a cowardly regard to the safety of their own persons and property. Too indignant to inquire

into the motives of their behaviour, he haughtily dismissed the subject from his thoughts, with the reflection, that it was unworthy of exciting any other feeling in his breast but contempt. From the indulgence of hopeless sorrow or resentful emotions, he was aroused by the last worst agony, of seeing his infant relations drooping from the effects of absolute famine. The scanty resources of Bridget Graystone were now exhausted, and he felt that it was necessary to make some exertion for the preservation of the helpless innocents who shared his misfortunes, and looked up to him for the means of existence. Making, therefore, a noble resolution to sacrifice the prejudices of birth and education, he determined to earn a subsistence for these dear ones, by the labour of his hands. But how was this to be effected? of husbandry or mechanics, the heir of the wealthy house of Stanmore had, of course, no

practical knowledge. Of whom was he to seek employment? There seemed to him at first no alternative, but applying to some of the farmers in the district for labouring work. Next, he thought he must become pupil to one of their hinds, to teach him the method of their coarse labour. "No!" he cried, "I cannot do it; but no labour, however toilsome and painful, would I refuse, provided it were but solitary." As he spoke, his eyes fell on the little orphans, whose pale faded cheeks spoke their sufferings. "Wretch that I am," cried he, "is it thus I perform my promise to my dying father? Is it thus that I prove my affection for my mother, by suffering her unhappy infants to pine, unassisted, for bread? Oh, could she but see them thus!"

He rushed from the hut with a vague determination of providing for them sustenance, although he knew not by what means. In this state of mind he cast his eyes on the dangerous ford opposite his dwelling, and as it was frequently used as a means of communication between two towns, he considered that a ferry-boat at this place would be a great accommodation to passengers, and afford him a more independent subsistence, than any other which then occurred to him. But how was he to obtain a boat, when he had neither money nor friends to assist him. At this moment, his favourite Andalusian came bounding across the path to meet him, and solicit his caresses. "I must sell you, my poor Pedro," said he, returning his demonstrations of affection, "the only property that is left me, and my only friend. My hand that was but accustomed to rule the brand or the bridle, must now labour for daily bread." He accordingly disposed of the horse as quickly as possible, and with the sum produced, he was enabled to purchase a boat, and some necessities for his suffering family.

For years did the gallant representative of the ancient family of Stanmore pursue the servile and laborious occupation of a common ferryman within sight of his paternal tower. His military education, fine talents, and enterprising spirit, might easily have procured him an employment more consonant to his birth; had he chosen either to have accepted a command in the army, engaged in reducing the Irish malcontents, or to have entered the Spanish service. But

the first, his principles of honour and loyalty forbade; and the second, his regard to his dying father's wishes, equally obliged him to decline. He could not resolve to abandon to the mercy of a world which had evinced so little pity for their hard reverse of fortune, the helpless beings who had so early lost a father's care. They clung to him for protection and assistance—they looked up to him for instruction, and even for the very means of supporting life itself. They bound him with the strong ties of love and duty to the spot they inhabited, and might truly be said to chain him to the oar he pulled for their daily subsistence. Conscious that he could not better his condition while his country remained under the sway of Cromwell, without in some way violating his principles, he bore his hard fate with the most unshaken philosophy. While he saw his king in exile, and the noblest in the land wanderers in want and penury, he sustained his bitter lot with patience, and felt a proud consciousness that if he endured much, it was for the sake of honour and loyalty.

But at length the restoration of the royal family filled the hearts of the loyal with hope and joy; and Sir Lucas Stanmore hailed, with all the sanguine expectation of youth, the era which he fondly anticipated would restore him to rank and fortune. Being destitute of the means of appearing at court, he drew up a memorial setting forth the services of his family, and the deprivations and sufferings he had in consequence endured, praying for the restitution of his late father's estates. For some weeks he waited the royal reply with a feverish impatience that ill brooked delay, and which ill prepared him for the answer which the cruel policy of Clarendon dictated. To be brief, the royal scroll in formal terms set forth, that Colonel Rushworth, the present possessor of the Stanmore estates, had been mainly instrumental to his sacred Majesty's most happy return, and, therefore, it would be the height of ingratitude to dispossess him of his property. It finished, by kindly advising Sir Lucas Stanmore to seek some employment more suitable to his name and rank; adding, that if at any future period a fitting place at court should be vacant, and the application was made in time, the services of himself and family should be remembered.

"Ungrateful Charles, and is it for this that my noble father bled, and his hapless family have endured so much?" exclaimed he. I will not dwell on the anguish which wrung his heart, or the bitterness of feeling which induced him to engrave his name, title, and arms on the oars, which he still continued to ply for his daily subsistence, as a reproach to the thankless prince who could thus leave one of his most faithful adherents in a situation so unworthy of him.

After the first emotions of rage and disappointment had subsided, Sir Lucas Stanmore sank into a gloomy misanthropic frame of mind; brooding in settled melancholy, not only over his own blighted hopes and degraded rank, but the unsuitable manner in which the females of the house of Stanmore were reared and educated. Those sisters who commanded so deeply his tender sympathy, were no longer the childish prattlers whom his dying father had committed to his care. Ten years had passed away since the disastrous day when the young baronet succeeded to the title of his family; and the youth of eighteen, to whom early sorrows had given a maturity of mind, and a manliness of action beyond his years, at eight-and-twenty, in the very pride of manhood, was a prey to all the dreary feelings which oppress those who have outlived the charms and hopes which render the morning of life delightful. His sisters, too, had attained their fourteenth and fifteenth years, and promised to inherit much of the personal beauty of their race. When Sir Lucas Stanmore looked on the tall lovely girls, just advancing into the beautiful summer of their existence under circumstances so adverse, and thought of the lofty expectations to which they were born, his heart sickened at the contrast with their present situation.

"Colonel Rushworth has become a favourite at court, I trow!" said old Bridget one day, after her return from a neighbouring town, whither she had been to dispose of some needlework, which Helen and Blanche had just completed. Sir Lucas Stanmore, who was engaged in teaching his younger sister to draw,

coloured indignantly, yet deigned not to ask the reason of her observation; but old Bridget, who had heard news which displeased her, needed no encouragement to proceed. "I ween," continued she, "that when his most sacred Majesty is bestowing titles and rewards, he might bethink himself of those who have shed their blood in his cause, and suffered confiscation and poverty for his sake; but it was well said by King David, 'Put not your trust in princes.' "What do you mean, Bridget?" asked Helen Stanmore. "Only that the king has made the roundhead Rushworth, Lord Oaklands; and left the son of his faithful servant, the right noble Sir John Stanmore, to row the usurper over the ferry, if it lists him to call for that service."

"Impossible!" said Blanche; "I will not believe the king capable of so monstrous an action!"

"You may credit me," said Bridget, "for I heard the bells ringing, and the people shouting for joy. Nay, I saw the old roundhead himself, who has come down, for the first time since the day he took possession, to visit his estates in Lancashire, and spend some time at his country-seat."

At these words, the colour of Sir Lucas Stanmore went and came, his lip quivered, and his whole frame shook with strong agitation. "Unkind and thoughtless Bridget, how could you repeat this news before my brother!" exclaimed Blanche, reproachfully; "you are ill, dear Lucas," said she, tenderly taking her brother's hand.

"It was but a passing pang, and I am a man again," replied he, looking up. "Methinks, that the king, when inclined to ennoble a person, consenting to the murder of his father, might have chosen some other, little more suitable to his claim on royal favour, than the name of my poor manor. Marston or Naseby, to wit, or even Dunbar, where he, at the head of his regiment, charged his Majesty face to face; for which worthy service he was rewarded by Cromwell with my estates, forfeited by my father's loyalty and my own, to the most ungrateful of men."

CHAPTER V.

"The snow-drop in her wintry bower,
When hail comes thickly down,
Droops not more sadly from that shower,
Than she before his frown."—BALLAD.

A few days after this conversation, during a violent thunder-storm, a party rode up to the river, and shouted, "Boat! boat!" Sir Lucas Stanmore, who had always been addressed with the utmost respect by the country people, felt no disposition to obey a call, which was given in a manner and tone of peculiar haughtiness, now paused to reconnoitre the group which was mounted, and consisted of an elderly gentleman, a young lady attired in a rich riding dress, attended by two servants in splendid liveries. "Quick! quick! master ferryman," shouted one of the servants, "or Lord Oaklands and my young lady will be drenched with this heavy rain."

"Lord Oaklands and his daughter may seek some other person to do their bidding," replied Sir Lucas, haughtily. "How now!" said Lord Oaklands, "am I and my daughter to remain here during the storm?"

"There is a safe ford a mile off, by which you may cross the river, if you list; your servants can direct you to the spot," returned Sir Lucas. "Is this all the respect you pay to the Lord of Oaklands?" exclaimed the other, infuriated at the contemptuous coldness of this novel ferryman. "It is all the respect the rightful master of Oaklands owes him," replied Sir Lucas Stanmore. "What can the insolent fellow mean," said Lord Oaklands, turning to his attendants. "My lord, he is Sir Lucas Stanmore!" replied the elder of the two, who had not spoken before. Lord Oaklands absolutely blushed, and his daughter exclaimed—"Is it, indeed, that unfortunate gentleman! Oh, my father!"

But Lord Oaklands cut her short, by desiring her to follow him, as he thought they could ford the river just above.

The stream was much swollen by the rain, and at all times dangerous, was unusually so at that time. Sir Lucas Stanmore was not displeased at seeing the insolent usurper of his patrimony preparing for a sound drenching; but when he observed that the young lady was about to enter the stream, though evidently alarmed at the peril, his natural feelings of humanity and gallantry overcame his

strong antipathy to the whole party, and he called to her to forbear, as she was about to precipitate herself into great danger, adding, that he would bring the boat over for *her* accommodation. Matilda Rushworth raised her veil, and was beginning to express her grateful sense of his courtesy, when her stern father interrupted her, by seizing her bridle rein, and impelling her palfrey forwards, exclaiming, "What is the silly girl afraid of! A rare leaguer lass you would make! You are a soldier's daughter, and do not let me see you tremble at crossing a petty stream like this!" But Matilda did tremble, and not without reason, when she saw the rough and swollen waters rising to the saddle girth, and found herself in the midst of the raging tide. Lord Oaklands, who undertook to lead the party, was unacquainted with the river; they were of course presently out of their depth, and the next moment the terrified Matilda was swept by the rush of the waters from her horse, and, by the rapidity of the current, hurried far down the stream. "Oh, my child! my child!" cried Lord Oaklands, striving, at the same time, to urge his terrified and foundering horse towards the spot where she had disappeared. "Oh, God!" he exclaimed; "and is there no help, and must she perish!" for his good steed, exhausted by contending against the furious tide, sunk, and Lord Oaklands struggled in vain to extricate his feet from the stirrups; but in the moment, when an agony more bitter than the parting of soul and body was upon him, he saw his daughter raised dripping from the depths of the raging waters by Sir Lucas Stanmore, who, with equal skill and promptitude, had impelled his light vessel to the spot, the instant he beheld the peril of the young lady. Directed to the place where she had sunk for the last time, by perceiving the bubbles rising on the surface of the water, which indicated that a drowning person was there, he plunged boldly into the stream, and by a desperate effort succeeded in rescuing the child of his foe from a watery grave.

Placing the insensible girl in his boat, he presently gained the bank, which

Lord Oaklands, with the assistance of his servants, had succeeded in reaching, breathless with fatigue, and in dripping plight. "My child! mine only child!" exclaimed Lord Oaklands, gazing in speechless anguish on the pale features of his unconscious daughter, whose long fair ringlets hung streaming over the arm of Sir Lucas Stanmore as he was carrying her to the shore, with as much tenderness as if she had been one of his own beloved sisters. "Tell me," cried Lord Oaklands, grasping the arm of Sir Lucas with convulsive vehemence—"tell me only that she is not dead!"

The haughty and bitter sense of wrong and insult, which made Lord Oaklands hateful to the heart and odious to the eyes of Sir Lucas Stanmore, was forgotten, when he saw the strong agony of a father shake his powerful frame, and agitate his strong features; and he replied, "The maiden is not dead, although animation is almost suspended."

"But she will perish from want of female assistance!" exclaimed the father, hanging over her, and wringing his hands in despair.

The generous and humane feelings with which the heart of Sir Lucas Stanmore was replete, overcame the resistance that pride offered to his resolution, as he replied, "My home is hard by, and my sisters will bestow every care on this lady that her situation requires, and theirs will permit them to offer,—if Lord Oaklands will allow his daughter to enter so wretched a hovel."

This speech, though courteously delivered, struck daggers to the heart of the conscience-stricken usurper of his patrimony. Shame positively overpowered the feelings of paternal anxiety, when he looked round the miserable hut which Sir Lucas gravely announced as his home, and saw him consign his still insensible child to the care of two young women, meanly attired, it is true, but who were lovely and elegant in person as herself. When they had retired into the inner room, Lord Oaklands found words to express his gratitude to Sir Lucas for the service he had rendered him.

"Name it not," replied Sir Lucas, coldly: "I merely obeyed the impulse of the feelings of common humanity, which neither the intention nor the wish to oblige you dictated."

Lord Oaklands coloured deeply, and

stammered out,—"But your present kindness——"

"Is but the mere performance of the Christian precept, which enjoins us 'to do good to our enemies, and help those who hate us, and despitefully entreat us.' But no more of this. I am sorry that it is out of my power to offer your lordship a change of dress, instead of those wet garments; but," added he, looking down on the sleeve of his own threadbare doublet, with a bitter laugh,—"*like the courtier of his present French Majesty, I carry all my wardrobe on my own person, which must plead my excuse.*"

The confusion of Lord Oaklands was pitiable, and he was glad to escape from the awkwardness of his present situation by following the advice of his servants, who recommended him to repair instantly to the hall, and change his dress. His anxiety, however, for the safety of his daughter, would not permit him to be long absent. On his return to the ferry-house, he was met by Sir Lucas, who said, "Your daughter lives: she is recovered, and wishes to see you."

Lord Oaklands, in the first transport of his joy, would have taken his hand, but Sir Lucas Stanmore drew back, and, folding his arms over his bosom, motioned Lord Oaklands to follow him, and led the way under the only roof he could call his own. The next moment Lord Oaklands held to his breast his lovely Matilda, the darling of his soul. He felt her warm breath on his cheek, and saw those eyes, so lately fixed and rayless, now beaming on him, full of life, light, and animation.

"How shall I recompense you," said Lord Oaklands, turning to Sir Lucas Stanmore, "for the inestimable service you have rendered me? Name your own reward."

Sir Lucas Stanmore turned proudly away, as he replied, "The last representative of the house of Stanmore chooses not to receive reward for any deed it lists him to perform. What I have done, it was my pleasure to do: and if I may request a favour of the possessor of my rights, it is that I may not again be enforced to reply to acknowledgments which are odious to me."

Matilda Rushworth, at these words, raised her head from her father's bosom, and gazed in some astonishment on her preserver. That momentary survey con-

vinced her it was no ordinary being that she looked upon. The coarse garb of penury could not conceal the fine proportions of his manly figure; nor had the laborious employment he had for years pursued, diminished aught of the majesty and grace of mien which had early distinguished the heir of Stanmore. His features, though clouded by the withering influence of early misfortune and bitter sorrow, were still remarkably handsome, and his whole deportment strikingly noble. Although he stood in the presence of his enemy, clad in peasant's weeds, and beneath a roof scarcely fitting to afford shelter to the most lowly hind, yet it was with an air of lofty superiority which might well have becomed a fallen monarch.

"And may I not venture to thank my brave deliverer for the life he has preserved?" said Matilda, timidly approaching Sir Lucas Stanmore, and speaking with the most winning sweetness. The haughty sternness of Sir Lucas Stanmore softened as his eyes met those of the lovely girl, fixed on him with an expression of almost tearful interest.

"You owe no thanks to one," he replied, "who, if he have performed a service for you, esteems himself overpaid by the happiness of having been instrumental to the preservation of a life like yours."

Matilda blushed with pleasure at the unexpected tenor of this reply. But it was not in the nature of Sir Lucas Stanmore to use repulsive looks or language when a creature so gentle as Matilda Rushworth addressed him: he was, besides, too just to include the innocent child in the feelings of abhorrence with which he regarded her rapacious father.

"Come, girl," said Lord Oaklands, as his magnificent equipage drew up to the hut, "let us be gone; for I perceive, if we remain longer, Sir Lucas Stanmore will regard us in the light of intruders."

Sir Lucas replied to Lord Oaklands by a haughty inclination of his head; but turning to Matilda, he said,—

"I were loath, madam, that you should leave this roof, unworthy as it is of you, while you consider its shelter may be of the least service."

Matilda declared herself sufficiently recovered to return home, and reiterated her acknowledgments to Sir Lucas Stanmore and his sisters for their kindness.

The latter, indeed, she embraced most affectionately, and asked them if they would permit her to visit them occasionally.

"If my brother will allow us to do so," replied Blanche, hesitating.

Matilda bent a beseeching look on Sir Lucas Stanmore, as she asked, "Have I your permission to see these ladies sometimes, either here, or at—at—at—Oaklands?"

The eyes of Sir Lucas flashed indignantly as he replied, "Oaklands!—the sisters of its dispossessed master have not entered since the hour when Colonel Rushworth, armed with the warrant of an illegal power, (an authority which his own change of principles admits to be unlawful,) drove them thence, in their tender infancy, at the dead hour of midnight,—with the tears yet on their cheeks, which flowed for the loss of their only surviving parent, over whom the grave had not closed, when this act of robbery and violence sent them rudely from the home of their ancestors, with no better guard than an aged and helpless female to protect them. Pardon my vehemence, madam, but I appeal to your own heart, whether it be possible that their brother could ever permit them to enter Oaklands as the guests of the daughter of Colonel Rushworth?"

Matilda covered her face with her hands; and the heart of Stanmore almost smote him for the pain his words had inflicted, when he saw the tears not only trickle, but absolutely stream, through her slender fingers. Blanche and Helen, too, wept,—not so much at the remembrance of their own calamities, as at the sight of Matilda's distress.

The scene was peculiarly embarrassing to Lord Oaklands, who endeavoured to conceal his agitation and confusion by walking to the casement. After a pause, he turned to Sir Lucas Stanmore, and said,—“Young man, you appear to consider yourself as peculiarly aggrieved by my retaining possession of estates of which you were deprived for acts of contumacy to the established authority. Your case is certainly hard, but not more so than that of many royalists, whose estates were confiscated on account of the malignancy of their fathers. You have, doubtless, laid a memorial before his Majesty, who, of course, naturally leans to the cause of his adherents; and if he,

after having attentively considered our separate claims to the Stanmore estates, impartially adjudges mine to be the best, surely Sir Lucas Stanmore cannot reasonably blame me for retaining possession of them on such authority."

Sir Lucas Stanmore laughed scornfully, as he replied, "Colonel Rushworth obtained my estates on a very different authority from that on which the present Lord Oaklands boasts of retaining them. A man of honour would have found some difficulty in reconciling such opposite principles."

"On the ground of expediency, I found no difficulty in giving up opinions which I became convinced were erroneous," answered Lord Oaklands.

"Oh, I doubt it not; and I applaud your lordship's sagacity in choosing so auspicious a moment for your change of party."

"You would question my sincerity, I perceive," returned Lord Oaklands; "but you are a disappointed man, therefore I can excuse you; and were it not so, the service which you have this day performed for me, forbids my resenting expressions which, at another time, might provoke my vengeance."

The eyes of Sir Lucas Stanmore shot fire at this implied menace. He glanced involuntarily at the last remaining possession of former days, even the good

sword which he had worn at Bolton-le-Moors.

Lord Oaklands was a soldier, but he was likewise a man of a cool, cautious character, and he replied, calmly, "Young man, I understand you, and perceive by your manner that you mistook my words. You are of a hot and hasty temper, and as you evidently entertain a strong prejudice against me, it is a difficult matter for us to hold converse without mutually giving and taking offence. Nevertheless, I owe you a deep and lasting obligation, and as I wish to prove myself grateful, it is my intention to restore to you that portion of the Stanmore estate which was jointured on your mother. Will that content you?"

"My mother's jointure will not content my father's son," answered Sir Lucas Stanmore. "Neither will I accept a scanty pittance, in the shape of a favour, when I claim the whole as a right."

"Perhaps you will think better of my offer," said Lord Oaklands, and, taking his daughter by the arm, he left the dwelling.

"Calculating politician!" said Sir Lucas Stanmore. "The man in whose property you are unjustly revelling, can look round the lowly habitation, that scarcely shelters him from the winds of heaven, and exult, in the midst of his misfortunes, that he is not reduced to your level."

CHAPTER VI.

"Not always fall of leaf, nor ever spring,
No endless night, nor yet eternal day,
The saddest birds a season find to sing,
The roughest storm a calm may soon allay.
Thus with succeeding terms God tempereth all,
That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall."

FATHER SOUTHWELLE.

The agitating day passed over; but the events by which it had been marked, left strange and tumultuous emotions on the minds of the singularly-assorted group which had met at the ferry-house. Feelings of indefinable interest and sympathy for the high-born but unfortunate family, who had found a home so unsuitable to their rank and paternal endowments, early drew the steps of Matilda Rushworth to their cheerless abode. Notwithstanding the gravity and reserve with which Sir Lucas Stanmore at first received her, she persisted in her visits to Blauche and Helen, whose affection for her, and the pleasure they took in her

society, soon afforded sufficient excuse for passing much time in their lowly dwelling.

Sir Lucas Stanmore had completed his twenty-eighth year without meeting, in the cheerless solitude to which his hard fate had condemned him, one being calculated to awaken the deep tenderness of a heart formed by nature to admit in no slight degree the sweet influence of woman's love. He could not, therefore, long remain insensible to the strong interest with which it was plainly apparent a creature so full of excellence and mental charms, and so passing fair withal, regarded him in his fallen fortunes. How

could he be apathetic to the soft, timid glance that watched with intense anxiety for the smile which her animated conversation would ever and anon draw from him, casting a gleam of radiance over those noble features which were generally clouded by sadness. She instructed his sisters with the utmost assiduity, in those elegant female acquirements which it is impossible for the most accomplished brother to impart to his female relatives; and this kindness, above all her other charms, called forth his sincerest gratitude.

But the frequent visits of Matilda to the ferry-house at length attracted the attention of Lord Oaklands, who was not slow in suspecting the cause. Too consummate a politician to increase by opposition the predilection which he doubted not his daughter entertained for the handsome, the interesting, and unfortunate Stanmore, he contented himself with removing her from his vicinity, and leaving Oaklands at less than an hour's notice, he took her with him immediately to court.

When the tedium of his life was no longer relieved by the occasional visits of Matilda Rushworth, Sir Lucas Stanmore relapsed into the settled gloom and stern melancholy from which her presence had for a time roused him. His sisters, too, drooped in hopeless despondence, and his home became more than ever dreary and uncongenial to his feelings.

One day, when he was more than usually absorbed in sorrowful reflections, two strangers appeared on the opposite shore of the river, and made signs to be wafted over to the other side. Sir Lucas Stanmore was forcibly struck with the contrast between these gentlemen and the clownish inhabitants of the place. One of them was richly dressed, and his gay and assiduous manners seemed to aim at much courtly gallantry. His companion was younger; his features were too strongly marked for beauty, and there was a shade of melancholy in his countenance amounting to sternness; yet the air of dignity and command that sat on that pale visage, and the majestic grace of his stately figure, forcibly drew the attention of Sir Lucas from his more showy companion, who paid him the most profound respect. He was scarcely seated in the boat, when he cast his eyes on the name written on the oars—"Stan-

more," said he, "I should know that name. Have I not heard of a brave cavalier, called Colonel Stanmore, who was slain in that most unhappy affair at Bolton-le-Moors?"

"Sir John Stanmore, of Oaklands, I suppose, sir, you are pleased to recollect," said his companion. "I presume, Sir Lucas Stanmore, whose name and arms I perceive on your oars, is the heir of Sir John, and you, my friend, are his servant, for we must be near his estate."

An indignant flush suffused the cheek of the unfortunate Stanmore, his lip trembled as in a voice of strong emotion he replied, "Sir Lucas Stanmore has neither servants nor estates. See," continued he, pointing to the venerable towers of Oaklands, rising from the waving woods that crowned the heights above the river, "you there behold his former residence, which is now possessed by a republican colonel; and yonder is the present abode of Sir Lucas Stanmore and his orphan sisters."

"Is it possible!" exclaimed the first speaker, greatly agitated; "and where is the representative of the valiant Sir John Stanmore?"

"*Here,*" replied Sir Lucas with pathetic brevity. He said no more; but that one word seemed to pierce the hearer's soul. He enveloped his face in his cloak, and sat for some moments in silence; but there was a heaving about the folds that were drawn over his breast, which told he suffered from strong emotion. At last he murmured in a low tone to his companion, "Pepys, this is too much! Must not the vengeance of Heaven fall on a family that is guilty of such ingratitude?" At that moment the boat touched the shore; but seizing the hand of Sir Lucas Stanmore, he wrung it affectionately, and said—"Sir Lucas Stanmore, permit me to accompany you to your dwelling." There was something so irresistible in the manner in which this request was made, that Sir Lucas obeyed it instinctively, and led the way in silence to his home.

The noble stranger, when they had entered the cottage, looked round him with great sympathy. "This," said he "is, indeed, a sorry abode for the children of the loyal Sir John Stanmore!"

"It is," replied Sir Lucas; "and I think that if the king could only stand where you do, and survey the distress in

which he suffers the children of his faithful servant to languish, he would do us justice."

"He would—he would! I dare answer for him," replied the stranger earnestly, laying his hand on the shoulder of Sir Lucas Stanmore. "Believe me, that the faults of my—that is, of our king, proceeds more from a thoughtless disposition, than from an ungrateful heart. But why do you not submit your case to his Majesty's personal consideration?"

"I have done so," said Stanmore; "and this," continued he, putting a paper into the hands of the stranger, "is the royal answer." A burning blush suffused the cheek of the noble stranger as he perused it.

"Alas! my friend," said he, "yours is but too common a case. I am ashamed to own to you, Sir Lucas Stanmore, that this paper, which I do not hesitate to pronounce a disgrace to his Majesty's counsellors, is but the copy of a circular which was addressed as the royal reply to too many loyal gentlemen, who had forfeited their all in the king's cause, and who petitioned for their estates at the Restoration. To have done strict justice to all would, indeed, have created his Majesty too many enemies, and driven the republicans to desperate measures. Thus much will I venture in excuse of conduct which must have appeared to you inexcusable. My advice to the king (which is always overruled by that of interested and corrupt favourites) was, that committees of composition should have been appointed throughout the kingdom, to arbitrate between the rightful and actual possessors of estates confiscated during the late tyrannous usurpation, in which case the larger portion of your estate would have been restored to you."

"I fear, Sir Lucas Stanmore must dismiss all hopes of such an arrangement, as matters are now settled," observed Pepys.

"I am not so certain of that, Pepys," rejoined the other; "there is—and justice requires there should be—a great difference between the purchasers of confiscated property, and those on whom the estates of loyalists have been bestowed by our enemies as rewards for treasons." Then, turning to Sir Lucas, he said, "Sir Lucas Stanmore, you must appear at court."

Sir Lucas replied with a bitter smile, "Oh, yes, mine is gallant array to gain admittance to the presence of kings withal! and I have no means of procuring other."

"You shall have the means," returned the stranger, impressively. Then, turning to his companion, he said—"Pepys, give Sir Lucas Stanmore your card of address, he must be your guest in London. On Wednesday, the 24th of February, his Majesty holds a court at Whitehall, where I would wish you to appear as the representative of Sir John Stanmore; and this," continued he, laying a purse well filled with broad pieces on the table, "is a trifling sum which Sir Lucas Stanmore must permit one who owes important obligations to his late father to apply to his present need. Farewell, Sir Lucas, on the 24th you will see me again." Then, taking the arm of his companion, and bowing courteously to the ladies, who had remained mute but wondering spectators of the scene, he departed.

[The arrival of Sir Lucas in the metropolis, on the 22d of February, his appearance at court, &c. &c. &c., will conclude this tale in our next Number.]

STANZAS.

In the bright hall where thousand lamps are gleaming,
And dove-like eyes with hope and joy are beaming;
Where soft and dreamily the sweet harp's sound,
Linked to some ancient ballad, murmurs round;
Where wreathing jessamine and roses bright
Breathe forth their richest fragrance to the night;
Where maidens' feet are glancing lightly by,
And crowds approach to flatter and to sigh;—
In that glad hour of music, mirth and glee,
Where are my deep thoughts then?—where, but with thee?

At noon's hot hour, when to the weary feet
 Repose in the dark olive-grove is sweet,
 Mid its green coolness well I love to stray,
 And muse the soft and summer hours away:
 When every sound is hushed, save one, where low
 And mournfully the deep sea moans below,
 Flinging back, with its melancholy flow
 Of soft low music, on the lonely heart,
 The images of those who long ago
 Formed of its every throb and thought a part;—
 In that sweet hour of deep tranquillity,
 Where are my fondest thoughts?—where, but with thee?

At midnight, when I gaze on the deep sky,
 Forth from my latticed casement sadly bending;
 And the bright hosts of heaven come wandering by,
 Their glory with the solemn darkness blending;
 When the cool night breeze plays upon my brow,
 Calming the fever of its fitful glow;—
 At that still hour, when fain the soul forgets
 Its passionate wishes and its fond regrets,
 When every thought that forth the deep heart sends
 Is fashioned into prayer as it ascends;
 And the worn spirit, freed from earthly tie,
 Whispers, "How sweet this very hour to die,"
 Back on the chequered pathway of the past,
 One trembling, tearful, lingering glance I cast;
 Where doth it fly?—oh! were my soul in heaven,
 That parting glance would unto *thee* be given.

LILLAS.

Paris Intelligence—The Court, News, and Fashions.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Grand Fancy Ball at the Court: very many English present.—Private Fancy Balls.—Fancy Balls at the British Embassy.—Marriages.—Hoax on a rich Englishman.—Runaway English Girl.—Bellini's Monument.—Death of the Hon. L. Ashley.—Subterraneous Rail-road.—Fountain Monuments.—Bad State of the Grounds of Père la Chaise.—Tagliolini.—Fashionable Arrivals.—The Fancy Ball—Dresses of the principal characters, &c.

[We should feel extremely delighted if we could gain the confidence of some lady of rank and talent who has the entrée, who would honour us in England with a similar letter, on the movements of the genuine "world of fashion," exclusive of fashion itself: we make the same remark for some resident in Italy to correspond with us in a similar manner.]

PARIS, JAN. 25, 1836.

Je te remercie mille et mille fois, ma belle et bonne amie, de ton aimable cadeau qui j'ai reçu le jour de l'an même; il n'y a rien du monde qui m'aurait fait plus de plaisir que ton portrait, comme il est joli! et surtout combien il te ressemble! tes beaux yeux, ton aimable sourire. Ah! ma chère quelle charmante surprise tu m'as fait là! et que tu es bonne d'avoir pensé à ton amie. Although selon l'almanac, the carnival has not yet commenced; still we have splendid bals costumés every night: I have been to several already. The grand dress ball at the court, a few nights since, was magnificent beyond description. All the foreigners of rank in Paris were at it; and several of the gentlemen were in their national costumes: Turks, Greeks, Scotch, &c. There were

above eight hundred belles Anglaises present, ainsi ma chère as you may imagine, there was no lack of beauty. Some of the ladies wore splendid diamonds; amongst others, the Duchess of Sutherland had on a tiara worth at least 8,000*l*. Five hundred ladies sat down to supper at the royal table, c'était vraiment un coup d'œil magnifique. I shall describe the dresses of several of your friends; I took notice of them expressly, ainsi tu vois que j'ai pensé à toi. I was at a ball at the President of the Council, a few nights since; he gives another in a few days. The Comtesse de Flahault does not give any balls this winter, in consequence of the recent death of her daughter. One of the most splendid balls I have been at this winter, was at the Duc de Broglie's, on the 15th. It was attended by upwards of two thousand

persons, amongst whom were an immense number of English; the Dukes of Orleans and de Nemours were present. The saloons were beautifully fitted up, and decorated with flowers and exotics. Supper was announced at two o'clock, and upwards of five hundred ladies sat down to tables in the diplomatic banquetting-hall. Three services were afterwards prepared for the gentlemen. After supper, dancing was resumed, and continued till morning. Mademoiselle de Broglie, daughter of the duke, is about to be married to the son of the Duc de Crussol.

The weekly balls at the British embassy have commenced.

The Prince Talleyrand has recovered from his late illness: Mademoiselle Pauline de Perigord, daughter of the Duchesse de Dino, is heiress to the immense wealth of the prince. There has been some contention relative to the diamonds of the late Princess de Talleyrand; the Duchesse d'Esclignac, niece of the prince, has, however, abandoned her claim to them, and has accepted as a compromise, the sum of two hundred thousand francs. The eldest daughter of the Baron de Rothschild is, it is said, shortly to be united to her cousin.

I must tell you of a hoax that was practised on a rich Anglais, a few days since. The gentleman in question had sent out about fifty invitations to a small *soirée*, when one of his friends hearing of it, and not being probably one of the *invités*, sent cards to above fifteen hundred persons: enfin the whole of the faubourg St. Germain, the *élite* of the *Chausée d'Antin*, poured in unexpectedly. All was confusion; one or two saloons had only been prepared for the reception of the guests really invited; neither supper nor refreshments were to be had; in short, it was a scene that I can scarcely describe. Many persons enjoyed the confusion; but I really think such things are wicked as well as mischievous, and must be the work of an envious person.

A young English lady eloped from an hotel near the Place Vendôme, some few days since, with an officer belonging to one of the cavalry regiments at present in Paris. They were overtaken by the lady's father near Versailles; the fair one taken home, and the disconsolate lover (of money, no doubt,) placed *aux arrêts forcés* in his barracks: a sentinel being placed at the door of his quarters, by order of his colonel.

A monument is about to be erected to the memory of Bellini; your friend, the Duke of Devonshire, has subscribed one thousand francs towards it. His Grace, I believe, remains with us till after Easter.

It is said that M. de Chantelauze, one of the ministers of Charles X., and now confined at Ham, is afflicted with mental alienation.

Have you heard of the melancholy death of the Hon. Lionel Ashley, son of the Earl

of Shaftesbury? He attended divine service on Sunday the 10th, and walked home during a heavy fall of snow, and having neglected to change his clothes, caught a fever, of which he died on the following Wednesday.

M. Jacques Laffitte has been for some time dangerously ill, but is now, I am happy to say, recovered.

Madame de Tocqueville, grand-daughter to the celebrated Malesherbes, died in Paris on the 11th of this month.

When you return to Paris, I expect you will scarcely know it, so many improvements, and I may say embellishments, have taken place since you were here. A subterraneous passage for the rail-road from Paris to St. Germain, through the grounds of Tivoli, has already been dug to the depth of sixty feet. The *Hôtel-Dieu*, it is said, will be taken down, for the purpose of continuing the beautiful line of quays which extend along each bank of the Seine. The sick are to be removed to the *Invalides*, which establishment is to be broken up, and several minor ones of the same kind are to be formed in various parts of the country where provisions are cheap. I mentioned to you, in a former letter, that the monument erected on the spot where the Duc de Berri was assassinated has been entirely demolished, a splendid fountain of black granite is to be erected on the spot. A pedestal of red marble in the centre is to support a basin of white marble; between are to be placed bronze groups of children playing. Above, and leaning against the four sides of a white marble pilaster, groups of *Naiades*, supporting an urn, will eject the water into the basin beneath. The fountain to be surmounted by a statue of Abundance, and surrounded by a double avenue of lime trees. The monument will measure thirty feet in height.

Amongst these improvements, it is astonishing that the "city of Paris" has not taken into consideration the present dreadful state of the cemetery of Père la Chaise. I went there a week or two ago, to visit the grave of one I dearly loved, and it was with the utmost difficulty I reached the spot, which is situate in what is called the "New Ground, Quartier Lauriston." Carriages are not permitted to enter, and the roads (if roads they can be called) are in a most shameful state. The soil (marl) is heavy and clayey, and one sinks into it so deep, that their very clogs and shoes are dragged off their feet. Surely the main avenues or roads should be paved, and gravel strewed between the graves. It is a national disgrace to see such a place in such a condition.

It is said that Taglioni will shortly be able to resume her *pirouettes*; if so, I suppose you will see her in London in the course of the ensuing season. Le grand opera, by Mayerbeer, called "St. Barthelemy,"

is in rehearsal at the Academie Royal de Musique; report speaks highly of it.

Amongst the latest English fashionable arrivals,* we have the Marquis Wellesley and his two sons, Lord Darlington, the Marquis of Anglesea, Lord Harry Vane, Captain Hay, Captain Walker, Mr. Stuart, Major Waller, General Cavendish Clifford, Sir W. Fitzgerald, Sir W. Temple, Sir Edward Stopford, Hon. W. Crewe, Mrs. Bathurst, Countess Nelson, Mrs. Col. Fitzherbert, Lady Hardy, General Bethune, Earl Cadogan, Col. Pewer, Sir Charles and Mr. Rich, Capt. Price, &c.

I shall commence by giving you some of the toilettes at the last ball at the Tuileries.

The princesses wore white blonde dresses, over white satin: that of the Princesse Maria was ornamented with flowers; and that of the Princess Clementine, with bows of ribbon: both princesses wore flowers in their hair.

A Russian lady, the Princess de S—, wore a dress of *velours épinglé* bleu de ciel; the corsage *à pointe* à la Gabrielle d'Estrées;† the draperies confined by clusters of diamonds. Short full sleeves, looped up by diamond agraffes; the head-dress a *resille* of pearls, with a diamond aigrette in front; the hair in high braids, appearing above the *resille*. White satin brodequins, and a *parure* of diamonds.

The young and pretty Baronne de L—, who you know is lately married, wore a simple dress of white organdi, over pink satin. The dress was made open in front, and trimmed with small rosette bows of pink ribbon. The corsage *à pointe*; short sleeves looped up with pearl cords and tassels; the hair in *bandeaux lisses*, with a single row of pearls crossing the brow; *parure* of pearls.

Madame T— wore a dress of white crape, open in front, and trimmed down each side with a *guirlande* of roses; the corsage was à la Sévigné; Berret sleeves very short and full, and trimmed with roses; the hair à la Grecque, with a wreath of small roses crossing the forehead.

Lady C— wore a splendid dress of blue velvet, broché in silver, corsage *à pointe*, Venetian sleeves, *relevées*, with diamond agraffes: underneath these sleeves were short ones, nearly tight to the arm, of blue velvet. A silver gauze turban, with a splendid tiara of diamonds in front.

Mrs. G— wore a dress of straw coloured crape, made à l'antique; each side of the skirt, which was open in front, was ornamented with straw coloured roses; the outside row of leaves of each flower in black velvet; a *mantille* of black lace: her coiffure was a turban of straw coloured gauze,

ornamented with torsades of jet, and tassels of the same; *parure* of jet.

The jolie Marquise de Saint — had on a dress of white gauze broché, in silver flowers. The corsage was *à plis croisés*, ornamented with diamonds; short berret sleeves. Her ceinture was a broad white satin ribbon, embroidered in silver, tied in front, the ends fringed; in the centre of the bow was a beautiful diamond ornament; hair à la Grecque, with a single row of diamonds, en guise de Féronnière.*

Madame B—, a dress of crimson satin, the skirt open in front, and held back at three equal distances, with pearl cords and tassels. The corsage à la Sévigné, with the draperies fixed with pearl ornaments: this very beautiful dress was worn over a white satin underdress, the skirt of which was ornamented with two deep flounces of blonde. Her coiffure a *resille* of pearls, finished at each side by long pearl tassels, falling low upon the neck.

Her sister wore a dress of Cachemere, embroidered in bouquets, done in white floss silk and gold. Corsage à la Grecque, edged with a *chef d'or*; a *resille* of gold on the head; *parure* of gold.

A German lady wore a dress of blue gauze *fleur-de-lis* in gold; her coiffure consisted of a turban of gauze des Indes broché in gold. She looked lovely in this dress.

Another beautiful toilette, consisted of a dress of silver grey satin; plain corsage, sleeves *à double sabot*. On the head a *resille* of black ribbon, ornamented at each side of the face with bunches of wheat ears; jet ornaments, white kid gloves, trimmed at the tops with a double quilling of white satin ribbon, and tulle; white satin brodequins.

A beautiful dress was of purple velvet, corsage *à pointe*, the front of the skirt *en tablier*, open at both sides, and laced up with pearl cords; the sleeves were of blonde, *à triple sabot*, and were ornamented with jockeys of velvet cut into three deep Vandykes, which were edged with pearls: a beautiful pearl tassel depended from each point. The head-dress consisted of a Spanish hat, looped up in front with an aigrette of diamonds, and ornamented with a plume of white ostrich feathers.

I shall conclude this long list of fashions by a few general remarks on toilettes, &c. Amongst the dancers, white and pink were decidedly the prevailing colours; the dresses of the younger ladies all trimmed with either flowers or bows of ribbon; the corsages à la Sévigné,† were the most numerous, and the short berret sleeves seemed to predominate over those *à double* or *à triple sabot*. The sleeves are excessively short and full, and the long kid gloves so very short, that they reached but a short way above the

* Our English fashionables are requested to announce arrivals and departures for us at Mr. Bennis' Library.

† See this portrait in our collection.

* See this also in our collection.

† We have announced this for March 1.



LE FOLLET
Courrier des Salons.

Boulevard St. Martin, 61.

*Coffure par M^{re} Lecomte, rue Cautout, 32 - Bonnets des M^{mes} du Caméléon, 1, de la Bourse, 12.
 Robe en tulle des M^{mes} de M^{me} Maquaire et Baudot, 1, Richelieu, 93.*



LE FOLLET

Journal des Salons.

Travestissements Nouveaux.

Coffures par M. Ferd. Hamelin, passage du Saumon, 21.

Boulevard St. Martin, 61

wrist. It is the fashion to trim the gloves with a double quilling; one of white satin ribbon, and the second, inside it, of white silk tulle. Some prefer a puffing of ribbon, or a row of small rosettes, made of narrow white satin ribbon; but, *selon moi*, the first is the prettiest. Buckles fastening the ceinture are quite out. In *grande toilette*, nothing is worn but a sash with long ends, tied in a rosette bow in front; in the centre of the rosette is generally placed a diamond, amethyst, or other ornament; and the ends of the sash are fringed, or unravelled and knotted.

For *Cloaks, Hats, and Walking-dresses*, in general, I refer you to my last letters. The hats have undergone no change this month.

Colours.—The prevailing colours for hats are pink, black, dark green, and grenat; for dresses, puce, browns, greens, and silver-grey.

Maintenant ma belle me voilà au bout de mon papier. Il faut te dire, adieu. Je t'embrasse tendrement. L. de F.—.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PLATES IN THE PRESENT NUMBER.

(No. 3.) **TOILETTE DE BAL.**—*Dress of Sitting Figure.*—Robe of white tulle over satin; the corsage to fit tight to the bust; sleeves very short, and à double sabot; mantille of white blonde, and pink ribbon (see plate). The ribbon is double, and carried at its full width over the shoulders; it is brought to a point, and contained in form by a bow, in the centre of both back and front of the corsage. (See the plate.) The ribbon that goes over the right shoulder is left long, and is brought down to the waist in front, in a slanting direction, so as to meet

the back half, which passes beneath the arm to join it; it is then tied at the left side, in a small bow with two long ends: the inner part of this ribbon, close to the neck, is trimmed with a narrow blonde, the outer edge with a deep fall of the same, very full on the shoulders, and going gradually narrower and plainer towards the waist. Short *nauds de page* on the shoulders: the skirt of the dress is ornamented, up the front, with a circular trimming (see the plate), consisting of bows of ribbon, each bow retaining a small bouquet. The front is very much parted on the forehead, and in thick clusters of ringlets on the temples; the back is in high braids; a wreath of laurel, with a jewel in front and an arrow at back, composes the coiffure; parure of pearls, white kid gloves, black satin shoes.

Standing Figure.—Dress of satin; mantille in every respect similar to the one just described. Cap of blonde, the crown high, in two puffs (see the plate), ornamented with a wreath of full-blown roses. The borders of blonde come down at each side from the temples, and sit back off the face. A puffing of satin ribbon ornaments the entire front of the cap, and is placed at the back of the border. Cap with green ribbons, on the table, is the same as the one just described: second cap, with pink ribbons, is similar, except that the borders, in deep blonde, cross the brow, and are made to stand up stiff off the face. A full-blown rose is placed in the centre of the front.

(No. 4.) This pretty embellishment gives the interior of the Grand Opera at Paris, during one of the carnival balls.

The two principal costumes are Swiss and Spanish.

THE MIDNIGHT BLUSH.

Softly stealing
Comes the rose,
Love revealing
In repose!

Did'st thou ever,
Maiden free;
Seek the river
Memory?

Loves are laughing
All the while;
Doves are quaffing
Beauty's smile.

Did'st thou e'er, love,
Seek to find,
One to share, love,
Beauty's mind?

Blushing terror,
Dost thou pass
Oft the mirror,
Looking-glass?

Did'st thou ever
Softly dream?
Was love never,
Beauty's theme?

If not, maiden;
Why that blush?
Which unbidden,
Seems to rush!

If not, wherefore
Beauty's sigh!
Know ye therefore
Love is nigh!

For, softly stealing
Come's the rose,
Love revealing
In repose!

H.

Literature, &c.

Frithiof's Saga: from the Swedish of E. TEGNER, Bishop of Wexio. Baily & Co.

This remarkable poem enjoys an immense popularity in Sweden, having been received as a truly national production; its fame, however, is not confined to Scandinavia, it having been some time since translated into most of the European languages. It is a legend of royal love, and the passion of Frithiof and Ingeborg is sung with genuine poetic force and beauty. The construction of the poem is singular, being divided into several short cantos, each of which, in varied verse, has also received a distinct heading. The first is called by the name of the lovers, "*Frithiof and Ingeborg*," who, in their childhood, dwelt together as the foster-children of Hilding, a rich *bondé*, or cultivator. They are thus described:—

"There grew, in Hilding's garden fair,
Two plants beneath his fostering care;
Such plants the north had never seen;
How gloriously they deck the green!

"One, like the oak-tree, soars on high,
Whose trunk all proudly greets the sky;
While bending still, by winds caress'd,
Its branches wave like warrior's crest.

"The other blossoms like the rose,
Ere yet the vernal suns disclose
The charms that in the chalice dawn,
Though winter bath its breath withdrawn."

These verses have suffered much by translation.

The affection of Frithiof and Ingeborg is apparent in early youth; but as our own great bard has observed, "The course of true love never did run smooth:" theirs is crossed by Bele, the father of Ingeborg, a *Viking*, or king of the Bay, called more commonly *Sea-king*, who cannot allow the royal Ingeborg to become the spouse of one ignobly born, as he deems Frithiof, in whose veins, however, the blood of Odin is said to flow: conscious of his dignity and power, the lover exclaims:—

"For my young bride I would defy,
The mighty thunderer of the sky;
Woe to the hand, whose wanton power
Would rob me of my darling flower."

The second canto is called "*King Bele and Thorsten Vikingson*," between whom it records an interview. We quote a stanza at random, to exhibit the varied measure:

"The friendless man, whate'er his rank, is
wretched and forlorn:
He's like the pine tree in the waste, from
which the bark is torn;
But like a tree within a grove, the man be-
friended stands;
Its root the purling streamlets feed, all tem-
pests it withstands."

We pass on to the fourth canto, which is named "*Frithiof's Courtship*." The

hero thus addresses the sons of Bele, their father being dead:—

"Oh kings! fair Ingeborg I love,
And would obtain her for my bride;
This union I can clearly prove,
Your father Bele did decide.

"By his desire, on Hilding's ground,
Together, like young plants, we grew,
And Freya, on our temples bound
Her holy band of golden hue.

"Nor king nor jarl was he my sire,
But the scalds often sing his fame;
And many rock-carved runes aspire,
To spread the glories of his name!

"And I could win both crown and land,—
But I prefer my native soil:
No man, while I have sword in hand,
Shall ever but or palace spoil.

"And now by Bele's tomb we stand,
He listens to each word we say;
Oh! he approves my just demand,
And with my lips his accents pray."

The prayer of Frithiof is denied; he is thus answered by Helge, one of Bele's sons:—

"Proud Helge sternly rose to speak:
'Thy bride our sister shall not be;
Monarchs alone her hand may seek,
From Odin springs her ancestry.'"

The enraged hero draws his celebrated sword, called *Angurvadel*, said to have been forged in the east by gnomes: being, however, pacified, he sheaths it with these words:—

"'Tis well, good sword! repose thee now!
Thy dreams of future glory be;
Thy blade need not at present glow:
Now let us bound across the sea."

Canto V. relates to King Ring, sometimes called Hring, a neighbouring potentate, far stricken in years, but a suitor for the hand of Ingeborg. The following canto, called "*Frithiof at Chess*," is one of the most beautiful in the poem, but several portions of it are totally untranslatable. The first stanza is one of these:—

"Biorn ock Frithiof suto būda,
Wid ett shack-bord, skont at skāda;
Silver war warannan ruta
Och warannan war af guld."

The translator has done his best with this, but it was totally unmanageable. The beauty of the fourth stanza is also lost:—

"Frithiof sad—tag dig till vara
Biorn, ty nu är kung i fara,
Raddas kan han med en *Bonde*;
Den är gjord at āfras upp."*

Bonde stands also for *paven*, and, in the original, involves considerable point.

* From the want of Swedish types, these stanzas are not quite correctly printed.

The next canto is called the "Happiness of Frithiof;" but alas! as we too often find, his happiness was dearly purchased. He has an interview with Ingeborg in the grove or temple of Balder, the son of Odin, and the Apollo of the Scandinavians, who is ungallant enough to become enraged at what he considers the desecration of his temple, and all the future misfortunes of Frithiof are owing to his anger. Canto VIII. is called "Frithiof's Departure," in which he vainly endeavours to prevail on Ingeborg to accompany him in the exile or expedition, to which he has been condemned for his profanation of the temple of the god. The punishment consists in his leading an expedition to the Orkney Islands, to compel Augantyr, a jarl or earl, tributary to Norway, to pay his accustomed tribute, which he had withheld ever since Bele's death. This is naturally followed by Ingeborg's lament, which, in the original, is not only the most beautiful portion of the poem, but one of the sweetest productions poet ever sung. Even after undergoing the ordeal of a translation, its charms are evident:

"The autumn wind blows fresh and high,
The angry billows roar,
The tempest rends the gloomy sky,
Yet still I tread the shore.

"My eager sight I ever strain,
A distant sail to see;
Oh, happy sail! that on the main,
My Frithiof follows thee.

"Oh, ye blue waves! roll not so high,
And speed not thus, I pray!
Too swift he flies; thou starry sky,
Shine brightly on his way.

"When spring returns at nature's call,
He, too, will come again;
But in the valley and the hall
He'll seek for me in vain.

"For calmly then beneath the grass
Will Ingeborga lie;
The cold, pale victim, then, alas!
Of cruel destiny.

"He left in haste to plough the main,
His falcon on the strand;
Oh, noble bird! with me remain;
I'll feed thee from my hand.

"With threads of gold thy form I traced,
On Frithiof's hand upborne;
That image now is all defaced,
Thy beak and talons torn.

"Frey a falcon's wings approv'd,
To trace the earth around,
And seek her Eder, her beloved—
But him she never found.

"And shouldst thou lend thy pinions light,
They would not serve me now;
Death may alone, to aid my flight,
His murky wings bestow!

"Rest on my shoulder, falcon dear
And gaze upon the sea!
We gaze in vain; no berks appear
He comes not back to me!

"Again he'll tread his father's hall,
When in my grave I sleep:
Bid him our childhood's days recall,
And Frithiof then will weep!"

In the next canto, "Frithiof at Sea," supernatural agents are invoked to his destruction. A furious storm is raised, but which Ellida, his famous bark, the gift, in distant ages, of some sea-god, gallantly braves. Greater dangers, however, await him:—

"But what strikes his vision, thus swimming
so fast?
Lo! a whale, like an island broke loose, rushes
past!
Upon its broad back two fell demons are seen,
While still o'er the whale dash those billows of
green!
Heid bears the rude shape of a monstrous ice-
bear;
He shakes snows around, while his eye-balls
ierce glare.
And Ham now appears in a huge eagle's form;
He flaps his vast wings, and more rough blows
the storm."

Frithiof appeals to his bark to aid him:—

"Ellida gives ear
To those accents clear:
She makes but one bound;
'Tis one deadly wound.

"And lo! the red blood, how it spouts up on
high,
And shadows with crimson the terrified sky!
Swift plunges the monster beneath the dark
wave,
To breathe his last sigh in the ocean's deep
cave.
But from Frithiof's bold hand, lo! two arrows
fly fast
Ere the monster yet sinks, and all danger be
past:
One arrow transfixes the grisly ice-bear;
The other the eagle, fell demon of air."

Canto XI. relates the exploits of Frithiof at the court of Angantyr. The following is "Frithiof's Return." He comes when

"The heavens are blue; the spring resumes
her reign,
And blooming flow'rets deck the verdant plain."
But he finds his Ingeborga another's bride,
having been compelled by her brothers to
marry King Ring. The indignant lover
exclaims—

"This is the feast of Midaummer; to night
Is held of Balder the mysterious rite:
He will be there, no doubt—the wretch who
sold

His sister's happiness for sordid gold.
No more! this night his judge shall Helge see;
And fell and bloody shall that judgment be!"

Frithiof and Helge meet at the shrine of Balder; the hero hurls the gold, which he gained from Angantyr, at the king, who, either from the blow, or the sight of Frithiof's terrific sword, Angurvadel, falls in-

sensible at the altar; the priests are terrified, the rites are interrupted, and, in his madness, Frithiof fires the temple of the god, which is entirely consumed. For this he was universally execrated, and again sought a foreign clime. Ellida bears him now to Greece, where he abides a time; but love of country, and, perhaps of Ingeborg, whom he strives, in vain, to forget, although he terms woman

"A blue-eyed bright deceit,"

impels him again to the north. The code which he lays down for the regulation of his followers in his expedition, called the Vikingabulc, must be interesting on other accounts than the sweet verse in which it is sung. It is a faithful transcript of the regulations which the Danish rovers imposed upon themselves; and shows, barbarous as they were, that they had some notions of justice, or that, in those early days, "there was honour among thieves."

Canto XVII. forcibly reminds us of Byron's "Corsair." Frithiof goes to the court of King Ring, disguised as an aged pilgrim: he drinks from a cup offered by his loved Ingeborg, whose cheek is pale with sorrow; but hearing himself defied by the aged king, he casts off his disguise, and stands prepared for battle; as yet, however, unrecognised, and as the friend of Frithiof, Ingeborg alone betrays symptoms of recognition.

"The Temptation of Frithiof" is the nineteenth canto, which is of surpassing interest: want of space precludes our quoting it. We may briefly state, that, during a hunting party, the king, fatigued, reposes his head upon Frithiof's knee, who is tempted by an evil demon to murder him, but a good spirit re-assures his virtue, and after a time the king rises, having heard all that passed, merely feigning sleep, and becomes reconciled to Frithiof. The action of the poem now advances rapidly. The following canto is the "Death of King Ring;" and, in his death-hour, the monarch implores Frithiof to become the husband of Ingeborg, to be a father to his son, and the ruler of his kingdom. He is with difficulty persuaded to this, believing the rage of Balder to be irreconcilable. The old men of the state assemble; and he is moved by their entreaties, and becomes the husband of Ingeborg, and the guardian of Ring's young son.

The last canto contains some touching prophetic allusions to the rise of Christianity. The poem is founded upon old Sagas, or legends, which are generally closely followed. We shall not, perhaps, be overstepping truth when we say, that it is the most remarkable poem which has been produced for some years; and the fame which it has conferred upon Tegner can only cease when his own high hills shall be

no more. The translation, which is by more than one hand, is very creditably executed. We are always ready to make due allowance for the difficulty of representing in one language the poetry of another; and if, as impartial critics, we say there are some portions of the poem which might have been better rendered, we are bound to confess that, in most instances, the beauties of the original are carefully preserved; and, largely as we have quoted, we regret our inability to give yet more extended specimens of this charming poem. The notes, explanatory of the references to northern mythology contained in the poem, display deep research. Another translation of this work we may, hereafter, notice.

Margaret Ravenscroft, or Second Love. By J. A. St. JOHN, author of "Tales of the Rahmad'han." In 3 vols. Longman and Co.

The literary world are well aware that Mr. St. John is highly distinguished as a traveller, an orientalist, and a classic antiquarian of deep research. His style is often metaphysical; he clothes his thoughts in a somewhat rhetorical and florid diction, rich with antique allusion, and often rising to grand poetical conception. The worst specimens of his writings have appeared in the annuals, although they are distinguished by a certain picturesque gorgeousness of classic costume; but to screw down St. John's thoughts into an annual, is as great a cruelty as putting an eagle into a canary's cage. We were scarcely prepared to meet him as the delineator of characters and scenes chiefly illustrative of modern life, and are therefore somewhat surprised at the pleasure we have derived from the perusal of many passages of his "Margaret Ravenscroft." We thought he excelled exclusively in grand and lofty romance, but although too hastily written to be faultless, we prefer the present to any fiction. The scene of his exploits lies principally in Sicily, a country he has lately visited; and therefore he paints his landscapes from memory, rather than from mere fancy; an advantage that raises him far above writers of mere fiction. The present age requires *vrai semblance*, and is discontented with fancy scenery of valleys and mountains. Many of his characters have the same impress of reality. We feel convinced that Mr. St. John has sat by the side of the mild priest, Malaspina, in the *diligence*; and that Semler, that entertaining German, is now living and walking about on the Continent. His Sicilian banditti are finely done. As to the Zingara, we love not prophecies, in modern life, that are fulfilled to the letter; yet we must not forget that

Mr. St. John is an oriental traveller, and therefore has a peculiar right to sketch oriental portraits and their accompaniments. With the hero and heroine of the work we are not quite so well pleased; *his* Margaret is no favourite of ours,—

"Fierce and unfeminine were there,
Frenzy for joy, for grief despair."

Uncontrolled alike in love and jealousy, Margaret is not an unnatural character, but not one to be either admired or excused, or mourned over, with the desperate and enduring grief which preyed upon the spirit of Montague. It is the calm, the delicate, the feminine, the self-subdued and retiring woman, that inspires remorse when ill-treated: not but what remorse, in either case, is oftener met with in romance than in real life. Very often a man will attach himself to a woman with the vain and malignant motives that are attributed to Montague in the first volume; but the same leaven of malice and vanity runs through the whole of his conduct: even if he has chafed an unsubdued spirit to suicide, the same hateful passions will mingle with his thoughts after her death as in her life. Many a romantic girl would copy Margaret, to be mourned as Margaret is mourned; but would such be the result in real life, as shown in the character of Montague?—Never. Herein is Mr. St. John to blame—he gives his own sex a constancy in grief that they *never* feel, and especially for a wilful and irrational woman. Selfishness might make a man regret a character like Helen; but the memory of a self-willed, headstrong woman, like Margaret, would, when the excitement of her violent death was over, rise to a man's mind in its true light; he would consider what a domestic torment her jealousy and angry passions would make her in a house. The character of her sister Helen is drawn, on the contrary, with, we may almost say, feminine tact and skill; and the dialogue where Helen breaks her sister's change of mind to Thornton, is admirable. Miss Ferriar could not have done it better; nay, she would not have made Helen half so tender, and truly attractive.

We wish Mr. St. John had given himself more time to finish up and polish this work, as it is imagined in a fine strain of originality and nature in every character and incident, saving those that bear on the relative situations of Montague and Margaret. Semler's broken English is most laughable when his speeches are short; sometimes they are too long and didactic; when he argues on science and poetry, the broken English loses its comic equivocal. We notice that Mr. St. John uses, now and then, a crabbed Johnsonian word or two, which are deformities that frequently de-

stroy beautiful observations. Simplicity of language never injures true grandeur of thought. Authors use hard words when they feel exhausted and dull, and near the earth.

Our extract is from a passage full of life and freedom, that seems characteristic of half-civilized society.

"It was near noon when they reached their halting-place, a low, grey, solitary building, erected in a sheltered hollow, on the banks of a mountain stream. The aspect of the surrounding country was rude and melancholy, but destitute of grandeur. Precipices and forests there were none; nor was the valley fertile, or the pastures green. Steep, shingly slopes conducted the eye to heights bleak and bare, suggesting ideas of coldness and discomfort,—there was the barrenness, without the sublimity of the desert,—it seemed not as if nature were dead,—for there is terror in death,—but worn out, decrepit, hobbling on her last legs. There was nothing to dread, or to admire, or to be pleased with; and Ambrogio's mill, as if to be in harmony with the rest of the landscape, presented the same characteristics. Corn was no longer ground here. The mill-pond, clogged up with mud and gravel, brought down in winter by torrents from the mountains, was covered with aquatic plants, and patches of that green crust which mantles the standing pool. Nor did the mill itself exhibit marks of greater care. The wheels were decayed, black, overgrown with dank moss, and the water, which still flowed through the rotten trough, came splashing down through rents in their sides; and, instead of a mealy floor, cheerful-looking flour-sacks, and jolly faces, powdered like the auricula, there was a snake's-nest in the bin, and spotted toads rolled forth from under the millstone."

"It was the design of the muleteers, who lay in the straw beside their mules, to remain at the mill till towards morning, when, both themselves and their cattle being refreshed, they purposed renewing their journey. Some time, late in the night, Buonaventuro awaking, opened the stable-door, and went forth to discover, by the position of the Great Bear, whether it were yet time to depart. He walked round by the old mill-pond, scrutinizing with a practised eye the appearance of the heavens, where cold ragged clouds drove rapidly along, alternately obscuring and revealing the stars. The wind, sweeping in fitful gusts down the valley, whirled about the fallen leaves, or roamed among the walls of the dilapidated mill. There was something dismal in the whole scene. Buonaventuro felt an involuntary dread creep over him, as he gazed around; and, invoking his patron saint, was about to return to the stable, when something like a whisper, issuing from the mill, smote upon his ear. He paused to listen. Unintermittingly the water splashed through the broken wheels, and fell, with a melancholy sound, into the black trough below, where, even by day, the eye was unable to discover the bottom; but, mingling with this murmur, by which it was sometimes drowned, he could ever and anon distinguish the hum of many voices engaged in earnest

discourse. What could they be doing there? Fear came upon him: he looked around, to observe whether the way was clear, and was about to fly; but might it not import him to know who and what they could be, and for what purpose assembled? His curiosity was roused, and on tiptoe, with beating heart, and eyes and ears vigilantly addressed to their several functions, he approached the ruin, where, through a rent in the gable, he caught something of their conversation.

"I say there is no time to be lost," observed one, "for they will be stirring presently, and we shall then have to deal with the whole."

"And what then?" inquired one of his companions, in a scornful tone.

"Why, we shall have to shed more blood than is necessary," answered the other.

"Hark! did you hear the screech-owl? She will wake them presently," said a third voice, which Buonaventuro recognised to be that of the farmer, their fellow-traveller; "and I see no reason for taking off more than one. The rest are worth nothing. And, in fact, by participating in their manifestations of alarm, and joining in their outcries, I can complete my journey home in their company, and escape suspicion."

"That is all you care for, Giuseppe!" exclaimed one of the assassins. "Every bloody business falls to our share. We kill and rob, and risk a yellow jacket and fifteen pounds of iron at our heels, while you enjoy the reputation of an honest man, and yet get most of the blunt. But, come; dip your fingers in the claret for once. Let us make clear work with them, muleteers and all; and afterwards set fire to the kennel."

"You are a headstrong fool, Francesco," answered the farmer coolly. "But do as you like. I am willing to be guided by you, provided our comrades are of the same mind."

"I tell you what," interposed a third speaker, "we shall waste the whole night in wrangling, and suffer the prize to slip out of our hands. Let two of us enter the stable with lantern and dagger, and if any of the muleteers are stirring, despatch them: if not, let them sleep. Old Ambrogio is not worth killing; and, besides, what he has is ours whenever we please. The padre I should not like to touch. Our only proper prey is the Jew; and, if we can get at his *rhino* without letting blood, it were best leave the old misbeliever to find his way home with an empty pocket."

"Buonaventuro, trembling for his life, squeezed himself cautiously into the rent in the wall, while the remaining murderers came forth, and stood talking in the shelter of the mill. His blood appeared to run cold as he listened. His heart thumped against his breast, his knees smote against each other, and the breath came in short, broken, fluttering gasps to his lips. Their very language, intermingled with jests and oaths, seemed to be dripping with gore. Gladly would he have fled, had the way of flight lain through fire; gladly would he have given the alarm, and, if possible, have rescued the Jew from their daggers; but he was too closely hemmed in; ready peniars lay on every side: he felt as if already annihilated, and dreaded lest the drawing of his

breath, or the beating of his heart, should betray him.

"How long they are!" exclaimed Francesco, returning from the stables. "Go, one of you, listen under the window. Perhaps the old Jew dies hard."

"And how did you find the fellows in the straw, Francesco?"

"Fast asleep, all that there were of them. But did not Giuseppe tell us there were five?"

"I think he did."

"Then one of them is missing."

"By Saint Dominic!"

"By any saint you please," muttered Francesco. "I hope the villain is not prowling about the premises. But, what is that? Per dio santo! they are bearing forth the Jew's carrion. Come, let us to them. Nay, if they will bring it hither, we may remain where we are."

"Buonaventuro was now so overcome with terror, that, had they retired but a few yards, he was determined, at all hazards, to have attempted his escape. The murderers, however, continued on the spot, and, in a few seconds, Giuseppe and his companion came up, bringing along with them the Jew, who, he could perceive, from their placing him on his feet, was still alive, though he spoke not. One of the bandits, taking a dark lantern from under his cloak, and withdrawing the screen, now threw a sudden stream of light on the face of Abenednego, which was pale and bloody."

"Now, before we ungag thee," said Giuseppe, "attend to what I say. Answer whatever questions I may put, honestly, and in a low voice. Mind, we will have no quibbling; and if thou attempt to cry out, behold what awaits thee. Taste it, and try whether it be to thy liking."

"And he thrust the point of a dagger into his cheek, once und again; while the wretched victim strained his bleeding mouth to cry for mercy, but, finding he could not speak, bowed the head in token of obedience. They then gathered round him in a circle, to the number of twelve, one holding the lantern, the light of which streamed on their ferocious countenances and glittering daggers. Giuseppe then proceeded to ungag the Jew, and, this done, commenced his interrogations."

"Confess the truth," said he. "These bags of gold are the least part of thy ill-gotten wealth. Thou hast jewels concealed about thy person?"

"Have mercy on me," answered the Jew. "What you see is all I have, and it was not ill-gotten. I have toiled for it, sojourning in a strange land, for thirty years. Bereave me not entirely, I beseech you, before God! Spare me a little. At home I have many children, young and helpless, who, with their mother, look to these, my hard earnings, for bread. Let me not return to them penniless, and without hope; for the days of my labour, as you see, are nearly over."

"Cease thy prating," said Francesco, impatiently, "and let us see thy jewels."

"I have no jewels," answered the Jew.

"Unbelieving dog!" exclaimed Francesco, who appeared to be the most ferocious of the gang, "wilt thou palter with us? Canst thou

not perceive we mean to spare thee, unless provoked by thy own wilfulness? We know the tricks of thy race. Even in your rags, in the plaits of your boots, in your hair, in your stomachs, there are concealed gems. Be quick, therefore, and turn out thy boards!

"By your heads!" replied Abednego, 'spare me! I have nothing but what you see—'

"Hark! dost thou hear the screech-owl?" interrupted one of the murderers? 'He is tolling thy knell from yonder ruin, and the demons are fitting around ready to receive thy soul. Canst thou not discern their faces, glaring upon thee out of the thick darkness?'

"Abednego looked around him and shuddered.

"Quick, villain!" said Giuseppe, striking him on the mouth; 'out with thy boards. The dawn already begins to streak the clouds with grey above yonder mountain, and we must be off. By all the saints, therefore, if thou delay us longer, we will kill thee, and thy blood be on thy own head!'

"Abednego now fell on his knees before them, and in the most moving expressions, turning now to one, now to another, besought each to have mercy on him.

"Spare the days of a wretched old man!" exclaimed he. 'You have already taken from me all my substance,—I have nothing hidden; you may search my garments, and slay me if I lie. But, have mercy on my life. I am a husband and a father: by the souls of your children, let me go! Let me share the bread of poverty with my little ones; let them close my eyes, that my dust may be mingled with that of my Miriam, in the land of my forefathers.'

"Hang the old tadpole! let him go. Perhaps he has nothing more about him," said one of the bandits.

"May thy days be many!" exclaimed Abednego; 'there is mercy in thy soul. I would that something were left me to bestow on thee. But, hold! here is my cloak. Wear it for my sake.'

"Thy cloak, villain," said Francesco, laying hands on him, 'why, thy very skin is ours; and darest thou talk of giving it to that numskull, the greatest milksop in our band? Give me thy cloak, and this thy gaberline also.'

"Mercy, mercy, mercy!—help! help!" exclaimed the old man, forgetting their menacing injunctions.

"What! thou wouldst betray us, wouldst thou?" said Francesco, seizing him by the throat, and plunging his dagger into his side.

"Hold, villain!" roared forth one of his companions, intercepting the second blow Francesco was aiming at his victim. 'Wherefore should his blood be upon us? He has nothing. Let him pursue his way in peace'

"But it was too late. The stiletto had passed through his heart, and sinking, with a groan, upon the grass, the old man struggled for a moment, and then lay still. Buonaventuro, whose eyes were riveted on the scene, observed that this sudden catastrophe produced a momentary sensation of horror in the whole circle of murderers, who gazed with a blank subdued look on the blood-stained garments and pallid features of the Jew. The shock, however, was of brief duration. For, per-

ceiving that the grey of the morning was advancing, they hastened to take up the corpse, and, retreating into the mill, cast it into the deep channel beneath the great wheel. They then divided the gold between them; after which all the others departed, and Giuseppe, washing his hands, and concealing his plunder about his person, cautiously crept into the house, and resumed his station in the corner where he had lain down in the evening.

"Perceiving that all was again still, Buonaventuro now ventured forth from his hiding-place, and, looking wildly about, his imagination converting every inanimate object he saw into a murderer, made his way, trembling, back to the stable, where his companions were still asleep.

"As soon as Buonaventuro had settled in his mind what course he was to follow, he awoke his companions, and went round to the front of the house to rouse the travellers. Giuseppe had purposely left the street door ajar, so that the muleteer might have entered without knocking; but, not knowing what he might encounter within, he affected a boisterously merry voice, and calling aloud to the landlord, said,—

"What, ho! Ambrogio, are the travellers off without me, that I find your door open at this hour of the morning?"

"Eh, what do you say?"—open!" exclaimed the pigmy, leaping forth in his shirt. 'I hope you brought me no bad customers.'

"Faith, I know not what customers I brought you," answered Buonaventuro; 'but it looks very awkward for my purse, to find that some of them are off without taking their leave of us.'

"This was not lost upon Giuseppe, who lay anxiously listening to what they were saying, and began to congratulate himself with the hope, that the Jew might be suspected of having effected his escape without paying his score. Ambrogio, knowing not what else to think, adopted this idea in good earnest, and at first imagined they were all gone; but, on running from cell to cell, rousing one after the other, and finding that all answered his call except the Jew, he entered Abednego's chamber, from whence the bird had indeed flown, and poured a volley of curses on the whole race of Abraham.

"The young lawyers laughed heartily at the joke, and were joined in their merriment by Giuseppe; but Cristoforo, who had undertaken to carry Abednego to Syracuse, cut an extremely sorry figure; and Buonaventuro found some excuse for his ill-suppressed sadness in the sympathy it was natural he should feel for an old friend.

"Malaspina, though unable to conjecture the real state of the case, had his suspicions awakened, more particularly as, in the manner of Buonaventuro, and even of Giuseppe, notwithstanding his seeming mirth, there was an uneasy watchfulness, which, to a scrutinizing eye, betrayed the consciousness of more than they chose to acknowledge. He, indeed, connected them, in his mind, with the guilt of whatever had taken place; for the involuntary confusion and trouble of the poor muleteer were much greater than those of the assassin. Diligent search was now made about the premises. They looked round the mill-pond, and entered

the mill, where, as they moved along, Giuseppe caught a glimpse, under the wheel, of the Jew's face, which seemed to grin upon him like a fiend. He started, and turned pale, which Buonaventuro observing, inquired whether he were ill. The murderer trembled.

"What ails thee, man?" said the muleteer; "dost thou hear the screech-howl?"

"Who, I?" answered Giuseppe, while big drops of cold sweat burst forth upon his forehead.

"Ay, I mean thee!" answered Buonaventuro, whose excitement had urged him to outstep his resolution; "and I am curious to know whether it was the shriek of the owl,—the same that rang the Jew's knell last night,—that now caused thy cheek to turn pale."

"I know not what thou meanest," answered Giuseppe, greatly alarmed.

"No?" inquired Buonaventuro. "Methought I observed thine eye alight on a certain object under the great wheel?"

"Damnation!" exclaimed the murderer; "thou canst not lay it to my charge!"

"What? Lay what?" demanded the elder of several lawyers who were of the party.

"Explain yourselves, friends," observed Malespina. "Why do you look so wildly at each other? Why do you tremble and look pale?"

"Stand back there, priest!" exclaimed Giuseppe, observing Paolo place himself between him and the door. "I will answer no questions. Make way for me!"

"Nay, look this way, Giuseppe," said the muleteer. "See his gory locks float above the water; his mouth still bleeds from thy blow; and his dull eye seems to move towards his murderer. Come, let us see whether there be jewels in his cloak. Francesco will thank thee."

"Giuseppe perceiving he was discovered, began to fumble for his dagger; but, at the same moment, Paolo, Buonaventuro, and two other muleteers, threw themselves upon him, and pinioning his arms, held him thus, while the honest guide gave a rapid outline of the events of the preceding night, and pointed to the body of the Jew, which, having caught by the clothes in falling, was still partly above water. Two of the men now descended with Ambrogio, and raising the corpse, placed it at the feet of Giuseppe, whose blanched cheeks, and teeth chattering, as in the cold fit of an ague, betrayed the terror with which he beheld what might be considered as his own deed.

"Let me go!" said the murderer, wildly, at the same time making an effort to free himself. "Let me go; or take away the horrid thing. I will confess all,—the crimes of last night,—the crimes of years."

"Reserve your confession," observed Paolo, "until justice demands it of you. But, as remorse is one of the punishments which God hath ordained for guilt, it will be profitable for your soul that the only object, perhaps, by which it can be awakened, remain before your eyes. Let the body, therefore," he added, turning to the muleteers, "be tied before him on his mule, that he may contemplate at leisure the work of his hands; and, if possible, benefit by the reflections it must suggest."

"Nothing could exceed the terror which seized

upon Giuseppe at this proposition. He sought to throw himself at the feet of the priest,—a cold tremor shot through his whole body,—his flesh quivered like that of the horse when it feels the breath of the lion on its haunches;—he entreated, he prayed, he wept,—while the muleteers proceeded to bind his arms, to tie his feet under the belly of the mule, to place the corpse on his lap, with the legs clasping his body, the head on the mule's neck, and the face, with half-open, bleeding mouth, with wounded cheek and glazed eyes, seeming to look in his face, and to writhe in the agonies of death, as it was shaken by the motions of the animal. Cristoforo, being an honest man, undertook to deliver the baggage, which the robbers had unaccountably forgotten, to a rich Jew of Syracuse, to be transmitted to the family of the deceased; and in this were found the jewels which the murderers had sought. In the course of the day, Buonaventuro, the lawyers, with Cristoforo and Giuseppe, struck into a different route, while Paolo, attended by a single muleteer, continued his journey homeward."

Exercises for Ladies. By DONALD WALKER. Hurst.

A more important work to the fair sex than Walker's "Exercises" has not for years issued from the press. By means of a series of excellent engravings, it has the advantage of appealing direct to the eye in aid of the instruction in a sensibly written treatise. Many a girl who will oppose unwearied perversity to the admonitions of parents or teachers, will be startled at the pictorial distinction between grace and awkwardness, symmetry and deformity, and with it health or a diseased constitution. We give Mr. Frank Howard deserved commendation for the ingenuity and beauty of his outline designs, thirty-three in number; representing not only how ladies ought to deport themselves, but how they ought *not*. Likewise various positions for the performance of the elegant sceptre exercise, and several other feminine gymnastics.

The peculiar excellence of this work, is, that all masculine gymnastics are excluded from its practice, the grace and delicacy of the female mind and person are considered, as well as the means of promoting health. We will let our author speak for himself:—

EXERCISE.

"Moreover, the education which is suited to the male, is not calculated to render the female amiable and useful in society.

"This is an observation of all times. The ancients were too good observers not to know that woman, by her less stature, her weaker organisation, her predominant sensibility, and her peculiar function of multiplying the species, was not destined by nature to such toilsome labours as men.

"We seek, accordingly, to develop in woman that modesty and gentleness which are proper

to her, that soft and attractive air which characterises her, and those seductive graces which distinguish her.

"The constitution of women, indeed, bears only moderate exercise. Their feeble arms cannot support severe and long-continued labour. It renders them meagre, and deforms the organs, by compressing and destroying that cellular substance which contributes to the beauty of their outlines and of their complexion. The graces accommodate themselves little to labour, perspiration, and sun-burning.

"We must not, however, conclude from this, that females should be kept in a state of continual repose, or that the delicacy of their organisation prevents their taking exercise.

"It is a fact that labour, even the most excessive, is not so much to be feared as absolute idleness. The state of want which forces some women of the lowest class to perform labours that seem reserved for men, deprives them only of some attractions. Excessive indolence, on the contrary, destroys at once health, and that which women value more than health, though it never can subsist without it, namely, beauty.

"The more robust state of health in females brought up in the country, is attributable to the exercise they enjoy. Their movements are active and firm; their appetite is good, and their complexion florid; they are alert and gay; they know neither pain nor lassitude, although they are in action without cessation under all kinds of weather. It is exercise which gives them vigour, health, and happiness—exercise to which they are so frequently subjected, even in infancy and youth.

"We observe, also, that in a family where there are several sisters of similar constitution, the one who from circumstances has been accustomed to regular and daily exercise, almost always possesses most strength and vigour.

"Mothers and teachers, therefore, instead of fearing that their children should fatigue themselves by exertion in active sports, should subject them early to it. They will thus give them more than merely life and instruction; they will confer on them health and strength."

The following observations will we think be unpopular, nevertheless, we feel they are true; our opinion on equestrian exercise has long coincided with the remarks expressed here. Addison could not feel more aversion to the sight of a woman mounted on horseback than we do, but there are strong physical objections to this exhibition:—

RIDING ON HORSEBACK.

"I feel, however, the greatest objection to riding on horseback as an exercise for ladies, on other accounts; namely, the twist which it gives to the whole body; the elevation which it produces of one of the shoulders; the immense increase which it causes in the waist by incessantly employing and developing the large muscles of the sides, in order to secure the rider's balance (and this, too, in a nation where slender-waistedness is beauty!); the enfeeblement and deformity which it causes in the thighs, legs, and feet; the coarseness of voice, which is always caused by conversing in a

loud tone with a riding companion; the increased exposure to weather, which is so unfavourable to the complexion; the early improper irritation and subsequent debility which it produces; the unnatural consolidation of the bones of the lower part of the body, ensuring a dangerous and frightful impediment to future functions which need not here be dwelt on;—in short, its altogether masculine and unwomanly character."

We are a little surprised that our author has not included gardening in his feminine occupations of healthful exercise: we want to see exercise recommended that produces a forgetfulness of self, and of the motive for which it is undertaken: gardening is the only feminine exercise that is united with actual utility. His representations of the state produced by bodily torpor in woman, shows the urgency of every rational means being taken to promote active occupation.

INDULGENCE.

"All the ills, indeed, which afflict the luxurious women of our great cities are a consequence of this error. Lounging on soft couches, protected from cold, heat, atmosphere, and light, they are afraid of every thing, shun every thing, and suffer as much as the unsheltered wretch.

"Hence, then, spring all those convulsive maladies which are much more frequent in feeble and delicate women than in others. They are, indeed, the natural punishment of a life passed in luxury and indolence.

"In woman, there is nothing, not even aberration of intellect, erotic and religious insanity, which is not ascribable to the cause now described.—All her good and all her bad qualities are the consequences of her weakness and sensibility."

FIGURE OF SOLDIERS.

In our progress through the work, we have met with one remark that we think illiberal; it is likewise contrary to the very spirit of the book. Our author is not content with making a severe remark on officers in general, but he implies what is altogether wrong; viz. that the graceful carriage peculiar to military training is entirely an act of present will. This is not the fact, it is the effect of early use. A military man, it is well known, although in disguise, can no more divest himself of his fine carriage, even if his life depended on assuming a clownish air, than a farmer can take upon himself at pleasure the erect military bearing. We are no more in love than Mr. Walker with the military character as usually seen in peaceable times; but, according to his theory, the peculiar military mien that proverbially distinguishes the soldier, can only be obtained by the "idlers who dwell in country quarters." To say nothing of gentlemen-officers, we have seen an old Waterloo sergeant making hay, and carting timber with a step and air as superior to the pea-

sants with whom he was surrounded, as the movements of a war-horse are to those of a cart-horse. All the instructions of this clever book would be of little avail, if an elegant mien should be lost when people were not thinking of themselves! The truth is, the more people think of themselves (whether they may be officers or ladies), the worse they appear; and when the muscles have once obtained what we may term the *volition* of gracefulness, by practising sufficiently such discipline as is recommended in this book, they cannot easily be divested of that charm, even if persons become utterly careless of their mien. After proper and continuous training, they can afford to be careless, which giveth ease, which is grace.

We now proceed to notice a feature in the book that gives us great pleasure: the reader will observe that not only the practical part of dancing, walking, address, reception, &c. are well discussed, but the mentality, if we may so call it, is considered. It seems to be Mr. Walker's opinion, that an unbenevolent or silly woman cannot shine either as a guest or *maitresse de maison*, be her personal advantages ever so great. In this opinion we fully coincide. In regard to the exercises, his dislike of the dumb-bells is scarcely equal to ours; he might have added, that to the harm done by these things when heavy, may be attributed the want of beauty in English ladies' wrists and elbows: all the dimpled softness is torn to pieces by them.

Of all observations, perhaps, those that are connected with the chapter, which is rather affectedly named *Gymnastique de Tronchin*, is the most important. We feel ourselves urged by duty to extend our quotations a little further.

OCCUPATIONS.

"In very many conditions of life, the most useful exercise or employment of muscular action is that called forth by indispensable occupations and domestic cares.

"On the continent, this is termed the *Gymnastique de Tronchin*, because that philosophical physician proved the advantages of it to women who had neglected it, and persuaded them that habits of luxury and even easy sedentary life, were the principal causes of nervous affections, and of that weakness of organisation which perpetually multiply to them the chances of indisposition and disease.

"It is to be observed also that this kind of exercise, so suitable to the nature of the sex, very happily employs at once the muscles and the will, calms mental agitations, and prevents that troubled sensibility and nervous irregularity which we observe frequently in indolent women, who are tormented about frivolous tastes and trifling passions.

"The exercise which women of middling condition find in useful occupations, is the more salutary, because it joins to the natural effects of exercise the internal satisfaction

which the fulfilment of a duty bestows: it is, for this reason, peculiarly calculated to occupy the mind, and to prevent it from dwelling too much upon itself, as it does in persons overcome by sloth.

"In cases of habitual suffering and indisposition, many females, whose sensibility has been disordered by a multiplicity of emotions, would find their physical condition very promptly ameliorated, if, by applying to themselves this moral treatment for *quasi*, they were kept in a state of employment, or lively inquietude,—undergoing changes of situation, and compelling them to occupy themselves for some time about the means of existing, or any other object capable of employing their sensibility.

"It is always a mark of a very low and vulgar woman to be afraid of being seen or known to perform domestic duties.

"The same remarks apply to the practice of the arts and trades.

"And here it must be observed that, regarding those arts which are exercised by means of the needle, &c., or which do not require violent or difficult movements, as particularly suitable to females, it is a matter of disgust to see women, in our large towns, bending like the savages in America under the weight of burthens, or gaining a livelihood by the most toilsome labours, whilst strong men, usurping the professions of the delicate and feeble sex, become stay-makers, mantua-makers, hair-dressers, and haberdashers, and do not blush to spend their lives in vending perfumes, gauze and lace.

ATTENDANCE OF WOMEN IN SHOPS.

"It is a duty which every woman of generous and noble feeling owes to her sex and to humanity, to discourage the employment of men in this way, by making purchases in no shop in which they find them thus employed. Ladies would assuredly attend to this, if they were aware of the fact, that shops are filled with these epicene and disgusting fellows, on the presumption, loudly avowed by their masters, that their sexual difference makes them agreeable to ladies, whom they win to a more profuse expenditure! so that every lady entering a shop of this kind has the look of approving of the trap that is thus insultingly laid for her!

"The result of this has been noticed by a French writer, who says, 'In England, men sell all the little trifles that compose a lady's toilet. This custom will never obtain amongst us; and it is doubtless the cause of the want of grace and elegance in the dress of English ladies. Females alone possess that delicate tact which suggests what will improve; men never have their exquisite sentiments of the peculiarities of fashion.'

This book is offered to the public in a style of elegant getting-up, and even of cheapness, that distinguishes the best of the annuals,—capital paper, excellent embellishments, and ornamental leather binding of handsome green leather, make it an exceedingly pretty, whilst it is a very useful book. It has a great *chance* of a very extended circulation.

A History of Rome. In two volumes. Vol. 2.—*Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia: History.* Vol. 73. Longman and Co.

The second volume of this history is brought down to meet as a series the elegant work of Sismondi on the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," lately published by Dr. Lardner. This "History of Rome" is chiefly drawn from the labours of a German historian, unknown in England till thus introduced in the Cabinet Library. As a work of real utility, we own that we rank Schlosser higher than Sismondi, whose elegant volumes may rather be considered as an essay or review of history, than a work for the information of the unlearned. On the contrary, Schlosser and his translators make it their business to bring down a regular, though condensed, stream of historical facts, forming an admirable introduction of ancient history to the uninformed. Indeed, we never opened an abridgment of Roman history that pleased us so much; it is, without exception, the best, and what is most important, the purest written, that can be placed in the hands of young people. Nor is it without great attractions to the learned: the chapters devoted to the delineation of the literature, arts, manners, and domestic customs of the Romans, are highly curious, and full of deep research into matter that is generally unknown to the public. We find in its pages a passage that strikes us as throwing an extraordinary light on that miracle in the Gospel, relating to the good centurion who had built a synagogue, and was a convert from the idolatrous practice of his country, in favour of the religion revealed to the Jews. We were not before aware that at that time the despised Jews had converts among their proud masters in the imperial city itself. This passage, which we hope to see amplified and further examined into by the divines of our church, seems to open a view into theological history on a point before obscure; perhaps the celebrated passage in Virgil, which points with such wonderful clearness to the birth of the Saviour, was owing to the study of the prophecies of the Old Testament, secretly by the members of a convent:—

"Even under Augustus, the old religion had been brought into contempt with the old manners. The Egyptian, and especially the Jewish, religion had gained so many adherents, that Horace repeatedly jests at the taste for Judaism; and the Jewish Sabbath was observed very extensively, though not quite with Judæical preciseness. Under Tiberius, foreign ceremonies and doctrines spread so generally, that the jealous emperor ordered the Jewish and Egyptian sacerdotal vestments, which were found in Rome, to be taken away and burnt, despatched the able-bodied proselytes (4000 in number) to Sardinia, or to more distant regions, as sol-

diers, and expelled the Jews in a body from the city."

There is an interesting pictorial illustration, *The Death of the Emperor Domitian!* The various ornaments and furniture of the chamber are strictly in character with what is seen now-a-days at Rome amongst the ancient relics. It is well drawn by H. Corbould, and carefully engraved by Finden.

History of England. By the Rev. T. S.

HUGHES, B. D. Vol. 18. of Continuation from Hume and Smollett. Valpy. We have, in former reviews, fully made known to our readers the character of this important publication. The present number commences with the year 1795, and pursues the tortuous stream of national events till the death of Mr. Fox, in 1806. The impartiality of the historian, which we have before commented upon, is apparent in his analysis of the character of Mr. Pitt, whose public life is now passing from unqualified party abuse, or party panegyric, into matter of history. We think Mr. Hughes is the first person who has considered it in a proper historical light. We extract a passage from this volume, which gives a fair specimen of its contents and principles:—

"Such was the agitated state of the public mind, which, as well as the foreign relations of the country, determined ministers to call parliament together at so early a period as the twenty-ninth of October. On that day, as it was known the king intended to open the session in person, an immense concourse, chiefly of disaffected persons, met to express their sentiments of discontent; and when his Majesty's carriage appeared in the Park, it was surrounded by the crowd, clamorously demanding peace and bread, and the dismissal of Mr. Pitt. Some voices assumed a menacing tone, exclaiming 'No king!'—'Down with George!' Stones also were thrown at the state-coach; and it was with the utmost difficulty that the soldiers could clear a passage through the tumultuous mob. At length, as the royal carriage drew near to the Ordnance-office, a bullet, supposed to have been discharged from an air-gun, perforated the window, but happily without doing any other injury. His Majesty behaved on the occasion with all his natural coolness and intrepidity: when he entered the House of Peers, he merely said to the lord-chancellor, 'My lord, we have been shot at'; and then proceeded to deliver his speech from the throne, without betraying the slightest agitation. After he had seated himself in the coach, on his return, he observed to his attendants,—'Well, my lords, one person is proposing this, and another is supposing that; forgetting that there is ONE above us all, who disposes of every thing, and on whom we all depend.' Happily, that Being still extended his protection over the pious sovereign, and saved this country from the indelible stain of the basest regicide that could have been perpetrated: he was, however, again exposed to

the most insulting abuse; and on his way from the palace to Buckingham-house, in his private chariot, he would probably have been sacrificed by the infuriated crowd, but for the prompt interference of a gentleman in the Navy Pay-office, named Bedingfield, who, seeing the carriage stopped, and hearing the exclamation of 'Pull him out!' rushed forward, and, drawing a pistol from his pocket, intimidated the mob, until time was given for his Majesty's rescue. Among the persons apprehended on account of this infamous outrage, was a journeyman printer, of the name of Kild Wake; who, being brought to trial, was convicted, and sentenced to five years' imprisonment in Gloucester jail. His Majesty, however, received more consolation from the numerous assurances of loyalty to his sacred person, contained in the numerous addresses which were presented to him from all parts of his kingdom;* confident, indeed, in the attachment of his people and the protection of Providence, the king went, together with her Majesty and three of the princesses, the very next evening, to Covent-garden theatre, where the royal visitors were welcomed with the most rapturous applause by their subjects."

The vignette representing the death of Abercrombie is spirited, but better designed than engraved. The frontispiece is not a very good subject, and is better engraved than designed; it is, however, one of no small difficulty.

The "Child's" Own History of France. By W. LAW GANE, Esq. Thomas.

This pretty little work deserves attention from the public of larger growth, besides what it will naturally receive from the juvenile world, for whose mind, "technically," it is destined. The wood-cuts are curious, being copied from a rare book published at Paris in 1688, by the *Academie des Belles Lettres*. As works of art, we must observe that the portraits would have appeared to much greater advantage, if they had been divested of the framing and flourishing round them. The volume, though appropriated to children, would be a useful addition to any library, on account of the series of portraits. Many of the earlier, as that of Pharamond for instance, are doubtless imaginary as to the features, but the *Academie* gives correct notions of costume. The portraits in the middle ages

* His Majesty did not forget Mr. Bedingfield, the fortunate instrument of his preservation, but earnestly recommended him for some appointment to Mr. Dundas. On the gentleman (who was an Irishman) being asked by the secretary what he could do for him, it is said that Mr. Bedingfield, with the characteristic humour of his countrymen, answered,—"The best thing, sir, you can do for me, is to make me a Scotchman:" which allusion so offended Mr. Dundas, that he dismissed him as he came; and when the king repeatedly asked what had been done for the brave Irishman, he always received for answer, that no office was vacant. At last, he observed rather sharply to Mr. Dundas, "Then, sir, you must make an office for him:" which was done, and a salary of £60*l.* per annum annexed to it.

are correct and authentic; those from Henry IV. to Charles X. are bad. The letter-press is in simple and perspicuous language; as to its attractive powers of style, we need only say, that the moment it appeared on our table, a clever, intelligent boy, of eleven years old, who was on the watch for intellectual amusement, laid hands on it, and read it through at one sitting, although there was a variety of other novelties before him. This is a good sign, and a more favourable estimate of a child's book cannot be made. In regard to historical correctness, we have few faults to find, excepting a notorious instance of biographical injustice, in the character of John the Good, of France: the noble instance of personal integrity, in his dealings with Edward III., remains unquoted; and some of the violences of the most unfortunate and unsettled times of his era are quoted as causes why he should not be called the Good. Contemporaries generally knew what they were about when they bestowed commendatory appellations. Our author is not happy in the notion he affixes to the *soubriquets* that are attached to the sovereigns in French history. *Les rois fainéants* rather means inefficient or faint-hearted kings, than mock kings. Philip le Hardi means Philip the Bold, rather than the healthy;* and Louis the Hutin means Louis the Blusterer, and not the profligate.

In other details the plan of the work is admirable. It commences with an abstract of the general history of France, which is followed by a biographical notice attached to each portrait. In the next edition, which will doubtless be required, we would advise the author to add the name of the princess that each sovereign married: we can assure him that a man's marriage is a very important point in his life, be he king or peasant, and as proper to be noted as his birth or death. How strange it is that, in this age of reprints, the best history of England extant, White Kennet's *Lives*, should be a scarce and costly book: this little volume is somewhat on the same plan, only White Kennet's collection is by "various hands." We should think the author of this work might give the world a biographical history of France on the same plan, for the use of grown-up people; only, if he be inclined to garble or falsify chronicle, don't let him send a copy to us.

Dr. J. Clark on Pulmonary Consumption. Sherwood and Co.

The technical part of this work appears to be comprehensibly written, and as to its

* The author has it that this title was given, owing to Philip having survived the pestilence which destroyed his father and many of his relatives at Carthage.—Ed.

professional merits, we leave them to the discussion of the doctor's brethren, contenting ourselves with mentioning a literary fact in its favour, — that it is chiefly reprinted from Dr. J. Clark's *Treatise of Phthisis in the Cyclopædia of Practical Medicine*; and the medical world formed an opinion high enough of that treatise to call for the present volume. We do not profess generally to review medical works as such, in this magazine, unless they treat of matters of general importance to our class of readers. The part that we consider peculiarly our province to note with approbation begins at the twelfth chapter, and treats of "the prevention of consumption." If we were legislators, we would not suffer any boarding-school to be opened till the conductors had promised and vowed to observe all Dr. J. Clark's rules, in regard to their tender charges. Every parent ought to read the latter part of this book, which contains matter most important.

A Manual of Prayers on Texts of Scripture.
Hurst.

In a late review of a publication on prayer, we called the attention of the author to the excessive length of almost every chapter, or separate prayer. The present attractive little manual, not four inches square, and done up as a pocket-book, at the price of 2s. 6d., exactly suit our wishes. The preface, in true Christian modesty, puts forth the *just* pretensions of the book.

The first prayer is taken from St. Luke, xi. 1, 2, "Lord, teach us how to pray." The whole of the Scripture text is quoted in each instance. The following, always good, might yet be pronounced by our legislators with *particular* benefit at the present period of *party* excitement, when entering upon their important duties. The chapter is about the average length of each of the others:—

"CHAP. 54.

"As touching brotherly love, ye need not that I write unto you; for ye yourselves are lovers of God to love one another."—1 *Thessalonians*, iv. 9.

"O Almighty and ever-living God, who hast expressly taught us 'to love one another,' send thy Holy Ghost, and pour into my heart that most excellent gift of 'brotherly love,' the very bond of peace and of all virtues, without which whosoever liveth is counted dead before thee. Let the example of my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ be ever present to my mind, and inspire me with a charitable and forgiving temper. Incline me to live with all around in unity and godly love; as members of the same family for which Christ died; and so to walk with them in my daily course, that we may one day meet together in heavenly glory. And, finally, grant that no political animosities or religious disputes may ever extinguish this most amiable virtue, but that all those who do confess thy

S—VOL. VIII.—FEBRUARY.

holy name may for ever be united in the bond of Christian charity, and fulfil thy blessed command of 'loving one another.' And this I beg for Jesus Christ's sake."

The book appropriately concludes with the following subject:—

"CHAP. 91.

"And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus."—*Philippians*, iv. 7.

It would be an advantage, in a second edition, to publish an index of the subject matter of each chapter.

Sentiment of Flowers. Tilt.

One annual produced a multitude. Floral works are becoming daily more popular.

The "Flowers of Loveliness," on paper, produced "Flowers of Loveliness" at the theatre. Put forth a good model, and there are a thousand competitors. Here, however, we come to the "Sentiment of Flowers," an extensive and rather erudite compilation. The author shall speak for himself:—"At a price (which is not stated) less than that of any similar work, and within the reach of every admirer of Flora, (and who is not so?) is given an account of nearly three hundred different flowers; and in most cases the reason for their being so appropriated is stated." There are twelve coloured prints of the flowers, which are executed as well as necessary for the purpose of explanation. There is also a mass of really amusing reading: we may hereafter, from time to time, take pic-nics, to show the quality of the work.

It seems the talented editor, three years ago, met with a popular French publication, called "Le Langage des Fleurs," by Madame de la Tour; and, struck with the ingenuity of its construction, translated a part, but was prevented, at that time, from presenting his labours to the public. The delay has enabled him to mature his plan; and, following the system of Madame de la Tour, he has wisely rejected what was unsuitable, and added greatly appropriate selections from our own poets. By perusal, therefore, those who are inclined can

"Gather a wreath from their garden bowers,
And tell the wish of their hearts in flowers."

The book is got up very tastefully (Bradbury and Evans are the printers): there is at the end that most useful thing, an index; and nothing seems wanting but a fair recommendation on our parts to gain it a favourable reception from our fair subscribers.

"In eastern lands they talk in flowers,
And they tell in a garland their loves and cares;
Each blossom that blooms in their garden bowers,
On its leaves a mystic language bears."

The English Bijou Almanack. A. Schloss.

Although a day after the fair, the fault of the publisher or his emissaries (in not sending us the earliest impression), we will not omit to notice a great curiosity. An advertisement last month shows the size of this "Bijou Almanack," diminutive beyond measure. There are in it six portraits, and poetry by L. E. L., besides the usual almanack contents. What shall we not be brought to at last?

A Letter on the Separation of the Judicial and Political Functions of the Lord Chancellor. By BASIL MONTAGU. Pickering, 1836.

This is addressed to the Right Hon. Lord Cottenham, Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain.

When we look at a pamphlet of recommendations, we seek to know the character of the author. Now this gentleman, besides his legal competency and experience, possesses a heart of goodness. The chief point is—that the public business is sufficient to engage the utmost attention of the chancellor. Those poor and distracted suitors whose causes are, by political changes, and absence on other duties, deferred from time to time, until the heart be sick, and, perhaps, the pulse languid (for many

The Review of several other publications, music, &c. with which we have been favoured, is deferred till next month.

a poor and afflicted suitor has died from want and penury whilst his cause was pending), will know how to appreciate the motives for such a pamphlet at this moment.

Ambition may be shorn of some of its attractions, for one or two aspirants, by the separation, but we are certain that the interests of the public demand it; and the reader of this book will see, in its agreeable pages, what have been the opinions of other eminent men, as well as learned judges themselves, on the subject.

New Map of Great Britain. Blofeld and Co.

The present great work is compiled from Ordnance surveys. It is upon a very great and comprehensive scale. The boundaries of counties are well defined, and the colouring good. Added to it is a small map of the metropolitan boroughs. On the side is illustrative letter-press, the distances from London, population, &c. At the top is letter-press, of Ireland, with the distances from Dublin, also of Scotland, and of England.

We are of opinion that, if all this very extensive and closely printed letter-press were made up in a book form, and appended by a cord to the map, that, for the object of reference, the whole would be of far greater utility.

Fine Arts.

Switzerland. Parts 18 and 19. By W. BEATRICE, M. D. Illustrated by original designs, by W. H. BARTLETT, Esq. Virtue.

The plates in No. 18 are "Mount Cervin, Bern," at the river side; "Brieg, with the ascent of the Simplon," very creditably engraved by H. Griffiths; "Street in Sion, Valais," the effect by T. Creswick. This is a striking view, and it contains all the value of a real peep. Whilst passing in a carriage through this town, the traveller thinks that he must needs pause to see so splendid a city, imagining that there is much to be seen; but he has seen all in a moment—the great edifices are so happily congregated in a little space. No. 19 is a superb book. The first is a scene in the "Valley of St. Nicholas," engraved by R. Wallis: the next "Magadino Lago Maggiore," like as though you were looking on its very self, by R. Wallis: the "Pays de Vaud, from above Lausanne," engraved by R. Wallis; well may he be proud to put his name to it: "Defile of the Gottbrön," near Freyburg, engraved by J. B. Allen; in which, had more time been bestowed, there was an opening for the display of the greatest talent. This, as a view of an extensive city, may be well taken as illustrative

of some of the many and surprising wonders of the mountainous country of delightful Switzerland.

The letter-press, however, must not be overlooked; it has great literary merit and interest. We had intended extracting the passage containing the great obligations owing by the English non-conformists (at p. 32) to the noble inhabitants of Zurich, when the following (at p. 30) caught our attention:—

"In the mean time, another courier has occasioned a fresh bustle of preparation in the hotel at Zurich, and is succeeded by the arrival of a carriage—not with that rapid, reckless haste, by which so many think they insure consequence, and command respect—but in so measured and slow a pace, indeed, as to excite apprehensions of some recent accident. The door of the barouche was opened, and a lady, anxiously landed out, was supported into the house. Hereupon inquiries immediately followed, if a certain physician, then named, was in the house. The demand circulated in a few minutes to the doctor's ear, and in less than five more he was seated at the couch of the stranger. The lady was young, and, as far as perceptible through a thick veil, her features were beautiful; but, after the oriental fashion, her hand alone was visible, and held out with a kind of incoherent expression, that the phy-

sician would do his duty. Previously, however, he endeavoured to learn from her female attendant the probable cause and date of the malady; but his questions were either evaded, or answered unsatisfactorily: so that he was left to conjecture, and the adoption of his own resources. The latter were instantly applied: powerful depletion, and other remedial measures, seemed to have done wonders, and the violent excitement under which she laboured had evidently given way to the treatment adopted. About midnight, however, her attendant, most imprudently, and, perhaps, through ignorance, put into her hands a letter, the perusal of which seemed to have recalled all the symptoms in their most aggravated form. Disguise was now impossible; and the physician discovered, in the flushed features and wild expression of his patient, a lady whom, two years previously, he had met at one of the petty courts of Germany—then the object of general envy and adulation—the observed of all observers. Not a moment was to be lost; for every moment now gave strength to the malady, and weakened the resources of art. Two of the principal physicians of the place, both celebrated in the profession, lent their able and zealous assistance; but certain symptoms, on which it is here unnecessary to dwell, threw out a fearful prognostic of the issue. Another day passed, and the malady had gained ground; but as the physician sat by the couch at midnight, endeavouring to soothe those symptoms which no skill could subdue, the door suddenly opened, and a tall stranger entered. Casting aside his military cloak, and gazing for an instant on the delirious being, whose lips, faithful to one expression only, continued to repeat it with an accent that seemed to reach his heart, he threw himself upon the edge of the couch, and pressing her burning hand to

his lips, sobbed out in convulsive agony, 'My Frederica—my own Frederica!' The word acted upon the patient in such a manner, as to confirm the belief that there was 'magic in a name.' It was evidently a well-known voice; and by its soothing influence, superseded, in the course of the day following, all occasion for more scientific treatment."

Finden's Portrait and Landscape Illustrations. Part I. Murray.

Every thing respecting Byron seems to be more popular than ever. Here is a new series, with letter-press by W. Brockedon, F. R. S. The whole is to comprise one hundred and twenty plates, of scenes mentioned in his lordship's works. The three engravings are a portrait by E. Finden, from a painting by G. Saunders (1807); The "Ponti Rotti at Rome," nicely drawn by J. H. Harding, from a very clever sketch by Lady Scott; and "Rome, from Mount Aventine." The "Ponti Rotti" pleases us much: although highly interesting, we do not remember seeing it depicted; and the locality of it is such, that it is not an easy thing to get a good peep at the place itself.

Instead of forty-two numbers, we would strongly recommend the publishers, as Mr. Churton did with his able work on entomology, to publish double parts monthly. A good thing is sought for: we know ourselves, that very many of our readers look for the next magazine-day, as soon as they have got through the current number, and think the intervening time as wofully long!

To the Editor of the Lady's Magazine and Museum.

Sir,—The January number of your interesting Magazine, under the head "Literature," p. 59, contains a striking passage on the pretended competition for the building of the Houses of Parliament. Long experience, and some knowledge of the circumstance, convince me, that you are quite right in supposing that it affords "an opening for the weazel only." Why was not a public exhibition of the designs ordered by the House of Commons? Are the exertions hundreds of our best architects and of draughtsmen to be subject to a secret inquiry, without the beneficial control of public opinion? Did the Legislature understand, that a sum of between one and two millions was thus placed at the disposal of the Commissioners; or was it sup-

posed that the nation, at whose expense the vast pile is to be erected, care nothing for the subject, or for the due application of its treasures in the employment of talent? The little anecdote in your review must have been unknown, and I earnestly entreat you to persevere in opening the eyes of the public to the truth of such proceedings. A noble, and still more a convenient edifice, for the Legislature, is of all architectural combinations the most important to a free people, and it should be raised under the inspection of men most eminent for talent and character, with the blaze of publicity full upon their proceedings, so as to disperse every shade of suspicion or distrust.

AN ADMIRER OF FAIR PLAY.

Burning.—A Mrs. Eves, of Bermoudsey, was reaching across a table, when the flame of the candle caught her clothes: her screams brought assistance, when she was found running to and fro enveloped in flame. She was conveyed to

St. George's Hospital: little hopes are entertained of her recovery. [In similar cases, let the sufferer lie at full length on the carpet, and thus, by rolling round, extinguish the flames; but if a rug be near so much the better.]

Drama, &c.

DRURY-LANE.

We have nothing new to report of this theatre; the pieces of last month, without any variation, still possessing sufficient attraction to draw crowded houses, though we should marvel much if any one *could* endure to be present during the whole of the performances, or even that of "The Jewess," on a second evening. Balfé is said to have a new grand opera in preparation for Drury-lane; and Madame Malibran is engaged, and will appear here about Easter.

COVENT-GARDEN.

At this theatre we have very little new to notice during the past month. The Pantomime, "The Bronze Horse," &c., have continued sufficiently attractive to preclude the necessity for introduction of novelties. We have, however, one exception, the production of "The Hunchback;" in which Sheridan Knowles has performed his original character, and we need not say how satisfactorily well. Miss Taylor sustained the part of *Julia* with ability and effect; and the manner in which the play was got up reflects great credit on the management. Miss Ellen Faucit was subsequently substituted for Miss Taylor, and Mr. George Bennett for Sheridan Knowles. "Venice Preserved" was performed here on Wednesday last; *Belvidera* Miss Faucit; *Jaffier*, Mr. C. Kemble; and there is some talk of producing "Don John of Austria." Covent Garden is said to be in a very prosperous condition; the average nightly receipts *much* exceeding the expenses.

ADELPHI.

An amusing new piece has been produced at this theatre, entitled "Luke Somerton." The hero, from whom it derives its name, is an Englishman, but the captain of a French privateer, a sort of Paul Jones. The scene is laid in the reign of Queen Anne. It is well got up, well performed, and was well received. The "Ghost Story," by Serle, has also been produced here during the past month; but we give the preference to some other pieces by the same author.

OLYMPIC.

A new piece was produced at this theatre on the 11th, called "One Hour, or the Carnival Ball," by Haynes Bailey. It is a very pleasing trifle, in which Madame appeared to great advantage. Young Mathews, who is daily improving, danced the *tarantula* with Miss Fitzwalter, in which both gentleman and lady acquitted themselves *à merveille*. Several other novelties have been produced during the past month. The very avenues of this theatre are crowded with company at the half price.

ST. JAMES'S.

Barnett has adapted a French piece, called "Monsieur Jacques," for this theatre, in which he himself performs the principal character. The plot is very good, and Barnett is certainly one of the best Frenchmen on the boards. It has been very successful, and we are pleased to be able to say that the prospects of this house appear to be brightening. The French company, which last year appeared at the Lyceum, is, we understand, to have the St. James's for their next campaign, which will shortly commence. This very pretty theatre may in this manner answer.

QUEEN'S.

A new burletta, called "The Twins—Paul and Philip," appeared here a few nights since. It is a piece of no great pretension, but exhibited a fair share of comic humour, and, being aided by the clever acting of Oxberry, who personated the *Twins*, went off very successfully. Mr. Thompson has, for several nights, been giving his admirable representations of "The Grecian Statues;" and "Robert Macaire" has been produced in the past month.

SADLER'S-WELLS.

Several new pieces have been produced here during the month, and several old favourites revived. The "Illustrious Stranger" contains some good fun; and "The Salt-Mine of Cracow" is a piece of deep interest, and was exceedingly well performed. "Melmoth the Wanderer" is too tragic to please us; for at Sadler's Wells we have long been accustomed to laugh, and do not like to have our inclination for merriment interrupted.

SURREY.

In addition to the attractive Pantomime, two new pieces have appeared during the month, "The Haunted Head," and an adaptation of "The Bronze Horse." The first is based on the well-known story of Cellini the sculptor, but it does not appear to great advantage in comparison with "The Bronze Horse," which has been got up with a splendour, perhaps, never equalled at a minor theatre. The greater part of the scenery is truly beautiful; of which we would instance "The Palace of the Cloud-King," and "The Temple of Expiation." The characters were well sustained; and Edwin, as the *Prince*, sung some songs in very pretty style. The Opera of "Der Freischütz" has been performed several evenings during the month. Davidge is about to favour the public with a succession of German operas, one of which have already appeared, entitled "Love and Hate," translated by M'Gregor Logan, the original adapter of "Der Freischütz."

Miscellany.

Hangmen in Poland.—"Aug. 3. 1662. This day Commissioner Pett told me how despicable a thing it is to be hangman in Poland, although it be a place of credit: and that, in his time, there was some repairs to be made of the gallows there, which was very fine, of stone; but nobody could be got to mend it till the burgomaster, or mayor of the town, with all the companies of those trades which were necessary to be used about those repairs, did go in their habits with flags, in solemn procession to the place; and there the Burgomaster did give the first blow with the hammer upon the wooden work, and the rest of the masters of the companies upon the works belonging to their trades, that no workmen might not be ashamed to be employed upon doing of the gallows works."—*Pepys' Diary*.

Vizards at Public Places.—"June 12, 1663. To the Royal Theatre, and there saw the 'Committee,' (a comedy by Sir Robert Howard,) a merry but indifferent play; only Lacey's part, an Irish footman, is beyond imagination. Here I saw my Lord Falconbridge, and his lady, my Lady Mary Cromwell, who looks as well as I have known her, and well clad; but when the house began to fill she put on her vizard, and so kept it out all the play; which of late is become a great fashion among the ladies, which hides their whole face. So to the Exchange, to buy things, with my wife; among others, a vizard for herself."—*Pepys' Diary*.

Early Improvements.—"1663. To Westminster, where all along I find the shops evening with the sides of the houses, even in the broadest streets; which will make the city very much better than it was."—*Pepys' Diary*.

Chinese Notion of Dancing.—"When Commodore Anson was at Canton, the officers of the Centurion had a ball upon some court holiday: while they were dancing, a Chinese, who very quietly surveyed the operation, said softly to one of the party, "Why don't you let your servants do this for you?"

Shakspeare.—"It is wonderful how often we see and hear of Shakspeare's plays, without being annoyed by it. Were it any other writer, we should be sick to death of the very name. But his volumes are like those of nature, we can turn to them again and again."—*Hazlitt*.

Excellence in Painting.—"The dispute of Zeuxis with Parrhasius, for the prize in painting, is thus related by Pliny. Zeuxis had painted some grapes so naturally, that the birds used to come and peck at them; and Parrhasius had represented a curtain so artfully, that Zeuxis desired it to be drawn aside that he might see the painting behind it. Discovering his mistake, he confessed himself vanquished; since he had only imposed on birds, whereas Parrhasius had misled those even who were judges of the art. Another time he painted a boy laden with grapes, when the birds flew again at the picture; this vex'd him, for he frankly confessed, that had the boy been as perfectly represented as the grapes, the birds would have been afraid of him. He died of a fit of laughter, at the sight of an old woman which he had drawn.

Halley's Comet.—Augsburg, Jan. 14. The comet, which was invisible for a month, was visible from the observatory at Milan on the 30th of Dec. The intensity of its light was greater than when at the same distance from the earth before it passed perihelion, and was nearly equal to its light on the 9th of September. It will be visible till April.

Trial for the attempted Assassination of the King of the French.—"The day before Fieschi's trial, on the 29th ult., 17,500 applications had been made to the Chamber of Peers to be present to witness it.

Conflagration at New York.—"The past month has brought us tidings of one of the greatest conflagrations within recollection—of more than half that great and magnificent city. For particulars we must refer to the journals, which contain a full account of the melancholy accident. It seems, however, that, with the most laudable resignation and commendable zeal, the inhabitants have consulted together, how to build up again a new city, in the greatest possible magnificence; and that their brethren in the other states, and the authorities, have come forward, in the most generous and noble manner, to aid them in their difficulty.

Good and Evil.—"No insurances, it seems, were effected in this country of any property in the city of New York. It would most probably have been otherwise, had the attempt made some short time back to reduce the rates of duty been successful, and ruin would thereby, no doubt, have been brought upon many of our most substantial offices.

'Tis an ill wind that blows no one good.—"Orders have been received from New York, at the manufactories of Charleroy in Belgium, to supply, by the beginning of February next, 700 chests of window glass, to supply the loss of those destroyed by fire.

Coronation.—"The King of Bohemia will be crowned at Prague, in September next.

Female Attire.—"It is well known that a loose and easy dress contributes much to give to both sexes those fine proportions of body that are observable in the Grecian statues, and which serve as models to our present artists; nature being too much disfigured among us to afford them any such. The Greeks knew nothing of those Gothic shackles, that multiplicity of ligatures and bandages with which our bodies are compressed. Their women were ignorant of the use of whalebone stays, by which ours distort their shape, instead of displaying it. This practice, carried to so great an excess as it is in England, must in time degenerate the species, and is an instance of bad taste. Can it be a pleasing sight to behold a woman cut in two in the middle as it were, like a wasp? On the contrary, it is as shocking to the eye as it is painful to the imagination. A fine shape, like the limbs, hath its due proportions and size, a diminution of which is certainly a defect. Such a deformity also would be shocking in a naked figure; wherefore, then, should it be esteemed a beauty in one that is dressed? Every thing that confines and lays nature under a restraint, is an instance

of bad taste. This is as true in regard to the ornaments of the body as to the embellishments of the mind. Life, health, reason, and convenience, ought to be first taken into consideration. Gracefulness cannot subsist without ease; delicacy is not debility; nor must a woman be sick in order to please. Infirmary and sickness may excite our pity, but desire and pleasure require the bloom and vigour of health.—*Rousseau.*

A Sad Disappointment.—The Princess C—ki was the beauty, *par distinction*, when a girl at St. Petersburg. Among her thousand and one lovers was the Count Zebulon, who, in utter despair, at last set off in search of the waters of oblivion. At Constantinople, however, he received a letter from the lady, begging him to return on an affair of great importance. Supposing that distance had "lent enchantment to the view," he returned with the delightful belief that the lady had relented in his favour. He found her lovelier than ever; and, receiving him with great *empressment*, she exclaimed, "My dear count, knowing the great friendship you have for me, I sent for you to tell you that the Prince of C— has made me an offer, and to ask if you think that it would be for my advantage to accept him."

Superstition.—It is related of Bourger and his companions, that when they went to Peru for the purpose of measuring an arc of the meridian near the equator, the sight of their various instruments so alarmed the credulous and superstitious inhabitants, that a deputation was despatched to them, entreating them "to depart out of their coasts," and not bring down the wrath of Heaven upon the land by practising their unholy and magical devices.

Choice of a Wife.—The general and constant advice he gave, too, when consulted about the choice of a wife, a profession, or whatever influences a man's particular and immediate happiness, was always to reject no positive good from fear of its contrary consequences. "Do not," said he, "forbear to marry a beautiful woman, if you can find such, out of a fancy that she will be less constant than an ugly one; or condemn yourself to the society of coarseness and vulgarity for fear of the expenses, or other dangers, of elegance and personal charms; which have been always acknowledged as a positive good, and for the want of which there be always given some weighty compensation. I have, however," continued Mr. Johnson, "seen some prudent fellows who forbore to connect themselves with beauty lest coquetry should be near, and with wit or birth, lest insolence should lurk behind them, till they have been forced by their discretion to linger life away in tasteless stupidity, and choose to count the moments by remembrance of pain, instead of enjoyment of pleasure."—*Johnsoniana.*

Love.—When we hear complaints of the vanity or wretchedness of human life, to such the proper answer would be, that there is hardly any one who, at some time or other, has not been in love. If we consider the high abstraction of this feeling, its depth, its purity, its voluptuous refinement, even in the meanest breast, how sacred and how sweet it is. This alone may reconcile us to the lot of humanity.

That drop of balm, which turns the bitter cup to a delicious nectar,

"And vindicates the ways of God to man."

The Flying Dutchman or Phantom Ship.—"The supposed origin of the 'Flying Dutchman,' is that a vessel from Batavia was on the point of entering Table Bay in stress of weather during the Dutch occupation of the Cape, when in the winter season no vessel was allowed to enter the bay: the batteries fired on the distressed ship, and compelled it to put to sea, where it was lost, and as the sailors say, has continued ever since beating about, and will continue to do so till the day of judgment. The 'Dutchman' is said to appear generally to ships in a heavy gale with all sail set—and when the eastern navigator is in a calm, the Dutchman appears to be scudding under bare poles, or frequently he appears to be sailing against the wind. As many persons think such an apparition the creation of fancy, I give the following statement, which was noted down in the log-book of his Majesty's ship *Leven*, when employed with the *Barracouta*, &c. in surveying East Africa, and in the perils and disasters of which squadron I participated for two years. His Majesty's ship *Leven*, Capt. W. F. W. Owen, on the 6th April, 1823, when off Port Danger, on her voyage from Algoa to Simon's Bay, saw her consort the *Barracouta* about two miles to leeward; this was considered extraordinary, as her sailing orders were in a different direction; but her peculiar rig left not a doubt as to her identity, and at last many well-known faces were distinctly visible looking towards the *Leven*. Capt. Owen attempted to close with her to speak, but was surprised that she not only made no effort to join the *Leven*, on the contrary stood away: being near the destined port, Capt. Owen did not follow her, and continued on his course to the Cape, but at sunset she was observed to heave to and lower a boat, apparently for the purpose of picking up a man overboard; during the night there was no light nor any symptoms of her locality. The next morning the *Leven* anchored in Simon's Bay, where for a whole week the *Barracouta* was anxiously expected: on her arrival (the 14th) it was seen by her log that she was 300 miles from the *Leven* when the latter thought she saw her, and had not lowered any boat that evening; it should also be remarked, that no other vessel of the same class was ever seen about the Cape. On another occasion a similar phenomenon occurred to the *Leven*, and a boat was apparently lowered as if the phantom sought to lure his victim; the veteran sailor was not to be caught, and the *Leven*, after many perils, reached England in safety. Thrice as a passenger in a merchant ship, I saw a vessel in nearly similar circumstances: on one occasion we hoisted lights over the gangway to speak with the stranger; the third was on my return from India, in July, 1830. We had been in 'dirty weather,' as the sailors say, for several days, and to beguile the time, I commenced after dinner narrating to the French officers and passengers (who were strangers to the Eastern seas), the stories current about the 'Flying Dutchman': the wind, which had been freshening during the evening, now blew a stiff gale, and we proceeded on deck to see the crew make our bark all snug for the night; the clouds, dark

and heavy, coursed with rapidity across the bright moon, whose lustre is so peculiar in the S. hemisphere, and we could see a distance from eight to ten miles on the horizon: suddenly, the second officer, a fine Marseilles sailor, who had been among the foremost in the cabin in laughing at and ridiculing the story of the 'Flying Dutchman,' ascended the weather rigging, exclaiming, *voilà, le volant Hollandais*; the captain sent for his night-glass, and soon observed, 'it is very strange, but there is a ship bearing down upon us with *all sail set*, while we dare scarcely show a pocket-handkerchief to the breeze.' In a few minutes the stranger was visible to all on deck, her rig plainly discernible, and people on her deck; she seemed to near us with the rapidity of lightning, and apparently wished to pass under our quarter, for the purpose of speaking; the captain, a resolute Bordeaux sailor, said it was quite incomprehensible, and prepared the trumpet to hail or answer, when in an instant, and while we were all standing on the *qui vive*, the stranger totally disappeared, and was no more seen. I give this, coupled with Capt. Owen's statement as regards H. M.'s ship *Leven*, without remark, and, but that it would seem frivolous, could relate several other instances. I may, however, add, that Sir Charles Forbes has just informed me, that he has received a letter from a lady passenger in the Buckinghamshire Indiaman, when recently conveying Sir Robert Grant to Bombay, in which letter a similar phantom is described to have been seen near the Cape of Good Hope, and instantly recognised as 'the Flying Dutchman.'—*R. M. Martin's "Africa."*

Cold Roast Veal.—Recipe for one of several winter dishes, within the reach of any tradesman's family, combining economy with nourishment, capable of being digested with little effort. In most families, cold roast veal is converted the next day into mince veal, too often hard from being made over a brisk fire, at full boil.—The following preparation of the cold veal should be substituted:—"Cut the veal into bits about an inch square, and of the thinness of an ordinary slice; beat up the yolks of two eggs, with a little grated nutmeg, and a table-spoonful of cold water. Put a stewpan upon the fire, and into it a lump of fresh butter. When boiling in full ebullition, sprinkle in half a table-spoonful of flour; stir this round several times. When the butter and flour are well mixed, and before the latter begins to change colour, add half a pint of broth (or of water, if there is no broth,) a glass of white wine, a little bit of orange peel shred very minutely, and a small bundle of herbs, either in a hair bag, or well tied together, consisting of some parsley, a bay leaf, and one clove of garlic. Let all this boil up, stirring it now and then, until it becomes of a proper thickness. Then salt it to the taste, adding a very small quantity of white pepper. The boiling may continue altogether about ten minutes. The veal must then be put in to simmer, but must not boil, otherwise it will be hard. After the meat is put in, the fire should then be very slow. Let the whole simmer during ten minutes; then take it off and extract the bundle of herbs. In fifteen or twenty seconds after the stewpan has been taken from the fire, throw in the prepared yolks of eggs, shaking the whole so as to mix it well without the aid of a spoon. It may then be

dished up. The most delicate stomach will feel no inconvenience from this preparation, which is, besides, very grateful to the palate."

Law of Scotland.—Alleged murder. The law of Scotland has in many respects a great advantage over that of England. Here a man is either guilty or not guilty, and he cannot be declared "guilty" if any part of the evidence fail, though there rest not on the minds of any of the Court an opinion that he really is so. In the High Court of Justiciary at Glasgow, Ann Shaw took her trial on the charge of having murdered Helen Kelly with a knife. There was a want of evidence to prove the blow was struck by the prisoner. Lord Mackenzie, however, gave his opinion that the prisoner was guilty of murder. After an hour, seven of the jury were for a verdict of "culpable homicide," five for "guilty of murder," and three for a verdict of "non proven." This not being considered a verdict, they again retired, and brought her in "guilty of culpable homicide;" and she was sentenced to fourteen years' transportation.

With all the affectation, however, in the English law, that a man is innocent until he is found to be guilty, a person accused, whether maliciously, justly, or innocently, is sent to the same prison as one really a culprit—is brought up and placed as a prisoner at the bar, and looked upon, and treated as such, from the moment, if really innocent of the unfortunate accusation, at the hands of policeman, turnkeys, and officers of every grade. Surely, if the English law be one of strict justice, every person accused should be treated according to his condition in life, whatever his offence, so long as he be in person secure for the ends of justice. We have not lost sight of license in many cases to give bail; but even in this matter, there is too little respect for the grand principle, that as every Englishman's home is his castle, so every person is "regarded" as innocent until he be declared by a verdict "guilty."

Curing Bacon.—The pigs are hungered at least twenty-four hours before they are killed; thirty-six is perhaps better. It relieves the vessels, which, if loaded, would lead to putrefaction. The animal must be as little irritated as possible when killed, and the more speedily it is effected the better; humanity and interest alike demand it. Suffer it to remain twenty-four hours to cool. When cut up, it is to be conveyed to lead bowls, having first wiped salt over the swarth (skin) side with the hands, taking care to put the salt and saltpetre into the "shank ends," in order that it may effectually reach the bone. The flesh side is then turned uppermost, covered with salt, and sprinkled with saltpetre: the proportions are, for a twenty-stone pig, a stone of salt and a pound of saltpetre. The bacon, in a week, is all removed; the uppermost parts are put lowest, and the lowest uppermost, and more salt is added to those parts from which it may have disappeared. In three or four weeks, it is fit to hang up and dry, and it has never failed in a single instance. *The flesh must not be rubbed during the process*; it only excites the putrefactive process, and the salt can never be rubbed through the skin. When hung up, above all, see that the place be cool and airy (much depends on this), and remove it, and add salt frequently.—*Farmer's Magazine.*

Female Presence of Mind.—On Monday, January 11, at Woolwich, the wife of Corporal Jessy, Royal Marines, found her husband suspended by the neck quite black in the face: She had but just quitted the apartment for the supper beer: without *delaying in giving alarm, she cut him down,* and with medical aid his life was preserved.

Heroic Madness.—In the 19th century, Bourrachon, a dancer at the Grand Theatre, Lyons, proposed, says the *Censeur*, to practise pistol firing to his companions at a gallery, betting that he would hit the bull's-eye the first shot. Having primed and loaded his pistol, he cried out "There's the bull's-eye!" put the weapon into his mouth, and shot himself dead!

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

BIRTHS.

Jan. 2, in Guildford-street, Russell-square, the lady of Robert Walter Carden, Esq., of a son.—Jan. 17, in New Burlington-street, Mrs. R. Bendley, of a son.—Jan. 17, at Brighton, the lady of R. Gosling, Esq., of a son.—Jan. 17, at Leamington, Warwickshire, the lady of Sir E. Blount, Bart., of a daughter.—Jan. 19, in Dorset-street, Portman-square, the lady of the Rev. G. H. Hasker, of a daughter.—Jan. 21, at No. 8, Canonbury-terrace, the lady of J. Veitch, Esq., of the Excise, of twin daughters.—Jan. 22, at Shottesbrooke-park, the lady of Col. Sir H. Watson, C.B., and C.T.S., of a son.—Jan. 18, the lady of S. Girdlestone, jun. Esq., Chester-terrace, Regent's-park, of a daughter.—Jan. 20, in Grosvenor-square, the Countess of Danneskiold Samsoe, of a daughter.—Jan. 20, at West Wickham, the lady of the Hon. and Rev. H. H. Courtenay, of a son.—Jan. 21, the lady of Major Dyce, Madras Army, of a daughter.—Jan. 21, the lady of B. Peacock, Esq., of Avenue-road, Regent's-park, of a son.—Jan. 24, in Welbeck-street, the lady of the Rev. Samuel Paynter, of a son.—Jan. 14, at Nice, the lady of T. R. Bowling, Esq., of Hammersmith of a son.—Jan. 26, in Old Dorset-place, Clapham-road, Mrs. Washington Lee, of a son.—Jan. 26, in Bedford-square, the wife of the Rev. J. Endell Tyler, of a son.—Jan. 26, the lady of W. C. Macdonald, Esq., of a son, still-born.—Jan. 26, in Upper Stamford-street, Mrs. Lawrence Engstrom, of a daughter.—Jan. 24, at St. Stephen's vicarage, the wife of the Rev. T. B. Edwards, of a son.—Jan. 23, at Clapham-rise, Mrs. William Carr, of a son.—Jan. 26, at Norwood hill, Surrey, the wife of Lea Wilson, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

Jan. 19, in Palltney-street, Bath, by special licence, the Right Hon. Lord Carrington, to Mrs. Trevelyan.—Jan. 21, at St. James's Church, Westminster, the Rev. C. Rawlings, to Charlotte Hill, youngest daughter of the late G. Rickards, Esq., of Piccadilly.—Jan. 14, at Sterling, Lieut.-Col. H. Tenant, of the East India Company's service, to Helen Howarth, only daughter of the late Lieut.-Gen. Graham.—Jan. 16, at St. Mary's, Buckland, Portsea, J. A. Drought, Esq., to Caroline Susanna, daughter of the late Lieut.-Col. J. White, of the 80th Foot.—Jan. 20, G. W. Tobias, second son of M. I. Tobias, Esq., of Liverpool, to Matilda, second daughter of D. Levy, Esq., of Woburn-square.—Jan. 20, at St. George's, Hanover-square, Viscount Powerscourt, to Lady Elizabeth Jocelyn, eldest daughter to the Earl of Roden.—Dec. 30, at Ipswich, Charles Childs, Esq., of Bungay, to Emily, eldest daughter of Mr. Shepherd Ray, of Ipswich.—Jan. 26, the Rev. John Bishop, tutor, of Willington Cottage, Upper Holloway, to Frances, widow of the late Richard Arnold, Esq.—Jan. 27, at St. Paul's, Ball-spaul, Mr. John S. Venn, of Canonbury-square, to Emma, second daughter of Mr. William Collins, of Highbury-park.—Jan. 19, at St. Marylebone Church, William K. Worster, Esq., of the Madras Artillery, to Sarah Eliza, eldest daughter of William Young Outley, Esq., of Devonshire-street, Portland-place.

DEATHS.

Jan. 17, at her residence, Mortimer-street, the Dowager Lady Blunt, aged 91.—Jan. 16, at his residence at Leamington, sincerely lamented, B. Sparrow, Esq., aged 76.—Jan. 10, at Bownham, near Murchinhampton, in the 86th year of her age, Mrs. Anne Strachy, widow of the late Rev. Dr. Strachy.—Jan. 15, of a bilious fever, at his residence, Ardsallagh, in the county of Waterford, D. Ronayne, Esq., M.P.: his death occasions a vacancy in the representation of the borough of Clonmel.—Jan. 15, at Dublin Castle, Colonel Gore.—Jan. 19, in the 70th year of his age, Wm. George, Esq., late of the Charter-house.—At Hornby Castle, Charlotte Lane Fox.—Jan. 18, in Wimpole-street, in the 85th year of his age, the Right Hon. Sir H. Russell, Bart.—Jan. 17, at Richmond, Surrey, in her 69th year, sincerely lamented, Lady Stanley, wife of Sir E. Stanley, late Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Judicature at Madras, and one of the King's Counsel in Ireland. This lady was formerly Miss Jane Talbot, of the Mount Talbot family, in Ireland.—Jan. 22, at his residence, Scole Lodge, Norfolk, John Aytton, Esq., aged 77.—Jan. 18, at Kew, Elizabeth, widow of the late J. Nooth, Esq., of Bath, and only daughter of the late John Bindley, Esq., M.P., of Caversham-grove, in the county of Berks.—Jan. 14, at Paris, after an illness of only four days, the Hon. A. L. A. Cooper, youngest son of the Earl of Shaftesbury.—Jan. 18, at Brighton, in her 83rd year, Mary Brydges, widow of the late B. Travers, Esq.—Jan. 21, in the 35th year of her age, Mary, the wife of J. Minors, Esq., Lower Brook street, Grosvenor-square.—Jan. 12, abroad, aged 99, W. Pirner, Esq., late of Arlington-street, St. James's, where, for the long period of nearly 80 years, he had been an inhabitant.—At his cottage, Crickhowell, Colonel Williams, aged 31, youngest son of H. Williams, Esq., Lanspyrthid, grandson of R. Phytterick, Esq., of Kilwhirbart, Breconshire.—Jan. 17, at her residence, Woolwich-common, Mrs. Fead, in her 85th year, widow of the late Lieut.-Gen. Fead, of the Royal Artillery.—Dec. 27, Henrietta: infant daughter of Lord Ernest Bruce.—Jan. 1, at Blackheath, Mr. Charles Murel, late of Pudding-lane, merchant, aged 76, much respected.—Jan. 26, at Dulwich, Charles Kingsley, Esq., in his 62d year.—Jan. 22, at his house, Chigwell row, Eumenes Moore, Esq., in his 81st year.—Dec. 19, at Ewelme, in Oxfordshire, Dr. Burton, Regius Professor of Divinity, and one of eight canons of Christ Church Oxford; by which a valuable preferment falls to the Crown. The canonry is worth about 1800*l.* a year; the professorship only about 40*l.*—Sept. 1, 1835, at Barrackpore, Henrietta, the wife of Captain John Graham, 60th Regiment of the Native Infantry, and only daughter of Major Gen. Watson.—Jan. 17, Richard Watkins, Esq., of St. Lawrence, near Chesham, many years Deputy-Lieutenant of the county of Monmouth, in his 78th year.—Jan. 22, at Whitby, Yorkshire, Edward Chapinan, Esq., one of his Majesty's Deputy-Lieutenants for the North Riding, aged 66.—Jan. 25, at Dulwich, Charles Kingsley, Esq., in his 53rd year.—Jan. 22, at St. Leonards, David Martineau, Esq., aged 84.



J. Hargrave Sculp.

MARQUISE DE SÉVIGNÉ.

Born 1626

Died 1696

An authentic portrait engraved exclusively for the Lady's Magazine and Museum
 VOL. IX. *N^o 37 of the series of ancient portraits.* 1836

Robbs and Page, publishers, 22, Fetter lane London

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THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE
AND
MUSEUM

OF THE BELLES-LETTRES, FINE ARTS, MUSIC, DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c.

IMPROVED SERIES ENLARGED.

MARCH, 1836.

UNDER THE DISTINGUISHED PATRONAGE OF
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

MEMOIRS OF MADAME DE SEVIGNÉ AND THE SEVIGNÉ FAMILY.

Illustrated by a whole-length Portrait of Madame de Sevigné, beautifully coloured from the original at Versailles.

[Subscribers' Copies contain two Plates, illustrative of the Fashions, and one of 'the Series of ancient authentic Portraits': the Magazine should be delivered on or before the 1st of each Month. Each volume is completed in six numbers, with an Index, so that the present half-yearly volume will contain Portraits of the Empress Catherine the Second; Marie Touchet; Madame de Sevigné; the Countess Grignan, her beautiful Daughter; the unfortunate Queen, Marie Antoinette; Renée de Chateaufneuf; with about 450 pages of letter-press, and twelve Engravings of the newest Parisian Fashions.]

Marie de Rabutin-Chantal was born on the 5th of February, 1626. The family name was Celse-Bénigne de Rabutin, Baron de Chantal, of the elder branch of the house of Rabutin: her mother was Marie de Coulanges, an heiress of an illustrious house. She was only a year old when the English made descent on the Isle of Rhé, in aid of Rochelle and the French Protestants. M. de Chantal opposed this invasion, at the head of a muster of the neighbouring gentry and their tenants, who had assembled as volunteers to defend their coast. The Baron de Chantal was killed in the defence. Tradition says, that he fell by the pistol of Cromwell, who was engaged as a volunteer in this expedition.

Historians have praised the valour of this nobleman: yet his proud independence gained him more respect than favour at court, where we gather, from his daughter's letters, his biting and caustic spirit could not descend to the humble tone which the great French lords began to assume in presence of the terrible Richelieu.

Mademoiselle de Rabutin lost her mother shortly after this fatal event; and

in the year 1636, her maternal grandfather, M. de Coulanges, undertook the education of the little orphan. He died, however, before the end of the year; and her uncle, Christophe de Coulanges, abbé de Livry, then supplied the place of a father, and an excellent one he doubtless proved; since on her widowhood, we find her placing herself again under the protection of this kind relative, and fifty years afterwards she deplores his death with all the sorrow of an affectionate daughter.

Meantime, her grandmother, the Baroness de Chantal, was earning her canonization, which was afterwards effected by the pope's bull, by founding the nunnery of the Visitation, under the auspices of St. Francis de Sales. But we do not find she yet took any care of the orphan of her son. Madame de Sevigné, in her letters, says, that she always carries on her journeys to Paris with the sisters of St. Maric, her grandmother's protégées, whom she seems, in some degree, to have regarded as her relatives.

At the time of her presentation at the court of Louis XIII., or rather at that of Richelieu, his imperious minister, she was

considered a very handsome young woman, having a fine expression of face, rather than possessed of perfect beauty; a charming figure, and good height; a redundancy of fine light hair, a blooming colour, a fair complexion, a bright vivacious eye always full of laughter, a pleasing voice, and, above all, excellent health and lively spirits, which gave lightness and grace to all her movements. She sung sweetly, and had as much knowledge of music as was common with the accomplished in those days. She danced gracefully and with skill. We find from her letters and portraits, that the defects which counterbalanced these charms, were a nose a little too square, and partly-coloured eyelids; on which defects, her cousin and correspondent, Count Bussy Rabutin, is constantly rallying her. Notwithstanding the misfortunes of the nose and eyelids, Henri, Marquis de Sevigné, a Breton noble, of ancient family, fell in love with her, and married her in her eighteenth year. For some years this was a very happy union, till the insidious Ninon d'Enclos stole the heart of the Marquis de Sevigné, and rendered his wife very unhappy.

Nothing is more common, when a wife is injured and ill-treated, than that a seducer should be found persuading her to retaliation. The Count Bussy Rabutin, her cousin, took that opportunity of declaring his passion: he was handsome, brave, full of talent, and the confidant of her husband, and well able to furnish her with a provoking list of his sins. Let men say what they will in praise of women who are weak and ignorant, a fine understanding is the best defence of female virtue, particularly when abilities are strengthened by moral principles. A woman who possesses these high qualifications, sees the ugly traits of selfishness and sensuality beneath the specious mask even of a lover, whose designs are dishonourable. Such was the character of the accomplished and amiable woman whom Bussy had to encounter. He was repelled with such a lecture from his cousin for his vicious passion, that he felt sore all his life after, from the remembrance of this scene. Years afterwards, she did indeed permit him to renew that brotherly and sisterly correspondence, which is seen in their letters; but had Madame de Sevigné guessed the malicious epigrams which this disappointed

love-maker scribbled in his wrath, and suffered to remain among his papers after his decease, she would not have extended forgiveness to him. A vicious man ought *never* to be forgiven.

She truly says, in one of her letters, as an excuse for pardoning this serpent—

“We cannot destroy *kindred*: our chains stretch a little, but they never break; you did not lose me altogether when your offence was greater. Adieu, count, no animosity; let us quarrel and plague each other no more.”

Madame de Sevigné had drawn forth the ill-natured imputations of her disappointed lover, by being a little too free in some of her letters, taking advantage of the liberty of expression then allowed to married women, by the coarseness of the times. A libertine never makes any allowance, and is always the most cruel and inflexible judge of virtue, mental or personal, woman can have; interpreting her most innocent gaiety into an inclination for moral turpitude. This ought to be a lesson to women in general, who fancy that a married life gives greater license for freedom of expression, either by tongue or pen; and let them here see how their acts are interpreted, even when the times allowed coarseness in the common routine of life and conversation, which, if practised now-a-days, in *these degenerate* times, would amaze the world.

The females whose portraits and histories we have given, were so intimately blended with the occurrences of the times in which they lived, that readers of history (an occupation on which time spent cannot be better bestowed) whether they be inclined or not, must become familiar with their names and characters. Let our readers, then, view these important memoirs as the instruction of history, and rejoice that a change of times will not permit events of a similar character to have such important effect upon the morals of a nation, and the lives of kings and nobles, by placing women of doubtful virtue, however talented, as participators at the head of affairs; yet the instruction may be taken home to their bosoms, that whilst virtue has its own reward, there were few of the many of the celebrated women, of the French court more particularly, who did not undergo, in return, the utmost of personal sorrow, disappointment, and suffering.

Madame de Sevigné was only twenty-

four years of age when she refused the Count de Balzac. This was in the early part of the year 1650. A few months after, her husband was killed in a duel. The cause no one knew: indeed, duels were so common in the reign of Louis XIII., that it is not easy to trace the motives; for not unfrequently the combatants themselves were at a loss to account for the encounter.*

Notwithstanding the ill-treatment she had experienced from M. de Sevigné, her grief was extreme at his tragical end. She was roused from the indulgence of it by her uncle's information, that her extravagant husband had involved their fortunes in the most ruinous embarrassments; although she had brought a dowry of a hundred thousand crowns as a Burgundian heiress, her ready money was all spent.

This widow of five-and-twenty had to turn all the energies of her mind to the double duty of educating her infants, and repairing the family fortune. In this good work she was assisted by her kind old uncle, whose protection she instantly claimed. We have none of her letters dated at this interesting period; but she says afterwards, "My uncle extricated me from the abyss into which I was plunged at the death of M. de Sevigné."

Her good sense, natural love of rectitude, and laudable pride, gave her a bias for economy. Her mind, notwithstanding her literary accomplishments, had a turn for business. She learned to sell or let estates, and receive her rents; she understood planting and agriculture, and soon was capable to direct her builders as well as any land steward. It is very interesting in her letters to trace the progressive account of her plantation of woods at her seat of Les Rochers.

She had many lovers, honourable and dishonourable. Among the latter, we may mention the Prince of Conti, brother to the great Condé; and Fouquet, the financier, who made a point of being in love with every fine-looking woman he saw. She was also in correspondence with her husband's relative, the celebrated Cardinal de Retz. Again she quarrelled with her cousin, the Count Bussy, who had once more commenced his insidious

siege, and who now endeavoured to corrupt the principles which opposed themselves so successfully to his progress. "Why," said he, "do you give yourself so much trouble about a reputation, which a calumniator may destroy!" He was himself that calumniator. He attacked her in a libellous work incognito, in which he pretends "that she presents a moral paradox of a woman with an impure heart and irreproachable conduct." She deeply felt this sting.

There is a hiatus in their correspondence from the year 1649 to 1654. In the year 1647 he wrote to her half playfully, half in earnest:—

"I must tell you, madam, that you take a method of reproving me which has more the tone of a mistress than of a cousin. Take care what you do, for if I have the punishments, I will have the indulgences of a lover."

After their cousinly correspondence is renewed, he says, in a letter dated 1654:—

"Nobody but yourself in the whole kingdom could bring a lover to be content with friendship; there are few women who have the sense and temper to continue on good terms with a man that they do not agree to love. That woman, I am persuaded, must have extraordinary merit, who does not convert a disappointed lover into an enemy."

By the hiatus of four years in her correspondence with her cousin, we lose the expression of her feelings when she was suddenly left a widow with two infant children. Her son was born, seven years after her marriage, in the year 1647; and her beloved daughter, Francoise Marguerite, the next year. It was fortunate for her that she had not a more numerous family.

During her widowhood, Madame de Sevigné received many advantageous offers of marriage; but she had seen more of men's tempers and evil traits of character than were agreeable to her, and she rejected all with a firm refusal, and centered her affections on her children. Her daughter (whose memoir and portrait will follow this) she herself almost idolized. This beautiful girl was presented at the brilliant court of Louis XIV., in the year 1663; and was one of the ornaments of it at a period of magnificence that has not yet passed from the memory of France, notwithstanding the blood and tears of her many revolu-

* See the translation of the second act of the historical drama of "Marion de Lorme," two acts of which appeared in the spring numbers of the *Lady's Magazine and Museum*.

tions. Madame de Sevigné, although still admired for her own charms, felt enjoyment only in the admiration bestowed upon her daughter, then in the first bloom of loveliness. Mademoiselle de Sevigné took part in the ballets in which the king himself danced; she was in the character of a shepherdess; and Benserade often celebrates her charms on these occasions in his little pieces written for the court. Six years passed before this beautiful girl married: her mother had broken off two engagements, when on the eve of marriage, owing to discovered flaws in the morals of each of the lovers. Madame de Sevigné had suffered too deeply herself on account of a husband's profligacy, to trust her beloved child with a man who was likely to use her unkindly.

At last Mademoiselle de Sevigné was married to the Count de Grignan, the first nobleman in Provence, and lieutenant-general of the province.

Marguerite de Sevigné was the third wife of this nobleman; but it does not appear that any son of such former marriages was living. He was many years older than his bride. If we may trust various traits in the letters, he was very plain in face, but had the finest figure in France, and handsome jet black hair. With these advantages, he could scarcely be the perfect fright that all Madame de Sevigné's correspondents insist upon calling him. Perhaps they admired light-haired, fat, florid men. However, he made an excellent husband to the fair Marguerite, whose loving mother scraped up 100,000 crowns for her portion, though she owned that the count ought not to have been paid so handsome a portion for marrying the very prettiest girl in France.

Count de Grignan, soon after his marriage, was ordered to his government of Provence; then began that delightful correspondence between the mother and daughter, and occasionally the brother, whose letters are very spirited, and worthy of his family: these letters are familiar to most of our readers. Madame de Grignan in due time made atonement, in some measure, for her own absence, by sending her mother a baby to love and doat upon. Her eldest child was a daughter; and the passages in which Madame de Sevigné mentions this little girl, are among the prettiest in the letters written to this vice-queen of Provence.

The next child was a boy, for whom the parliament of Provence stood god-father, and named him Louis Provence.

"My child, you doat on him," says Madame de Sevigné; "but resign him to Providence, that he may be preserved to you."

"Your little girl is very pretty; the sound of her voice goes to my heart: she has a thousand little engaging ways, which amuse me, and make me love her."

"Your daughter has just such a complexion as Madame Villeroi; a clear, well-defined white and red, and fine blue eyes, with black hair, and a chin like wax-work. She never cries, but is all gentleness and affection. She can speak five or six words already; in short, she is a lovely creature, and I love her dearly."

"Madame Scarron (Maintenon) sups with us almost every evening, and is the most agreeable companion imaginable. She takes great delight in playing with your little girl, and thinks *her rather pretty than otherwise*. The little creature yesterday called the Abbé Tetu her papa; he denied the relationship, and we believed him."

In another place she gives her little grand-daughter a character something like that in which Lord Byron describes his Allegra:—

"You tell me of your son that his beauty grows less, but his merit increases. As for your daughter, she is quite the reverse; her beauty increases, and her merit diminishes. I assure you she is very pretty, but as obstinate as a demon. She has her little wills and little designs of her own, which divert us extremely."

Here we find what French babies beginning to talk had to do to make themselves agreeable to their elders:—

"Madame de Pai du Fon will not let me bring my little girl with me, she says it is running a great risk (of the small-pox). I would not willingly put her little ladyship's person in danger, for I love her most sincerely. Her complexion, her throat, and her little figure, are admirable. She does a thousand little things; she talks, she caresses, she fights, she makes the sign of the cross, she asks pardon, she curtsies, she kisses her hand, she shrugs up her shoulders, she dances, she coaxes, she scolds, in short, she is quite a pet. I amuse myself for hours together with her, and I would not she should die for the world."

"I dined yesterday at La Troche's with the Abbé Arnauld. After this, little Mademoiselle de Grignan arrived with her gentleman Beaulieu, her governess Helene, her woman Marie, her little page Jaquot,

her nurse's son, and her nurse Jeanne in her Sunday clothes—she is the neatest country-woman I ever saw. This little troop made a pretty appearance; we viewed them with pleasure, and made them pass on into the garden; I was charmed with this nursery procession."

Her daughter is often called the Queen of Provence by her friends. Every letter is full of her daughter's beauty—too much so, perhaps: one would think Madame de Grignan would have been wearied with hearing so much said of her own person.

"My ever dear friend, farewell; your little heart is very well; it is very saucy; it has had its hair cut, and is drest very prettily."

At the age of forty-six, Madame de Sevigné was still handsome, and very pleasing. Hence the name of *Mère Beauté* given her by Coulanges.

This little grand-daughter that Madame de Sevigné loved so much, Marie Blanche, took the veil in her saintly great-grand-mother's convent,* and died there at the age of sixty-two.

* The tale of Edith, published last month, and the note, have awakened rather more than an ordinary interest. Following up the subject, in reference to the fate of Marie Blanche, we copy the following from the *Christian Observer*.

"*Nunneries in England*.—While conventual establishments are permitted to exist in the British dominions, they ought to be placed under legislative control, so as to prevent their being rendered an instrument of injustice or oppression. That in any convent in Great Britain or Ireland there are instances of actual personal constraint, or that gates, bars, and cells, are ever used to supply the lack of spontaneous choice, is more than ought to be affirmed without proof; but that there is an obvious liability to abuse is perfectly clear; that abuses have occurred in other lands is a matter of notoriety; and if it were not, the two narratives before us would help to fill up the chasm of evidence; and that a nunnery affords convenient machinery for many nefarious practices, where pecuniary or other considerations present temptation to unprincipled persons to avail themselves of them, is indubitable. If the acts by which many a young woman has been insidiously worked upon to assume the veil could be made known, there would too probably be found a mixture of far other motives than devotion on the part of the vestal, anxiety for her best welfare on the part of some relative or adviser, and disinterestedness on the part of the convent and the Papal church. In such cases both humanity and justice require that she should have the same honourable facilities of escaping from detention, as soon as the burden of it afflicts her, as are not denied to a person illegally detained in a gaol or a mad-house. And even supposing the most favour-

able case, that a young woman is not entrapped by artifice, but is impelled by her own romantic feelings, ardent imagination, wounded pride, disappointed affection, or even by a sincere hope to derive religious benefit, and work out her salvation more safely than in the ordinary avenues of human probation, is it probable that, after a few months or years, when the immediate cause of her enthusiasm has ceased, and time and experience have taught her the privations of her lot, she will in no instance wish to escape from bondage, if she could do it without inevitable ruin? But her own church forbids the attempt, which, wherever it holds legal sway, is cruelly punished as a crime greater than ordinary sacrilege or murder; and even Protestant, liberty-loving England offers her no aid. No grave magistrates or venerable clergymen, who could feel as parents, with daughters of their own, older perhaps than herself, may confer with her, and learn her real wishes; the only male adviser and confidant is a priest, under vows like herself, who is to take her most sacred confessions, which she is bound upon peril of her salvation faithfully to make, and to question her in a manner which no Protestant writer could venture to transcribe from the accredited manuals of Popish priestly instruction. Surely this is not either justice or mercy, and ought not to be borne in a country like this. Why should a nun be the only British subject who is practically denied the benefit of a writ of *habeas corpus*? What is to prevent, and that without interference with any person's conscience or religious opinions, a legislative authorisation and injunction to commissioners suitably appointed to make such visits, and institute such inquiries as might lead to the legal and honourable release of any nun

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impaired health. He always attributed the loss of this lady to some ill offices of his sister's; and though he seems doatingly fond of Madame de Grignan, and calls her his beautiful little sister, still at every word the soreness always remained on his mind, for as he truly loved Madame de Grignan, and spoilt her as much as his dear *maman* did, such conduct he felt to be cruel, as is apparent throughout one of his letters. It was

who wished to avail herself of her natural and inalienable right to liberty? The nun has no warrant to bind herself by an irrevocable vow to be immured for life; much less has any body of persons any authority to incarcerate her for one moment longer than she freely consents. All force and all fraud should be prohibited: the doors of her prison ought, in every sense, morally as well as literally, to be ever open, and her steps to be unimpeded. This the civil magistrate has a right to demand, and ought to demand, as a matter of public duty; he ought to be well assured that every person detained is detained voluntarily; and that the prisoner is not subjected to threatening, or rendered the victim of collusion. When a wife wishes to subject her individual property to the control of her husband, it is required that suitable and responsible persons shall converse with her confidentially, and apart from interference, to ascertain that she is about to act from her own free will, and with a perfect knowledge of all the facts and results of the proceeding. And why should not every nun, more especially in a free and Protestant country, be dealt with in the same manner? The church of Rome ought not to complain of such a proceeding; for if all the recluses expressed satisfaction with their lot, she would gain credit; and if they did not, she has no right to keep them in unwilling bondage."

[We were not at that time aware that convents were becoming so common, in this country, of the character alluded to. Can English parents of the present day believe that the Creator destined human beings to be immured for ever, because some temporary excitement, some strong momentary impulse, perhaps some cruel persuasion, may be some youthful imagining, or some harsh parental decree, induced them on an evil day to devote themselves to the service of God, apart from utility to their fellow-creatures; and that that day's vow should entomb them for ever in a living sepulchre! You have, says a traveller, on whose assertion we can rely, but to witness these scenes, as I have done, at Rome, to have your heart torn with anguish at the sight. It is a difficult thing for the English to discover when these awful ceremonies take place. Time after time I had been disappointed. I had intimation, however, that in the convent by the street of the four fountains, at an early hour, eight o'clock, we might witness the scene. The circumstance seemed to be but little known, and we could scarcely find out the convent. Some youthful damsels, to appearance of great beauty, dressed out in a style of elegance strikingly imposing, almost, indeed,

not probable that a pure and religious girl could give her hand to so wild a young man as Charles de Sevigné was at the time he fell in love with her, and when he was reformed her affections had been bestowed on another. He ever regrets the loss, even after he was happily married. His mother declares he never was really in love but with Mademoiselle Maaron, whom he married; but he himself knew better. Nothing can be

angelic, nothing being wanting either in decoration or ornament, from head to foot, were before the altar. Some sisters, clad in black, awaited them in an ante-room. The priests were full intent upon the sacrifice. In the galleries above were crowds of youthful females, peeping, in supposed concealment, through the grating; drawn back, however, at either end, some were prominent spectators. The language of the eyes told the feelings of the heart; would that I could have aided them in an escape from such a persecution; they, at least, not yet devoted—were assuredly of this world, in its milder sense, and with extraordinary pathos seemed to my mind to show a strong inclination to be free from this priestly thralldom. The ceremony proceeded; the chaut resounded from all sides: few were the spectators within—the cavalcade and *cor-tège*, the gold-fringed drapery and tinsel ornament without, made up for the deficiency. At length the service was drawing to a close, the devoted were moving in due procession, when a heart-sorrowing female close by the altar fell insinuate into my arms. Those around seemed as if they knew her not, or cared not for one who could exhibit such signs of weakness; but, ere long, I resigned her, I doubt not, into the hands of some near male relation, but the act was done in that cold selfishness which marked the nature of the whole ceremony. I felt assured that she was very closely allied to one of the devoted; there was in form and appearance a strong resemblance: she was also evidently an Italian of condition. The four damsels sustained themselves with heroic firmness. They might be seen shorn of their gayer robes, and with trimmed locks, adopt the garb of the sisterhood. Each wicket was now closed; the whole of the members had departed into the recesses of the convent, inwardly perhaps to condole with, but outwardly to congratulate the new-made sisters. It was long ere I quitted this heart-rending scene of mistaken service of the Deity; but at the gate were still remaining audry vehicles. In a moment, to all appearance, a mother, with, to all appearance, her son, hastily, and with the greatest glee! (how horrible to be so, yet it is most true,) entered a handsome carriage; as speedily were the window glasses drawn up, and rapidly the vehicle rolled homewards. Had they disposed of a daughter and of a sister? Thus, then, is woman made too often the victim of selfishness, family cruelty, or family pride. Heaven preserve this country from such a heart-rending scourge.—*Communicated to the Ed-]*

droller than to trace in Madame de Sevigné's letters the numerous flirtations of her son, and the fun she makes of his falling in love; she always call his flames her daughters-in-law. The fact was, after he had been disappointed he wanted sadly to get married, and ran about with his heart in his hand, offering it to any lady who would be troubled with it; but he had got the character of being a coquette, which was considered a dreadful character in those days, when the ladies very naturally considered that if there was to be any coquetry in the world, it ought to be on their own side. Nobody belonging to the court would accept his attentions; yet as he was a nobleman, and had an establishment to offer, he obtained some regard in his province of Brittany, from a few silly girls whose folly he presently found out, and as he was clever himself, he soon got wearied with fools. If we are to believe his witty mamma, he courted half-a-dozen of these damsels at once. In a letter, dated August, 1680, at a *fête*-day in Brittany, she says:—

"I alighted at Madame de Chaulnes, (the governor's wife,) and we found her in company with at least forty women of rank, married and unmarried, being for the most part the *she's* belonging to the *he's*, who had come to meet us. I found three or four of my *daughters-in-law* among them, with faces as red as fire, so much they dreaded seeing me; and yet to do them justice, there was not one of them who did not deserve a much better husband than your brother would make her."

This was not the case; for when De Sevigné at last married, he rather verified an often deceitful proverb, of a reformed rake making a good husband.

Madame de Sevigné says, on the 18th of August, 1680:—

"What do you think my son has done? Why, flown, God knows how, across the kingdom to Rennes. I fancy he has taken this curious jaunt for the sake of Mademoiselle de Tonquedee; if so, he will find himself sadly puzzled, for Mademoiselle de C— is not a person to part with her rights quietly; so that the gentleman is at present between two bundles of hay, and the worst he could have selected."

Again, on the 21st of August:—

"My son is still at Rennes, doing wonders at the feet of Sylvia, which is the Christian name of the Tonquedician fair. I never saw a lad so unfortunate in a *fricasee* of the heart: this last, as you have

seen, was not in *snow*. Ninon had declared, that, 'the heart of Charles de Sevigné was like a turnip *fricaseed* in snow.'"

"Sept. 8th.—Your brother is looking out for a wife in another quarter. We have been under terrible apprehensions, but they have proved false alarms."

"Oct. 13th, 1680.—My son is in a truly pitiable situation; he is so thin, so shrivelled, and so dejected, and his beard is of such a frightful length, that you would not know him again: however, he loves to be petted. It vexes me when I reflect for whom he suffers—for an ungrateful woman, nay, what is worse, for a *Sylvia* for whom he has not, nor ever had, any real love."

At last he fell in love with a Breton heiress, Mademoiselle de Mauron, a pious and good girl. His mother says it was the first time in his life he ever felt a true attachment. In the year 1683, he married Mademoiselle de Mauron, who proved an excellent wife; and Sevigné settled into a moral and religious character, with even a little inclination to fanaticism, which he gained from his first love, the lady above alluded to. "She is a saint, he used to observe after her marriage to a happy rival, an example to all married women." Madame de Sevigné relates a ridiculous story of this lady, in a letter dated August 5th, 1684, in which it appears she had undertaken a pious elopement from her husband, for the purpose of converting the Hindus, but as she went no further than Rouen, perhaps it was a little bit of scandal got up to justify his sister in her *tracassaries* in regard to this first object of his heart, whose name is no where mentioned.

Dec. 1684.—After Sevigné has been married a year, his mother writes:—

"Your brother has taken quite a serious, not to say a religious, turn; he occupies himself with books of devotion, and seems affected by them. The day will come when we shall think ourselves happy in having spent some part of our time in these Christian avocations; death must be dreadful to a mind bereft of all support in that awful hour. His wife partakes his sentiments: in short, I am the most wicked of the three, yet not quite a reprobate."

Sevigné's wife was a loving and dutiful daughter to Madame de Sevigné, who continued to reside with her children at her beloved abode in Brittany, Les Rochers, the family estate, which during her widowhood she had planted and

adorned with great taste. The letters of the younger Madame de Sevigné are simple and charming, much superior to those of the over-praised Madame de Grignan:—

“The arrival of the Duke de Vendôme will make a change in your affairs; for ten years have you been governors in Provence. It is a charming post. I should have been unhappy not to have seen you in your kingdom. M. and Madame de Chaulnes have given rise to all my notions respecting the charms of these sovereignties. It was by no means unpleasant to have the royal authority joined to the name of Grignan in Provence.”

Madame de Grignan paid pretty severely for her marriage among the very high noblesse. She had to pass part of every year at the castle of Grignan, which, unfortunately for her, was situated in a mountainous district at such a lofty elevation, as to be in air so rarefied, that the beautiful countess, not being used to its sharpness, was constantly suffering with inflammation on the chest and lungs, and seems, in consequence, to have become a constitutional invalid; for her mother's latter letters are as much filled with exhortations respecting her health, and recommendations of as many various quackeries as formerly, for the preservation of her beauty—thyme water, viper broth; for which diabolical compound there is a curious receipt: she is also eternally dosing herself with the oddest remedies, and exhorting her beautiful countess to swallow them. Here is the receipt for feeding on vipers sent by the brother of the Countess de Grignan, which is infinitely diverting: we gather from it that viper broth, viper tea, and viper powder, were among the most favourite nostrums of the day. This will call to memory the whims of Sir Kenelm Digby, who, to preserve the almost supernatural beauty of his wife, the Lady Venetia Digby, fed her upon vipers: she died under the regimen, poor thing; no wonder. *We* would have run away before submitting to such serpent diet, for the good of our complexions even to delight our husbands; but professed beauties are languid sort of folk, and have not, oftentimes, spirit to make an energetic resistance to the caprices of their masters. However, to return to our vipers; here are the directions:—

“Request M. de Boissi to catch ten

dozen for you (what a request! 120 vipers!) they must be put up in a box which has three partitions, that they may be more at their ease, with bran or moss in each partition. Take two of them every morning; let their heads be cut off, then skin them, cut them in pieces, with which stuff a chicken: continue this for a month; and if the vipers do no good, blame your brother. Adieu, my lovely little sister: my wife sends you a thousand affectionate remembrances.”

In the same letter, Madame de Sevigné mentions that she has applied to a wound lint steeped in the blood of a *hunted hare*.

Madame de Sevigné died of a violent cold and inflammation, occasioned by the anxiety and fatigue she suffered in nursing her daughter through an illness at Provence, which lasted six months, at the age of seventy years. Her illness was short, and not preceded by any previous symptom of decay. Madame de Sevigné, in all her letters, expresses her dread of death: yet, when she came to the crisis, she demeaned herself with great composure.

She was interred in the collegiate church of Grignan. About sixty years ago Marshal de Muy, to whom this estate then belonged, caused her coffin to be dug up and deposited in a cenotaph raised in the centre of the same church. This tomb was violated when the French revolutionists made their search for lead, which was the pretext for many outrages.

It was the custom in Provence to bury the dead with their faces uncovered, and the female corpses wore ribbons, with the hair in full dress, in their coffins. Madame de Sevigné had expressed the most lively indignation at this ridiculous practice. She says, in a letter dated a few years before her death:—

“Good God! my dear child, what fools you women are, living and dead! Your top-knots shock me! What a profanation, it smells of Paganism. Foh! It would make me shudder at dying in Provence. I would at least be assured that the milliner and undertaker were not sent for at the same time. Fie! fie! indeed.”

This passage was considered by her friends in the light of a presentiment, since she died at Grignan Castle, in Provence; and the very head-dress which was so repugnant to her mind, adorned her in her coffin. This was almost a cruel compliance with an absurd custom,

and the family of Grignan should have prevented it. The beautiful countess was not in fault, since she was overwhelmed by illness and affliction, as her mother was suddenly seized with inflammation on the chest, while nursing her beloved daughter through a long, and it was supposed fatal, sickness.

It is scarcely necessary to say any thing in the way of commendation on those famous letters that have been the admiration of Europe for more than a century. They are the best records of historical costume and biographical anecdote the times furnish. There are two remarks we have to make on them: one is, that the mother never calls her beloved daughter by her Christian name of Marguerite; another is, that she mentions the habitual daily custom of drinking tea and coffee, just as it is practised in England at the present day, though she was in the reign of Louis XIV.; which custom must therefore have been common in Europe sooner than is supposed.

Description of the Portrait of Madame de Sevigné.

Madame de Sevigné, who showed so much taste in the arrangement of the *belle chevelure* of her daughter, was strangely deficient in regard to her own: when she sat for this portrait to Mignard, we should, by the dress and fashion of the hair, presume that it was in the first years of her widowhood; as, by her letters, she certainly did not wear black in after life. On the top of her head is a sort of

triangular coif of black velvet, singularly ungraceful in appearance; this is tied on the head by two black bows on each side, which gather up all the side hair in monstrous bunches, that, by means of wire concealed among the curls, spread themselves out to the breadth of the shoulders. Her robe is black velvet, with a pointed corset-corsage, finished round the bust with folds of white cambric, something in the style that fashionists call *à la Sevigné*; which mode will be better exemplified in the beautiful portrait of her daughter, Madame de Grignan, which will succeed this. The sleeves terminate at the elbow with ruffles of crimped cambric, tied, like the folds on the bust, with black knots of ribbon. The robe loops back with knots of black ribbon, and shows a black satin petticoat. She holds in her right hand a pen, and in the other a letter she has not yet folded, perhaps addressed to her cousin, the Count de Bussy Rabutin; for her daughter is as yet too young for the celebrated correspondence, as Madame de Sevigné, by the fashions then worn, could not have been more than seven-and-twenty. However discontented the admirers of this excellent woman and celebrated authoress may be with the style of dress she chose when she sat to the great Mignard, it is allowed that his portrait of her was strikingly like her in features; we, therefore, have the opportunity of seeing her precisely as she looked in the time of the regency of Anne of Austria.

THE FIRST AND LAST SONG.

[BY MRS. T. F. CLARKE.]

"Henry! thou hast a beauteous bride;
Rank, fame, and fortune are thy own—
But not for these, and all beside
That ministers to human pride—
Not for a sceptre, or a throne,
Would I have done so foul a deed,
Or doom'd so fond a heart to bleed."—DALE.

One fine evening, at the commencement of the summer of 1834, I accompanied Captain Augustus Woodville to an elegant entertainment, which was given by Lady K., at her mansion in Belgrave-square, to welcome the return of Woodville from abroad.

Many were the fair ladies and noble

U—VOL. VIII.—MARCH.

knights who had assembled that evening to pay their respects to her ladyship and Woodville; for he, though not possessing a title, still claimed descent from one of the most ancient families in England.

In this large assembly, the three daughters of my noble hostess particularly attracted my attention, and a cousin

of theirs, named Emily Clinton, who had lately become a widow.

To the daughters of Lady K., as a matter of course, Woodville paid much attention; but I could perceive, for I watched him narrowly, that whenever he had an opportunity of evincing his respect, their cousin Emily was not forgotten.

Woodville and I had been school-fellows, and it is seldom the friendship of school-days is entirely obliterated in after years. He was, indeed, my senior; and it is well known the seniors at Eton pay very little regard to their juniors. He was the only son of a brave naval officer, who had, when he was very young, fallen at the siege of Algiers. Unluckily, he had had a too indulgent mother: at first a youth of some promise, his wayward temper and capricious fancy had not been with force and prudence duly controlled. When he came to man's estate, he possessed little either of principle or prudence—the creature of impulse, he acted only for the present, without an after-thought for the future. He wished, and if that wish were within possibility, he determined upon accomplishing it, at whatever cost. In fact, he was a man wholly devoid of prudence: and such an one would have cared nothing at breaking a hundred hearts; yet, he it was whose fancy appeared to be attracted by my friend Emily. As he had been the friend of Emily's husband, before his departure from England, very soon after he left Eton, his attentions might only arise from friendship for the memory of her departed lord, and compassion for her sorrow. Such was my hope.

I was pained to perceive that Woodville's attentions did not appear to be disagreeable to Emily; but again, I thought it was simply respect for Woodville, because he was her husband's friend: yet, she seemed strangely to listen with earnest attention to his seductive tongue; and I feared, lest, Othello like,

"He asked but friendship,
He would bring away love."

Emily had been educated in the principality of Wales, and many years of her early youth were passed in the delightful county of Radnor: she had lived much in solitude, and naturally of a romantic disposition, had not failed to travel in the fairy-land of Poesy, while she wandered round the almost enchanted grounds of

her father's country-seat. She was very young when she married Clinton, and removed with him to fashionable society in London; but the restraints of fashion were irksome to her, and her heart appeared to cling with fond remembrance to the scenes of her girlhood.

Her love of poetry and romance were excessive; and though she had become the mother of two sweet little girls, and was then a widow, the real sorrows she had endured had not made her forget that land of fiction, in which she had found so much delight.

Warm-heartedness and cheerfulness ever secured friends for Emily, although she had neither face nor figure to awaken delight. At Lady K.'s there was less of that restraint than is usual in fashionable circles; and at the close of the evening, joy seemed to sit on the countenances of all present.

Many songs were sung; Emily recited a poem; and Woodville was called upon. I could perceive his whole attention directed to Emily, when he uttered the words—

"Tho' we're doomed by fate to sever,
And 'tis hard to part;
Yet believe that *thou* shalt ever
Own this faithful heart."

I saw she felt deeply, yet struggled to conceal her emotion, particularly from me.

Shortly after this the party broke up, and Woodville and I left the house together.

"Well, Montague," said he to me, as soon as we were in the street, "what do you think of Emily Clinton, is she not a sweet creature? I shall propose to her immediately; do you think she will accept me, Charles?"

"Woodville," I replied, "do not be so impetuous, have a little patience: Emily is a proud woman, and she would almost feel herself insulted, if you were to propose to her yet."

"Well, well, Montague, that may be your way of thinking, not mine," said he; "time and tide wait for no man, neither will I. My ship is bound for Lima; we are to set sail in six weeks. In that time I will prevail on Emily to give me her hand, or——"

"But she has seen so little of you," said I, interrupting him.

"Oh, I hate your long courtships, a month is quite long enough; I am sure Emily won't refuse me."

"Don't make too sure," said I, as we

parted. I had long loved Emily as a sister, and I felt all a brother's anxiety for her happiness; I saw Woodville was determined upon making her an offer, and I considered it my duty, as a friend, to warn her against accepting him; for I felt well assured that his impetuosity of temper would cause her nothing but misery. I called upon her for this purpose; but a few minutes' conversation with her, quickly convinced me that her susceptible heart was too deeply interested to listen to any thing which I had to say, and I took my leave, requesting her to consider me at all times a friend.

Shortly after this Woodville became the affianced lover of Emily, and was received as such by her friends. The six weeks which he had mentioned as the term of his residence on shore soon slipped away, but still he lingered on, having exchanged the command of his own ship for a friend's, which was not to sail until the ensuing spring. He entreated Emily to fix an early day for their marriage, but in consequence of the settlement of her affairs, she delayed doing so from time to time.

By the will of her late husband, Emily's children were left independent of her; and as her fortune was not very large, I doubted not Woodville's sincerity. About this time the death of a maternal uncle brought to Woodville an ample fortune. Addicted to gaming, I feared the wealth he had so suddenly inherited would as suddenly be dissipated.

At this juncture, Annette Florian, the daughter of a French count, was introduced to Woodville's mother, and became a frequent companion of his sisters. Annette was elegant, fascinating, and accomplished. She had divided her time between Paris and London, and possessed every attraction likely to win the fickle heart of Woodville, besides enjoying a rich dowry.

It has been said, that there can never be love without jealousy; this is, however, a point we will leave metaphysicians to settle. It is certain that Emily's heart was too entirely occupied with her attachment to Woodville for jealousy to find an entrance there: she loved him too dearly to perceive that his affection for her was on the wane; and in the singleness of her own heart, did not suspect that Annette was her rival. How could she suspect, the day for her marriage was fixed, and even some of the bridal ornaments were

purchased. Emily, poor Emily, cultivated a friendship for Annette, welcomed her to her house, and was frequently accompanied by her when she went to make different purchases for her approaching nuptials. One day the two friends stopped at the shop of a jeweller, at the foot of Westminster-bridge, as Emily wished to buy a beautiful antique cameo brooch: whilst they were admiring it, their attention was attracted by a woman who was selling gold lace, at the further end of the shop; the woman appeared to be equally struck with them, and gave Emily a glance which seemed to wish to penetrate the remotest recesses of her heart. As Emily and Annette, having concluded their purchase, were quitting the shop, the woman followed them, and laid her hand gently on Emily's shoulder, "One word with you, lady," she said, as Emily was on the point of stepping into her carriage, which waited at the door, in which Annette was already seated.

"For what purpose?" said Emily, a little startled at so sudden an interruption: "who are *you* that speak to me thus—what is your name?"

"My name *was* Gordon," said the woman; "what it *is* matters not to you, better had it never been changed."

"Well, then, Nameless One," what is your business with me?"

"Call me Eva," said the woman, "the predictress of fate. Lady, I have but little to say *now*; but will you meet me to-morrow at midnight, under the large porch, in the Abbey church-yard, opposite to St. Margaret's church; but remember, lady, you are to come *alone*, bring not your rival with you; I will tell you *that* which it is well you should know:—will you be there?"

"I will," said Emily, for there was a strange earnestness in the woman's manner, that made it almost impossible for Emily to refuse what she requested.

The stranger then disappeared, and Emily took her seat in the carriage, beside Annette, who was most curious to know for what purpose she had been detained; but Emily resolutely refused to answer her questions.—Eva's words, "Bring not your rival with you," plunged Emily into a melancholy musing, and the remainder of the drive was passed in silence.

"I hope to see you in better spirits the next time we meet," said the light-

hearted Annette, as Emily's carriage stopped at the count's door.

"We will speak of that when next we see each other. Farewell!" said Emily.

Suspicion and jealousy had now, for the first time, taken their abode within the bosom of Emily. What could be the meaning of the stranger's words, thought she—who, except Annette, could be her rival—could it be possible that Woodville was only trifling with her feelings! Whilst these thoughts were passing in her mind, Emily determined to keep her appointment with Eva.

It has been said, that the desire of prying into futurity is common only to vulgar minds: it will be found that all classes of society are more or less anxious to pierce the veil of futurity, and read the destiny that awaits them; but, perhaps, this feeling is more indulged in amongst the very highest and the very lowest classes, than amongst those in middle station of life. The rich have little to do, and often endeavour to amuse themselves by seeking to discover that which is wisely hidden from them; the poor, also, are always hoping their circumstances will be better; but the middling classes, intent upon business, and engrossed with the cares of life, have neither the time nor the inclination to waste upon such matters.

At midnight Emily set off to visit the mysterious stranger, accompanied by a faithful servant, who waited her at the foot of the statue of George Canning:—she herself passed the door of St. Margaret's church, and as the clock tolled "that hour o'night's black arch, the key-stane," she reached the great porch of the abbey, where, by the fitful light of the moon, she perceived Eva awaiting her arrival.

"'Tis well for you, Emily Clinton," said the assumed sybil, "that you have kept your promise."

"What have you to tell me?" said Emily: "but how know you my name?"

"It little matters," answered the sybil, "how I know your name. Listen, Emily Clinton, you are engaged to Augustus Woodville: mark *my words*, Emily Clinton, as sure as fate, *you will never be that man's wife!* Ask no questions, lady (said Eva, as Emily attempted to address her), he prefers another to you: lady, the tongue may speak to the truth of

what the eye has seen—now I have warned you."

As Eva uttered this, the excited feelings of Emily (excited still more by the time, place, and manner in which she had heard her destiny pronounced) fell senseless. When she recovered, Emily found herself supported by Eva, who, in the same mysterious manner, added, "I have warned you once—I have seen you twice—beware of the third time we meet; but, above all, beware of the 20th of November!"

With a throbbing heart and a quick step, Emily regained her attendant, and pursued her way home.

Eva's words sank deeply into the sensitive mind of Emily, and for a time she lost much of her wonted cheerfulness: but, as Woodville appeared almost as attentive as ever, she endeavoured to rally, and the more so, since his birth-day approached: as it was the first which he had for several years passed in England, his mother was desirous that there should be a splendid entertainment.

A few days previously, Emily and Woodville were naming the company invited: Annette was of the number, and Emily jokingly requested Woodville not to make her ridiculous, by paying her too marked an attention in so large an assembly.

"If you like better," he replied, jestingly, "my attention shall be directed to Annette."

"As you will," answered Emily, "so that all eyes are not upon me."

On the day, and at the hour appointed, a large concourse of guests had assembled at the mansion of Woodville's mother.

Dancing was kept up to a late hour. I was astonished at beholding the attention Woodville paid to Annette; and still more so, that Emily regarded it so coolly.

Can it be possible, that Woodville really is engaged to Emily, or has he only raised the report for the purpose of creating amusement.

The more closely I observed him, the more I was convinced that Annette, and not Emily, was now his choice.

A brother of Emily's was almost furious, and it was with the greatest difficulty I could prevent him from demanding immediate satisfaction, so deeply did he feel the insult offered to his sister.

At the close of a long and fatiguing

dance, Annette fainted; Woodville caught her in his arms: Emily turned deadly pale, but recovered her self-possession sufficiently to assist in applying the usual restoratives. No further notice was then taken of the matter, and the dancing was discontinued. During the confusion that was occasioned by this incident, upon looking towards the door I perceived the woman Eva amongst the servants: she appeared to be anxiously watching the proceedings of the evening. We were on the point of seating ourselves at supper, when one of the servants informed Woodville's mother that the noted Eva, the predictress of fate, having heard that this was a birth-day eve, had called to know whether any of the ladies would have their fortunes told. The whole company, Emily excepted, appeared to augur much amusement, and Eva was, accordingly, brought in.

"There are but three in this assembly to whom I wish to speak," said the sybil. "The first, Augustus Woodville: to you I predict a certain risk of life. To you," lowering her tone, as she addressed Annette, "to you I promise a hasty marriage—time will tell whether it will be a happy one. And to you, Emily Clinton,—you, whom I would most have served,—to you I can predict nothing but an early tomb: that is the 20th of November. Adieu!"

She then immediately quitted the apartment. Woodville's was the only doom which she pronounced in an audible voice; the rest was spoken in so low a tone, as to be heard but by the parties to whom uttered. It was in vain for the company to inquire of Emily and Annette what the "weird sister" had said; they refused to indulge curiosity; and at length we were seated at the supper-table.

Emily was placed at Woodville's right hand, but Annette sat at his left—nearest his heart.

After supper, as a little variation to the amusements of the evening, several songs were sung. Woodville sang again, and again dwelt upon the words,

"Yet believe that thou shalt ever
Own this faithful heart."

His eyes were rivetted upon Annette! This was too much for Emily to endure; she burst into tears, for she recalled to mind the *first* time she had heard it sung, when Woodville was all her heart could

wish. Her brother perceived her distress, and, no longer able to control his just anger, flung his card on the table, called upon me as his second, and demanded an immediate explanation. However, I so far arranged matters as to prevail upon them to wait until the morning.

In the morning, Emily's brother and myself repaired to the place of meeting. We were there a few minutes before the arrival of Woodville. It was a cold drizzling morning in November, and the place to which we had repaired seemed to increase the gloom of the weather. It was a damp field in the neighbourhood of Hammersmith: the thick mists still hung over the river; the turf gave way at every step we took, owing to the marshy nature of the ground. Neither Hetherington (Emily's brother) nor myself spoke. I, indeed, was too thoughtful for speech: my situation was as little enviable as that of any of the parties concerned. I was aiding one friend against an old, and rather favourite, schoolfellow, who in storm had been sheltered by the same tree; at meals sat at the same board; sleeping together in the same room; and now I was deliberately sanctioning an act which would probably cost him his life. The thought was too much for me, and I forgot the reckless heartlessness of the *roué*, who had trifled with the finest feelings of my friend Emily. Woodville and his second, Captain W., walked to the spot. Woodville looked pale; and there was a tremor in his voice, as he replied to my friend, who was calm and unmoved, what he meant by his conduct on the previous evening.

I had promised Emily that if it were possible to gain an explanation, shots should not be exchanged: after much persuasion her brother agreed to this.

To Hetherington, Woodville replied, he did not mean to insult his sister, simply to honour his bride, on her bridal-day; for on his birth-day, Annette became his bride.

"Then," replied Hetherington, "go and enjoy the recreant life which you do not deserve."

"I am no coward, Hetherington," answered Woodville, "though you may deem me such; my life shall be the forfeit:" so saying, he snapped his pistol close to his heart, but it missed fire. Captain W. wrested it from his grasp, and conveyed him off the field.

Emily's brother charged me to convey to his sister the result of the morning's meeting. I repaired immediately to her house, and found her calm—so calm that I was terrified; but her glazed and sunken eye, pallid cheek, and parched lip, evinced too plainly the dreadful struggle going on within.

"Only tell me, Charles, does Woodville live?" she asked, on seeing me.

"He does——"

"Thank God! then I shall die happy! Woodville does not now love me. I cannot endure life. Charles, my heart is breaking. Tell me, have you heard any thing further respecting him and Annette? You see I am calm—I can hear any thing now: do not keep me in suspense—let me know the worst."

"Woodville is married to Annette; yesterday was their wedding-day."

"Oh cruel! treacherous!—But 'tis his choice—I wish him happy."

I was rising to take my leave, knowing that the deepest grief prefers solitude, when Emily requested me to wait a few minutes, that I might be the bearer of a letter to Woodville and his wife, to congratulate them upon their marriage. She sat down, and wrote with the greatest self-possession, entreating them, at the conclusion, to have a tender regard for her children, who would so soon become orphans.

I promised to deliver her letter, and to call again. In about a week I returned; but oh! what a change in Emily. I saw plainly that despair had entered her heart—that its barbed arrow was rankling in her soul, and that in a short time she would be no more. Woodville, in the meanwhile, had called upon me, and begged me to convey to Emily the following letter, as an apology for his conduct. It ran thus:—

"London, Nov. 25, 1834.

"My dearest Emily,—I know not how to address you—I can offer no excuse for my conduct. Your pardon is all I can ask. And yet *I have* an excuse to offer. Reports may not have reached you that my passion for play consumed all the fortune left me by my uncle, and made me worse off than I was before I inherited it. I was fascinated by the brilliant wit and accomplishments of Annette, but more than all, I was allured by her fortune. You know enough of me to know that I almost always act with precipitation.

I therefore drowned reflection, and excited those false feelings which tempted me to leave one whose heart so fondly beat for me, for the wicked love of gold. I could not restrain my tears on reading your letter which Montague has put into my hands. For Heaven's sake, endeavour to reconcile your mind to the unhappy event of my distressing circumstances. Do not imagine I was reckless of your feelings—indeed I was not; but my proud spirit could not have borne to have seen you enduring penury. Do not give way to grief for one who appears unworthy of such pure love and affection. And now, dearest of women, farewell!

"May the Almighty God of heaven watch over and protect you, and send to your heart once more happiness and contentment. While I breathe, I shall remain your sincere friend,

"AUGUSTUS WOODVILLE."

Emily read this letter without any perceptible change of countenance: Charles now endeavoured to awaken interest in the fate of her children.

"Charles, I am not now in a condition to hear reason.

'With me the hope of life is gone;
The sun of joy is set.'"

I rose to take my leave. "Do not you be angry with me," said Emily: "do not forsake me. I am convinced I shall not long trouble you; but let me have the consolation of knowing that I have at least *one* friend to soothe my spirit in this adverse hour. Wishing to divert her melancholy, I said, "I forgot when last I was here to tell you about Eva."

"Who is she?" asked Emily, eagerly.

"You know your father held the command of a regiment stationed in the West Indies, and he saved Eva's life during an insurrection of the slaves: she had married unhappily, and after the death of her husband, determined upon attaching herself to the family of her benefactor;—her real name is Collins. For this purpose she left Kingston, and landed in England. On arriving in London, she heard of your father's death and your marriage with Clinton: necessity had compelled her to gain a livelihood by pretending to predict fortunes. A few days before you first saw me, accident led her to the house of Woodville's mother: from the servants she inquired the particulars of your history, and heard

also of Woodville's attentions to Annette. She had long sought an interview with you, when chance threw you into her way; and having received a description, she could not easily mistake your person. On the night of Woodville's birth-day, she had overheard Hetherington and myself vowing vengeance against him—she therefore predicted to him a certain risk of life: it was no prediction for her to speak of a 'speedy marriage' to Annette, she had that morning been present at his marriage; which before she first saw you, she had heard was fixed for his birth-day.—To you she spoke of 'an early tomb'—but in this, I trust Heaven, she is mistaken: I hope you will conquer your melancholy, and that I shall soon know you, as I once knew you."

"Ah! Charles, you know that in the course of my life I have had much to encounter; during the last eight years, seldom has 'the spirit of happiness floated in my cup': this would not have been had my father lived, or Clinton enjoyed better health. But—I have stemmed my body against both wind and tempest with a lion's heart, and a masculine spirit—never have I been wrecked till now; but now my spirit is indeed broken, at the very moment that my hopes of happiness were at the highest pitch. You speak of me as I *was*—yes, as I *was*. Have you ever beheld a gallant ship when she was just launched, go dashing through the sea, with her sails set, her colours flying, the wind in her favour, the waves calm, music on board, and all rejoicing, seeming as if she feared for nothing, and conquered all—then have you seen an emblem of what my proud heart *once* was:—but have you seen the same ship dismasted, driven at the mercy of the winds and the tempest, her beauty destroyed, her gladness perished, yielding to the fury of the elements, until nothing was left of her but a wreck—you then beheld an emblem of what my heart *now* is!"

"I could only bid Emily adieu, entreating her to endeavour to become more calm: after this I frequently visited her, but had the misery to find that grief was undermining her constitution, and doing the work of years; yet, as I knew she had never been inattentive to the holy consolations of religion, I hoped she might have sufficient strength of mind to struggle

against this bitter disappointment, by awakening her feelings of self, *when* she said, "Augustus hardly deserved the love I had for him."

"I know it well," she replied; "but

'Rejected by the hand we love,
Disowned where we adore,
Can earth beneath, or heaven above,
Pierce deeper to life's core?
Say, can afflictions throb impart
A deadlier torture to the heart,
Which bleeds at every pore?
Can fate upon the bosom press
With more unmingled bitterness?'"

"Emily! Emily!" I replied, "for once I must answer you in your own style—

'Say, can the generous mind for ever brood,
The willing victim of a weary mood?'

You are young—life is still before you—perhaps, some worthier object——"

"Stop, Charles—I may not have numbered many summers, but I am an emblem of a withered leaf, which the first breeze shall stretch along the plain: I never more may listen to love's beguiling voice.

'Nay, tell me not of life,
I know it may not be;
And it is such a scene of strife,
Oh, wish it not for me!'

Excuse my speaking thus—religion and poetry now constitute my existence, and I can never so well express my thoughts as in the language of others."

"Have you then forsaken music?"

"Ah!—I can never take up my harp without thinking of that melody—I was reading a sweet poem the other day, Charles, which is so much to the purpose, that I cannot help repeating it to you:—

'STANZAS.

'It was a pleasant melody,
A simple air at first;
But changing, with a wilder tone,
Upon my ear it burst;
I had not listened to that strain
For many a long sad hour,
And through my inmost soul it thrilled
When in that lighted bower,
Where every word and glance spoke gladness,
My ear drank in those tones of sadness.

'A host of bitter feelings rose,
As swelled that changeful strain
Of hopes, which, like to fallen stars,
Know not their place again—
Of memories that were pleasant once,
But sad and hateful now;
All in one mournful phalanx passed
On with that music low;
While to my heart seemed every tone
The knell of something loved, but flown!
'Twas from a stranger's lips that first
I heard that melody;
But summer friends were round me then,
And flatterers bow'd the knee;

And words—but they are idle things,
 When by the worldling spoken ;
 And vows, but they are lighter still,
 Off' without scruple broken :
 How can I marvel at the part
 Suspicion bears in every heart ?

‘ Where are those friends ? it matters not ;
 Of me they have no thought ;
 I, too, am callous now—my heart
 With more than scorn is fraught ;
 Our homes are like our hearts,
 Wide lands between them lie,
 The love we cherished once is gone,
 As sunk that melody ;
 My absence changes not their fate,
 And were they here, I could but *hate* !

‘ I would give worlds, could I forget
 I ever heard that strain,
 That it might be as gems that shine
 Deep in some unknown main ;
 No echo of its harmony
 Oblivion’s calm to break ;
 No recognition of its notes,
 When on the chords they wake :
 Oh ! for a draught of Lethe now,
 Over the song and these thoughts to flow ! ’

“ If these words contain your real sentiments, Emily, I shall soon see the rose bloom again upon your cheek.”

“ Never ! never ! There are some things, Charles, although trifles, which make a deep impression upon the mind ; I do not think I am superstitious, though I was brought up in a country famed for superstitions. I know you put no faith in dreams—neither do I generally : you consider all dreams as the effect of previous associations upon the mind,—then I heeded not the warning,—then it passed as the light dew of the morning, and with the coming day, had no longer presence in my soul ; but why, before I had seen Eva, before I had thought of Woodville’s treachery, should I have dreamt that he and I were walking in Wales together, in the depth of winter, in the extensive grounds which surrounded my father’s seat : on approaching a hedge, methought he stooped down, picked up a serpent benumbed with cold, and begged me to take care of it ; I objected—we returned home, he still carrying the serpent. On arriving, what (even in my dream) was my surprise to see Annette running to welcome us ; again Woodville entreated me to take care of the snake, and recommended me, as the most effectual means of restoring its suspended animation, to place it in my bosom :—methought I did so, still fearing its envenomed tooth ; hardly had it begun to revive, when it coiled around me, fixed its fangs upon me, and bit me

mortally ; but this was not sufficient. Whilst in my dream I was expiring in agony, I saw Woodville and Annette stand by and laugh at my torment, until my life failed me : I awoke to the happy consciousness it was but a dream—still it made a deep impression upon my mind. Can you, in your philosophy, account for this ? ”

I replied, I considered it simply as the effect of an over-heated imagination.

“ Then listen to this,” said Emily ; “ three nights had elapsed after the dream I have just mentioned, when my fancy again conveyed me to the home of my father—again Woodville accompanied me. This time it was not to wander in pleasant fields that we were there, but to visit the dank, damp vaults of the church. Methought I entered the vault alone, Woodville stood at the threshold ; hardly had I entered, when a coffin near me suddenly burst open : my father arose from it in his shroud, and beckoned me to follow him—I did so : he approached a small coffin, which opened at his touch ; and from it he took my baby who had died, pressed it to his bosom, gave me a mournful smile, still continuing to hold the infant, and then returned to his narrow cell, and laid himself down in his coffin with the babe in his arms. During all this time he spoke not—the lid of the coffin closed over them of itself, and they were shut from my sight. As my father was disappearing, another coffin burst, and from it stepped he, who had been my husband, Clinton, clad in his grave-clothes : he looked at me anxiously—he did not speak, but passed towards the door, where he continued for some minutes in conversation with Woodville. I heard, but could not understand the subject of their discourse : Woodville never advanced a step into the vault. Suddenly Annette appeared by Woodville’s side, and placing her arm in his, with a gay and a reckless air he went his way. I advanced, meaning to speak to Clinton, and to follow Woodville, but the door of the vault was suddenly closed upon me ; Clinton vanished, and I was left alone with the dead :—and with the dead I soon shall be, Charles, nothing can persuade me to the contrary.”

Finding it was in vain to combat with her fancy, I left her, trusting time might alleviate her sorrow.

My professional engagements pre-

vented me from visiting Emily for a few weeks. On my return to town, I called upon her, hoping to find her much better; but was shocked, on entering the room, to see her supported by pillows. She welcomed me faintly, saying, "I am glad, Charles, you have come to see me once again, before I die."

"Do not speak of death, Emily," said I; "here is a nosegay for you, you used to love flowers."

"Yes, in my own dear country—in Wales. Charles, I wish to speak with you seriously; I feel that I am dying:—will you be a protector to my orphan babes?"

"In all that a friend can serve you, I will; but I hope many happy hours are still in store for you."

"No, Charles, this was the day which had been appointed for my wedding, had my affairs been settled: I cannot survive it. For the sake of my dear babes, I have struggled hard to maintain an appearance of cheerfulness that I have not felt, but the struggle will now soon be over: had it not been for your friendship, and their helplessness, I should not have lived so long. Strew the flowers you have brought with you in my coffin. Do not think me childish, if I make a request to you, Charles:—you know it is the custom in Wales, to plant flowers on the graves of those we have loved when living—will you plant flowers on my tomb?"

I assented.

"Bring my dear children to me," she continued; "I wish to bid them adieu, ere I take my departure from a toilsome and troublesome world!"

Her request was instantly complied with.

"My dear friend, farewell! Heaven bless you for your kindness to me and these innocents. Tell Woodville that as I had loved him in life, so in death I did not forget him: tell him I heartily pardon him the grief, the sorrow, the agony he has caused me!—*May God forgive me, for having made an idol of him!*—Farewell!"

Emily fainted—I hoped she might recover at least for a few days: we did succeed in restoring her to her consciousness, but she had lost the power of speech; she pressed my hand affectionately, looked kindly on me—tenderly at her children; and thus her gentle spirit fled its clayey tenement.

Long before the morning sun broke, a lifeless corpse was all that remained of Emily Clinton.

"Sweet flowers were her treasures,
And flowers shall be mine;
I've brought them from Radnor's green hills to
her grave,
That, planted in anguish, their roots may
entwine
O'er a heart once as gentle as Heaven ere
gave!"

ORIGIN AND END OF LOTTERIES IN FRANCE, &c.

The following historical account of the introduction of lotteries into France, may not be uninteresting to our readers, at a moment when lotteries have just been abolished in that country.

Many persons are of opinion that the origin of lotteries cannot be traced to a more remote period than the 16th century, or at furthest to the reign of Louis XIV.: this opinion is, however, erroneous. The game of hazard, to which the name of lottery was afterwards given, was established by royal decree in Paris, in the year 1644, under the name of *banque* or *blanque royale*. These banks had been previously recognised in Holland and all over Italy; and at that period lotteries were in such high credit among the Egyptians, that although their origin was unknown, every species of commerce

was carried on through their means at Grand Cairo.

The Italians, who first introduced lotteries into France, tried also to introduce with them the name by which they were known at Venice and Genoa; but Vaugelas, who was appointed administrator, strenuously opposed the introduction of the word into the French language; and it was not until after his death that they received the name which they have since preserved. At that period the lottery was not upon the same scale as at the present day; the prizes, now sums of money, consisted then of houses, pictures, plate, jewels, and other valuables. In the beginning of the reign of Louis XIV., all the ladies of the court put into the lottery: many of the prizes were estimated at from forty to an hundred thou-

sand francs; country-houses, rich furniture, well stocked-libraries, diamonds of immense value; some of the *chef d'œuvres* of Leonardo da Vinci, Titian, Poussin, &c., might be gained at the risk of a few half-crowns; and the administrators of this establishment made such rapid fortunes in the course of a short time, that they not only kept open tables, but had establishments equal to those of any noble in the land.

A police was appointed for the regulation of the lottery, and the price of the tickets fixed at an *écu* (half-a-crown). A law passed, that two months should elapse between the announcement and the drawing of the lottery; and that the numbers should be taken from the wheel by the hand of a child. The merchants, however, complaining of the injury done to trade by this species of gambling, the question was brought before the courts, and the lottery consequently suppressed in the year 1657.

In the course of the ensuing year the lottery system was re-established; but, in order to prevent the injury complained of, it was declared that the prizes should henceforth be sums of money. The number of tickets was limited to one hundred thousand: of which ninety thousand were sold at half-a-crown each, four thousand at two francs and a half each, and the remaining six thousand at intermediate prices. The king, queen, and queen-mother, having gained considerable prizes on their first putting in, the lottery was not again set aside. It was conducted with the most perfect order and regularity; and to convince the public that all was fair and open, it was drawn by six children, chosen by lot out of twelve brought from one of the charity schools for that purpose.

Servants, misers, and old women, did not, as in our day, put into the lottery upon the faith of dreams: but the superstitious always took the precaution of selecting their tickets on one of those fortunate days, revealed to father Adam by one of the angels: nevertheless, nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand lost their money, as at the present time; and those who were desirous of preserving their reputation for good sense, took the precaution of putting in under feigned names. In this cautious manner Messrs. Pariost and Gilbert, magistrates, gained the two highest prizes; the former

under the name of Petit Jean, and the latter under that of Mascarilla.

Shortly after, small lotteries, on the plan of the great one, were established by some of the nobility at their houses; and the game was found so amusing, that it soon spread all over France.

The Italians, vaunting themselves in being the inventors of these banks, a savant, not content with opposing to them the Egyptian lotteries, known from time immemorial, lowered their pride in some degree by the publication of a work, in which he proved that a battle had taken place between the Centaurs and Lapithes relative to the first lottery mentioned in history; he also proved that this game was of the most remote antiquity, as the partition of the Holy Land between the Israelites might be looked upon as a kind of lottery, as well as the division of Laconia into thirty-nine thousand parts by Lycurgus.

The historians of ancient Rome mention that the emperors were in the frequent habit of allowing largesses to their subjects by means somewhat similar to our lotteries. The names of the prizes to be distributed were written on pieces of wood, which were thrown amongst the people at the conclusion of the spectacle; and those who were fortunate enough to obtain them, received the object named.

Nero and Titus often bestowed these largesses; they consisted of beasts of burden, slaves, sums of money, precious vases, &c. &c. The Emperor Heliogabalus also frequently amused himself at this game. He caused the names of the prizes to be written on shells, which were thrown to the multitude; but, for the greater diversion of himself and favourites, the prizes were partly advantageous, partly ridiculous: for instance, while the possessor of one shell received an hundred pieces of gold, the possessor of another received an hundred bladders. The ticket of one entitled him to ten pounds weight of gold; that of another to ten pounds weight of lead, or one hundred lettuces: to one was given a thousand pieces of silver, to his neighbour a pound of beef; one gained ten bears, another ten eggs; one ten camels, another ten crickets: here, the fortunate winner obtained ten ostriches, while his less fortunate companion was obliged to content himself with ten flies. So that, similar to our lotteries, it was quite a *jeu*

du hasard; and, according to Lampidius, "this game pleased the Romans so much, that they rejoiced in having Heliogabalus for their emperor, although he was a fool, a despicable tyrant, and a monster."

Although we cannot enter fully into the lottery system in Italy, this species of gambling is carried on at the present moment, in small amounts, but to a very great extent at Rome. We have often

watched the goers-in and comers-out. The bureaux are ordinary shops, with counters, and a number of male assistants. In the evening, generally about eight or nine o'clock, is the time we have principally seen them, and chiefly on Saturdays. Debarred from paying adoration to earthly beauties, amongst the votaries of the *blind* goddess, have always been a great number of the priestly order.

ROME.

Oh Rome! eternal city, art thou gone,—
Are thy proud glories sunk? and can it be,
That these poor ruins, desolate and lone,
Of this great globe once held the sovereignty!
Terrestrial pride, and human greatness, see
What a poor witness of your power is here!
Where is the Roman's boast; "Rome shall be free,
Though Time itself's a slave!" Fallen, wan and sere,
Thy name survives alone—engraven on thy bier!
Oh! how it grieves the eye, to look around,
And mark the shatter'd, riven, widowed state,
Of all it there surveys;—the calm, profound,
And settled woe—that ruin cannot sate,
But only mourns or mocks. We feel no hate
For tyrants that once sway'd there: pity now
Usurps all other passion—and the great
Now only claim a sigh, where tombs avow
What meed to valour's praise, proud Rome could once allow!
Majestic desolation! clustering round,
Long groves of palm salute the wanderer's eye,
And waving corn invests the golden ground,
As through it softly doth the south wind sigh,
And over all bends Heaven's own lovely sky,
As pure, as fair, and as celestial blue,
As when those plains re-echoed victory,
And Rome's triumphant bands in long review,
Bade in those plains to flow a stream of crimson hue.

PELIKAR.

Dreadful Earthquake.—In the *Neapolitan Gazette* of Nov. 7, is an account of the destruction of the town of Castiglione, by an earthquake, in the night of Oct. 12. The shock was felt in Calabria, Ulbra, and Cibra. Castiglione, a commune in Cosenza, was levelled to the ground, and one hundred inhabitants (the population is 1200) met an untimely death. Many in attempting flight were seriously injured by the falling houses. The village of Ravellar, with a population of three hundred and seventy persons, met a similar fate, though with the loss of two lives and about thirty wounded. In Leppano, a family of nine individuals were buried in the ruins of a fallen house. The buildings in Cosenza, the capital of the province, were much damaged, but no lives were lost.

Convicts, how disposed of at Sydney.—The whole population of the colony is 70,000 persons; including 24,276 in bondage. In Dec. 1824, the prisoners in private service were 18,304; and up to Aug. 1835, 1,903 had been assigned by the government to private persons; making the total of 20,207 in private bondage. The cost of maintaining these 1,903 at 10*l.* per annum each is saved by the government, being 202,076*l.* per annum. The government prisoners are 982 in the road gang; 1,191 in the chain gang, 646 in gaols, and 1,250 in penal settlements; making a total of 4,069, at an expense of 43,419*l.*

Railroad to Galicia and Bochnia.—Messrs, Rothschild, who have gained the permission, will complete this railroad in three years. The distance is sixty miles.

TALES OF THE ENGLISH CHRONICLES.*

BY MISS AGNES STRICKLAND.

SIR LUCAS STANMORE AND THE LORD HIGH ADMIRAL.

[We left Sir Lucas at p. 103, preparing to attend the Court, on the 24th of February.]

CHAPTER VII.

Foretop—"My lord, I have done what I defy any prince in Europe to out-do. I have made you a perriwig so long and so full of hair, it will serve you for a hat and cloak in all weathers."

Lord Foppington—"Then thou hast made me thy friend to all eternity. Come, comb it out."
VANBURGH.

Sir Lucas Stanmore did not hesitate to undertake the journey to London, which the noble stranger had so strenuously recommended to him, and had supplied him with such ample means of performing. A thousand vague notions and undefined imaginings did indeed cross his mind, who this extraordinary personage might be. If his lofty bearing and air of command had not convinced Sir Lucas that he was a man of the highest rank and importance, he might have guessed him as such, by the profound deference with which he was treated by Pepys, who, though he addressed him by no title, threw into his looks and manner, when he spoke to him, so much respect, as made it evident that he considered him infinitely his superior. Unacquainted as Sir Lucas Stanmore was with the persons, characters, and even with the names of the leading men of the court, he had of course no clue which might lead him to any probable conjecture on the subject. However, he resolved to follow his counsel implicitly; and having arranged every thing in his power for the comfort and security of his sisters, he bade them a tender farewell, and commenced his first journey to the metropolis with a heart full of doubtful hope. He arrived at the place of his destination on the evening of the 22nd of February, and was courteously received and hospitably entertained by Pepys and his family; but he readily perceived that they belonged to a very different order of society from that in which he had expected to find them. Though living in

a style of luxury and profusion, and exhibiting an expensive costliness in their dress and establishment, to which Sir Lucas had for years been unaccustomed, there was a license in the manners of Pepys, and a coarseness in those of his wife and visitors, which plainly told the high-born, but unfortunate, Stanmore, that their breeding and education had not been consonant with their present rank in life.

Sir Lucas made inquiries, with some anxiety, respecting the noble stranger, whom he saw not among the oddly assorted company that frequented the house of his host. Pepys replied, with some embarrassment, that he was out of town with the king, at Newmarket; that Sir Lucas would undoubtedly see him at court, and that, for the present, he wished his name not to be mentioned.

The next day Pepys was chiefly employed in superintending the proper dress and arrangements for Sir Lucas Stanmore's appearance at court. The great delight he took in this office,—the fluent harangues he held forth on ribbons, knots, and points; and the acute criticisms which he bestowed even on the working of button-holes, every stitch of which he examined with scrupulous care, somewhat diverted Sir Lucas, who, nevertheless, considered him as tiresomely minute; and he was surprised at the immense importance which he attached to the disposal of the most trifling matters relating to dress.

In the evening, a large party, which consisted of men of all ranks and descriptions,

* The following tales of the English Chronicles have been published in this Magazine; viz.

No. 1. Hubert de Burgh, the favourite of King Henry the Third, January, 1834, p. 6.

No. 2. The Sanctuary, in the same reign, April, 1834, p. 206.

No. 3. The Prisoner of State, during the Wars of York and Lancaster, December, 1834, p. 378; and January, 1835, p. 10.

No. 4. The Double Bridal, during the same period, March, 1835, p. 150.

No. 5. Sir Lucas Stanmore and the Lord High Admiral, February, 1836, p. 105.

The above numbers may be had singly, or in the respective half-yearly volumes.

met at the house of Pepys, to close the day with feasting and noisy mirth, which ill-accommoded with the refined taste and acute sensibility of Sir Lucas, or the anxious frame of mind with which he awaited the coming day. That important day had actually dawned before the revellers had departed, and Sir Lucas at liberty to retire to rest. It was in vain that he courted sleep; the pillow of down which his aching temples pressed, was less easy to him than the rude couch to which he had been accustomed. The hum of the populated streets, already becoming alive with business and bustle,—the roll of carriages, and the dull, repeated chime of the city clocks,—all served to dissipate every inclination to sleep, and formed a singular contrast to the stillness of his late abode, where no sound was heard to break the silence of the night, save the murmuring rush of the river, the sweep of the blast, or the waving of the tall trees which overshadowed his humble dwelling.

It was broad daylight before he sunk into an unquiet sleep, which could not be termed repose, for his mind was still actively employed in tumultuous thought, which brought to his dreams the past, the present, and the future, in strange confusion.

The morning of his life returned to him in his slumbers; he saw himself once more the heir of Oaklands, and the cherished hope of fond and tender parents. Now he knelt by the bed-side of his dying mother, and received her last embraces. Then the scene shifted to the noise and tumult of war, and he was engaged in the fighting field, and all the business of the red campaign. Again he saw the fatal ball strike his father—again he re-endured the agonising feelings with which he hung over that beloved parent, and saw life ebb away from him for ever. Now deprived of his paternal mansion, he wandered forth in gloom and darkness, with an orphan sister in either hand, uncertain where to find a shelter. Then Matilda Rushworth rose before him, not bright in health and loveliness, but phantom-like, wan and woe-worn, saying, that hopeless love for him had thus fearfully changed her. Her father now appeared, and tearing her from his encircling arms, seized her by her long fair hair, and plunged her into the roaring waters; and before that unreal horror had passed away,

he saw his unprotected sisters invaded in their lonely abode by murderous ruffians, and heard them in frantic shrieks invoke his aid in vain. From these gloomy visions he was aroused by the entrance of Pepys, who gaily rallied him on his long indulgence in morning slumber. "Marry," continued he, "the tailor has been waiting some time with your court dress of right Genoa velvet, and I am impatient to observe the fitting, or I had not disturbed your rest."

"My unrest, say rather," returned Sir Lucas; "and I owe you my thanks, for chasing the most tormenting train of phantasies that ever haunted the slumbers of poor mortal."

The tailor had scarcely arrayed Sir Lucas in a suit of rich black velvet, made according to the most approved court mode, when Pepys re-entered the chamber of his guest, and surveyed, with the most critical eye, the fit and fashion of the new habiliments. "I protest," said he enthusiastically, "that the tailor has shown excellent craft in the cut of your dress, likewise in the disposition and neatness of his stitchery: a point, between friends, on which the men of his trade can never deceive *me*. Walk to the toilet glass, Sir Lucas, and tell if you are not surprised at the alteration in your appearance?" "I have worn courtly array ere this," replied Sir Lucas, smiling.

"Oh! most true; but be pleased to recollect that was many years ago, when the cavaliers dressed after the Vandyke mode. Doubtless, you became the pointed ruff and slashed doublet excellently well; but were you dressed so now, the courtly gallants would say you had walked out of one of his portrait frames a cavalier cap-à-pic. But the Vandyke costume has been long by-gone, and our prime fashionists at court have introduced a touch of the French mode in their array: his Majesty affects it himself. The duke was long bigoted to the Vandyke taste, but it would not do; so he has conformed since. In fact, Sir Lucas, it is almost as much out as the sad coloured jerkin, starched band, and cropped hair of the roundheads, which I myself had the ill-luck to wear, at a time when the more tasteful part of the community sported the Spanish slash on the richest velvets, drooping feathers, and love-locks."

"Am I then to understand that you are a roundhead, Master Pepys?" said Sir

Lucas, somewhat surprised at the confession with which his host had closed a speech so full of foppery.

"A roundhead!" returned Pepys, laughing, "I believe I might be termed one during the reign of Old Noll, but no one thinks of being a roundhead since the happy restoration, excepting that staunch piece of precision, Col. Algernon Sidney, whose obstinate adherence to exploded principles, is the means of hindering him from high preferment. For the king, God bless him! has a most Christian-like affection for his former enemies! and at the happy restoration, it proved a much better thing for a man to have been a roundhead than a cavalier."

"Soit seems," said Sir Lucas, with a sigh, the thought of Lord Oaklands recurring to his mind, and casting no trifling damp on the feelings of hereditary loyalty, with which he was preparing to appear before that king, in whose cause his family and himself had done and suffered so much.

When the hour drew nigh for their appearance at court, Sir Lucas was conducted by his host, with much ceremony, to a carriage, which Master Pepys ostentatiously announced to be his own new equipage, which he had set up that very day. Sir Lucas was preparing to seat himself in it, when he was rather startled, by the sudden exclamations of Pepys—"Out! out! alack! what a great omission I have been guilty of, I fear it is utterly irreparable. Such a thing can neither be made or got, at a minute's notice. Step back, mine honoured guest, for a few seconds, into Mistress Pepys's withdrawing-room: mayhap her woman's wit will aid us in the present emergency!"

Sir Lucas, in whose breast a thousand hopes and fears respecting the mysterious patron whom he was to meet at court was revolving, returned with Pepys to the house, and demanded with some anxiety the cause of his exclamations. Pepys answered by leading him to a large looking-glass, which reflected both their persons; and saying with the greatest solemnity, "See you no difference in our personal appearance?"

There never was a man less influenced by personal vanity than Sir Lucas Stanmore; many years had elapsed since he had ever seen his own reflection in a glass. He could not, however, suppress a half smile, at the contrast his own noble figure afforded to the ordinary ap-

pearance of Pepys, while he answered to his serious appeal, that he thought he did. "True!" exclaimed Pepys, "you were going to court without a perriwig!"

"Is that appendage absolutely indispensable?" said Sir Lucas.

"I fear you must dispense with it to-day, Sir Lucas, but the fault will rest upon me; and I was so much deceived by your fine natural hair, that I did not perceive the deficiency, until after I had surveyed mine own person in this great glass, previous to stepping into my coach. Marry! but I was then struck with the unspeakable skill of my perriwig-maker. Feel this hair, Sir Lucas! Examine its stiffness; its fulness of curl and buckle. Survey the flow of this fair white wig: twenty ounces in it, if there is one hair. The maker's bill amounted to eighteen guineas; but as an encouragement to excellence, I paid him nineteen pounds. God make me thankful for my ability to pay such a considerable sum of ready money."

"I am beholden for your zeal for my advantage," said Sir Lucas, who was much amused by this characteristic display; "but I assure you, I am perfectly satisfied with the attire you have kindly provided, which I suspect suits me better than your more modish array."

"I do protest to you, my worthy and much respected guest," said Pepys, "that, in a little space of time, you would carry a full perriwig with almost as much ease and grace as myself. I do declare to you, sir, that I am much touched with your calmness and easy good temper, under such mortifying circumstances; and to show my sense of it, I would immediately resign to your wearing this new peruke, and go to court myself in only my second best wig (which is, nevertheless, an excellent good one), were it not that you are a black gentleman in your complexion, and I am fair; therefore, as you see, I affect a white perriwig. What is your opinion, wife, in this dilemma? Perhaps, Mistress Pepys, you could assist us by some device?"

Mistress Pepys smiled and simpered at this appeal to her powers of expediency. "O la!" she said, "I have not yet told you what I did for Master Jenkins, of your office. Poor man, you know he has had a considerable advance, and is to kiss hands on it to-day at court: notwithstanding, he has not sufficient

cash to purchase a peruke. His wife, who is my gossip, ran over to consult me, yesterday."

"Go on, my dear," said Pepys, "you look and talk like an angel!"

"O dear, Mister Pepys! well, I incontinently showed her an advertisement in the *Weekly Mercurius*, of a hair-dresser, setting forth that he could friz natural hair with such an infinitude of taste and skill, that all beholders took a man's hair for his wig. My gossip bespoke him to come and dress her spouse, but, by press of business, he was forced to come at two o'clock this morning, and the good man has sat bolt upright in his arm-chair ever since, not daring to take any sleep, lest he should endamage his curls. O la! look over the way, and you

may see him at his bedchamber window still."

With such a proof of his wife's sagacity before his eyes, Pepys turned triumphantly to his guest.

"Now, Sir Lucas," said he, "if we can engage this highly-gifted man for you, all may be well."

"So many are, doubtless, desirous to profit by his skill," replied Sir Lucas, "that I fear it would detain us too long, were we to seek for him. I will, therefore, if it pleases you, fair mistress, pay my duty to my sovereign without his assistance." With these words, he bowed to his pretty hostess, and withdrew; but Master Pepys continued to lament his unfortunate oversight during their ride to court.

CHAPTER VIII.

"He's royal, he's noble, and chosen by me,
To reign guard of the island, and prince of the sea."—OLD BALLAD,

The hour at length arrived, when Sir Lucas Stanmore made one of the royal circle at Whitehall, and mingled with splendidly-dressed courtiers, fair ladies and high dames, soldiers, statesmen, ambassadors, nobles, and princes, with feelings of the most painful nature; he contemplated the gay scene around him: amidst the proud assemblage, yet he looked in vain for the noble stranger, by whose desire he made one of this gorgeous crowd. Amongst the numerous groups, there was but one face which he recognised, and that was the stern countenance of Lord Oaklands: unconsciously, a deeper depression of spirits, and a sensation as if every hope were extinct, pressed heavily on his heart. While he yet gazed around him in perplexity, there was a buz and general movement in the circle; the folding-doors of the withdrawing-room were thrown open, and Pepys touching the shoulder of Sir Lucas Stanmore, whispered to him, "The King and the Duke of York!" The heart of Sir Lucas beat quickly and tumultuously, as he gave an eager glance to the entrance of two gentlemen, to whom the homage of every one present was directed, and on whom every eye was bent. Pepys again whispered, "The darkest complexion is the king." The countenance of his sovereign was new to Sir Lucas; but in the person of him of no less kingly bearing, who walked at his right hand, he in a moment recognised the noble stranger, who had taken

so singular an interest in his destiny. The king had scarcely assumed the chair of state, and received the compliments of the foreign ambassadors, when the Duke of York crossed the saloon, and addressed, with an air of the most gracious kindness, the friendless stranger, whom no one knew but Lord Oaklands, and no one noticed but Master Samuel Pepys, the duke's naval secretary, a man who was accounted by the high-born gallants of the court of Charles, as a fellow of no reckoning, although the discerning and experienced eye of his master had perceived his peculiar talents, and drawn them forth from obscurity, and made him instrumental in performing one of the great benefits to which the British navy is indebted to her royal seamen.*

"Said I not that you should see me on the 24th, and find you not that James Stuart is a man of his word?" said the duke, with one of those smiles that so seldom illuminated the melancholy composure of his features.

"My gracious, my noble prince, how shall I express the feelings with which my heart overflows in its grateful sense of

* For the formation of the line of battle, and for the introduction of naval signals, the British navy is indebted to James, Duke of York, besides the celebrated naval regulations which, if not the actual work of James, were at least produced under his auspices by his confidential secretary.

your goodness," replied Stanmore, the tears springing to his eyes as he spoke.

"Hush! hush! my friend," said the duke, laying his hand on the lips of Stanmore, with a playfulness which was unusual to his grave and stately bearing. "No expression of your feelings or trait of sensibility here, unless you have a mind to furnish sport withal to yon gadflies, who are watching our conference from behind his Majesty's chair with such impish curiosity. Sir Lucas Stanmore, when you have seen as much of courts as I have, you will understand they are not for men, but for automata." Then drawing the arm of Sir Lucas through his own, he presented him to the king with these words—

"Will your Majesty permit me to lead to the foot of the throne Sir Lucas Stanmore, the son of a man who has often bled for its defence, and finally sealed his loyalty with his blood on the red field of Eo-ton-le-Moors?"

"The representative of the loyal Sir John Stanmore, of Oaklands, cannot but be welcome at the court of a king for whom the valiant father and the worthy son have done and suffered so much," replied the king, with the most winning graciousness of tone and manner. Yet despite of his habitual carelessness and gay non-chalance of look and air, there was a slight faltering in his voice, and a perceptible suffusion on his dark features, as he pronounced the word "Oaklands;" and Sir Lucas Stanmore thought it probable that, at that moment, his Majesty might chance to recollect the opposite principles of the man, whom not contented with suffering to retain the possessions of his faithful servants, he had so lately advanced to the peerage by that title.

When Sir Lucas Stanmore rose from his knee, novice as he was, he could perceive that there was a visible alteration in the looks with which the courtly circle regarded him. He was no longer, in their eyes, the friendless adventurer, who came to court with no better recommendation to royal favour than the memory of services forgotten and out of date, but the man on whom the king had smiled, and whom the Duke of York had honoured with peculiar notice.

The Duke of York, afterwards that most unfortunate sovereign James II., was at that time in the zenith of the short-

lived popularity which his recent splendid victories over the Dutch had procured for him. The good effects of the order and regularity which he introduced into the fleet, and the important improvement in naval tactics that took place under his government as lord-high-admiral of England, were even then beginning to be felt; but the immense superiority which these gave to the British navy beyond that of all other nations, was not fully acknowledged and appreciated till in these latter days. Truth, overcoming the mass of party prejudice which existed in the minds of men against the religious principles of James, obliged nautical writers to confess that the present pre-eminence of the navy of Great Britain may be traced back to improvements and inventions which James caused to be adopted. What further advantages his superintendence of naval affairs might have produced to his country, may be gathered from the good he effected during the comparatively short period that he was suffered to retain that important post.* But at the era of which I write, the Duke of York was in the full enjoyment of that favour with which the English nation ever regards a successful naval hero, whilst his triumphs are yet fresh in remembrance. He was happily unconscious of that fearful train of dark calamities which was so soon to cloud the horizon of his greatness. Change of public feeling, slander, obloquy, filial ingratitude, dethronement, and death in exile, were all in mercy hidden from his view.

The influence of James on his royal brother was at that time great; and Lord Oaklands turned pale with apprehension, when he observed the high favour in which Sir Lucas Stanmore appeared to stand with the heir-presumptive to the crown; and he, moreover, called to mind on how questionable a tenure he held the Stanmore estates. His reflections were of a nature that ill-prepared him to perform gracefully the part of a courtier, when he in his turn advanced to pay his homage to the king. Certain reminiscences of days long past, which the presentation of Sir Lucas Stanmore had

* The post of lord high admiral, in these our days, brought with it also, in the hands of our present most gracious Monarch, much public benefit, thereby infusing much activity into the service, and making the ruling powers more intimately acquainted with personal merit.—*Ed.*

called up, caused his Majesty to receive him very coldly. Lord Oaklands could instantly perceive the effect which this change produced in those around him. The king's versatility of feeling was well known; and it might easily be observed that he at that moment felt a strong impulse in favour of Sir Lucas Stanmore, which it was apparent that the more steady principles of the Duke of York would improve with all his powerful influence. With claims like those of Sir Lucas Stanmore, and thus supported, the restitution of the estates to their lawful owner appeared in no distant perspective to Lord Oaklands, as an event that would follow of course. Nay, even the possibility of his being called on to account for the arrears of ten years' revenue of the Stanmore estate, presented itself in no very agreeable prospect to his mind. In the midst of these unpleasing speculations, he was abruptly addressed by the king with a question so extraordinary, that his Majesty was under the necessity of repeating it before his lordship could be assured that he heard him correctly. It was to know the age of his daughter.

"The maiden is nigh upon her twenty-second year," he replied.

"Oddsfish, man!" exclaimed the king, with affected surprise, "you are losing time in settling your fair heiress. Are you not, my lord, for providing her with a suitable husband?"

Lord Oaklands bit his lip, and replied in some confusion, "that indeed he had not thought much on the subject, and that he was obliged to his Majesty for his gracious condescension in interesting himself respecting the marriage of his daughter, to which he certainly could have no objection, providing a fitting person offered for her."

"Will you suffer her to take one of my recommendation?" said the king, smiling.

Lord Oaklands knew that the advice of kings when offered to subjects amounts to command; therefore, with as good a grace as he could assume, he expressed himself penetrated with a grateful sense of the honour his Majesty did him, and requested to know who was favoured by his recommendation.

The king threw a sly smile of intelligence at his brother, as he replied,—

"I consider Sir Lucas Stanmore, the worthy son of our late loyal servant Sir

John Stanmore, of Oaklands, a suitable husband for your daughter Matilda."

Lord Oaklands had more than suspected the aim of the king from the commencement of the conversation: he felt at the same time that he stood on precarious ground with him, from the moment he had seen the favourable reception given by the royal brothers to the rightful owner of his illegally-acquired possessions. There was, besides, something to be read in the manner of the king, which assured him that his Majesty considered that he was making a gracious compromise for him in the amicable arrangement by which he bestowed his daughter on the heir of estates which he could not now expect to retain. He, therefore, with his usual policy, replied, "that he believed the king's choice would not be displeasing to his daughter; and that if such a union would be agreeable to his Majesty, he should not offer any objections, if Sir Lucas Stanmore did not."

Sir Lucas eagerly replied, "that Matilda Rushworth was the only woman on earth to whom he could offer his hand, since she had long been in possession of his heart."

"Then it is a settled thing," said the king; "and considering it will be a match of our making, we will grace the bridal with our own presence: and if Sir Lucas Stanmore will accept our company, we will visit him at his estate of Oaklands, which we shall feel pleasure in seeing once more occupied by the son of our loyal servant Sir John Stanmore, and afterwards we trust to recreate ourselves by hunting a buck with Lord Oaklands at Rushworth manor."

Lord Oaklands perfectly understood this arrangement, but was forced to express his gratitude for the honour that the king proposed to do him; and sought to console himself with the reflection, that it was as well, as matters were likely to stand, that the choice of Sir Lucas had fallen upon his daughter.

When the king and his brother retired, the latter graciously told Sir Lucas Stanmore, that he should expect to see him in the duchess's apartments in the evening.

Pepys overwhelmed his guest with congratulations on the happy change that had taken place in his prospects; and when they quitted Whitehall, assured him that

he did not leave a single courtier there who was not envious of his good fortune. The thoughts of Stanmore were, however, not sufficiently collected to attend to any thing but his own absorbing feelings of happiness ; and Pepys had not that

delicate tact which would have led him to perceive that he distressed his guest, by interrupting the flow of meditations which were only too agitating in their sweetness.

CHAPTER IX.

" Ah ! Clifford, what are halls, and towers,
And palaces, to me !
Far happier if with wilden flowers,
My hair were wreathed by thee."—BALLAD.

Although punctual to the time appointed for his visit by his royal friend, Sir Lucas Stanmore was informed that his highness had dined with the king, and had not yet left the royal presence, but the duchess had given orders that Sir Lucas Stanmore should be admitted. The embarrassment with which he entered the withdrawing-room of the Duchess of York was instantly dispelled by the gracious manner in which that distinguished lady received him. He perceived that her party only consisted of her children, and another lady who, engaged in playing with the little Duke of Cambridge, sat with her face averted from Sir Lucas, apparently unconscious of his entrance.

The duchess surveyed them for a moment with an arch smile, and then said, "I should perhaps scruple to depute to you, my dear Matilda, the task of entertaining Sir Lucas Stanmore, while I pay my accustomed visit to the nursery of my infant, but that I believe you are not altogether strangers to each other."

Sir Lucas had, ere this, recognised the maiden who engrossed so large a portion of his thoughts, and seizing the opportunity which the well-timed absence of the duchess gave him, he poured forth at the feet of Matilda an acknowledgment of his long concealed love ; that love which his honourable pride had forbidden him to disclose in the hour of his adversity to the heiress of Lord Oaklands, even though he felt assured that he was the object of her fondest preference. Above all artifice or prudery, Matilda Rushworth yet sacrificed nothing of female delicacy in answering with noble sincerity, that it would form the happiness of her life to become the partner of his destiny, for that, whether in weal or woe, he had ever been the exclusively beloved of her soul.

Emotion too powerful for words prevented utterance to the reply that shone in the dark eyes of Sir Lucas Stanmore ; but they glistened with tears, tender as those which bedewed the pale pure cheek of Matilda. The return of the duchess, and the entrance of the king and the Duke of York, interrupted all farther expressions of mutual attachment ; and Sir Lucas Stanmore, forgetting in the emotions of gratitude, with which his heart overflowed at the sight of his benefactor, that etiquette required him to pay his dutiful acknowledgments first to his king, threw himself at the feet of the Duke of York, and in a voice almost inarticulate from strong feeling, endeavoured to express his sense of the deep obligations he owed him.

"You forget," said the duke, smiling, "that I am but a fellow-subject like yourself ; and that if you owe thanks to any one, it is to my royal brother, our mutual sovereign, that you should pay them, and not in his presence offer homage to me."

Sir Lucas was instantly aware of his error, and in great confusion turned to his Majesty ; but that good-humoured prince, exclaimed with his usual careless frankness, "Nay, man, never blush for feelings which do you honour. We can admire gratitude in others, although it be a quality in which too many have reason to deem us deficient." He then changed the conversation, by taking his little nephew in his arms, and tenderly caressing him, saying to his brother, that he never looked upon his blooming family without feeling that he could almost barter the crown of England for the possession of such an offspring. "And I," said the duke, drawing towards him the darling of his heart, his beautiful Mary, then in all the charms of infancy, and gazing fondly upon her, "would deem

the crown of England a poor exchange for my sensations of paternal pleasure and domestic happiness."

Tears of unspeakable tenderness filled his eyes as he gazed on his family, unconscious then how soon most of those fair blossoms of royalty were to be numbered with England's buried hopes, and that of his lovely and numerous progeny those only were to survive who could, in after years, so cruelly requite a father's love.

Unfortunate James, whatever were his political errors, his conduct as a parent was irreproachable; and it must be ever matter of regret to every person of sensibility, that the blow which fell so heavily upon him, should have proceeded from a quarter where he so little deserved to meet with treachery and injury.

When the duchess had dismissed her little train to the nursery, his Majesty recurred to the affairs of Sir Lucas Stanmore, and expressed his satisfaction that his situation had become known to the Duke of York. "But, James," said he, turning to his brother, "how happened it that you were travelling incognito in such an obscure part of the country, and, above all, what chance could have led you to cross the ferry at Oaklands?" "It was for no other purpose than that of making myself personally acquainted with Sir Lucas Stanmore, in whose sad reverse of fortune I had been powerfully interested" replied the duke.

"Had then my misfortunes become so publicly known, as to reach the ear of your royal highness?" said Sir Lucas, blushing.

"My information was from a private source," replied the duke, with one of those smiles that so well became him—"from a young friend of my wife's."

"Softly, man, softly—no breach of confidence," interposed the king, "or fair ladies will never whisper their secrets to thee, James Stuart."

"My lovely informer need never blush at her share in this matter being proclaimed before men and angels," returned the Duke of York. "Look up, sweet maid," he continued, taking the hand of Matilda, who sinking with confusion, had concealed her face on the arm of the duchess's chair. "Look up, and tell Sir Lucas Stanmore that it is neither to his Majesty nor myself that his gratitude is due for the present happy change in his fortunes, but to the generous wishes of the heiress of Lord Oaklands."

"And I," said Sir Lucas Stanmore, forgetting the restraint of the royal presence, and throwing himself at the feet of Matilda, "were unworthy of the high privilege of calling her my affianced bride, did I not deem the restoration of the honours and rich possessions of my family as valueless, unless shared with her, whose pure and disinterested love is in my eyes a blessing greater than fortune ever gave, or ever took away."

"You are right," replied the duke, "to regard her in that light; for the possession of a virtuous woman is, indeed, the choicest gift Heaven can bestow."

He graciously addressed these words to Matilda; but at the same time turned so eloquent a glance on the wife of his choice, as pointed the compliment to her; and the fair daughter of Clarendon blushed with pleasure, at this delicate tribute of her royal consort's love, whose generous affection had exalted her to such a lofty station.

The expressive silence that followed was broken by the king, who looking round the circle said to the duchess, "Your party is not complete, my fair sister."

"Patience, my liege," replied the duchess, smiling; "Sir Lucas Stanmore, I will trouble you to open that door to the left hand, and tell our friends that his Majesty requests their presence." Sir Lucas hastened to perform the bidding of the duchess, and on entering the room, was rapturously greeted by his beloved sisters, who precipitating themselves into his arms, sobbed out their joy on his bosom; and overcome by the happiness of this unlooked-for meeting, he mingled his tears with those of the dear objects of his more than fraternal love.

A few days after these events, the bridal of Sir Lucas Stanmore and Matilda Rushworth was solemnized in the presence of the royal family. Sir Lucas receiving his lovely bride from the hands of his sovereign, whom, a twelvemonth after, he had the honour of entertaining in his own patrimonial mansion, at which time his Majesty and the Duchess of York acted as sponsors to the infant heir of Oaklands: on which joyful occasion, old Bridget Graystone declared that she could now depart in peace, since she had held in her arms another heir of the house of Stanmore, born to revive its ancient splendour, and one who had been presented at the baptismal font under circumstances so auspicious.

A BACHELOR'S RECOLLECTIONS.—No. II.

[COMMUNICATED BY MRS. HOFLAND.]

It has frequently struck me as a great deficiency in the education of youth, (I do not mean that of children, but of persons from sixteen to twenty-six, more especially females,) that they are left without any knowledge of the general errors, habits, infirmities, and conduct of human nature, as it exists in the country and the society amongst which they are to spend their lives.

I remember Dr. Darwin, in his treatise on "Female Education," after giving a severe philippic against the old French romances, speaks highly of what then were modern novels, viz. the works of Miss Burney (Madame d'Arbly) and Charlotte Smith, observing, "in such works young women will see the world as it is, and be enabled to form a just judgment on character and circumstances, the which few would be capable of in their own more confined sphere of action."

That the works published since that period by Mrs. Opie, Miss Edgeworth, Mrs. Roche, Miss Hamilton, and two or three male writers, were still better, and had, indeed, the tendency here spoken of, to open young eyes, and enlighten young understandings, I cannot doubt, for I am personally acquainted with many who delight to own their obligations to them; but this race of instructive books (with an exception in favour of "Helen,") is in a great measure passed away, in consequence of the improved romance Sir Walter Scott introduced amongst us; and which however admirable in itself, can seldom be made subservient to instruction in the common events of life as they are passing amongst us. It is true, what are called "fashionable novels," may instruct fashionable misses and beaux; but on this I cannot speak, as I never read them; for I confess to having arrived at that time in every man's history, when the puerile and the frivolous cease to excite, much less attract the mind: sweet cakes are the food for children; but maturity asks a different sustenance.

Might it not be well if some of our female authors would, for the sake of doing more essential good, turn their minds to consider the present state of society in its views and aims, ambition and weakness, so as to become guides and guardians to that class who may read their

own situation in the history before them, which they cannot possibly do in the persons of those who lived and moved in a distant age: although I am ready to admit that lessons of wisdom may be learned by attentively conning over the histories with which you monthly favour us? Virtue and vice, human passions and affections, may be said to exist alike in all people and all ages, but we know that their modifications are infinite. No one would think of applying Sir Kenelm Digby's sympathetic powder to a wounded limb at the present day; or advise one of the descendants from Lady Ingleby to imitate her heroic conduct, when, with a brace of pistols in her apron-strings, she watched the general of Cromwell a whole night at Ripley Castle. No! qualities of all kinds, energies, virtues, and, above all, Christian graces, are as much called for as ever; for human life is still a scene of trial, and a medium of improvement: but the manner in which our humility, or our heroism, should be exercised, is no longer that of the days of chivalry, nor (as I humbly hope) those of revolution.

I have been led into these reflections, in consequence of re-calling to mind the great number of marriages I have known, in which there was every prospect of happiness to the parties united, yet very little ensued. Connubial felicity is, in fact, a very tender plant, requiring daily attention and support, capable, it is true, of a long life, and a power of restoration, after even seasons of injury and decline, truly surprising; but it cannot endure neglect, and may perish in consequence of a single blow. Yet how frequently do we see delicate young ladies treat this fragile, evanescent sentiment, as if it had the hardihood of the mountain pine, the roots of which were bound to the rock, so that no wind could break, no frost destroy, no lightning scathe it and what has been the consequence? misery to their partners at home, improper connexions abroad, loss of property and of respectability, ruin to their children, grief to their friends, and to themselves unavailing and irretrievable wretchedness. Yet all this evil arose from some bias of the mind, some fault of the temper, some trait of cherished ambition, or pampered vanity, which perhaps a little judicious instruc-

tion might have removed; a little knowledge of human nature, as it existed in her own heart, or that of her husband, effectually prevented.

Although very young, yet as a kind of household pet in the family of Colonel Heathfield, I well remember the cruel mischief effected by a book containing many good points, but very capable of misconstruction on the mind of his very clever, beautiful, and really well-disposed daughter. Charlotte unfortunately read the "Rights of Women" precisely at the same time when she was so happy as to attract one of the most amiable, accomplished, and worthy men I have ever known; moreover, one who was young, handsome, independent, and wealthy. Three months before that period, gratitude alone would have bound her to him by ties not less strong than the love he was calculated to inspire; and the united sentiment would have rendered her so devoted in her affections, so modest in her own pretensions, so conscious of his value to the large and ill-provided family to which she belonged, that her talents, which were of the highest order—her affections, which were at once warm and delicate, would have rendered him most happy, and herself not less so. The eldest of a numerous family, the daughter of a brave but poor officer, and a sickly woman of rank with no portion but her title, common sense would have shown her that her expectations were humble; but her newly-inflated ideas of imaginary rights, made her doubt whether her lover was worthy of her and of her love.

But, in point of fact, she did love him (as well she might) truly and faithfully; but never did one of her power-loving sex, in her desire to be "queen for life," more determinately seek to render a kind and admiring husband a sighing slave of a lover, obedient to every caprice, dreading every frown of his mistress's eyebrow. I really believe Charlotte was of an excellent temper, as well of a generous disposition by nature, though she might like a little power in consequence of her acknowledged abilities and vivid imagination; but having imbued her mind with the belief that she could only retain the love of her husband by the assumption of something more than equality, it led her to usurp what she termed "the superiority of intellect," to which she had not the slightest pretension. The book, for

which, alas! she had discarded the *best* of books, next taught her to dread, above all other things, leading the hum-drum life most married women do lead, and are happy in leading, when they quietly sink down from brides to wives, thankful to accept love in lieu of adoration. Poor Charlotte demanded every hour, every thought, every look, of her husband; and if his most pressing business, or the duties which belong to every man who has friends, engaged him, she was eloquent in reproach, overwhelmed with sorrow, or wrapped in the silence of injured and resentful indignation.

Happily for her, the beauty which first fascinated her husband survived her temper, and that also which might in a plain man's eye be deemed her understanding, and for some months, however thwarted, wounded, and disappointed, the amiable and gentle partner of the wayward beauty might be deemed one, who

"Looked on her face, and could forget it all;" and this, every day, soon convinced him must be his only consolation, though every day rendered it less availing; for it is certain

"Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover."

At length came a season of trial, in fact, terrible to both; for it was certain, that so surely as Charlotte rendered her husband evidently unhappy, she too became wretched. This was the season for hunting, a sport of which Frederic was fond; and in which, as a country gentleman, in possession of a fine pack of hounds, he was expected to take a part. He did so this season *once* only, to the astonishment of his neighbours.

But what could he do? his wife, his idolized Charlotte—the clever, reasoning, affectionate, beautiful, humane, and beloved creature, "with whom his heart was garnered"—protested against the cruelty of hunting—was ruined in her health; and with her another, scarcely less dear, injured also, by perpetual alarms on the score of danger, and to which, might be added, her abhorrence of all those low and unintellectual brutes who occupied his time, frequented his table, weaned his affections, and rendered the fond, confiding creature he had seduced from her paternal home, alike unhappy and hopeless; therefore, desirous of separation.

Frederic gave up hounds—nay, more,

he resigned sporting also, and busied himself with agricultural cares, for they had been among the many objects recommended by Charlotte; but they were suddenly superseded by advice from their medical attendant, to take a trip to Bath.

It was given *ostensibly* on the ladies' account; but actually for the sake of one, whose situation he understood, and whom he had loved from infancy.

Charlotte was now in a new world, and one which, in despite of the reasonings of philosophy, she was well calculated to enjoy. Hitherto, it must be confessed, that, as a wife, her husband had been her world; and although "that world had been one chrysolite," most wofully had she contrived to sully and injure it, by a cruel exercise of power and folly. She now saw the medium by which to extend her dominion, and was not slow to use it; but with the inconsistency of a woman who is at once faithful and coquettish, she sought to tie her husband to her side, while she flirted with every man whom her beauty, her talents, and novelty, attracted to the same position.

This could not be borne—the husband's spirit of determined resistance was roused, and the proud beauty felt that conviction of his superiority in their relative situations, and of his actual claims upon her, which had hitherto lain dormant; but she did not, therefore, submit to his "pleaded reasons." No! she knew her hold on a generous heart; and by a regular opposition to that which was requisite—care of her health, she had the supreme satisfaction of rendering poor Frederic unhappy, and exciting the pity of the women, and the admiration of the men.

In consequence of this perpetual strife, Charlotte became the mother of a dead child; but so deeply was her husband affected by her danger, her sufferings, the interesting languor her weakness and subdued manners occasioned, that it was evident her empire over his heart was stronger than it had ever been. In his devoted attention, her own better feelings were touched: she wept over the child, because she loved the father; not because her conscience reproached her for that disobedience and ingratitude which had injured both. No wise resolution that she "would lead a new life"—no humble prayer that her heavenly Father would enable her to do so arose in her heart;

but 'as she recovered rapidly, and was handsomer than ever, dreams of astonishing the world by her beauty and talents—of enslaving him still more, who had once dared to assert his rights, floated in her imagination; and every better feeling vanished before the vanity and ambition, which were unopposed by principles of either moral justice or religious obligation.

It so happened that a very splendid ball, on occasion of some great victory, was given, when Charlotte had been confined little more than three weeks: her morning callers talked of nothing else. There were to be present not only many persons of high rank, but several distinguished beauties; and, in particular, the newly-married Countess of Derby, whose figure had been so long pronounced *perfection*. Charlotte recollected that her own tall and graceful form had never been seen to advantage; she determined to appear at the ball, and rival all who might be there in her personal appearance.

Affecting to be better than she was, in order that no opposition might trouble her, and looking really blooming, Frederic consented, though with many provisos, "that she should go to the rooms for a single hour, provided she would not attempt to dance, and be more warmly clad than she was wont to be." At that period clothing was used of so scanty a nature, as scarcely to merit the name: to be like a Grecian statue, or the picture of a nymph found in Herculaneum, was the height of the mode; and (I grieve to record it) many leaders of fashion were so much its dupes, as to wear damp drapery in full dress, in order more distinctly to define the form of those limbs decency should hide and dress protect. Of such weakness no one could suspect Charlotte, since she always affected to be, *par excellence*, a woman of mind; a reasoning, eloquent, all-commanding woman, in whom beauty was a slighted adjunct, for which she never desired to receive that homage due to her nobler qualities.

Nevertheless, her maid well knew such beauty received due estimation from its owner; and, by this woman's contrivance, her husband, nurse, and friend, were cheated into the belief of her prudence; and the beautiful, fascinating young matron stepped out of her carriage in all the dignity of our first mother, though without her innocence; and, when her

velvet mantle was thrown off, Frederic, in equal confusion, alarm, and anger, beheld his wife (that wife for whom he had so lately trembled) the most fashionably indelicate female in a room full of semi-nudes.

To entreat her return home by every tender adjuration, and eyes that filled with tears as he spoke; to follow that useless entreaty by command, and enforce it by the opinion of the nearest physician, was alike vain. Charlotte was engaged to dance, and "dancing would do her good."

Her person and her motion alike excited admiration; but the tortured husband heard comments blended with the praise, that were truths he could not controvert, insults he could not resent. Never did his eyes move from her during the whole time she exhibited herself in the gay cotillion: but the expression of his countenance was any thing but admiration, but resolution to do, and to dare, mingled with the burning shame and deep sorrow he evidently experienced. "Yes! let the wide world sneer as they might, this," thought he, "shall be the last night in which my wife makes this ridiculous exhibition, for I will take her home immediately."

Alas! she was indeed taken thither soon, but it was in sorrow not in anger—she was not able to finish the dance, and fainted before she reached the carriage. Inflammation, the consequence of severe cold, fell on her lungs, and in three days that beautiful and gifted creature, so rich in all the ingredients of earthly bliss, was summoned to a tribunal she dreaded to meet, and torn from a husband, whom in her last days she appeared to love to adoration.

In fact, from the first seizure no hope of her recovery was given; and in every cessation from acute pain which she experienced, the waste she had made of life and happiness rose to her mind with all the heart-rending repentance and self-reproach they were calculated to inspire; and her secret plans of subjugating her husband declared, and condemned in a manner so ingenuous and deprecatory, as to awaken his deepest commiseration, not less than his entire forgiveness; and he felt so intense an anxiety to preserve her, to affect him almost with insanity.

She died, and the world talked of her

beauty and her vanity a few days, and then forgot her;—but year after year, did the bereaved husband, in the very prime of his days, pine for the creature whose talents had made an impression beyond her beauty, misguided as those talents were, and whose hours (after they were numbered) had revealed to him not only the power she possessed of rendering him happy, but of a depth in her affections he had never allowed himself to hope for.

Charlotte, with all her faults towards her husband, was an excellent daughter, sister, mistress, and friend. She was perverted to the exercise of a power fatal to him and herself, in consequence of adopting false notions of her own and her sex's importance, at a period in her life when the imagination is vivid, the judgment immature—the same book examined at thirty, when as a wife and mother she knew the tendency of human affairs and circumstances, would have been perfectly harmless, perhaps beneficial.

Alas! is she the only one of many in my "Budget of Recollections" who have proved the truth of that proverb, "a miss is as bad as a mile," and by trifling errors, committed essential mischief to themselves and others. But let not my fair readers conclude that my memory registers only the infirmities and failings of the sex; believe me, I have seen also many a proof of the wisdom, energy, and virtue of woman. I have witnessed a gentle temper and placid demeanour, fall like the balmy dew of heaven on the harsh, the violent, and even cruel temper; and in the language of inspiration, "take away the heart of stone, and give the heart of flesh." I have known the extravagant man become prudent, the negligent regular, the dissipated domestic, the stubborn pliable under the quiet action of female perseverance and affection, and no man more gladly recalls such instances of virtue than myself.

Truth compels me, however, to conclude with this observation, that where such happy consequences are not seen after an union of some years, it is utterly wrong to conclude that the woman, therefore, has been deficient in her duties. Old bachelors are not the only obstinate creatures we find on earth; for there are husbands whose hearts no gentleness can mollify, no reasons convince—whom submission never disarms—whom love never

warms to sympathy; who incapable of tenderness or generosity themselves, despise the existence of them in others. With such, a woman may drag through a long existence, without eliciting a single spark

of virtue, or knowing a single hour of domestic bliss; until the arrival of that which she must dread, but must desire—the hour of her release from hopeless and degrading slavery.

THE UNWEDDED ONE.

BY JOHN FRANCIS.

It's very pleasant, certainly,
 To laugh, and smile, and talk;
 And I must say, by night or day,
 I love a lonely walk;
 And flirting, oh! I love to flirt;
 And dancing's very pleasant:
 And how I dote on singing, too,
 When but *the loved* is present!
 One looks so very plaintively,
 While warbling forth "We met;"
 But what, alas! oh! what's the use?
 I am not married yet!
 What is the aim of all our lives?
 A settlement and marriage;
 Some people think they can't, but *I*
Would do without a carriage.
 Oh, Hymen! god of endless joy;
 Oh, Hymen! god of bliss!
 It's really very, very hard,
 That I am still a—"miss."
 My heart is filled with bitter sighs,
 My gown with tears is wet:
 In vain I sigh—in vain I cry;
 I am not married yet!
 And why not? shame upon the age,
 Poor! avaricious! mean!
I would not wed for paltry gold;
 No! not to be a queen.
 Yet ye "creation's lords" look down
 On us—because we're poor;
 And coldly pass the landless by;
 It's not my fault, I'm sure!
 Cold-hearted are ye all—a base
 And mercenary set:
 But flatter not yourselves, for *I*—
I will be married yet!

ALVAREZ.

A Romance of Spain.

BY THE HON. HENRIETTA MARY BEAUCLERK.

"Enough, *Mária*; I have said it, and was Don Felix ever known to break his word? This day twelvemonth you must enter your noviciate, at the convent of St. Roque. The lady-abbess is, in a distant manner, connected with our

family, and she will favour you with all the tenderness and affection of a mother. Now leave me." This was addressed by an old nobleman to a young girl, who did not seem to be above seventeen years of age. She gave utterance

to no sorrow, but a tear started from her eye, as she turned away musing on what she had heard.

Perhaps a nun's life is, of all others, the most dreadful in perspective to a young girl just entering into womanhood, whose warm and vivid imagination paints the amusements of the world in characters more brilliant than they really exist. How many instances have there been, however, of fathers sacrificing their only daughters to such a lot, on purpose to increase the fortune of their house. Such was the case in the instance before us. Don Felix imagined, that as his daughter had never mixed in the world, she could have no regret in leaving it; and thus her fortune, which had been left her by her mother, which was considerable, would, of course, go to her brother, Ferdinand. From the time *Maria* heard she was to take the veil, her cheerfulness left her;* and often she would wander far away by the side of the Guadalquivir, or over the mountains, which surrounded the home of her childhood—that home, alas! which in so short a period she could no longer consider as such.

About this time the south of Spain was infested by a band of robbers, headed by a chief whose daring courage, mingled with traits of gallantry, caused him to be feared by all the male inhabitants of the small villages, although, at the same time, he was regarded with an extraordinary degree of interest by those of the other sex.

Several attempts had been made to secure this Spanish Massaroni, but ineffectually. A reward of one thousand sequins had, indeed, been offered for his capture, which having stimulated the country people to make some exertion, had likewise doubled the precautions taken by Alvarez. It was often reported that he had caroused in a possada, which even at the very time was filled with soldiers set to watch in the surrounding country; but this information was always conveyed too late, and his haunts could never be discovered. Sometimes he was seen in a bleak, desolate part of the country, yet by the time the spy had given the alarm, he was no where to be found: like lightning, he had been seen, and was as quickly gone.

This terror of the mountains seldom

* See the notes at p. 145.

committed any acts of cruelty; indeed, kindness seemed the prominent feature of his character. Often after he had taken refreshment at the cottage of a poor shepherd, he would ere his departure give a purse to the children to play with, which contained a considerable sum of money. His chief enmity was against the grandees of the country, whom he never allowed to pass unmolested on the public roads. A third of their money was always taken from them; and if any resistance was offered, they were generally found the next morning pinioned, and the drivers tied to their mules. Don Felix determined at last to punish this invader. He himself had been stopped by twenty of the band, when going from Granada to his own house near Guadix: he, therefore, raised a body of peasants, and had them instructed in military exercises. Since this act of precaution had been taken robberies had ceased, and the dreaded outlaw was supposed to have left the country.

Three months had passed since *Maria* heard she was to enter a convent, and as the time approached she seemed to feel more acutely the sacrifice she was compelled to make. Wandering one evening in the surrounding mountains, she was alarmed by seeing two men approach, and demand her money; terrified, she rushed forward to escape from them, but her foot catching in some long grass, she fell, fainting. On recovering, she found herself supported by a man she had never seen before, who begged she would not be alarmed, as she was free from danger. She arose and thanked the stranger, and a deep blush spread over her countenance as she observed the earnest manner in which he gazed on her. Taking a small gold chain from off her neck, she offered it to him, saying, "Accept this trifling present, and let it be a memorial of the gratitude I bear to the preserver of my life."

The stranger took the chain, and pressing it to his lips said—"Lady, I have a favour to request of you; do not mention this adventure to any one: perhaps you are unaware that the men by whom you have been attacked are robbers, and I am sure you would not willingly be the cause of any one's death." She readily assented, and night coming on, they separated. But the recollection of the handsome stranger could not be effaced from *Maria's* mind. On her return home she retired to her

chamber, and did not leave the immediate precincts of the house for some days. Curiosity at length got the better of judgment, and she determined to revisit the spot where that scene had occurred which had so deeply interested her.

A turn of the mountain presented to view the object which engrossed her thoughts. She paused, surprised and astonished, but quickly recovering herself, cordially greeted the unexpected but not unwelcome visitor. It was late ere *Mária* left that spot, and still later ere she slept. The following day, at the same hour, *Mária* was to be seen at the same spot walking with the stranger, her cheek moistened with tears, whilst many bitter thoughts possessed her mind. Of what avail were tears?—her fate was fixed, and to fulfil it was all that was left to her.

Don Felix, having settled his daughter's fortune to his perfect satisfaction, formed an alliance for his son with Donna Julia, the only child of Don Guzman—commonly called the rich Don. Their nuptials were to be celebrated at the castle of Don Felix, by a succession of splendid *fêtes*. The day appointed for the wedding at length arrived. At an early hour, the villagers were to be seen decked in their holiday garments, erecting triumphal arches for the bride to pass through. The Guadalquivir, whose clear stream flowed through the spacious gardens, was now quickly covered with boats, adorned with floating veils and waving fans, greatly adding to the interest of the scene. The duennas, on that day, seemed to have relaxed their strict vigilance; and many light figures were gliding through the orange groves, busily occupied, listening to the honeyed words addressed to them by the gay cavaliers. Many a heart was lost and won on that day; and the surveillance of years was in a few hours rendered unavailing by the idle speeches of court gallants. A shout, heard in the distance, and echoed from side to side of the river, announced the bridal train slowly winding down the mountain. Don Ferdinand, with his father and sister, went to welcome the bride, and, having saluted her, joined the ranks, Don Felix and his son riding on either side of her, and *Mária* in the rear with Don Guzman.

The bridal *cortège* consisted of sixty of the highest nobles, male and female, of the province. Twelve pages, mounted on small white horses, headed this train;

while a troop of soldiers, well armed, closed the rear, in case any attack was made by the banditti, who had again terrified the neighbourhood. The party, as they drew near the house, presented a brilliant *coup d'œil*. Donna Julia, seated on a cream-coloured charger, appeared in the highest spirits, as the peasants, strewing flowers, filled the air with shouts of joy. The bride was attired in a rich blue satin gown, brocaded in silver, the stomacher of which was ornamented with precious stones. Her hair, braided off her face, hung in plaits down her back, which, however, was partly concealed by a long silver-tissue veil, which nearly covered her dress. A palanquin was supported over her head; and as the rays of the sun sometimes glanced on her brilliant dress, she appeared like an enchantress, shedding gleams of light as she proceeded. As *Mária* followed, the difference was striking between herself and her gay sister-in-law. She was mounted on a jet-black steed, a breed for which Andalusia is so renowned; her gown and veil were of pure white; and whilst every face beamed with joy, her's was the only one on which sorrow was imprinted. She could not help feeling a sense of her loneliness, and of the difference of their lots: herself to be immured in a convent, and denied the most gentle pleasures in life; her sister entering a home, courted and flattered by every body, nature and art uniting all to make her happy; whilst she herself, who should have shared an equal fate, was plucked out of the world, like a canorous weed from amongst sweet roses. No wonder, then, if she felt no enjoyment from the present scene. Anxiously she gazed on the assembled multitude; and suddenly a faint smile stole over her countenance as her eye lighted on a well-known face, which quickly she suppressed, as if fearful of being observed. Towards night the assembled crowd joined in the national dances of the bolero, guaracha, and seckadillo; whilst the several members of the two families, which had this day been united, retired to the house to seek repose.

Mária having lost her mother at an early age, a duenna had been placed over her; and Don Felix was much surprised the next morning to see Signora Isabella enter his room, to all appearance much agitated, and saying, that her charge was no where to be found. She had not even

slept in her room, and it was evident she had eloped, as she had taken articles of dress with her. It was yet to be discovered who her companion was. Don Felix raved and stamped, but all to no purpose; no one had seen his daughter from the time she had retired to rest. A strict search ensued, but in vain; she seemed to have left the country altogether.

At this time the dreaded Alvarez once more made his appearance near Abos: he had been traced to the mountains three leagues distant, where, however, all clue had been lost. Part of these huge mountains are steep and rocky, and in places next to inaccessible. Under a hanging rock, which served to keep off the rays of a scorching sun, reclined a human form; a rare occurrence in those uninhabited parts; it was that of a man. One hand was raised to support his face, by which it was partly hid; but as much as was exposed to view was of the most noble cast of feature. By constant exposure to the weather, his face was much bronzed. His hair was of dark brown, as likewise his eyes, which beamed full of tenderness on a female, who kneeling on the ground was partly thrown across her companion. They were both dressed in a very peculiar style. The female wore a gown of grey serge, with a dark red velvet body richly embroidered in silver: her hair, contrary to the costume of the country, hung down her back, and reached nearly to her knees. Her countenance, as she gazed upon her associate, had an expression of the most fervent love and admiration; but in her dark hazel eye, there was blended a bolder and more decided look, evincing great strength of mind. The person on whom she leaned appeared to be about forty years old. His dress was of dark green cloth, with a leathern belt around his waist. His brown cloak was thrown aside, along with a hat of the same colour, which partly hid a brace of pistols: hard by was a small sword, unsheathed. After looking earnestly for some time on the female at his side, he thus addressed her:—

"Is it true, *Mária*, that you do not regret your father's castle? Can you prefer these barren rocks, with an outlaw for your companion, to the crowded festivals of Guadix?" *Mária's* only reply was a smile, as stooping she imprinted a kiss on his forehead. "This, then, is love, indeed!" exclaimed the brigand; "henceforth danger

is nothing to me." A pause ensued; a tear stole down his companion's cheek, which wiping off, she said—"Alvarez, promise that you will never shed blood, unless your life is in danger; then my hand would be the first to strike the ruffian who dared assault thee."

"*Mária*, have I not often declared to thee, I never will? but here I swear, by my patron saint, never to shed the blood of any traveller!" Saying this, he raised the cross from around her neck, and kissed it. "But now, dearest, we must speak of more serious things: this morning I observed a man, well armed, reconnoitering the neighbourhood, in company with two soldiers, who were busily employed searching amongst the rocks. I now perceive my retreat is discovered; but this evening six of my comrades are to be here with steeds for our use, and ere to-morrow's setting sun, I hope to be far from the province of Andalusia."

"Oh, Alvarez, what words are these? 'tis I who have endangered your life: but, hark! what noise is that?" Her husband replied, it was the echo from a waterfall, but to assure her, he would go and see.

Mária followed, trembling with fear, when a band of soldiers rushed from behind the rock towards them: their chief had raised his gun to fire on them, when *Mária*, seizing hold of one of the pistols, threw herself before her husband, and exclaimed, "The first person who dares advance one step shall be my victim!" Scarcely had the last word passed her lips, when a shot was fired, and *Mária* was stretched lifeless at her husband's feet. A young man hastily advanced, and with a shriek exclaimed, "It is my sister!" Don Felix, with a rage heightened by the discovery of his daughter's lover being the bandit, rushed upon him, which example was speedily followed by the soldiers; and in a few minutes, the man who had so long eluded the hands of justice, overpowered by numbers, fell a prey to his merciless enemies. *Mária* was interred at the spot where she had so nobly sacrificed her life. Oh, woman! the first cause of all evil, how devoted is thy love! Like the youthful ivy that encircles the stately oak, it clings for support to the nobler part of the creation—man.

The body of Alvarez was taken to the village of Abos, and suspended by chains from a gallows hastily erected. A crowd

of villagers soon assembled, who had feared him whilst living, but now exulted over him in death. Large bonfires celebrated this important event, amidst the greatest joy of the whole commune. How great, however, the next morning was the surprise of the inhabitants, on

perceiving that the body of Alvarez had been removed in the night; and no information has ever been gained of the parties concerned. A broken cross may now be seen on a plain near the new town of Abos, which is supposed to be that on which Alvarez was hung.

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS:*

A Drama, in Three Acts.

WRITTEN BY GUSTAVUS THE THIRD, KING OF SWEDEN.

(Now residing in Germany, under the name of Colonel Gustafson.)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS (King of Sweden).
 AXEL OXENSTIERNA (Grand Chancellor).
 ERIK JOHANSON (Page to the King).
 LAURENT SPARRE (a Nobleman, and adopted Son of the Countess Sture).
 FRIGELIUS (Maitre d'Hotel to the Countess Sture).
 LENNART TORSTENSON (Field-Marshal).
 A PAGE,
 A SECRETARY, } to the Countess Sture.
 THE COUNT MAGNUS BRAHE (Prime Minister).
 THE COUNT JAMES DE LA GARDIE (High Constable of the Kingdom).
 NICHOLAS BIELKE, } Senators.
 AXEL BYNING, }

THE COUNTESS STURE (Widow of Erik Stenbock, beheaded at Stockholm).

BERTHA BANER (adopted daughter of the Countess).

LUCIE (formerly Nurse of Laurent Sparre).

ELLIN (a Child adopted by the Countess Sture, niece to Lucie).

Courtiers, Ladies, Pages, Peasants, Domestics, &c.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

Stage representing a Garden and Gates.

Enter FRIGELIUS, LUCIE, ELLIN, BERTHA BANER, and Servants.

Frigelius (sitting under an oak, reckoning). Ten, eleven—twelve and twenty makes thirty-two; thirty-three, thirty-four,—thirty-five and fifteen makes fifty—5,150 dollars, and 2,350 the year before, makes the income of the Torpa estate amount to 7,500; 200 the mills, makes it 7,700; and 2,300 the rent of Livonia Castle, makes it in all 10,000 silver dollars.

Ellin. Ten thousand silver dollars! Oh! my aunt, what a sum.

Frigel. The family was a great deal richer when Count Erik Steinbock carried away the lady countess—but that was not yesterday. It is now forty-seven years ago.

Lucie. Forty-seven years!—Impossible! it cannot be so much as that.

Frigel. Yes—I have a good memory. Is not to-day the twenty-third of June, 1620? Well, it was on Palm-Sunday, 1573, when Count Erik carried away the countess. The old Countess Martha opposed it; but love, my children, love surmounts all obstacles.

Bertha Baner. Three yards and a half; do you think that will be sufficient for a scarf?

Ellin. That entirely depends upon who it is for.

Bertha. It is for Erik Johanson.

Ellin. Oh! how glad I am—will he then soon be here?

Frigel. He is expected to-day. I think it is *him* who is to bring the king's consent for the marriage. The countess has written to the chancellor.

Ellin. How!—can't a body marry without the interference of the king?

Frigel. Undoubtedly not. I well remember the time when the law inter-

* GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.—The celebration of the second centenary of the death of Gustavus Adolphus, so revered in Saxony, has given rise to two associations for erecting two monuments to the memory of the Hero of the Faith; one to be raised on the field on which the battle of Lutzen was fought, and the other for establishing a charitable institution, which is to bear the name of Gustavus Adolphus, for the purpose of affording relief to *necessitous Protestants* in Germany and other countries. The amount of the subscriptions received is 36,208 thalers: 1,000 of which is appropriated to the erection of the monument, and the remainder is to be applied to the purposes of the institution, which is to be established either at Leipsic or Dresden.—*German Paper*; and published in the *English journals*, anno 1834.

ferred in the marriage of my first cousins; and I also very well remember when Count Erik carried away the lady countess.

Bertha. There we have Count Erik again! But how is it possible, with your good memory, that you forget having repeated all this over and over again a thousand times?

Frigel. Yes! yes! I understand. Your ladyship likes better to hear me speak of the preparations for your marriage with Laurent Sparre—He! he! he! But Heaven recompense our noble lady for the good she does. Laurent Sparre has found in her a true and real friend, and a good mother. I do not think that Erik Stenbock's widow, for goodness, constancy, and friendship, has her equal in Sweden. What, without the countess's care, would have become of the poor orphan?

Ellin. That's all very true; but God knows how far he merits the care which has been taken of him.

Frigel. For Heaven's sake, don't speak so lightly of your future master. You ought, for three reasons, never to be precipitate in your judgment:—*Primo*, You hazard giving a false judgment. *Secondo*, You ought never to backbite your neighbour. *Terzio*—*terzio*—

Ellin. Pardon me, Mr. Licentiate, I don't understand your Latin.

Frigel. And if you don't leave off interrupting me, I shall not be able to finish my account.

Bertha. This evening, then, the wedding takes place. This evening I am to be made the wife of Laurent Sparre. Oh! misery!

Ellin. What fun it will be to see a wedding: our lady is so handsome—the countess loves her so dearly; and then they are going to dance—all the neighbours are invited.

Frigel. Yes, it will be a day of pleasure; particularly so for the two families: what joy for them to unite the son of Erik Sparre with Bertha Baner! It is true, he is not rich, for all the wealth of his parents was confiscated to the crown; but the young lady's fortune will enable him to maintain his rank.

Ellin. But I think I have heard that the fortune of Lady Bertha's father experienced the same fate.

Frigel. Ah! but the fortune on her mother's side was not confiscated. The countess, who is aunt to the young lady—understand me well—received it from Duke Charles, who is her first cousin; and she gives the better part of it as dowry to her niece: and you must besides know, that the grand chancellor is the countess's best friend.

Lucie (crying). Oh Heaven have mercy upon me, poor sinner—I know not what to do.

Ellin. What again is the matter with you, Dame Lucie, you are always crying; and I am sure you have no reason for so doing. Every thing seems satisfactory to your wishes—you have been the nurse of the young baron, and you love him with all your heart.

Lucie. Yes, as my own child.

Ellin. Well, then, he is happy—don't cry so, my good aunt, it is the wish of the countess that every one should taste of joy and pleasure to-day.

Bertha. In truth, I do not understand your sorrow—every thing favours you—your son Erik displays the most brilliant qualities; he is in the king's favour, and with his virtues he cannot fail to make a splendid fortune, and he will surely be the consolation and happiness of your old age.

Ellin. And he well deserves to make a fortune, and to be loved by every one, for he is young, handsome, and brave.

Frigel. Well educated, talented, and clever.

Ellin. In a word, he is quite a contrast to our young lord; he does not in any thing resemble him.

Bertha. That is but too true.

Lucie. This is what grieves me.—Is it then really to-night you are to be married?

Bertha. Yes, such is the will of my aunt; and if the king gives his consent, she must be obeyed.

Ellin. How I pity you, to be obliged to marry such a brute of a man, so ill-natured, and so unfeeling—so badly brought up, without the least education: why, he hardly knows how to write his own name.

Lucie. These are, then, the results of the trouble I have taken with him. Little thought I, when I returned him to the countess as the son of Erik Sparre, that I should have been so much deceived in my expectations, so ill repaid for all the care and attention I had bestowed on him. Oh! better would it have been, as well for him as me, if I had kept him myself, and never given him to the countess.

Frigel. Dame Lucie, you are wrong—wrong, indeed; and that for four reasons. *Primo*, He was put into your trust by his mother, Lady Ebba Brahe, to be returned to the lady countess. *Secondo*, You had no right to keep that which did not belong to you. *Terzio*, He may improve if he studies Latin. *Quarto*, You are the only one for whom he retains the least respect; besides yourself and Lady Martha, there is not one in the wide world for whom he cares an atom.

Lucie. You are right: but is there no remedy?—something must be done, the wedding is to-night!

SCENE II.

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger (to FRIGELIUS). Here is the answer from the chamberlain.

Frigel. (reads). "Sir! I send you herewith the answer of the grand chancellor to the lady countess's application. Mr. Erik Johanson, page to the king, is dispatched with the king's consent for the marriage. He is immediately to set out for the residence of the countess. The money that ought to be delivered to the bearer"—(as if reading the remainder to himself—he looks at the seal of the enclosed letter, and reads the direction, then reads aloud again)—"To the Lady Countess Stenbock, born Swante Sture, Countess of Vestervik, &c. &c. Hormingsholm!" Yes! it is from the grand chancellor.

Ellin (takes up a paper which had dropped). Here is a piece of paper that you have dropped.

Frigel. (reads). "P. S. I have just now received information, that the king himself intends to depart for Hormingsholm, to be present there at the ensuing nuptials."

Ellin. Ah! then we shall see the king—that hero—that excellent prince.

Bertha. I have long since wished you to know how deeply I am attached to Gustavus Adolphus, and yet I never have seen him; nor can I imagine why I so dearly love the son of Charles IX., son of the executioner of my father.

Frigel. Now, Lady Bertha, as it is your wedding-day, permit an old and devoted servant of your house to wish you joy—yes, it will be splendid; this day will be grand, joyous, and brilliant, like your beauty; it will resemble the sun breaking through foggy clouds, it will be grand as—

Bertha. Many thanks, my dear Frigelius, here comes my aunt.

SCENE III.

Enter the COUNTESS.

Countess. I saw my messenger return whom I sent to Stockholm, he ought to have brought some letters.

Frigel. Here is one, which I have the honour, most humbly, to present to your ladyship.

Countess. It is from the grand chancellor: this affair has then at last come to a termination. The king, my dear niece, consents to your marriage. Invite the gentry of the neighbourhood—prepare every thing for their reception: this evening the wedding is to be solemnized.

Frigel. The orders of your ladyship shall be attended to. [*Exit.*]

Bertha. So near, then, to be separated from you—from you, whom I so dearly love—from you, who have always been a mother to me. Oh! how can my heart

feel joy, at the moment when I am to part from you.

Countess. Ah! my dear child; and I have for you every feeling of a mother—no, we shall not be separated: the ties formed to-day will unite us more firmly than ever: the wife of the son of Erik Sparre will be dearer to me than my niece. In restoring and perpetuating the family of my unfortunate relatives, I find myself amply recompensed for the care I have taken with you both.—(*The Countess speaks with some of the servants.*)

Bertha. Oh! let me try to conceal my grief and my despair. I will:—I must not trouble her mind (*aside*).

Ellin. Does your ladyship know that the king is coming here this evening?

Countess. Impossible!

Lucie. It is reported all over the town that the king is coming to honour the wedding with his presence.

Countess. It is a false rumour. The king has never seen me—what motive can he have to come here; my family have been the victims of his father's cruelty. Ah! my dear friends, I have known little of happiness, much of misery and sorrow. Not enough to have in one day witnessed the horrible butchery of my father, my brother, and my sister's husband; but to increase my misery, my mother cast her resentment upon me for loving the noblest of men. Insensible to the great merits of Erik Stenbock, she obstinately refused to give her consent to a union, which prejudice alone made her believe to be criminal, and I was for a long time excluded from her heart. She yielded at last to the pressing entreaties of my friends; but hardly was I restored to the bosom of my family, there to enjoy the fruits of my constancy, ere my native soil became the prey of discord and strife. The superstitious Sigismund, and the ambitious Charles, plunged Sweden in blood. My husband and my children were torn from my arms, and dragged far, far away, and I never saw them inore. At the same time, I beheld my nephew perish under the axe of the executioner; from that moment—penetrated with terror, mingled with disgust, as well for the base and cowardly Sigismund, who forsook his truest friends, as for the blood-thirsty tyrant who sacrificed the whole of my family, and for twenty long years, in the depths of retirement, I have sought to assuage my pangs and chase away my tears: more prosperous times I hope are coming. To-day I secure happiness for the children of my unfortunate friends; I unite them, to aid each other through the world. Time has softened my sorrows; and I hope that you, my daughter, united with Sparre, will prove the consolation of my old days.

Bertha. Oh, my dear mother! I will do

every thing to make you happy: you know well that wedlock has few attractions for me, but I will welcome it, if it tend to increase your happiness.

Countess. Thank you, my daughter, you were always near my heart, and you shall never cease to be so; but after what I have told you, judge, my friends, if I can be eager to see the son of Charles IX., even allowing that he is innocent of the crimes which stained his father's hands; Heaven has destined him to be our king, and I adore its decrees. Yes, I even acknowledge that the great qualities of this young prince have made impressions upon a soul which, like mine, is accustomed to honour the heroic. Under his sceptre, Sweden is triumphant; to him, she owes the peace and the security she now enjoys. Admiration is owing to great talents, to brilliant exploits; yes, it is due to them; but our affections are gained by the qualities of the heart.

Bertha. Erik Johanson has often told me, and I believe him, that Gustavus Adolphus is as good as he is magnanimous: he always speaks of him with such enthusiasm, particularly when he recounts the favours the young king heaps upon the children of his father's victims. And I know not, if it be from Erik's relations, or from the favours he has bestowed on Erik himself, that I never hear the name of Gustavus without the deepest interest.

Countess. You know that Erik's father perished by the hand of the executioner in the market-place of Linköping: and I then took under my protection his helpless son—he afterwards, through the favour of the grand chancellor, obtained a place near the king. Was it gratitude that inspired him in this? But I am far from blaming you for your sentiments in behalf of the young monarch, 'tis not in human nature to hate without a cause. I was attached to Charles IX. till thirst of power made him my enemy. I owe to his interference my marriage, and the reconciliation with my mother. If his son resembles the picture Erik draws of him, I shall be glad to acknowledge to him my favourable sentiments, which those who govern us can so easily obtain, if they render themselves worthy of meriting them; but, Sparre, is he not yet returned from the chase? Somebody approaches; it may be he—no—it is Erik, who arrives from Stockholm.

SCENE IV.

Enter ERIC JOHANSON.

Erik. I have the king's command to deliver this letter to your ladyship.

Countess. Welcome, my Erik; (*reads*)—"My dear cousin, I send you my consent to your request, made known through the

grand chancellor, for the marriage of Laurent Sparre with my relative, the Lady Bertha Baner: permit me to divide with you, and witness, the joy and happiness this day promises. Through Erik, I learn that the nuptials are to be celebrated to-morrow, I shall therefore arrive at your house in the afternoon; particularly wishing to make your personal acquaintance, and to assure you of the sentiments that are entertained towards you, by your relative and sincere friend, Gustavus Adolphus."

Countess. This letter breathes affection and goodness.

Erik. Oh! my lady, if you but knew with what kindness the king always speaks of you—"My friend," said he to me the other day, "I cannot, without pain, think of the events which preceded my reign: too young then to be able to prevent them, I will now, at least, convince those whom our civil wars have precipitated into misfortune, that my heart is open to them all; you have known me long enough to be assured of the truth of what I say. The Countess Stenbock loves you; try, in my behalf, to erase past events from her memory." Oh! my mother—you have permitted me to use this name from my infancy. Oh! if I could be so happy as to reconcile you with my king, what more could I desire? I have to thank you for what I am—an orphan, unprotected; what would have become of me except for your generosity? and brought up under your inspection with the Baron Sparre, it was through your influence with the grand chancellor that I was placed near the king. If I have distinguished myself in the wars—if I have been happy enough to serve my country—ah! madam—ah! my mother—it is all through you, and I shall love you to my latest breath.

Countess. My son, I will consider of what you have said. Your gratitude delights me, and richly repays me for my cares: with such a heart as you are possessed of, you justly merit happiness. From the first moment your mother brought you to me I felt an affection for you, which your good qualities have fully justified, and which I ever shall preserve towards you. Respecting the king, satisfy yourself; for this letter, combined with what you have told me of him, touches my heart; and I feel my resentment against him no longer, so harsh as it was. But where can Sparre be, has he not yet returned from the chase?

Ellin. The noise of the dogs announces his arrival, there is no one else here who is preceded in that manner. I see him—yes—'tis he!

SCENE V.

SPARRE, at the furthest end of the Yard.

Sparre. Hollo! Peter! Paul! Andrea! where are the d—d knaves? Peter, take my dogs down to the stables, and leave them there without food; they are going hunting again this afternoon; mind you don't give them a morsel to eat. If you do, I will break the arms and legs of your poor miserable body: do you hear? There, take my gun, and put it into my room.

Peter. Is it loaded?

Sparre. You are a curious fellow.

Peter. It is only that I might very easily kill myself: precaution is always necessary.

Sparre. What a misfortune it would be, if such a fine fellow as you should kill himself: why, there are hundreds to be had of the species you belong to.—What are you doing, rascal? You level the gun as if to kill me—take care.—(Gives him a slap on the ear.)

Peter. That's a fine wedding present.

Countess. What behaviour—what manners: do you think it agrees with your rank and birth thus to maltreat a poor boy? Will you never know, that it is only with politeness and goodness that we can gain the hearts of our inferiors; and who ought to know this better than one, who, I may truly say, learnt to know adversity in his very cradle. But enough—I have good news for you, my Sparre, I have received the king's permission for your marriage, and the wedding will be celebrated this evening.

Sparre. To-day—to-morrow, when you please, it is all the same to me; one day is as good as another.

Bertha (aside). What rudeness.

Countess. Now, since fortune seems again to smile upon us, and you are nearly arrived at the moment which will unite you to a bride not less virtuous than beautiful, I hope you will alter your conduct, and make yourself worthy the possession of such a treasure. Alas! hitherto you have given very little satisfaction, for all the pains I have taken with you.

Sparre. Well, and is that my fault? I go my way straightforward; I never understood anything of *grimar*, that they wanted to learn me, and much less any of those manners (*gesticulates*) which you call politeness: I know you have taken care of me in my infancy, and I thank you for it—moreover, I love you for it; but I would love you twenty thousand times more if you would not continually praise and prefer this great, queer-looking fellow, who in your eyes seems to do every thing better than myself: he only comes here to make me look little, and with his bright discourses, make people believe that he knows every thing, only because he knows

a little Latin, and is a bit of a courtier; and, after all, what is he? only a domestic!

Countess. It is not envy, I hope, that makes you thus offensive towards Erik, for such a feeling is unworthy of you. I will not dissemble to you that I love Erik, and he more than returns the love I entertain for him. I love you also, my dear Sparre; but I should like to see in you a desire to acquire honour and glory, to make yourself worthy of your ancestors. Adversity, may be, has hitherto clouded your spirit; but fortune now shines more favourably upon you, and its return ought to call to your mind your exalted birth, and the high posts of honour your forefathers have held under the kings of Sweden. My friend, heed the advice of a mother, I have always been one to you, and follow my counsel. I will now look to the necessary preparations for the reception of the king.

Frigel. With your high permission, lady countess, I have arranged a little divertissement for the reception of his Majesty, I have also made a few verses for the occasion.

Countess. Thank you, Frigelius, that will do very well. (To ERIC)—Assist them to set every thing in order; you know much better than we do the customs of the court, and the taste of the king.

Erik. If you will allow me, my lady, I will go and assist Mr. Frigelius; I think with our two heads together we may make something of it, particularly so, if Lady Martha will lend us her assistance.

Bertha. I will do every thing possible to please my good aunt and the king. (Aside) —But, oh! how far will it be from the feelings of my heart, to take the least part in the general joy.

Countess. I will leave it entirely to you, my children.

[*Exeunt* COUNTESS and FRIGELIUS.]

SCENE VI.

Sparre. Is it then true that the king will be here?

Lucie. Yes, he will do you the honour of being present at your wedding; try then, for once, to behave yourself.

Sparre. Oh! I will behave me well enough; although I have no wish whatever either to see or serve the king. My gun, my dogs, and the chase, they are all I wish for: he would, may be, like to give me an engagement in his army, and lead me against his enemies; but I am not at all curious to learn a trade, that may cost me an arm or a leg. I intend to preserve my limbs, and pass my time in peace and comfort.

Bertha. The king does not compel any body to serve him; he only invites his nobles to follow his example, to win

laurels and immortal glory: he leaves those who are of your cowardly disposition to their own obscurity. [*Exit BERTHA.*]

Sparre. I understand you, my beauty; you would not be at all sorry if to-day I were to be your husband, and to-morrow a ball came and gloriously dispatched me to the other world. I am very much obliged to you, thank you all the same,—but this life has yet a few charms for me; I should not like so abruptly to leave it.

Lucie. Little suspicion had I when I first brought you here, that you could ever be capable of such vulgarity, or so devoid of all sense and feeling.

Sparre. Any thing you please, my dear nurse; I know you love me, and you know as well that I very much love you. But what you just now said, I don't understand; nor do I care to understand any of those high-sounding words that are here in such a swing. I am getting into a rage when I think of—But I will keep it to myself, and swallow it. One thing though, let me tell you, I most perfectly understand, and that is the voice of my stomach; therefore, *Lucie*, make haste and get me some breakfast. [*Exit.*]

Lucie. Thus then am I rewarded for all I have hazarded for him. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VII.

A Garden on the left of the Palace.

Enter BERTHA, ELLIN, ERIK, FRIGELIUS, and Peasantry, with a May-pole hung with flowers. Musicians.

Frigel. Well, children, is the May-pole ready?

A Peasant. Yes, sir.

Frigel. That's well; arrange yourselves thus:—1st, the fiddles to head the march; 2nd, the young girls; 3rd, the May-pole; 4th, the young men. (*To BERTHA*)—Don't you think this well arranged?

Bertha. I shall give my opinion as you go on.

Frigel. Very well (*placing himself in an arm-chair*)—at present I am representing the king; imagine yourself to see him in me.

Ellin. In truth, there is a great deal of imagination wanted to do that.

Frigel. My dear Ellin, don't disturb the peasants. (*To the peasantry*)—Go on; music, strike up. (*The orchestra plays a march; the peasants plant the May-pole.*) That's well—very well. Now imagine that you, in an eloquent speech, are presenting compliments to the king (*raises himself, and makes reverences to the chair*). Great and powerful king!—when Alexander the Great, son to Philip, king of Macedonia, made his entrance into Babylon; when Scipio Africanus entered as conqueror into Carthage; when Charlemagne received the Imperial crown of Rome; when your Majesty's grand-

father, Gustavus I., of glorious memory, made his entry into Stockholm, there did not exist more—

Erik. Excuse me, if I interrupt you, my dear Frigelius, but the king is a sworn enemy to speeches; it would be much better if you would begin with the singing and dancing.

Frigel. But it is against every rule alive, not to begin with an oration! mine would have been in the style of a prologue, as the ancients called it: it would have served, first, to express my thoughts to the king; secondly, to give a description of—

Erik. I think your ideas excellent, but follow my advice, let them begin with the song; give me your verses, and I will examine them.

Frigel. No, I will sing them myself, that you may the better judge of their beauty: pay attention—Hum! hum! hark! listen! (*sings.*)* You see now that every one here finds his elegy; is it not sublime in these days. Does it not strongly smell of learning? I think it would be difficult, hardly possible, to find any thing more ingenious.

Bertha (*laughing*). This is very good—but it is impossible for me, my dear Frigelius, to sing Latin. Erik has promised to teach me one of the king's favourite songs; the young girls from the village are to sing a few verses of Erik's own composition; and all the rest we will leave to you: so come now to meet the king. (*The orchestra plays a march again*)

ACT II.—SCENE I.

A Gallery in the Palace of Hormingsholm. Enter COUNTESS, LUCIE, and FRIGELIUS.

Countess (*in a different dress*). Have you seen, Frigelius, that nothing is forgotten? And you, my dear Lucie, have you seen that every thing is in order for the reception of the king?

Lucie. Yes, lady, every thing is in order; the apartments are ready, and this hall will serve as an ante-room.

Countess. That's well: you may give the outer saloon to the king's guards; but I am sorry that these preparations should have put you to so much inconvenience.

Frigel. What would we not do to please so good a mistress! With the most profound respect, I assure you that every thing is in the best order. 1. The peasantry are informed how to behave themselves. 2. They are all well-dressed. 3. The music is beautifully arranged: in fact, every thing is in order. I only fear that the

* The verses in the original are a strange compound of Greek, Latin, French, and Swedish, totally untranslatable into English, and as totally unintelligible in any language.

songs and chorus will not correspond with the rest. I had composed some very good rhymes in French, Latin, and Greek; which the young girls ought to have sung; but Erik says they would appear to be too learned: it shall, however, depend upon your ladyship's taste and judgment.

Countess. What! my friend, you surely do not mean that the peasants are to sing Greek?

Frigel. Yes, my lady, I do; the king would then have known that they were of my composition, and that I had regularly gone through my studies; and further, that I was well acquainted with the classics. This might have been of great benefit to me; it would probably have procured me a professor's chair in the Royal Academy; but Mr. Erik has altered it all, and wants it after his own fashion.

Countess. Which I think will be the best. In one hour the king will be here: Sparre must be presented to him. But oh! what a notion will the king form of him: his manners and behaviour correspond so little with his birth and education; but we must try, as much as possible, to conceal his defects from the eye of the king. You, Lucie, must use all your influence with Sparre, to persuade him for once to hide his ignorance in respectful silence. The king knows that he was born amid misfortunes; that he has been brought up solely in the country, and he will excuse his bashfulness. You, Frigelius, having been his tutor, must aid Lucie with your counsel.

Frigel. With your permission, my lady countess, I will compose for him a Latin speech, which he shall deliver when he is presented to the king.

Countess. No! no! The king is burthened with speeches wherever he goes: besides, Sparre does not know a word of Latin.

Frigel. Alas! he never would allow me to mention it.

Countess. I shall be satisfied if you can hinder him from saying or doing anything improper.

Frigel. I will obey your ladyship's orders; on the principles of the ancient authors, I will demonstrate to him the advantages resulting from politeness and good behaviour.

Countess. Do so; but I fear that he will contrive to offend my niece.

Lucie. The same notion afflicts me; he always behaves ill to her, and she is so good: to hear it, almost kills me.

Countess. My good Lucie, do not grieve so much about him; his bad conduct arises from no fault of yours, and he may yet alter.

Lucie. Ah! my lady, if you but knew how much it is my fault, you would never forgive me.

Countess. You deceive yourself, Lucie; we have been friends from our infancy, and we shall never cease to be so.

Lucie. Your goodness rends my heart.—No! no! I can conceal it no longer—know that—

SCENE II.

Enter ELLIN (running).

Ellin. Madame! Madame!

Countess. Ellin, you grow wilder every day you live: is this a proper way for a young lady like you to appear.

Ellin. Excuse me, madame; I was coming to tell you there are a great many strangers arriving: they are gentlemen of the neighbourhood, and that there are also many beautiful women with them; among the gentlemen, there is one they call Count Magnus ———.

Countess. Magnus Brahe!

Ellin. Yes! that's the name, the father of the beautiful Countess Ebba; and then there are Count Bynning and Count Bielke.

Countess. Well, I will go and receive them. (To LUCIE)—Compose yourself, and remember the instructions I gave you.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

LUCIE (*alone*).

Lucie. How heavy! what sorrow and pain a single fault inflicts upon a guilty conscience: nothing can soothe mine. Oh! my son, that my affection for you should have rendered me criminal; and how can I possibly repair the crime I have committed? What, if I acknowledge it? but that will not undo it. I am guilty! I am guilty!

SCENE IV.

Enter ELLIN.

Ellin (laughing). Ha! ha! ha! Oh! if you knew the folly the baron has been again committing.

Lucie. What has he been doing?

Ellin. Its all very pleasant. You know the countess wished your son to teach the Lady Bertha a song: well, Lady Bertha sat down to her harp, and Mr. Erik held the music, and, that she might the easier read it, he knelt down before her; but scarcely had she begun to sing, when the baron entered in an abrupt manner from an adjoining room, where he had been asleep, and in a furious passion, exclaimed (*imitating him*), "I have told you a hundred times that music displeases me." Lady Bertha answered him kindly, that it was the wish of the countess she should learn the song; but that was of no use. Then seeing Erik on his knees, he became all at

once jealous, and ran on Erik like a madman; but, happily, Frigelius got between them, and in an affecting and eloquent speech, told his lordship how wrongfully he acted; but he would listen neither to his eloquence, nor to any thing else. Lady Bertha was offended and retired; but I laughed so much at the grimaces of the baron, and the lecturing of Frigelius, that I was forced to leave the room.

Lucie. Heaven pardon me! what do you say? and my son?

Ellin. He went away quite offended; but here he is. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Enter LUCIE and ERIC JOHANSON.

Erik. What rudeness! what brutality! I would have compelled any other person to have given me satisfaction, but I restrained my passion, from the respect and gratitude I owe the countess.

Lucie. My son, what do you say? can you forget—

Erik. No, mother, I know my duty, but I will leave a place where I am in danger of forgetting myself; but the fate of Lady Bertha greatly afflicts me; she submits to the wishes of the countess, who is only actuated by the friendship which subsisted between herself and Sparre's father. *She sacrifices herself!* Oh! Bertha, how I pity thee—to this time, I thought, there could be no greater misfortune than to be born with a spirit above my condition: but each heart has its fee-grief. Bertha has not less to deplore her illustrious origin, than I the obscurity of mine.

Lucie. What do you say, my son? do you love the Lady Bertha?

Erik. Mother! would that I could doubt it—Such beauty! such sweetness!—how could I resist her influence? none but a Sparre could be indifferent to such charms. You always taught me to love and cherish virtue, I could not be insensible to that of Bertha: but I must conceal a love which is my only happiness, and which death alone can extinguish. Alas! this night the bond will be tied, which deprives me of my last hope: a career of glory, however, remains for me, and in the battle-field I can seek and find an honourable death: happy, too, if at that price I could merit her esteem, her tears.

Lucie. My son, you rend my heart with agony: if you knew—I can no longer conceal it: but oh! I have no proofs. Erik, I only deserve your hate.

Erik. I hate you, my mother—me! no, no! never! never!

Lucie. Well, know then—

SCENE VI.

Enter ELLIN.

Ellin (running). The king is arrived! the king is arrived! [*Exeunt.*]

Erik. I will go and receive him. [*Exit.*]
Ellin (enters again). The king has just descended from his carriage, and embraced the countess: so many handsome young gentlemen with him, they are coming this way. Oh! how handsome the king looks. [*Exit.*]

Lucie. Every thing tends to reproach my conscience; I can no longer retain my secret. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VII.

Enter the KING, the COUNTESS, AXEL OXENSTIERNA, COUNT BRAHE, TORSTENSON, DE LA GARDIE, &c. &c.—Orchestra plays.

Gustavus. I cannot express to you, countess, the happiness I feel in having made your acquaintance; remember we are relatives, and I feel proud of one who, by her constancy beneath the severest trials, has exhibited true greatness of soul. I dare not flatter myself, that my presence can blot out the prejudices which civil discord compelled you to entertain; but I hope, at least, that the step I have now taken, will prove to you my wish to become reconciled to one of the best friends of my ancestors.

Countess. I am alive to your Majesty's goodness. Your generous advances subdue me: Heaven has, doubtless, destined you, sire, to become the consoler of our country, after all her sad disasters.

Gustavus. I would give every drop of my blood to heal her wounds; but I cannot awake the dead:—away with these gloomy recollections, with their last traces. Let us return to unity and peace. I shall here find two orphans to whom I may become a father.

Countess. I must beg your Majesty to pardon the absence of Sparre; he is unacquainted with your Majesty's arrival, having gone to the chase; but he will doubtless soon return.

Gustavus. Enough, dear countess. Sparre is certainly worthy of the name he bears, and of the hand of Lady Bertha. On your adopted child, the brave and worthy Erik, who enjoys my friendship and the gratitude of his country, I will this day confer the honour of knighthood. I have desired that it may be through you, and in your presence, that he receives this honour.

Countess. The grace with which your Majesty confers favours, enhances the value of the prize. [*Exit.*]

Gustavus (to his followers). Follow the countess, and leave me for a moment alone with Oxenstierna. [*Exeunt Attendants.*]

SCENE VIII.

Gustavus. The moment is approaching when the discovery must be made known; but ere that is done, I will inform myself of the state of Bertha's heart, that in making her acquainted with the secret, we may in no way grieve her. The young heart often abandons itself to first impressions: association in childhood draws close the bonds of affection, more so when a parent smiles upon the union. Reason may eventually triumph over fondness, but the victory is painful, and leaves in the heart a sad impression, which even virtue cannot always overcome, and death alone can effectually destroy. I myself feel this; for neither the defence of our land, nor the cares of a throne, have been able to divert my mind from the love I feel for Ebba Brahe. In the midst of the acclamations of my people, in the heat of battle, or in triumph, she is ever at my heart. Such may be the situation of the young Bertha, who awaits a husband from my hands. I will, my friend, discover if those feelings exist: her age, her innocence, will guarantee me for her sincerity; have you informed her that I expect her here?

Oxenstierna. Yes, sire, and she will soon be here. My sovereign—my friend, in this, as in all your acts, your generosity shines conspicuous: how delightful it is to me to see you conquer those traits of disposition inherited from your parents.

Gustavus. To you, my friend, I owe all my happiness; it is to your advice that I am indebted for my preservation from the corrupt flatterers who ever swarm around the great. The virtues of the countess, her name and her misfortunes, all demand my affections; and do you not fear that the truth will shock her bosom, if unprepared for its reception?

Oxen. Not so. I have informed myself particularly of her sentiments towards the son of Erik Sparre; she divides her regards equally between her niece and her two adopted sons; and she is equally grateful for the honour your Majesty this day intends to confer on Erik Johanson, as for that which Laurent Sparre is to receive.

Gustavus. It is not so much from my promise to Erik, as for an opportunity to read in the heart of Bertha if my suspicions are justly founded, that I have appointed this place for the ceremony to take place. A frank and open heart cannot disguise its love.

Oxen. She comes! Count Brahe and myself are charged to present her to you as the bride of Laurent Sparre.

SCENE IX.

Enter BERTHA and others.

Magnus Brahe. Permit me, sire, to place under your protection the intended spouse of my nephew, the daughter of Gustavus Baner, and my niece.

Gustavus. Her beauty, her age, her name, render her dear to me. (*To BERTHA*)—My cousin, I trust your choice may be worthy of you; and that he who possesses your love, may justify his possession of such a treasure, by returning it in the tenderest manner.

Bertha. My aunt has resolved on my marriage; she has been to me a mother, and I must submit to her wishes, persuaded that she knows better than any one else what will conduce to my happiness.

Gustavus. I am tempted to believe that her choice is not yours, and that obedience speaks where love ought to be heard: but I possess no claim to your confidence; were I better known to you, perhaps,——(*to OXENSTIERNA and BRAHE*) let me be called when every thing is prepared for the ceremony.

[*Exit OXENSTIERNA and BRAHE.*]

SCENE X.

Gustavus. Before I give consent to your union with Erik Sparre's son, it is necessary for me to know if it will tend to your happiness. I have not yet seen him whom your aunt intends for your husband; but I am assured that her desire to see you the wife of Sparre, is founded only upon the affection she entertains for his father's memory. You must, in some degree, consult yourself in an engagement on which your happiness or misery depends: forget, in this moment, my rank; do more—forget that he is the son of Charles IX. who speaks to the daughter of Gustavus Baner: only remember that the grandson of Gustavus I. is your near relative; that he exists but to protect the weak and the innocent: fear not to intrust me with your secret sentiments; and when I offer you my protection, believe in the sincerity of my purpose.

Bertha. Should I, sire, confess myself overpowered by your generosity, and yield to the confidence it inspires me with—but what a notion will you form of me? how can I lay bare my heart? Unacquainted with the dissimulation of a court—hitherto confined to the country—I know not how far I may go beyond bounds with my boldness. I fear to abuse your confidence—yet your goodness encourages me—I dare not proceed. My king will find me unworthy the respect he has shown me, and of this my heart feels the just value.

Gustavus. This amiable timidity, which

so well becomes your youth and innocence, augments the interest I take in your destiny; I perceive you have secret sorrows—speak freely.

Bertha. Your Majesty has not yet seen Sparre?

Gustavus. He is not yet returned from the chase.

Bertha. It is so—see him, and then judge if he merits being loved.

Gustavus. But he has already received your consent, and it is to-night that you are to give him your hand.

Bertha. It is my duty to obey the wishes of my aunt, and I sacrifice my happiness to the gratitude I owe her.

Gustavus. So, Sparre will this day receive your hand, but not your heart.

Bertha. My hand is all that I can give him: the misfortunes of our parents, our relationship, and the will of my aunt—every thing imposes upon me the sad necessity. As to my heart, it is not in my power—it is for him to deserve it.

Gustavus. But if this heart is no longer your own?

Bertha. That I am not permitted to discover. Destined for Sparre from my infancy, if I cannot love him, an eternal silence shall conceal my weakness. What do I say? Oh! my king, seek not to penetrate the secret of my sorrow: my destiny is decided, and I submit to it. You will consent, and in a few hours it will be accomplished.* Let me enjoy the only consolation that remains for me—let it be supposed that I have acted uninfluenced in this, and I will even try to persuade myself that my choice is free.

Gustavus. Your frankness, your goodness, render you worthy of Sparre's affection: the more I know you, the more I am persuaded of this.

Bertha. I have already too far betrayed the secrets of my heart, but I depend on your Majesty's promise not to reveal what I have said: give not the spouse of Sparre cause to blush.

Gustavus. You may be assured that I never can abuse your confidence. I believe you will soon have cause to congratulate yourself on your choice; but ere you form an engagement which will render compliance impossible, permit me to demand of you a trifling service. According to an ancient and honourable custom, every gentleman who enters into our service receives a present from his king, at the hands of some beautiful lady. It is a military emblem, which should distinguish him in battle. A young man, brought up in my court, and who has exhibited his valour by my side, is to-day to receive a distinction. I desire that he may receive

* We would refer to "Edith" in our last number, and the note thereto.

from your hands the scarf which is in future to begird him.

Bertha. Your will, sire, is my law. I this morning completed a scarf which I intended for Erik Johanson; but it is at your Majesty's service.

SCENE XI.

Enter TORSTENSON.

Tors. Every thing is ready, sire, and awaits your orders.

Bertha. I am prepared to obey your Majesty's wishes; the scarf I have named is in my chamber.

SCENE XII.

The great Hall of the Castle.

GUSTAVUS, COUNTESS, OXENSTIERNA, DE LA GARDIE—ERIK JOHANSON, introduced by the Lords, &c. &c.

Gustavus. Nobles and warriors! ye who have followed the glorious steps of your ancestors, blending your laurels with theirs,—to the young who have followed my standard,—to you Torstenson, and brave Horne, you have here before you a young hero, who is to-day to receive the reward of that bravery, which supplies what he needs in years. To-day he becomes a knight, and your comrade in arms. He will follow your illustrious examples. (*To ERIC*)—My friend, I saw you at my side on the field of Christianople and at Dirshau, and your past conduct assures me that the sword you are this day to receive at my hands will be used in defence of our country, and for your own honour and glory. The Lady Bertha, the pride of the north, her fair hands shall begird us with our scarfs.—(*He gives ERIC the sword.*) At our country's call for protection, let not this honourable token rust by your side; remember that you have received it from your king, who would lead you in the path of honour. (*To the COUNTESS*)—Daughter of the heroes of the north, you have protected him in infancy, have been to him a mother, it is for you to gird him with the sword he has received from our hands, this will render the honour yet more dear to him.

Countess. My son, a sword received from the hands of Gustavus Adolphus, is a gift not easy to acquire, but glorious to obtain.—(*ERIK on his knees. The COUNTESS girds him with the sword.*)

Bertha (enters). What do I see? Oh, Heaven!

Gustavus. Lady Bertha, entwine around your adopted brother the colours of his country.

Bertha (to the King). Sweet is the task you impose upon me.—(*Hangs the scarf upon ERIC.*)

Erik. Armed by the hands of valour, decorated by those of beauty, and shielded by tenderness, what weight of duty do not the honours this day conferred upon me impose?

Gustavus. Nobles and high-born dames! the honours this day conferred upon our friend, will, we doubt not, cause him to terminate his career as gloriously as he has commenced it.—(*Exeunt nobles, &c. To OXENSTIERNA, as he passes by him*)—She loves my friend: you anticipate their fortunes. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.—SCENE I.

Bertha (alone). “Be assured you will soon have cause to congratulate yourself on your choice!” What did the king mean? He saw my repugnance to Sparre; and when the interest which he appeared to take in my destiny induced me to make the discovery, he terminated the discourse with the assurance—“You will soon have cause to congratulate yourself on your choice!” Those words made a deep impression upon me; and it was from Gustavus Adolphus I heard them. Did he intend only to sport with my feelings, and enjoy the cruel delight of beholding me sacrificed at the will of my aunt: was this the purpose for which he stole the secret of my heart. He stated he would establish my happiness, and see that no violence was done to my inclinations: and further, that my virtues rendered me worthy of the attachment of Sparre. I understand not his meaning! At the moment destined for my union, he desires that Erik may receive a scarf from my hands. I gave it him—he smiled: he plays with my curiosity and my grief. And myself—am I able to understand my feelings towards Erik? does not my heart acknowledge a love which is criminal, at a moment when I am about to give Sparre my hand? What am I to do? O God! inspire me: but here is my aunt.

SCENE II.

The Countess, Ellin, and Bertha.

Countess (to ELLIN). Go, Ellin, and tell him that I am very much offended at his conduct; the king has been here more than three hours, and he has not yet made his appearance.

Ellin. Mr. Frigelius and Madame Lucie have been arranging his toilet the whole afternoon; but from the time it has taken, it ought to be finished.

Countess. Indeed, there has been time enough; go and tell him to come to me:—but here is Bertha—dearest daughter, wish me joy: I have been participating in the highest pleasure. I have seen virtue, and my own cares rewarded. The king’s

goodness to Erik has powerfully affected me. Who could resist such generosity and greatness of soul. We have never before known such a governor; let us unite to show our gratitude to so good a monarch, and endeavour to render his stay here as agreeable as possible. You intended, Bertha, to give the king this morning some proof of your ability in singing; but you ought to go over the song again with your old master. I have desired Erik to come.

Bertha. But, my aunt, I fear Sparre—it is but this instant that he disapproved of my singing: I should perhaps offend.

Countess. He is wrong—tell him it is my desire, or better, I will tell him so myself.—(*Departing meets TORSTENSON.*)

Torstenson. The king has desired me to request, lady countess, that you would grant him a few moments’ private conversation. He wishes to inform you of circumstances relative to your family.

Countess. I am ready to obey the commands of the king.

Torst. He is at this moment engaged with the grand chancellor; but he will be here immediately.

Countess. I will await him here.—(*Exit TORSTENSON.*) Ellin, go and tell Sparre to hasten; tell him to come to my chamber; and you, my child, repeat what you are going to sing. I will return instantly. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

ERIK and BERTHA.

Bertha (aside). My aunt leaves me with him—I fear my troubles will not permit me to conceal my weakness.—(*She is going.*)

Erik (aside). How agitated she appears. (*To BERTHA.*)—I am afraid I shall not be able to fulfil the desire of the countess, and you have no need of a master to instruct you to sing: your talents correspond with your beauty, and what more perfect.

Bertha. I scarcely imagined the court language was so familiar to you, and much less that you would employ it to me.

Erik. I employ but the language of the heart: but you do not deign to hear me. Erik, the unfortunate Erik, is only born to know the inestimable value of your heart, and of the hand you are about to give to Sparre: estranged from you, the rest of my life will dwindle away in sorrow: despair will follow me to the grave!—(*Aside*) What have I said?

Bertha. What do I hear? (*Aside*)—Let me conceal my emotion! (*To ERIK.*)—Your friendship will always be dear to me; but believe me the spouse of Sparre, and that for ten years we have regarded each other as brother and sister, Bertha will ever feel the deepest interest in your destiny. But why augment the sorrow a separation from you must naturally induce?

but say no more upon this subject. Tell Ellin to bring my harp.

Erik. I have already said enough to betray my love, of which you can no longer be ignorant: how then shall I dissemble at the moment which blasts all my hopes! when my unfortunate destiny—Ah! pardon me—your birth—mine ought to have bound me to eternal silence: punish me! overwhelm me with wrath! at your feet I await my doom.

Bertha. Erik! what are you doing? Good Heaven, were the countess—were Sparre to see you, what would he think? Rise! leave me—leave me! I conjure you.

SCENE IV.

Enter SPARRE, LUCIE, and FRIGELIUS.

Sparre. How! the very day of our marriage—hardly an hour previous to its celebration; could I ever have expected such conduct from you, miss?

Bertha. I believe myself above suspicion.

Sparre. Suspicion! that's good; I should think here's reason enough for suspicion: finding you alone with your beau at your feet; is that material enough for suspicion?

Bertha. Sir, learn to weigh your words better, and justly to appreciate a heart which has too high estimation of its purity, for a moment to forget what is due to itself and my birth. I would not regard you as worthy an answer, could I permit my honour to receive the smallest stain. It is by the desire of my aunt that I am here. Would it be the ante-chamber of the king that I should choose for the indulgence of a criminal passion? Breathe forth your anger; but understand,—I will never give my hand to one who could entertain such outrageous suspicions.—*[Exit.*

SCENE V.

Sparre (to ERIK). You alone have given me this affront; but I will revenge myself.—*(Makes threatening motions.)*

Erik. Baron, you must learn to know me: my respect and gratitude to the countess only restrain me. I am but a soldier, still I am a Swede; and this compels me to say that unsullied virtue shall not be insulted. The countess shall be informed of your conduct, and she shall decide whether you are worthy the hand of the Lady Bertha. As for myself—come on!

Sparre. What! do you dare threaten me? I will show you that I am your master.—*(He draws his sword. LUCIE and FRIGELIUS interpose.)*

Lucie. My God! what are you about?

Sparre. Let me alone! let me punish his insolence!

Erik. I know no other master than my king, and so I will prove to you.

Lucie (to ERIK). My son, retire: do, I

pray; for the regard you have for the countess, retire.—*(She takes him by the hand, and he suffers her to lead him out. FRIGELIUS prevents SPARRE from following.)*

Frigel. My lord! my lord!
Sparre. Let me alone—let me alone, I say!—*(He lets him go.)* For vengeance!
[Exit.

SCENE VI.

Enter COUNTESS.

Countess (alone). I heard Sparre's voice: is he at last ready?

SCENE VII.

Enter GUSTAVUS.

Gustavus. I fear I have detained you, my dear countess, but the grand chancellor has occupied my attention with papers relating to your family. Let us sit down.—*(A page brings chairs. While the King is speaking, SPARRE is seen leaving one of the rooms with a gun: he hastens away on seeing the King and the COUNTESS, running rapidly across the stage.)*—My eagerness to meet you, immediately after giving peace to my kingdom, should assure you, my cousin, of the interest I entertain for your welfare. I will not refer to the past; I have now an important secret to reveal to you. You have brought up two children, whose fathers, the victims of our dissensions, perished in the square of Linköping. I have seen the daughter of Gustavus Baner; her charms, her education answer to your care. You have arrived at a moment which is to decide her happiness; are you well assured that she does not experience a constraint? I do not yet know him to whom you have devoted her. I may have been deceived, but I fear that your choice is not her own.

Countess. They have been reared together; and though I have never observed in my niece a deep affection for Sparre, she has never hesitated to bestow on him her hand.

Gustavus. But has Sparre any qualities which render him worthy of her heart?

Countess. Your Majesty does not appear to approve of this marriage.

Gustavus. I desire only your own happiness and the happiness of your niece; but supposing the spouse you have chosen for her justifies not your hopes, what cause of deep regret would it not produce. Were Sparre not a relative, did he not bear the name so dear to you, would he be the husband you would select for your niece?

Countess. The attachment I entertained for the father, is a law which compels me to entertain no less for the son. I perceive that some one has endeavoured to blacken him in your eyes. Born and reared amid

misfortunes, he may need those brilliant qualities which have ever been the companions of his name: he has no resource—no protection, save mine. You were willing to consent to his marriage, and no one but he shall receive the hand of Bertha: this is my resolution! But thus freely declaring my sentiments to your Majesty, I will as freely confess that, were he not the son of my unfortunate friend, his destiny would have been less interesting to me.

Gustavus. Your words assure me:—I perceive in them the generosity of your heart; and I also perceive that I can speak frankly with you. The widow of Erik Sparre was the friend of Oxenstierna; she intrusted to him the destiny of her son, confiding his infancy to your care:—this letter contains the proofs.—(He gives her a sealed paper.)

Countess. Sire, I cannot express my surprise. When Lucie, Sparre's nurse, brought him here, she told me that the wish of the Countess Sparre was to have him concealed from the world, but since the death of his mother, your elevation to the throne has altered his destiny; yet I was surprised, at this moment, that the grand chancellor was appointed to watch over him, when I regarded my own attention as sufficient.

Gustavus. Her precautions were even greater. Read, madame, and your astonishment will equal mine.—(The report of a gun is heard, followed by a great bustle.)

Countess. Oh, heavens! whence comes that noise? what shrieks!

SCENE VIII.

Enter a Page. LUCIE.

Page. Help! help! oh, heavens! he is dead! he is murdered!

Countess. Dead! who is dead?

Gustavus. Killed!

Lucie (throwing herself at the feet of the King). Pardon—pardon! my son—my son! Sparre—unfortunate! It is I who deserve death—pardon for my son!

Gustavus. Your son! your son!—What has happened to your son?

Lucie. Vengeance—suspicion—an unhappy dispute—Sparre—he is dead!

Countess. Who is dead?

Gustavus. And is it your son?

Lucie. Yes! 'Tis I who deserve to die: I dare not ask your pity.

Gustavus. Lucie, you now experience the vengeance of Heaven—he punishes your want of fidelity. [*Exit LUCIE.*]

SCENE IX.

Enter TORSTENSON.

Countess (to TORSTENSON). Oh! my lord, disguise the truth from me—Sparre—

Gustavus. Ought I believe the rumour

Torst. It is but too true. Sparre, ac-

tuated by jealousy, placed himself in ambush, and shot Erik with his fowling-piece. I saw him do the act; and I saw Erik struggle and fall. The Counts of Oxenstierna and Brahe ran to his assistance.

Countess. What say you—Erik Johanson dead? It is not Sparre?

Torst. Sparre fired: I saw Erik fall.

Countess. Oh, my God! is it for this I have anxiously watched his progress towards manhood, to see him soil the blood of his ancestors, to see him perish as a criminal?

Gustavus. You deceive yourself, madame; the only consolation that remains is to know, that he whom you deem to be the son of your friend is not actually so. You have not to deplore the dishonour of Sparre; it is, alas! Sparre who is the victim. Lucie has foisted on you her natural son under the name of Sparre, and he enhances the crime of his mother by a vile assassination. It is the brave Erik, who so justly merits my affection, who is the real Laurent Sparre.

Countess. Ye gods! is it possible!

Gustavus. Lucie but too faithfully followed the last orders of the Countess Sparre. The fears she entertained of my father, mainly caused her to make this exchange. We now behold the fruits of it: Lucie, by keeping you ignorant of the deceit, hoped to make her son's fortune. She has been greatly and justly punished. This letter will explain the mystery.

Countess (breaks the seal and reads). Yes, all is discovered: he who so well answered to his exalted birth—whose virtue and valour merited the good-will of his king—he was a son worthy of my friend. Unknown to me, or to himself! He merits your tears; they shall be his glory, and my consolation.

Gustavus. I have lost a friend; and a king, above all men, can experience no greater loss.

SCENE X.

Enter OXENSTIERNA.

Oxen. Moderate your grief; your friend is not dead.

Countess. He lives then!

Gustavus. May it be true!

Oxen. The assassin was hid behind a tree, and the ball grazed the temples of Erik without seriously injuring him; but he fell to the ground senseless, and we thought him dead: happily, however, there is no danger; I assured myself of this before I brought the news.

Countess. Heaven be thanked—where is he, that I may press him to my heart!

Oxen. He is with his uncle, the Count Brahe, and is the only one who is now ignorant of his birth: Lucie has told us the secret; and, sire, it is from your mouth that he should receive the good tidings.

Gustavus. Is Bertha also ignorant of it?

Ozen. Yes; she has as yet received no intimation of Erik's birth; the danger which he has escaped she has learnt. She is exceedingly agitated at the tears of Lucie, and the crime of the supposed Sparre, and will not show herself.

SCENE XI.

Enter SPARRE, still believing himself to be ERIC JOHANSON.

Countess. My son!

Sparre. My mother! (*embraces her, and throws himself at the feet of the King.*) Sire, I embrace your knees: honoured by tears, I implore your clemency. Pardon, sire—I know the severity of the laws, and I shudder when I think that it is against my adopted brother that they are to be called into action, rendering me the cause of his death. Ah! sire, remember the untimely end of his father, and of mine. I wish not to excite your compassion by reminding you of their deaths, your heart is ever alive to sympathise. If, for defending your life on the field of war, I have deserved your favour, make my recompense—Sparre's pardon! O, sire, you would not shed the last drop of the blood which has escaped your father's severity! I see your heart is touched; the heart of Gustavus Adolphus cannot resist the appeals of affection.

Gustavus. Oh! my friend, if you knew the joy I feel in your safety. Rise—be content. From his birth, his virtues, and his generosity, Sparre has every claim on my friendship; and it is for him that Erik is pardoned.

Sparre. What do I hear! What am I to believe!

Gustavus. That you are worthy your birth, that you are the son of Erik Sparre, and that your assassin is the son of Lucie. Read this letter of your mother's; see the joy of her who has performed a mother's duties to you, and doubt if you can.

Sparre. Can this be possible?

Countess. You are of my blood—you are my chief hope, come to my arms, and be my dearest consolation.

SCENE XII.

Enter BERTHA.

Bertha. What do I see?

Gustavus. Come, lady, come, and receive a husband from my hands; he is worthy of the fair name he bears—he is worthy of yourself; and he who presents him has penetrated the secret of your heart, and my choice, I feel, will not disagree with your own wishes.

Bertha. What! what must I understand?

Countess. My daughter, it is the son of Sparre whom I give you for a husband; you love each other, and your happiness will brighten my own.

Bertha. How mysterious is this!

Gustavus. All shall be explained to you soon; it suffices for the present that Sparre should be deemed worthy of your hand, that I may fulfil my promise.

Bertha. I may now then confess sentiments which before I dared not acknowledge even to myself. Erik and I will never give you another name—be always Erik, and Sparre may be assured of my affection.

Sparre. Dearest, dearest Bertha!

Gustavus. Let my court enter; and while joy strews its first fresh flowers, let us celebrate the union of these two virtuous beings.

SCENE XIII.

Enter the followers of the King.

Gustavus. Gentlemen, you are already informed how we have found the Sparre in this young man, who, under a borrowed name, has gained your esteem and my friendship; we are now about to celebrate his nuptials with the Lady Bertha.

Countess (to BERTHA). You would have sacrificed your inclination to duty and gratitude: Erik shall be the prize of your submission, and I endow you with this castle and the estate surrounding it. Sparre, swear before your king, your benefactor—swear upon the standards so often stained with the blood of Sparres, eternal fidelity to Bertha.

Sparre (putting his hand upon his sword). I swear in your presence, great king, whose example animates, and in the presence of her my heart adores, to render myself worthy of her, and to be faithful to the laws of honour; but my heart and my hand are all that I can offer, though I have nothing but my poverty to blush for.

Gustavus. Sparre, to-day I have filled the office of father to you; it is to me to answer for your fortune. I, therefore, return to you all the confiscated estates which belonged to your father. I cannot do less to efface the memory of his misfortunes. (*He presents BERTHA to him.*) You have repaid me to-day for my care and friendship, and exhibited an example of a noble and generous heart.

Countess. O, my king, worthy of the crown you wear, may our gratitude—our attachments—our love, reward your virtues.

Gustavus. And can a king be more amply rewarded! [*Exeunt.*]

Paris Intelligence—The Court, News, and Fashions.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Remarks on the Plate of the Carnival Ball, published in *The Lady's Magazine and Museum* last month.—Miss Penelope Smith and Prince Charles.—Exposition at the Louvre.—Grisi.—Price of Fieschi's ugly Portrait.—Nina Lassave.—How to become great at Paris.—Number of Balls on Shrove Tuesday.—Fashions.—Dresses.—Description of our Plates.

PARIS, FEB. 25, 1856.

In the last month you had an exact representation of a carnival ball; I doubt not the folk in England thought it was a very queer looking picture: n'importe, if you had been here you would have seen the first quality dressed out in like manner, and the tout ensemble made a most splendid appearance.

The carnival, one of the most brilliant I ever recollect, is now at an end. I cannot express, my dear friend, how often I wished for you to enjoy these festivities with me; partout il me semble qu'il manque quelque chose à mon bonheur, c'est que ton absence a laissé dans mon cœur un vide que rien ne peut remplacer: mais à quoi bon d'en parler! tu me promets toujours de revenir, mais—tu ne reviens pas—cruelle! I have not heard any further particulars of the enlèvement of the Prince de Capoue by Miss Penelope Smith; two years ago the belle Irlandaise was in Paris, where she rivalled the fair and famed "Diana Vernon" in her equestrian feats. She has a fortune, it is said, of 20,000*l*. Twenty thousand charms for the prince—qui est un dissipateur, qui jette l'argent par les fenêtres! A gentleman here has laid a wager of five hundred guineas, that before three months are over, Miss Smith will be left to breathe the pure air of the Swiss mountains without her compagnon de voyage.* It appears his highness's heart is rather of an inflammable nature. Some Italian travellers told me long ago that his highness made love to all the pretty English women at Naples, and that several ladies thought themselves highly flattered by his attentions—pauvre diables!

The Exposition at the Louvre opens on the 1st of March; report speaks highly of some of the pictures, which are said to

* *Elopement from Naples.*—"Miss Penelope Smith, of Cork, with Prince Charles of Naples. This matter was, it seems, at first entirely misrepresented. The Queen Dowager of Naples had consented to the marriage of the Prince of Capua with Miss Penelope Smith, of Cork, who, it is said, has a sister affianced to Prince Cimitelli, but the king, her son, would not consent. When they departed at the barrier gate of Capua, a letter was delivered by the officer, addressed to the prince, conveying his Majesty's recommendations in the kindest manner. In the end, then, it appears that there will be a formal marriage." [We hope the "Cork" paper account will be speedily transferred to parchment.]

surpass any exhibited at the salon of 1835. Nous verrons!

I must relate to you a droll story, of which la belle Grisi is the heroine. A few nights since, after the conclusion of the opera of *Marino Faliero*, Grisi found, on her return home, a young man stationed at her door, who, it appears, has annoyed her for several months back by his importunities; he had been but that very day released from confinement on her account. The uncle of the fair cantatrice and M. Robert, director of the Italian Theatre, who happened to be with her, endeavoured to expostulate with the youth on the annoyances to which his conduct subjected the lady; he immediately drew a sword, concealed in his walking-cane, and a scuffle ensued, in which M. Robert was slightly wounded on the ear: the commissaire of police was sent for, and the young man secured; he gave his name Dupuget. On examining his person, a pair of pistols were found loaded with a double charge; one destined for Grisi, the other for himself; and a paper containing an exact account of Grisi's daily employments. The alarm of the prima donna was so great, that she expressed her intention of quitting Paris immediately, much to the terror of M. Robert, who, in order to prevent so great a calamity, waited on the prefect de police, who authorized M. R. to knock down the individual on the first repetition of his misconduct. M. R. having replied that he had other employment besides those of champion or garde du corps to Mademoiselle Grisi, the prefect made another concession in favour of the complainants, namely, that of authorizing the fair Grisi to carry a loaded pistol for her preservation, and in case of fresh annoyances, to blow out the brains (if he has any) of her innamorato! It is said that she has already made such progress in the art of self-defence, that she is almost certain of not missing La Blache at four paces distance! The chevalier importun has been sentenced to one month's imprisonment.

You have, of course, heard that the *dénouement* of the fatal tragedy of the 28th of July took place on Friday morning, the 19th. The three prisoners, Fieschi, Morey, and Pepin, were guillotined on that morning. Every one laments that such a man as Pepin should have subjected himself to such a dreadful fate. He has left a wife and four children: they had an interview with him on the day before his execution—a



LE FOLLET
Courrier des Salons.

Boulevard St. Martin, 61.

Chapeau en Velours Grec garni de Plumes, ornées de Baon des M^{mes} de L'Arquelet, R. R^{me} des petits champs.
 Robe en Velours des M^{mes} de M^{me} Larcher, à l'irienne - Garnet^{me} de L^{me} en Or moulu des M^{mes} de Bolette, R. R^{me} Vivienne.

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most heart-rending one, as may be imagined.

During the trial, a gentleman sketched the portrait of Fieschi in his album, and sent him the book, requesting he would make any observation he pleased upon it. Fieschi wrote underneath, "*Je me trouve bien laid*" (ugly), and signed it. The gentleman was instantly offered five hundred francs for the autograph, which, as may be supposed, he refused.

Nina Lassave, the mistress of Fieschi, has been engaged, as dame de comptoir, by the proprietor of one of the cafés, at a very high salary: the person who has engaged her will, no doubt, make his fortune by the speculation. The sum is said to be nearly 40*l.* English a month, and the admittance 10 sous each person. The same plan was adopted by one of Napoleon's favourites. To be eminent here, you have only to become notorious, either for good or for evil; milk and water folk are considered intolerable nuisances.

Our exhibition of masks, the *jours gras*, was not very splendid this year; the weather, though fine, was dreadfully cold. You will scarcely credit me when I tell you, that on the night of Shrove Tuesday there were 875 private balls and 182 public ones in our gay capital. Il y avait de quoi s'amuser!

Dresses.—Velvet dresses font furcur at balls just now. Those worn by the dancing part of the community, are no longer made à l'antique, but with corsage à la *Servigné*, and the skirt of the dress open at back: the skirt is made so excessively full, that the opening is completely hid; a single breadth of velvet is put in at the back, tacked either to the back of the petticoat underneath, or to the two back breadths of the dress; this prevents the back of the dress being spoiled by being sat upon, and is a very great advantage for so expensive a dress as a velvet one. They are ornamented with flowers or bows of ribbon, which lighten the effect very much.

You will be astonished to hear that *tight sleeves* are actually coming in. The short sleeves are made perfectly plain and tight to the arm; but that this modification should not appear tout à fait *outré*, the sleeves are ornamented with a quantity of ribbon bows, or puffs of gauze intermixed with flowers: sometimes, in place of these, an open Venetian sleeve is worn over the tight ones. I saw, at my *couturières* (Victorine's), one or two dresses with long tight sleeves (for mourning); the sleeves were made so tight to the arm, that they were cut with two seams, like the sleeves of a man's coat. I do not think this mode can possibly take, it is too unbecoming, especially after the immense wide sleeves that have been so long in fashion.

Velvet Flowers are de grande mode just now; they are worn to trim even crape dresses, in the hats, and in the hair; they are certainly very beautiful.

Shoes.—At balls, the square-toed shoes are rather on the decline; those coming in are neither exactly rounded nor pointed, mais entre les deux. The quarters of the shoe are worn very high, so as to make the foot look as narrow as possible; a quilling of ribbon goes across the front of the shoe.

Walking Dress.—The cold weather has not permitted us as yet to quit our warm cloaks. Douillettes of satin, poux de soie, &c., well wadded and lined, are still the toilette de rigueur for the season. We shall soon have Long-champs, so that I may promise you shortly a variety of walking and carriage costumes.

Hats.—The hats are still large, the fronts particularly so, très *evassées*, sitting quite round to the face, and nearly meeting under the chin; the crowns are plain, flat at top, and neither very high nor yet low: they are made of velvet, satin, poux de soie, reps, &c. &c.

Colours.—The prevailing colours for hats are pink, apple and emerald greens, and pale yellow shot with white. For dresses, light green, puce, and drab.

Only think how provoking, ma chère! I had five or six invitations to balls on Shrove Tuesday, and was forced to decline them all, two of my children being ill with colds, and we were afraid my baby was getting the croup; added to these, malheurs mon mari had a fit of mauvaise humeur, accompanied by an attack of gout, que les vieillards sont ennuyeux.

Maintenant chère amie, adieu. Je t'embrasse bien tendrement: ton amie pour la vie. L. de F—.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PLATES IN THE PRESENT NUMBER.

(No. 5.) *WALKING DRESS*.—Velvet dress; the corsage, made high and to fit tight to the bust, is fastened at the back, and ornamented in front with draperies put on à la *Servigné*; the sleeves, which are immensely full all the way down, are finished at the wrist by deep and pointed cuffs (see the plate), the upper part being edged with a quilling of satin ribbon; a ribbon trimming of the same description is put on at the top of the sleeve (see the plate) exactly in the centre, which gives the sleeve the appearance of a small opening at the shoulder; it is terminated by a bow, with long ends, in the style of the *nœuds de page*. Hat of *velours Grec*, the crown rather lower than those lately adopted, and the front exceedingly large, très *evassées*, and sitting quite round to the face; the bavolet is in plaits, and less full and deep than usual; a bow of satin ribbon,

retaining two ostrich plumes knotted with peacock's feathers, is placed at the left side; a broad satin ribbon crosses the crown of the hat, and is fastened at back in a bow placed over the bavolet; two full-blown roses are placed at the left side, and one at the right, beneath the front of the hat; the intermediate space over the brow is filled up by a puffing of ribbon. The hair is in smooth bands, a gold Féronnière crosses the brow: ermine boa, lace frill, black shoes, silk stockings, and white gloves.

The sitting figure gives the reverse of the dress.

(No. 6.) BALL DRESS.—Dress of satin, the corsage made to fit tight to the bust, the front in four pieces, and terminating by a slight point (see plate). The sleeves à triple sabot; a revers or pelerine décolletée ornaments the corsage, it is rather deeper on the shoulders than at either back or front, and is trimmed all round with a white silk fringe: a puffing of coloured satin ribbon goes round the bosom of the dress, and is fastened in front by a small bow. On the shoulders are the *nœuds de page*, the ends fringed, the lower part of the sleeves is also trimmed

with a silk fringe (see the plate): this dress made in white crape, is singularly becoming to young ladies, who can vary the colour of the ribbons at pleasure. A graceful trimming of the broadest satin ribbon, fastened at the left side of the waist, crosses the front of the dress, and terminates a little below the knee at the right side of the skirt: this trimming is ornamented with three bows and long ends; a small one at the waist, a second rather larger in the centre, and a third very large below; the ends of the ribbon are fringed. The head-dress consists of a *résille* of satin, the colour of the ribbon on the dress (see the plate). The back hair is in braids, drawn up to the top of the head, where it is formed into three *coques* or bows. The front hair is in smooth bands as far as the temples, where it falls into long full tufts of curls. A few light bows of ribbon ornament the *résille* at the temples (see the plate), and a few larger bows are intermixed with the back hair. Gold necklace and ear-rings; long kid gloves, ornamented with a puffing of ribbon, to match the dress. Silk stockings à jours; black satin shoes; fan à l'antique.

Sitting figure gives back of the dress.

THE TRIAL OF FIESCHI, MOREY, AND PEPIN.

Notwithstanding the great anxiety to get within the court to hear the trial of Fieschi, without, there existed neither tumult nor bustle. The witnesses, 105 for the prosecution, and 50 for the defence, occupied three boxes in the Chamber of Peers, immediately above the space allotted to the prisoners, several female witnesses were in attendance: and amongst the number, three who were attached to him. On entering the court, Fieschi walked forward with a firm step, and with a tranquil and rather gay countenance; he even smiled on stepping over the bench, and looked about with an inquiring eye, but in an unaffected manner. All eyes, though turned upon him, produced no apparent embarrassment. He is of short stature, stout, and broad-shouldered, and, owing to illness, looks not his age of 41, but 50 years old. On the left temple is a large cicatrix, produced by a gun-barrel. He wore a suit of black, and a black neckcloth. Whilst the accusation was being read, a scream was heard in the witness-box; it was from Nina Lassave, one of his mistresses, a young woman, eighteen years of age, of agreeable countenance, yet with only one eye. She was removed into the open air, and shortly afterwards returned to her seat. When particularly excited, he would constantly take snuff, rise from his place, fold his arms, listen carefully to the accusation: sometimes he would assume a disdainful smile, and shake his head, when any of the national guard on the left stood up to take a view of his person. Further, he would take out his memorandum-book, and make a note of any objectionable point. Yet when his republican principles were alluded

to, he was observed to give an impatient nod of the head. From time to time he conversed freely with M. Patorni, his advocate, and seemed to be flattered by the general attention of which he was the object. For his accomplices he is said to feel great contempt, accusing them of faint-heartedness and cowardice. Differing from our mode of proceeding with prisoners, Fieschi is personally interrogated, and he most explicitly replies to every question which is put to him, concealing, apparently, at the moment, nothing to save himself from the fate awaiting him. Originally, he had made a model for ninety barrels, by which a whole regiment might have been destroyed. When apprehended after the fatal act, the police took from him a martinet, armed with three leather thongs, and leaden bullets, a knife with several blades, and gunpowder. Whilst in the guard-house, one of the men, he said, went behind him, and gave him a blow with his fist; enraged at which treatment, he recollected that he had a poniard, but fearing to use it under such provocation, he flung it upon a camp-bed; previously he said he never went without that poniard. He was assisted in loading the barrels by Morey, an accomplice, who left him at eleven the night before, and from that moment he was alone. To the president's question of *his motive for the act*, he replied as follows:—"Mr. President, I am but indifferently acquainted with the French language, but I will do my best to make myself understood. I am a Corsican; and I was formerly a soldier. I was condemned in 1815, along with Murat, but my sentence was afterwards commuted, and I was



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Copie de M^{rs} S^{te} Hamelin, Passage du Louvre, 21— Robe garnie de Rosette en fil

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ultimately declared innocent by the court of Draguignan. I was prevented from re-entering the army, and after the revolution of July, offered my services to the new government, and received a portion of the money set aside for political victims of the restoration. I am neither Carlist nor republican. I was incorporated with the veterans, and was happy; when, at an ill-fated hour, I formed a connexion with a female, which reduced me to my last shift. I have been in the service of M. Caunes and of M. Lavocal. I feel very grateful for their kindness. On the 23d of April, 1834, I was accused of having falsely represented myself a political sufferer under the restoration. The fear of consequences compelled me to lead a life which drove me to extreme distress. I could not procure myself wherewith to dine; not even a couple of sous to get me shaved. It was then that the man whom you know opened his house to me, and that the plot about this unfortunate machine was entered upon.* My accomplices, sir, were men beneath me: they were not equal to my worth. I have only committed one misdeed in the course of my life, and that one will lead me to the scaffold. I regret that so many should have suffered from my deed—I am truly sorry for it; but the thing is done. I have never belonged to any political society; but I was acquainted with four members of one, who often came to dine at the house of the woman with whom I kept company. They professed contempt for me, because they looked upon me as a Bonapartist." It appears that the attempt was to have been made on the 1st of May, but was postponed, and finally fixed for the 28th of July. If he had escaped from prison, he did not intend remaining in Paris. At one of the rendezvous, Fieschi says, "I got there first; Morey came afterwards, and said that Pepin would not be long. While waiting for them, two of my former comrades passed by; we talked together for a little time; Morey then came; I left these two men, and Morey and I walked on separately, as we did not know each other. Night was coming on. We descended by the arcades of the Pont d'Austerlitz. The money had not yet been paid for the purchase of the gun-barrels. It was there that we settled that for twenty-five barrels a sum of 107*fr.* 25*c.* would be wanted. When Pepin came, Morey and he disputed about a bill which they had between them: they could not agree about a sum of 20*fr.* which had been given to me. Seeing this, I said to them, 'Do not dispute about this; I will repay you this sum.' Pepin did not hold out any longer about this, and things remained thus. I told the girl Nina Lassave, on the 26th, that I was afraid of something. I urged her not to go out during the *fêtes* of July. I loved her; and as I knew there might be a riot and barricades, and as a woman does not get out of it like a man, I urged her not to leave home. She came, however, to see me on the 27th July, but I urged her to go home, and she did not enter the room, as Moray was with me. But she did not leave

the neighbourhood for some time. I saw her on the Boulevard, and knowing that I was going to commit a crime, and that she would be without protection, I went to her and told her to go away, and meet me in the evening at Annette Boquin's. I also desired her not to come and see me on the Tuesday (July 28). In the evening I went to Annette Boquin's." Fieschi replied to the president's questions, "I was dying with hunger at the time, in a worse state than a dog who gains his living from door to door. In my place any other person would have gone mad—would have killed himself, I (striking his breast) preferred becoming the assassin of forty persons. My head will fall, but it will not recall to life those brave generals with whom I fought in former days." After a short pause, on the president reminding him of the passport, he said, in a solemn manner, "Morey is a good and generous man; he gave me even to my shirt; he received me as if I had been his child; but he is still my accomplice. I have proved this by facts. It was he who procured me a passport. If I had consulted only myself—if I had been free to follow my own will, nothing of the kind would have happened; there was a fatality upon me. We never talked of this; had we done so, our purpose might have been altered. They only said 'the ministers and the marshal will get a pretty peppering.'" Fieschi, in confirmation of his avowal and statement, said (with solemnity), "I do persist in it, and I swear to it on the tomb of my father." Morey contradicted almost every part of Fieschi's statement; and Fieschi again affirmed the same to be true. Fieschi, in further answer, said, "I do affirm that Pepin said that it was necessary that heads should roll in the streets like paving-stones; and he said that as long as the race remained, we should never be safe. It was Pepin who undertook to make the proclamation, as he was the most learned of the three. (Laughter followed this remark.) Morey and I were to make use of our guns; we were to be the workmen."

On the 8th of February, interrogations were put to identify Fieschi. The proprietor of the public-house could not speak positively as to whether the prisoner Fieschi was the same person or not. Fieschi, "It is strange enough he does not recognise me, although he helped me to a cannon" (a glass of wine). Laughter followed this witticism. The evidence for the Crown here closed.

Of the several advocates in favour of the prisoners, M. Dupin, after complimenting the spirit of the Peers in executing justice with mercy, said, "Was it likely that Fieschi, a man of consummate skill in his way, would have revealed such a secret to a person of Pepin's capacity (a witness against him), to an individual so timid and so devoid of courage; or was it for a moment to be supposed, that a prudent man like Morey would have made choice of such a confidant? Oh, no: such proposals are only communicated to persons of strong mind, who could remain faithful to sworn secrecy; and besides, their own safety was at stake, and would alone have prevented such a disclosure.

M. Chaix d'Est Ange, his other counsel, addressing the Court, said, that on the

* In like manner hundreds of plots and crimes are put into the heads of the juvenile offenders when in a common goal with the most depraved of criminals.

morning of the fatal day he met Nina, and it almost turned him from his intention, when he thought of leaving that young girl, whom he loved, unprovided for. (At this moment Fieschi hung down his head, looked at the gallery where Nina usually sat—she was not there; he hung his head down again, and wiped his eyes.) Fieschi, by the rule of the Court, was again allowed to speak. He now assumed quite a different tone; he was no longer "the assassin of forty," as at the beginning he called himself; but first, the victim of others, next a hero. Moreover, he pleaded hard for his accomplices and accusers, although he said he had a conviction that Morey loaded the barrels so that he should be killed; him he would have to live, to reproach himself with his own baseness. In speaking of his sad necessities, which caused him to enter into the plot with one who was his benefactor, he thus spoke, "I found a good old man (my heart bled whilst I accused him) who gave me his shirts (when he was turned out naked), lodged me and fed me; it is not therefore from vengeance that I have spoken against him. If I light a candle in mid-day in the presence of the sun, the strongest will prevail: well, then, if I have accused Morey, it was to say to my country, take care of thyself." He then gave a detailed account of his military services, which are far from contemptible; and of his sufferings, which had been in many instances extreme. He deplored greatly the stigma which fell upon his former name, when he was discovered not to be Girard: he declared himself to be a Frenchman. He was not an informer, he said; for two-and-forty days he named no accomplice, but "he could not breathe, a horrible weight oppressed him;" then it was that he unloosed his tongue. In speaking of his services to his country, and the course he had pursued, he said he had found two roads, two branchings off, and he took the wrong one. "I have committed a great crime, and I shall die with courage." Again and again he begged the lives of his accomplices, "since they could be no longer dangerous." Louis Philippe, he said, was now capable of leading armies, he had gained a character for courage at the hand of his people. He concluded, by minutely describing the bold and intrepid manner in which he would mount the scaffold. The President then asked each prisoner in turn, whether he wished to address the Court. The other prisoners declared their total innocence; the same privilege was then given to the counsel

for the prisoners, who declining, amidst profound silence the proceedings closed.

Fieschi, Morey, and Pepin, had been almost unanimously declared "guilty" by the Court of Peers. In favour of the death of Morey, 140 voted; and but 130 only for that of Pepin. The 19th was the morning of the execution, at the Place St. Jacques. Every tree was tenanted by some twelve or fifteen persons; as also every window from which the awful ceremony could be witnessed. It is impossible, in a limited space, to give an account of the curious sayings and doings of these offenders. In the English journals of the 22nd ult., they will be found at length. Fieschi beheld the bleeding axe, which in a moment was to end his existence, and looked upon the whole scene with a self-possession and coolness, characterized by want of feeling, which would puzzle the philosophers. When the hoary head of Morey was exhibited to the crowd, after the cap had been removed, a thrill of horror pierced the breasts of the multitude. Fieschi died rejoicing that he had told the truth, and brought his accomplices to the scaffold; his accomplices yielded up life declaring their innocence. At 8 a.m. the execution commenced, and in five minutes the work of death was ended. The number of spectators is computed to have been not less than 100,000, who immediately dispersed quietly to their several homes or employments.

When examined at the Bicêtre, there appeared not to have been any phrenological indications on the skull of Fieschi. It seems that the bursting of the barrels had fractured the skull, but the wound had not penetrated the brain, which accounts for his being enabled to descend the rope from the room; and renders it probable that he would have escaped, but for the loss of blood which greatly weakened him. After the ceremony, casts were taken of his and Pepin's heads. An attempt was made to steal the heads from the house of the keeper of the Cemetery of Mount Parnasse. Fieschi's head has been sent to Dr. Letut, physician of Bicêtre, which is expected will be very useful to medical science, and they will afterwards be deposited in the Musée Dupuytren for dissection. The body of Pepin was delivered to his family for interment. On the night previously to the execution, at 10 p.m., Madame Pepin, accompanied by her brother-in-law, was received by the queen, being presented to her Majesty by General Bernard, one of the king's aides-de-camp.

Resuscitation.—A nun of the Ursuline convent, Breslaw, died lately, and was placed, says the Dutch paper, as usual, in the church. Whilst the sisters were employed in singing, she suddenly arose from her coffin, proceeded with tottering steps to the altar, and falling on her knees began to pray in a loud voice. The nuns, dreadfully alarmed, ran and woke the abbess, who at first would not believe what they had told her, but at last was persuaded to go to the church, where she saw the nun, who was praying, rise from her place before the altar and return to her coffin, where she lay down and closed her eyes. The abbess immediately sent for the physician, but when he arrived the nun was really dead!

Brazilian Succession.—On the 2nd of Dec., the anniversary of the 10th birth-day of the young emperor Don Pedro the Second, was celebrated at Brazil with great rejoicings. By a *carta de lei*, dated Dec. 12, the regent, in the name of the emperor, sanctions the legislative enactment, that Senhora Donna Maria, second Queen of Portugal, has lost the right of succession to the crown of the empire of Brazil. And that Senhora Donna Januaria (her sister) shall be recognised as imperial princess, and failing issue of Don Pedro, the second successor to the throne.

Wolves.—A great number have made their appearance near to Stockholm, which is regarded as a sign of a hard winter.

CELEBRATION OF HER MAJESTY'S BIRTHDAY.

A drawing-room was held on the 24th ult., at St. James's, in celebration of the Queen's birthday. We have not space to give the names of all the company present, but the following particulars will be acceptable to our readers:—

HER MAJESTY.

Elegant blonde dress, over white satin; body, sleeves, and front of skirt splendidly ornamented with diamonds and blonde; rich crimson velvet train, lined with white satin, trimmed with ermine. (Dress Irish, train British manufacture.) Head-dress, magnificent diamond diadem and feathers; necklace and ear-rings en suite.

H. R. H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

White satin dress, richly embroidered in silver; body and sleeves magnificently ornamented with diamonds and blonde. (Dress English, train Irish manufacture.) Train, beautiful silver tissue, lined with white satin; trimmed with corse-coloured flowers and blonde. Head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

H. R. H. THE PRINCESS VICTORIA.

Superb pink satin dress, richly brocaded in silver; body, sleeves, and front of skirt elegantly trimmed with ribbon and blonde. (Dress Spitalfields manufacture.) Pearl ornaments.

H. R. H. THE PRINCESS AUGUSTA.

Rich blonde dress, over green satin; body and sleeves handsomely trimmed with blonde and diamonds; green figured satin train, white satin lining, and trimmed with blonde lace. (Dress British manufacture.) Head-dress, plume, feathers, diamonds, and blonde lappets.

HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

White crape dress trimmed with ribbon, over a gros de Naples slip; very rich white ducape train, lined with silk, handsomely trimmed with crape and ribbon. Head-dress, feathers, pearls, and crape lappets.

MARCHIONESSES.

Cornwallis: White satin dress, richly embroidered in gold; body and sleeves ornamented with gold embroidery and blonde; train, violet-coloured velvet, with rich gold border, lined with gros de Naples. Head-dress, feathers and diamonds. *Ely*: Splendid blonde lace dress, over rich heartsease satin, trimmed with rich fall of lace, blonde ruffles; heartsease satin train, lined with white, trimmed round with points and blonde lace; head-dress, diamonds and feathers. *Thomond*: Green brocaded satin dress, with volaut of rich blonde; train, black velvet, lined with green silk, and trimmed with green satin ribbon; sabots and mantle of blonde; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

COUNTESES.

Listowel: Irish blonde dress, over white satin; train, Adelaide velvet, trimmed with blonde; head-dress, feathers and lappets; ornaments, diamonds and amethysts. *Mayo*: Superb white satin dress, embroidered in green and gold; sleeves a la Louis XIV., magnificently trimmed with rich blonde; splendid manteau of green velvet, embroidered in gold, lined with white satin; head-dress, feathers, diamonds, and blonde lappets. *Bandon*: Beautiful gold lama dress, over white satin; body and sleeves trimmed with handsome blonde; rich green velvet train, with white satin, richly trimmed with gold and blonde to correspond with dress; head-dress, blonde toque, feathers and lappets; ornaments, garnets. *Hove*: Rich white satin dress, with beautiful blonde flounce, body and sleeves trimmed to correspond; rich sapphire blue Genoa velvet manteau, lined with white satin, and richly trimmed with blonde; head-dress, blonde lappets, feathers, and splendid diamonds. *Grey*: Emerald green Genoa velvet manteau, lined with white silk, trimmed with blonde lace and grebe; rich white satin petticoat, trimmed with two rows of

grebe; head-dress, white ostrich feathers, diamonds, and emeralds. *Lincoln*: Cerise Genoa velvet manteau, lined with white silk, trimmed with grebe and blonde lace; rich brocaded white satin petticoat, trimmed with volants of rich blonde; head-dress, white ostrich feathers and diamonds. *Couper*: Court costume, siecle de Louis XIV., composed of rich violet velvet train, trimmed with Brussels lace, lined with white satin; body and sleeves ornamented with Brussels lace; rich white satin dress, trimmed with bows of violet velvet and diamonds, en tablier; head-dress, plume of feathers, Brussels lappets, and brilliants. *Brownlow*: Court costume, siecle de Louis XIV., rich Lyons velvet train, trimmed with ermine, looped with gold tassels; body and sleeves ornamented with magnificent Brussels lace; cherrusse to correspond; dress, rich white satin, trimmed with ermine; head-dress, plume of feathers, Brussels lappets, and diamonds. *Salis*: Superb white satin dress, trimmed with grebe; dahlia velvet manteau, richly ornamented with dentelle de soie; corsage a la Medicis; trimming to correspond; head-dress, rich ostrich plume, lappets and diamonds. *Sebastiani*: Rich white satin dress, splendidly embroidered in gold, a colonnes; superb bleu haite velvet manteau, embroidered to correspond, trimmed with blue satin and gold torsade; corsage a point, richly ornamented with gold; cherrusse and sabots in rich Chantilly blonde; head-dress, resille, ostrich plume, pearls and diamonds.

BARONESS DE LEHZEN.

White tulle dress, over rich white satin, elegantly trimmed with blonde and ribbon; train of peach Irish tulle, trimmed with satin and blonde, and lined with gros de Naples; head-dress, feathers and pearls.

LADIES.

Hon. Lady Cust: White poplin robe, tastefully trimmed with blonde and bouquets of gold flowers; rich ruby satin manteau, lined with white, and trimmed with gold; head-dress, ornaments of carnelian and gold. *Augusta Poulett*: Rich figured white satin dress, prettily trimmed with net and ribbons; rich figured green and white satin train, lined with white satin, trimmed with blonde and ribbon; head-dress, feathers, diamonds, and blonde lappets. *Ann Becket*: Very beautiful Indian muslin dress, embroidered with gold and American beetles' wings, trimmed with point lace; rich green satin train, lined with white satin, and trimmed with point lace; head-dress, diamonds, feathers, and point lappets. *Harriet Clive*: White crape dress, trimmed with ribbons, over gros de Naples slip; rich ducape train, trimmed with crape and ribbons; head-dress, feathers, pearls, and white crape lappets. *L. and E. Cornwallis*: Elegant crape dresses, embroidered in colours; bodies and sleeves trimmed with blonde; trains of cerise terry velvet, trimmed with ribbon and blonde, and lined with gros de Naples; head-dresses, feathers and diamonds. *Burgoyne*: Elegant white figured satin dress, ornee de pampous bleu; rich figured blue and white satin manteau, trimming to correspond; corsage a point, profusely ornamented with rich dentelle de soie; head-dress, bouquet de plumes, lappets, turquoises, and diamonds. *Whalley*: Rich white satin dress, brodee a fleurs d'or; superb vert pre velvet manteau, richly trimmed with gold; corsage a point, ornamented with gold, and rich Chantilly blonde; head-dress, velvet toque, ostrich feathers, blonde lappets, and diamonds. *Attley Cooper*: White figured satin petticoat, handsomely trimmed with gold lama and blonde; train and bodice a la Suisse of rich amethyst velvet, elegantly trimmed to correspond;

superb mantille and sabots of French blonde, looped with gold cord and tassels; head-dress, diamonds, feathers, and blonde lappets; diamond ear-rings, necklace, Sevigne. *Margaret Walpole*: Rich figured white satin dress; train of Byron brown velvet, trimmed with blonde; head-dress, feathers, diamonds and garnets, and blonde lappets. *Charles Somerset*: Rich figured white satin dress, trimmed with blonde; rich velvet bleu de ciel train, trimmed with a profusion of blonde and diamonds; head-dress, feathers and diamonds. *Simond*: White satin dress, beautifully embroidered in bouquets; body and sleeves ornamented with blonde; rich pink satin train, trimmed with swansdown; head-dress, blonde lappets, feathers, and pearls; ornaments, diamonds and pearls. *Georgiana Fane*: Court costume, siecle de Louis XIV.; rich cerise velours epingle train; body and sleeves trimmed with Chantilly blonde; head-dress, white blonde over satin, plume of feathers, blonde lappets, and brilliants. *Anna Loftus*: Court costume, siecle de Louis XIV.; rich pink satin train, elegantly trimmed with tulle and ribbons; body and sleeves richly ornamented with Chantilly blonde; dress of dentelle Greque, a bouquets, over pink satin; head-dress, plume of feathers, lappets, and brilliants. *Fanny Elliot*: Court costume, siecle de Louis XIV.; rich white satin faconne train, body and sleeves trimmed with Chantilly blonde; white tulle Greque dress, over white satin; head-dress, plume of feathers, blonde lappets and diamonds. *Adam*: Court costume, siecle de Louis XIV.; rich cherry and white brocade satin train, body and sleeves ornamented with Chantilly blonde; rich white brocade silk dress; head-dress, a black roselle, with feathers, blonde lappets, and diamonds. *L. de Hornay*: Pale pink satin dress, ornamented with tulle and pearls, and trimmed with blonde; train of black velvet lined with pink gros de Naples, and trimmed with pink satin and pearls; head-dress, ostrich feathers, diamonds, and pearls. *Francesa Intham*: Handsome white brocade satin dress, elegantly trimmed with tulle and ribbon; very rich blonde mantille and ruffles; rich green velvet manteau, lined with white satin and trimmed round; head-dress, blonde lappets, feathers, and splendid rubies and diamonds. *Wheatley*: An elegant dress of Queen's blonde over white satin; rich crimson velvet train, lined with white; body and sleeves handsomely trimmed with blonde; blonde sabots; head-dress, feathers, diamonds, pearl ornaments, and blonde lappets. *Seymour*: Rich white satin dress, trimmed with gold; sleeves, a la Louis Seize, blonde ruffles; mantille and lappets to correspond; manteau, emerald green velvet, embroidered in gold; head dress, plume of ostrich feathers, magnificent diamonds and emeralds. *Egerton*: White satin dress, deep flounces of blonde; crimson velvet train, richly trimmed with satin and blonde, and mantille of blonde; head-dress, feathers and diamonds. *Harriet Bernard*: Elegant white crape dress, embroidered with blue, over white satin; body and sleeves richly trimmed with blonde; rich blue satin train, lined with white silk, and tastefully ornamented with ribbon and blonde; head-dress, blonde lappets, feathers, and parme de pearls. *A. Baring*: Rich white satin dress, with blonde flounce; body and sleeves richly trimmed with blonde; rich green velvet train, lined with white silk, and trimmed elegantly with blonde and satin; head-dress, blonde lappets, feathers, and diamonds. *De Lisle and Dudley*: Rich blonde dress, over white satin; rich blonde mantille and sabots; green velvet manteau, embroidered in gold, and lined with white satin; head-dress, feathers, diamonds, and blonde lace lappets. *Aylmer*: Rich blonde dress, over white satin; body and sleeves trimmed with blonde; salmon-coloured brocade Irish poplin manteau, tastefully trimmed with net and satin ribbon, and lined with white satin; head-dress, feathers, pearls, and blonde lace lappets. *Lumley*: Elegant dress of rich white satin, garniture of swansdown, intermingled with gold

roses; rich violet satin manteau and bodice, lined with white satin, surrounded with a garniture of swansdown and gold roses, corresponding with dress; rich French blonde lace mantille and ruffles; head-dress, parruche of ostrich feathers, and lappets of blonde; ornaments, chrysolites. *Theresa Strangways*: Splendid train of mauve satin, brocade in lilac branches, trimmed with lilac satin; body and sleeves ornamented with rich blonde, and mantille to correspond; tulle blonde dress, over superb white satin, richly trimmed with blonde, en tablier; head-dress, ostrich feathers and blonde lappets. *W. Poulett*: Superb Pompadour brocade silk train, richly trimmed with lilac and green satin; body and sleeves elegantly trimmed with splendid blonde; mantille and chemise; white watered gros de Naples dress, elegantly trimmed with blonde and satin ribbon. *Robert Peel*: Court costume, siecle de Louis XIV.; superb ponceau velvet train, lined with white satin, looped with pearl tassels; body and sleeves richly trimmed with Chantilly blonde; rich Pompadour dress, bouquets and colonnes; head-dress, plume of ponceau and white feathers, blonde lappets, emeralds, and diamonds. *Shadwell*: Court costume, siecle de Louis XIV.; rich violet velvet train, lined with white satin; body and sleeves richly ornamented with Chantilly blonde; rich white satin dress; head-dress, feathers, blonde lappets, and diamonds. *Caroline Wood*: Court costume, siecle de Louis XIV.; train of velours eramoise, trimmed with gold lama; body and sleeves ornamented with blonde; rich white satin dress, trimmed with tulle and satin; head-dress, feathers, blonde lappets, and diamonds. *Belhaven*: Court costume, siecle de Louis XIV.; superb velours bleu royal; body and sleeves ornamented with Chantilly blonde; rich white satin dress, embroidered en tablier, to correspond with the train; head dress, feathers, blonde lappets, and diamonds. *W. Gordon*: White satin dress, embroidered in gold; body richly trimmed with blonde; rich black velvet train, trimmed with ribbon; body and sleeves the same, with ornaments of blonde; head-dress, feathers, diamonds, and blonde lappets. *C. E. Grest*: Superb dress of tulle, with handsome rich blonde flounce, over rich white satin slip; cordeliers of pearls, with bows of white satin ribbon, with tassel of pearls; body a la antique; ornaments a la jardiniere; sleeves a la Louis XIV.; ponceau Genoa velvet train, trimmed with rouleaux and pearls; bows of ribbon, with a lion of pearls in the front; head-dress, ostrich feathers, blonde lappets, and diamonds. *Peckell*: White figured satin dress, front trimmed with a deep pointe, and looped with pearls; the body nouveau, sleeves a la Louis XIV.; rich figured satin train, elegantly trimmed; head-dress, ostrich feathers, lappets in blonde, and diamonds. *Fuller*: Court costume, siecle de Louis XIV.; rich velours bleu royal train, lined with white satin; body and sleeves trimmed with Chantilly blonde; Pompadour satin dress, broche d'or a bouquets; head-dress, a roselle, with white feathers, blonde lappets, and brilliants. *Elliot*: Court costume, siecle de Louis XIV.; rich white satin faconne train, body and sleeves, trimmed with Chantilly blonde; white tulle Greque dress, over white satin; head-dress, feathers, blonde lappets, and diamonds.

HONOURABLE MISTRESSES.

Berkley Paget: Rich white satin dress, trimmed with net and ribbons; rich cerise coloured satin train, trimmed with blonde; head-dress, feathers, diamonds, and blonde lappets. *H. Murray*: Rich white satin court dress, corsage a la Sevigne, sleeve a la Pompadour, shirt trimmed with satin and blonde lace, a rich blonde lace mantille and ruffles; a rich ruby-coloured velvet court train, lined with white satin, and trimmed with blonde; head-dress, white ostrich feather, pearls, and diamonds. *Norton*: Rich gold-coloured satin manteau, lined with white gros de Naples, trimmed with wreaths of pheasants' plumage; white satin dress, embroidered in gold and chryso-

phris; green boddlice, richly trimmed with blonde; mantille and lappets to correspond; head-dress, ostrich plume, with bandeau of chrysothris, necklace en suite. *Pitkam*: Violet Genoa velvet manteau, lined with white silk, and trimmed with sable; rich white satin petticoat, trimmed with blonde; head-dress, white ostrich feathers, sapphires, and diamonds. *Ferguson*: Green figured silk manteau, lined with white silk, and trimmed with blonde and satin; white brocade silk petticoat, trimmed with tulle satin and flowers; head-dress, white ostrich feathers and diamonds. *C. Law*: Rich blue satin dress, corsage a pointe elegantly ornamented with blonde and gauze ribbon; rich brown satin train, lined with white satin, trimmed with blonde; mantille and sabots of blonde lace; head-dress, elegant ostrich plume, and blonde lappets; ornaments, amethysts. *Ryder Burton*: Splendid white satin dress, magnificently embroidered with raised flowers of various colours; rich mantille and flounce of blonde; rich pink terry train, trimmed with satin; head-dress, blonde lappets and feathers, with a tiara of diamonds; ornaments, opals, and a profusion of diamonds. *Hanbury Tracy*: Very rich figured white satin petticoat, richly trimmed with blonde lace and satin; rich crimson velvet manteau, lined through with white satin, and trimmed with swansdown; head-dress, feathers, blonde lappets, and magnificent diamonds.

HONOURABLE MISSES.

Hope Johnston: White crape dress, embroidered with gold, over white satin; rich white and cherry coloured satin train, trimmed with blonde and gold, and body to correspond; head-dress, feathers and diamonds. *Mitchell*: Rich white satin dress, handsomely trimmed with blonde and ribbon; lilac train; head-dress, feathers, diamonds, and blonde lappets. *Abbott*: Beautiful lace dress, over white satin; body and sleeves ornamented with diamonds and pearls; blue satin train, trimmed with swansdown, lined with gros de Naples; head-dress, diamonds and pearls. *C. Abbott*: Elegant lace dress, over white satin; body and sleeves ornamented with garnets and blonde; rich pink figured silk train, lined with gros de Naples, trimmed with swansdown; head dress, feathers and garnets.

MISTRESSES.

Vaile: Rich white satin petticoat, trimmed with blonde and roses; pink satin train, with blonde mantille and sabots; head-dress, feathers and lappets; ornaments, pearls. *Fanshawe*: White brocade satin petticoat; rich violet satin corsage and train; Pompadour, lined with silk, and trimmed profusely with Brussels point; head-dress, point lappets and feathers. *Planta*: Elegant dress of rich white figured satin, trimmed of pearls, brown velvet train, lined with white satin, and trimmed with bows of white satin ribbon; rich blonde and sabots mantille; head-dress, feathers and diamonds. *Smith*: Rich white satin dress, embroidered in gold; body and sleeves trimmed with blonde; violet velvet, embroidered in gold, manteau, trimmed with blonde, lined with gros de Naples; head-dress, feathers, diamonds, and blonde lappets. *Barlow Hoy*: Rich figured white satin train, British manufacture, trimmed with blonde; blonde dress, over white satin; head-dress, ostrich feathers and diamonds, blonde lappets; ornaments, diamonds. *Colonel Ravenshane*: Handsome peruche figured satin train, with white satin, trimmed with French blonde; corsage the same as the train; with mantille and manchettes of magnificent French blonde; rich white satin petticoat, with two volants of rich blonde, edged with ruffles of tulle, and fastened up the front with flowers; head-dress, blonde lappets, feathers, and diamonds. *R. Verachyle*: Dress richly-embroidered, body a la antique, manches a la Louis XIV.; rich figured pink satin train, cut in very deep points, with bow of ribbon to each point; head-dress, ostrich feathers and diamonds; lappets in blonde. *Abercromby*: Court costume, siecle de Louis XIV.; rich grenat velvet train, lined

with white satin body and sleeves ornamented with Brussels point; Pompadour satin dress, a bouquets; head-dress, plume of feathers, blonde lappets, and diamonds. *Fitzgerald*: White satin dress, embroidered in gold; ruby velvet manteau, embroidered in deal and bright gold leaves, and lined with ruby satin; tight sleeves and pointed body, richly trimmed with diamonds and blonde; head-dress, white feathers and splendid diamonds; necklace and ear-rings en suite. *Hall*: White satin slip, with a rich blonde dress, trimmed with bouquets of roses and gold ribbon; blue velvet manteau, embroidered in gold; tight sleeves and pointed body, trimmed with blonde; head-dress, white feathers and diamonds; necklace and ear-rings en suite. *Howley*: White satin petticoat, richly trimmed with double row of blonde en tablier, fastened at the sides with bows of ribbon; grenat brochet satin corsage, mantille and sabots of broad Grecian blonde; manteau to correspond, lined with white satin, and trimmed with ruffles of tulle and grenat ribbon; head-dress, richly trimmed with pearls and broad Grecian blonde lappets, with court plume. *Meek*: Rich white figured Irish poplin dress, handsomely trimmed with blonde and satin; green satin train, beautifully embroidered, lined with white satin, and trimmed with blonde; head-dress, feathers and rich blonde lappets, with diamonds and amethyst ornaments. *General Gascoyne*: Rich amethyst satin train, lined with silk, trimmed with point lace and ribbon; white satin dress; head dress, feathers, diamonds, and point lappets. *Colonel Walton*: Very splendid white figured satin dress, with rich amethyst satin train, lined with white satin, and trimmed with blonde ribbon; head dress, feathers, diamonds, and blonde lappets.

MISSES.

Hervey: White brocade satin dress; body and sleeves trimmed with blonde; sky-blue brocade satin manteau, trimmed with swansdown, and lined with gros de Naples; head-dress, feathers, diamonds, and blonde lace lappets. *Buake*: Dress of tulle, over white satin, trimmed with ribbon and blonde; blue satin train, trimmed with swansdown; head-dress, feathers and flowers; turquoise necklace and ear-rings. *Caton*: White crape petticoat, over satin; maize-figured tabinet train, blonde mantille and sabots; head-dress, feathers and lappets; ornaments, pearls. *M. Law*: White crape dress over white satin, gauze ribbon trimming, a colonne; rich white figured Irish poplin train, lined with white satin, trimmed with blonde; mantille and sabots to correspond; ornaments, turquoise. *E. Law*: White crape dress over white satin, with gauze ribbon, a colonne; rich white watered silk train, with white satin blonde; mantille and sabots; ornaments, turquoise. *Gore Langton*: White crape over white satin dress, tastefully ornamented with bouquets of lilies of the valley; rich figured peach-blossom satin train, elegantly trimmed, boddlice and sleeves same material, in the ancient costume, with muffs of Grecian blonde; head dress, feathers and diamonds. *Helen and Gertrude Murray*: White moire dresses, trimmed with satin rosettes and blonde; primrose manteaus, richly trimmed; head-dresses, plumes of ostrich feathers and pearls. *Howard*: White crape dress, embroidered with coloured silk; body a la antique; manche a la Louis XIV.; white satin train; head-dress, ostrich feathers and pearls; blonde lappets. *Vaughan*: Rich white satin dress, embroidered with colours, en tablier; rich velour vert ponne manteau, with white satin garnie de ruffles de tulle, et de blonde; blonde mantille and ruffles; head-dress, blonde lappets, splendid diamonds, and feathers. *S. Bourne*: Rose colour gros de Naples manteau, with white silk, trimmed with swansdown; white tulle petticoat, over white satin, trimmed with blonde and ribbon; head-dress, feathers and pearls. *Fuller*: Court costume, siecle de Louis XIV.; satin feuilles de roses train, body and sleeves trimmed with Chantilly blonde; white gaze Memphis dress, over white satin; head-dress,

pink feathers, blonde lappets, and brilliants. *Howley*: India muslin dress, elegantly embroidered with gold and beetle-wings, finished with gold bullion cords and tassels; corsage and manteau of rich emerald satin, embroidered with gold, with mantille and sabots of Grecian blonde; head-dress, court plume and lappets. *Ferard*: Rich white satin and tulle petticoat; Bordeaux satin manteau, trimmed with swansdown; head-dress, feathers and diamonds. *L. Parker*: Rich

blonde dress, over a white satin slip; rich sky-blue satin manteau, ornee de pompons; corsage a points, elegantly trimmed with Chantilly blonde; head-dress, ostrich plume, lappets, pearls, and diamonds. *Miss and Miss S Walpole*: White tulle dresses, over white satin slips, elegantly trimmed with flowers and ribbons; rich crimson velvet trains, trimmed with gold band; head-dresses, feathers, diamonds, and garnets, with blonde lappets.

THE NEW HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

To the Editor of the Lady's Magazine and Museum.

Sir,—As a member of a profession that has long suffered from want of fair national support and competition, I sincerely congratulate you on the effects of your exertions in favour of a public exhibition of the designs for a new Parliament House.* There is now no doubt of some such national display; and as it is left to a committee of Parliament to determine whether the successful candidates are to submit their works to general criticism, along with those of their discarded rivals, you may safely promise to your readers one of the most interesting and instructive opportunities of amusement ever afforded to the intelligent inhabitants of this metropolis.

Architects often complain, and not without cause, of the great ignorance of even the well educated, in all that concerns that profession: it may indeed be asserted, that not one person in a thousand comprehends the relation of plans, sections, and elevations. Committees of all sorts, composed of individuals totally unqualified, have usually decided on the great public works of this country; millions have thus been

squandered on tasteless palaces, and ill-contrived courts of justice; genius was discarded, intrigue countenanced, and the public confidence abused. At length the press has accomplished a new victory—competition has assumed a new aspect; notwithstanding the strange blunder of sending home the unsuccessful designs, ere the Parliamentary committee could inspect them, in order to decide on the propriety of the commissioners' award. In spite of this mistake, the press will shortly complete its triumph, by enforcing an example that will lead to fair play† and honourable exertion; whilst it will afford opportunities of studying the general principles of architecture and arrangement, that every man of intelligence will hail with pride and delight, and none more so than,

Your humble admirer,

AN ARTIST.

† We do not intend to sanction any opinion that there was unfair play; but the expedition with which the prizes of £5000., £1000., and £500. were awarded, without leave or knowledge of any body, is marvellous in our eyes.—Ed.

* See p. 135.

The opening of Parliament was on the 4th ult. by his Majesty in person. The King looked remarkably well, and left the house about three o'clock. Baron Cottenham (Mr. Pepys), the new Chancellor, and Baron Langdale (Mr. Bickersteth), the new Master of the Rolls, after the King had retired, were officially introduced.

Slave Trade.—By a recent order all vessels fitted out as slave ships, without having slaves on board, are to be detained: a measure of the utmost importance, in exterminating this diabolical species of traffic. On the 22nd Nov., off Sierra Leone, H. M.'s brig *Lionel*, Lieutenant Bosanquet, captured three vessels, in one of which was more than 70000l. in dollars.

Sir Francis Burdett was lately thrown, but without injury, from his horse in Hyde Park, owing to the animal being frightened by a carriage running rapidly behind it.

The Ships detained in the Ice have now all arrived, except the *Lady Jane* of Newcastle, and the *Toor of Hull*, which latter is supposed by Captain Jather, of the *Jane*, to have been seen on the 15th of October. The sufferings of

the crew have been very great. The *Viewforth* had buried fourteen men at sea, of whom eight belonged to the *Middleton*, and the men were so weak that they were obliged to be carried over the side of the vessel. The *Jane*, it seems, was beset in the ice about the 30th of September. She got clear on the 31st of January: the men were greatly straitened for provisions. The *Middleton* was lost in the ice on the 15th of November. Captain Jather found Captain Ross at Stromness, who then intended proceeding to Shetland, to ascertain if the other ships have arrived, if not, he will proceed on his voyage.

Gospel Donation.—Her Highness the Begum Sumroo, residing at Bengal, has given 50,000 to the Archbishop of Canterbury, by the hand of the Bishop of Calcutta, to be paid out in good security, for such religious society or societies as his Grace might appoint, and be called the Begum Sumroo's gift. The sum has been invested in the 3 per Cent., and is to be applied in aid of the expenses in India, of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts.

Literature, &c.

The Self-Condemed: a Romance. By the Author of the "Lollards," "Calthorpe," &c. In 3 vols.—Bentley.

The author of the "Self-Condemed" is a veteran in the field of literature, who has long received the deserved meed of public approbation. "Calthorpe," the "Witch Finder," and the "Monks of Leadenhall," won for him fame which placed him near the literary throne of Sir Walter Scott, when that luminary was in the meridian of his glory. Long inured in the best methods of arresting the attention of his readers, Mr. Gaspy holds the easy pen of a ready writer, and cannot produce any work that will not be welcomed with satisfaction by a great circle of admirers, who have never yet been disappointed by the contents of any volume which bears his signs and tokens on the title-page.

The scene of the "Self-Condemed" is cast in Ireland; and the hero is Edmund Nagle, chieftain of the Nagle-hills, who is malcontent with the government of Queen Elizabeth and her tyrannical agents, and being of an impetuous temperament, is constantly suffering persecution or imprisonment. His faithful follower, Cormack Scath, has already released him from one prison, when he is lured again into the power of the government by the machinations of Wilmot an English officer, brave and honourable, in other respects, but a Protestant of sufficient bigotry to undertake a treacherous mission, in order to lure a Catholic and a rebel to destruction. During the time Wilmot has spent in the castle with "the Nagle," as the young chieftain is called, Wilmot has lost his heart to Grace, the beautiful sister of his enemy; and he is, besides, greatly mollified by the frank and engaging manners of the chieftain himself. With exceeding reluctance, though partly by accident, Wilmot draws the Nagle into the English ambushade. After suffering some remorse for the part he has acted, and being exasperated at the cruelty with which Sir George Carew, the governor of Cork, treats his high-spirited prisoner, Wilmot resolves to connive at his second escape. Cormack, the faithful serf of the Nagle, attempts Wilmot's life, who disarms him; and after hearing with patience Cormack's defiance, and his contemptuous opinion of the part of a spy acted by Wilmot, that officer reasons down the rage of the faithful serf, by telling him the plan he has formed for his master's liberation, and it is at that crisis we make the extract.

"It was by means of a subterraneous passage, which accident had formerly made known to Wilmot, that he now proposed to withdraw

the Nagle from the power of Carew, since all his efforts had failed to induce the Lord President to take a merciful view of the prisoner's case. If chance had discovered this communication with that part of the building, it was not less the work of chance that had prevented it from being known to others. Had he not been suddenly called away from Kilmallock to meet Sir George Carew, it would have been his duty to make, in respect to it, an especial report.

"But removed without previous notice, Wilmot had not wished the laborious research which he had undertaken of his own motion, and prosecuted with unwearied industry, should be successfully concluded by another. He had therefore been silent respecting the ancient passage, by which he now resolved to conduct Cormack to his chief.

"Though the entrance was known to him, it had never been opened within the memory of man. Bushes, originally planted to conceal it, had gained such a luxuriant growth, and had so multiplied their numbers, that it was necessary to penetrate a wood to reach it. This, however, as in the solitude and darkness which prevailed they had no fear of using the implements with which Wilmot had taken care to be supplied, presented no formidable obstacle. The stone which guarded the mouth of the aperture did not long resist their united efforts.

"They passed in on their hands and knees, and for many yards were unable to advance but on all fours. Wilmot was somewhat disconcerted by this circumstance. It was not the annoyance of the moment that he regarded, but the place in which he found himself was so different from what he had expected it would prove, and from that part of the passage which he had previously explored, that he doubted if indeed the one were the continuation of the other. He had taken care to be provided with torches, and these were now kindled; but the smoke which came from them was so thick and stagnant in that close, damp place, that they were of little value.

"At length they found more room, and could walk almost upright. Wilmot then knew that he had committed no error, as he recognised marks which he himself had made, that he might at a subsequent period identify the spot to which he had advanced.

"'All is right,' he remarked to Cormack; 'and now it is fitting that we part.'

"'As you will it, so it must be,' replied his companion with an air of sullen resignation, which clearly indicated that his suspicions were not removed.

"'I see,' Wilmot said, 'your doubts are still alive. Another hour will end them. The iron bar with which you are furnished, will be sufficient to enable you to make your way into the Nagle's prison.'

"'How, if the sound of it, used as you taught me on our way hither, should reach the ears of Carew's gaolers?'

"'Should such accident occur, you may again be in jeopardy as great as that in which you found yourself, when I tore from your grasp the weapon aimed at my life, and seized you as a falcon would a sparrow.'

"I shrink not from the danger," Cormack answered; "but if not content with destroying, I shall find you are making sport for yourself in what you now do; if like the cat which bids her mouse run, and then, when it would spring to liberty, pounces on it to devour, remember this—I have a tongue."

"Well!"

"Which tongue shall not be slow to make known, by whom I was possessed of the clue to Nagle's cell."

"This is arrant folly."

"So you may name it; but he who has once seen the adder put forth his sting, will look to find it peep out again."

"Go to; this needs not. Thy suspicion robs thee of thy wonted shrewdness. If I am now but leading thee, a follower of the Nagle, into a snare, why shall I fear disclosure of the part I have acted to his enemies? It is only when you find your object has been gained, and gained through me, that I claim the boon of your silence."

"Well then, since it is so, adieu."

"Wilmot turned from him."

"Yet stay," he cried, suddenly checking his steps; "for one thing we have not provided. Being again at large, without the means of concealment or swift flight, what shall save you from being speedily overtaken? Know you where the chief can abide for a season?"

"The hovel in which I have hidden my head would receive him; yet I fear that inquisitive eyes have already begun to follow me, and doubt if he could rest in safety."

"I have it!" exclaimed Wilmot. "Horses are prepared for myself and another, and wait my coming. Now attend: if it so fortune that you can execute your task ere I take my departure, say to him who tends them, that you are to lead them to Digby and Wilmot without the town. Succeeding in this, use your best speed; but look warily out, that you stumble not on the party we shall lead, and which will leave Kilmallock by midnight. Avoid them at the outset, and you will have little to fear; for the confusion which will ensue, when our beasts are removed, will cause sufficient delay to enable you and the Nagle to mock all pursuit."

"The provident care manifested by Wilmot in this instance, overcame much of Cormack's scepticism as to his real intentions, and inclined him really to believe that, from whatever cause, it was the object of his guide to undo the work of his own hands."

"If you wish again to deceive," he replied, "you may boast that you have succeeded; for I now verily think that you seek to save my master. I have no polished words to thank you; but if thoughts of kindness, rough as they spring from a true heart, be worth the having, deem them yours. Cormack acknowledges your mercy."

"His rugged voice softened while he spoke, and the altered accent was not lost on Wilmot's ear."

"Enough," he said, "has been spoken. I will not deny that I am gladdened by thy words. Though lately my enemy, the faithful, devoted servant of a brave ill-fated soldier may claim consideration. Go forward, and prosper."

"They parted; and Wilmot judged it expedient to effect his retreat as quickly as possible, in order that when the Nagle should be missed, he, by his presence elsewhere up to the time of his departure, might escape suspicion. He retraced his steps, and leaving his torch burning within the passage, that it might be a guide to those who, as he hoped, were to follow, he reached the entrance. Just then he reflected, that the light might alarm them, or become the subject of inquiry on the part of the Nagle; in which case, Cormack must feel it necessary to make known through whose assistance he had gained access to him. He, upon this, turned back and withdrew the torch."

"While these things were passing, the Nagle, however gallantly he had borne himself in the presence of Wilmot, was ill at ease. Though resolved not to appear dismayed before a triumphant foe, he felt acutely that all his indignation could not fortify his mind against despondency, when he looked forward to the destiny which probably awaited him. He experienced the most poignant grief, when he reflected on the consequences likely to fall on those most dear to him through his own impetuosity, disregard of caution, and want of discernment."

"In the dreary solitude of his low, damp cell, he recelled in shame and sorrow the irrational haste with which he had given confidence to a stranger; and when he reviewed the artifices which had been successfully employed against him, he groaned with rage at the thought, that the pretended Spaniard still lived to deride his thirst for vengeance."

"To remain where he was for a time, to be ignominiously put on his trial for treason, and to be compelled to answer for his conduct before judges hostile to him from the commencement, as he expected they would be, and resolute to condemn, would have been to most prisoners in his situation matters of sufficient weight to render his captivity appalling; but some words had been dropped in his presence, which led the Nagle seriously to doubt whether it was intended even to give him the form of a trial. He had heard the significant hint, that effectual care would be taken that he should not again break prison. He had been told by some of Carey's people, that there were ways of making a traitor perfectly secure, and these would not as heretofore be neglected. From speeches thus ambiguously menacing, he was half inclined to believe that, in his case, an act of secret assassination would be perpetrated."

"He wished, under all circumstances, to sustain his part with such fortitude that, fall as he might, his name should be no reproach to those who had been his friends; but he shrunk with feelings of horror, which no effort of his reason could wholly dissipate, at the reflection that he was there reserved like a beast for slaughter. To perish eventually by the sword, was an idea so familiar to his mind, that he looked upon it as an event which, sooner or later, must in the ordinary course of things occur; but to be coldly crushed in helpless obscurity, like a feeble but hated reptile, was a lot from the contemplation of which his heart recoiled with sentiments of dread, which he could hardly recognize without in some degree impeaching

his own character for firmness and manly resolution.

"He might have expected, from the sympathy evinced by Wilmot, to be removed to a less dreary apartment." But this was a matter about which he felt no solicitude; and Wilmot, for reasons which had been explained, did not care to that matter to interfere. That no change in his lodging had been made after the visit of his quondam friend, furnished, as it struck the Nagle, a new proof of Wilmot's want of sincerity; and when this persuasion came over him, he paced his narrow cell in a transport of rage, and felt no wish but that fate would give him an opportunity of meeting the foe he most hated with his sword.

"He was thus agitated, when his attention was arrested by an unusual noise. He listened with anxious curiosity, and was confirmed in the persuasion that some one was labouring beneath. Nothing was further from his thoughts than that the sounds to which he listened were connected with an attempt to set him at liberty. He rather reverted to the idea which he had previously entertained, that his assassination was decreed, and that the moment for perpetrating the crime had arrived.

"Long it was, or at least long it seemed, before that which he heard led to any result. He stationed himself as nearly as possible over the spot whence the sound came, and found the flag on which he stood move. The vibration sensibly increased; the stone was partly raised, and he heard his own name.

"'Who is it calls?' he suddenly demanded; but the stone had sunk to its late resting-place, and his question reached not the ear of him to whom it was addressed.

"Again the floor was moved: the glare of a torch flashed on the dreary walls which encompassed him, and enabled him to see the slugs which crawled on his limbs, and the beetles which, scared by the unusual invasion, were retreating in all directions.

"In amazement he calmly looked on, but spoke not; while he who toiled beneath, having now got firmer footing, made a more desperate effort to raise the mass above, and at length threw the stone fairly over. Elevating the torch, and striving to do as much for his own person, he inquired,—'Is my chieftain here?'

"'Cormack Scath!' exclaimed the Nagle, almost breathless with wonder.

"'It is he!' Cormack exultingly answered. 'Then my fears were vain.'

"'What may this mean?' cried the Nagle. 'My senses wander. I see and hear thee; yet strangely as thou hast wrought for me in the times which are past, I doubt my senses now. Yet it is Cormack.'

"'The same: but speak not thus, and lose no time.'

"'What would you that I should say.'

"'Truly, nothing. I have long strove for this, and almost felt perished lately, that my labour would be its own recompense; but since I have at last made way to thee, let us hence.'

"'What is it I should do?' Explain. The light dazzles my eyes, and thy words, in like manner, overpower my understanding.'

"'Then the briefest instruction will best suit thy capacity. Leave thy den.'

"'But how?'

"'By joining me. The way which has brought me to it, shall take thee from it.'

"'Can this be possible?' exclaimed the Nagle. 'Can this honest fellow again have devised the means of freeing my limbs from fetters, and of giving me yet another opportunity for escaping from my enemies?'

"'Pause not,' cried Cormack, 'but descend, or I shall have ventured in vain.'

"'I come,' cried the Nagle, as he lowered himself through the opening, and grasped with admiring gratitude the hard hand which had laboured for his emancipation. 'For this,' he added, 'I know not how to thank thee.'

"'Then let my chief hold his peace,' Cormack replied, 'till he has had leisure to learn. We cannot replace the flag, so as to deceive those who may seek you as to the mode in which you have effected your retreat. That must therefore remain as it is. Now follow me—this way—stoop, for you are taller than I am. This way, Nagle.'

"Thus speaking, he directed his steps towards the opening by which he had entered."

Besides the interest pertaining to the development of the plot, the reader is often delighted with allusions to the poetry of the Elizabethan age, and by the antiquarian historical information scattered through the pages of the work. Among these, the lament of the *keeners* over the body of a Tory (not an English party-man, but an Irish highwayman) is well worthy of remark.

Our amateurs of ancient music will be also beholden to Mr. Gaspy for the following criticism on some of their stock favourites:—

"It was in vain that Wilmot strove to hush the tempest of agitating thoughts which grew out of the peculiarity of his situation whenever he found himself alone. To avow the true object of his coming, and so to defeat it, would have been easy; but that would have been ingratitude to Sir George, and treachery to his sovereign. To proceed and lead the Nagle into the ambuscade prepared for him, though such conduct might be praised to the skies, as he foresaw it would be by the Lord President, was, in his estimation, treason to friendship.

"Weary of dwelling on the choice of evils before him, he one afternoon sought to escape from his own sad reflections, by tuning a flute which had been left in the hall. The slow and melancholy strain which suggested itself was freely breathed; and as the soft sound fell on his ear, his heart lost some of its sadness. He wondered that he had not thought of flying to such a refuge from self-reproach before, and again applied the instrument to his lips. The harmony was sustained for some minutes. When it ceased, a gentle sigh seemed to respond to the last note, and he perceived that he had an auditor in the sister of the Nagle.

"She smiled, on perceiving that her presence was then first discovered.

"'You, senor,' she said, 'have much skill in music. One tune pleased me much; it was brought from England here, when my mother

was young, as I have been told, and she would often sing passages of it to me as an infant. Some of the words even now linger in my memory. They began—

'Arise, arise! awake!
You silly shepherd's sleeping;
Devise some honour for her sake,
By mirth to banish weeping.'

Can you repeat the rest?

"They come," Wilmot answered, "from the triumphs of Oriana, and thus conclude—

'Lo! where she comes, in gaudy green arraying
A prince of beauty rich and rare,
Pretends to go a maying.
Ye stately nymphs draw near
And strew your paths with roses;
In you her trust reposes.
Then sang the shepherds and nymphs of Diana,
Long live fair Oriana!'

"Those, I remember, were the words, but it is long since I heard of them; for you, being from Spain, may not be informed that by Oriana is meant the Queen of England, and therefore, as my brother and his friends can ill brook the hearing of her praise, and still less of her boasted triumphs, in any shape, this music has long since been banished, as unfit for Irish ears."

"It was written by one of the gentlemen of the queen's chapel, Morley by name, so I have heard, the same who afterwards became organist. Since it but sets forth the triumph of some rural and imagined beauty, methinks it might be endured even here."

"Not so; for it is averred, stricken with age though she be, and all that once belonged to her of grace and beauty fled, Elizabeth hearkens willingly to the voice of flattery; and here, with some it would be a crime to sing of Oriana, lest it should be reported that they joined to celebrate the English sovereign."

"Wilmot affected to hear with surprise what Grace had told, which, by the way, admonished him that his choice of tunes might have been the source of new danger, had suspicious ears been near him."

"I," said he, "heard it sung by Englishmen in Spain, when I was but a boy."

"Memory, in such case," remarked the lady, "claims it as her own, and delights in her adoption."

"The pensive wanderer in a foreign land fondly recalls the scene of former joy, where, in the home in which his youth was reared, absence of thought made care a stranger. In exile, oh! how dear the strain which lulled his senses when life and hope were new, and both unclouded!"

"Yes, music then steals gently over the soul, and with the aerial softness of the zephyr unites a giant's power. But you, sir, I have noted, have acquired our rarest melodies. The solemn note I heard of one sweet English Bird, which carries man's humble devotion to the sky: but now you tuned the pious and all-befitting prayer, *Non nobis Domine*."

"I did."

"And I listened to it as if it had been the organ of a temple of worship, and thought the swell almost as noble and touching."

"It has been much praised, and will be likely to survive the present race of men."

"Why then, senator, methinks the composer will enjoy a sweeter triumph than ever the soldier's arm could win. *Were I a man, aspiring to fame, I would rather seek it by contributing SWEET MELODIES TO BLESS HOURS OF MIRTH, or to assist the labours of devotion, than by obtaining ALL THE BLOOD-STAINED TROPHIES WITH WHICH MURDEROUS WAR COULD GLAD ITS FAVOURED VOTARIES.*

"Such choice would not ill become your gentler sex, but for men the martial game will still be preferred; yet can I admire the solemn sounds which lift the heart above a joyless world, when from our temples of religion they rise to heaven."

"They are of all the most sublime. The subject carries inspiration with it, and sacred hymns are at once distinguished from others and shine with lustre not their own, even as the gilded vane which surmounts the edifice consecrated to religion detains the glory of the departed sun, while all around sinks in obscurity and undistinguished gloom."

"But the bold song of war, you must admit, is grand and touching."

"Yes, it may rouse the lion's heart; but why should men thus ever crave excitement to make them the destroyers of their race? This is the weakness which deforms illustrious minds. Why, I have seen my brother move till his eyes, which had beamed with love, glistened with awful fury. Yet this in him is somewhat justifiable, for you must be aware that cruel foes thirst for his blood, and would beleaguer him to his undoing."

We think we have given sufficient proof to our fair readers, that they will find in the pages of the "Self-Condemned" passages worthy of the former fame of its author.

EDUCATIONAL LITERATURE.

1. *Application of Money.*
2. *Value of Time*; by Mrs. BARWELL.
3. *The Boy and the Birds*; by Miss EMILY TAYLOR.
4. *Tales and Lessons on the Proverbs* (in the press).
5. *Cherville's First Step to French*. Wilson.
6. *Comic Alphabet*. Tilt.
7. *West's Intellectual Toys*.

It is with us a favourite plan to keep sedulous watch on educational literature, and to mark any new feature deserving attention. Works devoted to the instruction of children, are not to be classed among the ephemeral light literature written for the purpose of passing away an idle hour in a lady's drawing-room, or at "the club." Where juvenile books are excellent, they become standard publications, of a most important description, and every year adds to their weight and value. We have lately seen a small volume by Mrs. Barwell, of Norwich, a lady whose accomplished mind would naturally lead her into a more brilliant department of literature, if her first ob-

ject were not to instruct her family. This lady, by experience, found that certain instruction was wanting in juvenile literature, and she has, in this volume, skilfully applied a remedy. The style is playful and attractive. The various ways in which a little boy expends ten shillings from his uncle is the subject; and the writer seems imbued with the spirit of Franklin, when directing the financial department. The father's audit of Henry's money account is highly amusing:—

"Let us proceed in our account; 'Angler's Guide,' sixpence. How came you to buy such a book? I did not know that your anxiety to become an angler had led you to study the science. Where do you fish; in the water-tub, or in the kennel?"

"No, papa, I am not quite so silly as that, either; you see I had bought some hooks, and when Arthur said they would be useless to me, because I did not know what fish they would catch, I thought this book would tell me."

"So you laid out sixpence, in order to learn how to use a pennyworth of hooks; and the first specimen of your newly-acquired learning was the catching a kitten, I believe. Have you been much amused with your book?"

"To say the truth, papa, I have never looked into it."

"Worse and worse," said Mr. Thornton.

"But I intend to read it, papa; and as for catching poor Snowball, she did that herself. I certainly left the books about."

2. "The Value of Time," by the same authoress, is written with equal ability. Although this subject has employed the pens of authors, it has never been better treated.

3. "The Boy and the Birds," another from the stores of *Friend Darton*, is as beautifully got up and illustrated as the "Story without End," translated by Mrs. Austin from the German. This is written by a favourite authoress, Miss Emily Taylor, whose genius is, perhaps, more attractive to the cultivated female mind, than the more brilliant talents of her distinguished kinswomen, Mrs. Austin and Miss Martineau; she was renowned before they had acquired European reputation, and still continues to pursue her gentle path, without being seduced from its peaceful and useful results, into the thorny arena of political economy, in which evil speaking men attack women with unmanly malice.

There is no little poetical beauty in the descriptions of the golden eagle, the skylark, and the falcon, as they stoop to make their confessions to the boy, who loves birds. But our favourite sketches relate the habits of the spirited tits partly, we having frequently watched them.

In this tit-bit is a charming style of communicating information to persons of all sorts and sizes. We wish we had space to quote it. By the same lady are written some very delightful little numbers for the schools of mutual instruction.

4. Dean and Munday are publishing a work called "Tales and Lessons on the Proverbs." The most skilful physicians detail cases in which their remedies have been successful; and ought not the mental physician likewise to quote bright examples?

How these tales are written, we leave our readers to judge from the following deeply interesting specimens:—

BLIND ARTHUR AND HIS SISTER JANE.

Resignation (unpublished).

"My son, despise not the chastening of the Lord; neither be weary of his correction: for whom the Lord loveth he correcteth; even as a father the son in whom he delighteth."—PROVERBS iii. 11, 12.

"Mamma, when shall I see again the light of day?" asked Arthur Brandon, turning his sightless orbs upon his mother's face, although her dear features were no longer perceptible to their darkened vision. Tears filled Mrs. Brandon's eyes, who had long expected—long dreaded to meet this natural question. Arthur's aunt, Rachael, quitted the room to conceal her emotion: his little sister, Jane, laid her curly head on his knee, and sobbed as if her young heart were breaking. "Mamma, you do not answer me," continued the youth; "but I can hear you weep—poor little Jane is crying too. I perceive you wish, yet dread, to speak the truth. Mamma, I will spare you that pain, I will tell it myself: I shall never see again." These words were spoken in a tone of calm resignation, which proved that the youthful sufferer had already armed his mind with fortitude, to sustain the calamity that had overshadowed the bright morning of his days.

"Arthur, dear Arthur," replied Mrs. Brandon, seating herself by the invalid's side, and tenderly taking his hand, "it would be useless and cruel to deceive you, for your's is, alas! a hopeless case: I have had every advice upon it that money or friendship could procure, but all in vain. I have, hitherto, been silent upon the subject; because I flattered myself that an operation, called couching, might possibly restore your sight. Yesterday that hope ceased for ever; for Mr. Guthrie, the most skilful oculist in London, communicated to me the sad fact, that the fever has totally destroyed the visual organs. But, oh! my son, despise not the chastening of the Lord; neither be weary of his correction: for whom the Lord loveth he correcteth, even as a father the son in whom he delighteth."

"They are the verses you used to repeat to reprove my querulous impatience during the fever," rejoined Arthur: "ah, dear mamma, I have often thought upon them since; indeed, they have been to my mind what medicine has been to my body; and now I can say with truth, 'Thy will, O Lord, not mine, be done.'"

These pious words were like balm to the wounded heart of the afflicted mother, and at once relieved her from the anxiety she had been sustaining during many weeks of care. She uttered a fervent thanksgiving, and then said, "My dear Arthur, you do not know how happy your patient resignation to the Divine will has made me; I would not at this moment exchange my blind son for any other in Christendom."

"I shall never see your kind face again," replied the blind boy in a mournful tone, a sudden shade of sadness passing over his expressive features, "nor little Jane's sweet sunny smile. I, who loved to look upon you both; and once I was used to laugh when the breeze played among my sister's fair tresses, like the wind when it waves the ripening corn. Ah, Jane, I shall never fling off your bonnet, and ruffle your golden curls for my sport, again."

"But Arthur, you will love me still, won't you, dear Arthur?" rejoined the little girl; "for I love you a great deal better than when you used to pull curls, and play rude tricks; but you may pull them now quite hard if you like, and I will not even complain."

"Sweet innocent," replied the blind boy, "I have shaken off childish things. Calamity is a stern teacher, is it not, mamma? Dear Jane, I can hear the joyous notes of the birds, but I shall never behold again the deep blue sky that makes them glad some, nor the sun and moon shining in their brightness, nor the glorious stars that I have often told you are worlds like our own. No, no, dear child, a thick darkness is over my eyes that veils all outward objects, but the eyes of my mind are not blind. In thought they can yet see all that is beautiful and dear. With them, I can still look upon mamma and little Jane, so dry your eyes, darling, and do not weep for Arthur, since he is not unhappy while those he loves best are with him. One thing, however, pains me, Jenny."

"What is that, dear Arthur," anxiously inquired the artless child, "do your poor eyes pain you, brother?"

"No love, but I was not grateful for sight while I possessed its blessings," replied the afflicted brother, "and this remembrance makes me very sad at times, rendering blindness more terrible than perhaps it really is. Yea, Jane, I was not thankful for the light while I had it, though now a single ray would give me unutterable joy. Take warning then, dear little sister, be my example, and fear this dreadful God, lest his severe judgments fall upon you. I love him now with my whole heart, yes, with that heart once so rebellious and forgetful of him. He has chastened me sorely, but has not given me over to death. His light has dawned upon me in the midst of darkness. The blind Arthur is far happier than the gay thoughtless boy, who slighted his mother's commands, and teased his little sister. Is it not so, mamma?"

"Yes, surely, my beloved child; for those who truly love God can never be miserable, because he comforts them, and wipes their tears away," replied his mother, drying her own as she spoke.

"I should never have known how much my kind mamma and sister loved me, if it had not been for this heavy affliction," continued Arthur. "Little Jane used not to be so quiet once; but it is her love that has stilled her pretty artless prattle, and taught her to sit at my feet in silence all day long."

"Dear brother, I will lead you about in the green meadows, and gather you flowers," replied the child; "I will tell you stories and sing to you, and do all I can to comfort and amuse you."

"You shall do more, Jane," said her brother, "you shall read the word of God to me, you know you can read nicely, and you must be instead of eyes to poor blind Arthur now."

"That I will," answered the affectionate little girl, flinging her arms round his neck and kissing him. "Yes, dear brother, I will be your eyes," and blind Arthur's sister kept her word. It is a pretty sight to see her leading him about the grounds of Rose Cottage, singing her hymns, or listening with deep attention while he speaks to her of holy things of the Saviour, who came to be a man, and died; of that happy place, where light shall again dawn upon his eyes more brightly and gloriously than before. Yes, it is sweet to hear him, while giving his young sister a practical lesson on every flower, turning with paternal yet pious fondness her thoughts towards heaven as towards her proper home. When, however, the blue sky is overclouded and the twin return to the house, Jane, in her turn, becomes the teacher, and gives her dear brother her latest lesson on the piano-forte, which his newly-acquired ear for music and rapidly expanding powers of memory, easily leads him to retain. Little Jane, indeed, reaps the fruits of all her labours of love. She is storing her mind with useful and entertaining knowledge, and improving all the talents she is exerting to please Arthur; and he, the blind and solitary one, thus thrown upon her care and kindness, does he not love his young and faithful guide! Oh, yes! for when his giddier companions forsake his society for ruder sports, Jane is still waiting at his side to cheer and amuse him. Sometimes she teaches him to knit, or makes him try to guess the flowers of which the nosegay is composed she has gathered for him. It is curious to hear how exactly he names them, guided by his exquisite touch. But there are holier moments spent with little Jane—moments when the world fades from his mental eye, and his thoughts soar upwards towards another higher state of being—moments that atone for all his deprivations, when all his sufferings are lost in joy. The other day his sister was reading to him the tenth chapter of St. Mark's gospel, which contains the account of our Lord's giving blind Bartimeus' sight, and with artless simplicity said, "Oh, that he were here, dear brother, to restore your sight!"

"He is here, dear Jane," replied the bereaved yet happy Arthur, wiping away the tears from off her young fair face. "He is with me, for darkness is no darkness with him, and he has turned mine into noon-day. For though my mortal eyes are quenched in night, they shall yet behold him in his beauty at the resurrection of the just. Weep not then, for me, dear sister, for whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth."

5. This book is called the "First Step to French," which in ordinary books is the grammar: we will call it the first step to practical French; and this is a specimen of the sensible contents and nature of the conversational instruction contained throughout its certainly clever pages. The French text is opposite the English translation:—

ON THE ARTICLE *a*.

"*Constance*.—Mamma, here is a book that papa has given me.

"*Mrs. Duval*.—It is a very nice book.

"*Adrien*.—Let me see, sister; is it a grammar?

"*Const.*—No, brother; it is a history.

"*Mrs. D.*—You mean to say a story, my darling.

"*Ad.*—Mamma, what is the difference between a story and a history?

"*Mrs. D.*—A history is the recital of a real adventure, in which every thing is true; a story is a fiction, or the recital of an imaginary adventure, in which nothing is true.

"*Ad.*—Then a story is a lie, which is a wicked thing.*

"*Mrs. D.*—My dear, a lie is a thing said for the purpose of deceiving—it is a wicked thing; but a story is a fiction written without the intention of deceiving, only for amusement, and often for instruction. The author of a story does not relate it as truth.

"*Ad.*—Thank you, mamma; I shall remember it.

"*Const.*—Mamma, will you also give me leave to ask you a question?

"*Mrs. D.*—I'wo, if you please, my dear.

"*Const.*—What difference is there between an apologue and a fable.

"*Mrs. D.*—My dear, an apologue is a moral fable, or a fictitious history, to instruct and correct mankind.

"*Ad.*—And a fable?

"*Mrs. D.*—There is very little difference between a fable and an apologue, but in conversation we seldom say, 'an apologue,' we more commonly say 'a fable.'

"*Const.*—Is that all the difference, mamma?

"*Mrs. D.*—Let me see: an apologue is generally of a serious style, a fable has often a familiar and even comical turn.

"*Ad.*—Then I prefer a fable.

"*Const.*—I thank you, mamma.

"*Mrs. D.*—Go and play in the garden, my dears, and return in half an hour for your lunch."

6. This is the work of the clever Cruikshank, and he has succeeded admirably. Each letter has a picture representation of one or more words, beginning with that letter. For instance, "L, Latitude, and Longitude," are a fat dame and a tall thin man. Now the old instruction is, east and west latitude, north and south longitude; which view of the case, shows more than ordinary profundity of design. Some have a history involved in the picture representation. As the alphabet is quite correct in its detail, we recommend it, and think it will be a favourite, even with those who long since have ceased to learn their letters. It is decidedly a very clever hit: we have handed over one copy, as a nice little birthday present, at a juvenile party.

7. This cheap little publication abounds with illustrative plates of optical and scientific matters, made easily comprehensible

* Our favourite contributors are exceedingly indebted to Mrs. Duval for thus saving their storytelling reputations harmless.—E.D.

to the youthful and aspiring mind. It is very appropriately named by Mr. West (the optician). Such works as this often give a turn to the youthful mind, which casts over it a highly beneficial influence in after years.

Our readers cannot fail to mark the general improvement in every thing prepared even for the most youthful mind. Nursery trash is now happily exploded; instruction and knowledge go hand in hand;—no longer are children taught to know nothing when they have possessed themselves of all the instruction given to them.

The Edinburgh Journal of Natural History. Edinburgh, and Smith, Elder, and Co.

Our brethren of the North have giant minds, and know how to turn their talent to individual and public benefit. We know the pretty Edinburgh Cabinet of Natural History; but this far surpasses every thing we have seen, in the boldness and beauty of execution, as a work intended by its cheapness for extensive circulation. Plate 1st, coloured to the life, contains six birds, Trogon Couroucoui; plate 2nd, seven deer; plate 3rd, contains the Indian, and the lesser two-horned rhinoceros, not quite the size of life, but "prodigiously" large; plate 4th, seventeen butterflies, all in their proper places, without cruel pins through them, as much as is usually in a two-guinea case in a natural collection; plate 5th, nine pigeons; plate 6th, nine of the tribe *Felix* (cats)—that is, lions, (tigers, leopards, &c.) Descriptive letter-press accompanies it; and we do not hesitate to say, that it is the best, cheapest, and most excellent work we have seen.

Stanfield's Coast Scenery. Parts 7 and 8. Smith, Elder, and Co.

This work improves as it progresses.

No. 7 is very good: it contains views of Broadstairs, with masterly tact; we say nothing of the clouds by Bentley. "Dover Pier," delicately executed by Appleton, and two of "Boulogne;" one by Carter, which is characteristic of the gendarmerie; the other exhibiting the old Pier, by E. Finden.

No. 8, contains "Ramsgate," in much perfection and freshness, by Bentley. "The Roque de Guet, Guernsey;" "Broding Harbour, Isle of Wight," by E. Finden, natural and finished; "St. Michael's Mount, Normandy," by Freebairn: the rock and buildings, with light upon the water, excellent: the clouds black, "and portentous of storm," giving to the waves an aspect terrible. Accompanying the prints is descriptive letter-press.

(For Notices of Works not here reviewed, see page at back of Contents.)

Drama, &c.

DRURY-LANE.

Several of the previously noticed pieces have continued to run on "the even tenor of their way," but several novelties have been produced. "The Vol au Vent, or, the Adventures of a Night," is a very amusing, and certainly a perfect, pantomimic performance; even though *sack-jumping*, and walking on ladders, after the manner of the *street artistes*, were introduced at this principal and most costly theatre. The musical performance of last Friday-week was a chronological arrangement of music, exhibiting specimens of the "sweet sounds," which have at various, and in some instances at very remote periods, charmed the world. It was certainly a delightful and original treat: this will be repeated occasionally. Both the vocal and instrumental music was performed by the most talented persons of the profession. Without entering into particulars, the new tragedy, "The Provost of Bruges," is a highly superior drama.

COVENT-GARDEN.

The grand attraction at this house is "Quasimodo; or, the Gipsy Girl of Notre Dame," founded on Victor Hugo's "Hunchback," which we some time ago in part published. Miss Romer sustained with great spirit the character of *Esmeralda*. There are in this very many most splendid scenes. In contrasting this with the "Jewess," we would say, that whatever the attractions of the latter piece, once to see it is quite enough; it is gorgeous pagantry: not so in "Quasimodo;" there is depth of interest, which would not refuse to be awakened by repeated presences. On the last occasion, when we were present (Tuesday 23d), Mr. Rayner came (we should rather say, was compelled by the audience to come) forward, and in a neat speech returned his most grateful acknowledgments; at the same time remarking, "that by an act of great cruelty he had been turned out of one house, but by their warm-heartedness he had been most cordially welcomed in another; and he hoped his endeavours to please them would be always deserving their kind welcome." We never saw a house in such good humour. The previous piece was "Guy Mannering." This was ill, as it was nothing but gipsies. However, to the piece—it wants life and animation; and the position of the actors was such, that scarcely a word they said was audible. There has been, however, a good deal stirring at this theatre. A new piece, entitled "Marie," has been produced; and on the night of the benefit for the Poles, another new piece, called "Sigismund Augustus," founded on a Polish novel, trans-

lated into English by Captain Addison, was welcomed by a bumper; but it is not likely to become a favourite. "The Stranger" has also been acted during the past month.

A tragedy, entitled "Separation," by Miss Joanna Baillie, was performed on Thursday last, and very favourably received. The audience called for Mr. Kemble and Miss Faucit at the end of the play, and warmly greeted them.

QUEENS.

At this house, Miss Mordaunt is creating much interest.

OLYMPIC.

On the 15th ult., a very piquant and original trifle, called "The Handsome Husband," was produced here. Charles Mathews represented a *Mr. Wyndham*, a gentleman of very indifferent attractions, but, nevertheless, very modest and amiable. He marries a *blind* but beautiful young lady, to whom he passes himself off as a perfect *Apollo*; but while away from home, a German quack, who had killed many an one, cures this lady. Sundry laughable results follow; and, after much flirtation, the lady discovers that she cannot meet with any one more deserving than *Mr. Wyndham*. The piece was warmly applauded. There have been but few novelties here during the past month.

ADELPHI.

A few evenings ago one of those performances incident to Lent was introduced by Mr. Elton, consisting of various illustrations of Shakspeare, with some *tableaux vivants* of great beauty, explanatory of some of the principal scenes in his plays. Buckstone has produced a new piece, called "The Widow Wiggins, or Music Run Mad," in which Mrs. Fitzwilliam appears to great advantage. To laughter-lovers this must be a rich treat, and to the careworn a relief. "The Siamese Dance" is a very comical affair; indeed, we are far from approving a *diuertisement* made up of the afflictions of mankind.

SURREY.

Several of our standard dramas have been performed here during the past month, and crowded houses have repaid the exertions of the proprietors. "Barbarossa," and Colman's "John Bull," have been produced; and Young Burke, as *Dennis Brulgruddery*, deserves great commendation. "Douglas" has also been served up for those who wander beyond bridge, and "Cinderella" has steadily maintained her ground. Davidge has re-appeared, after a lengthened absence from the stage, in "The Old Oak Chest:" his performance is deservedly prized.

A REAL ROBBERY.

A Domestic Suffolk Tale, Ten Days Old.

"We have just been in a very pretty commotion. A whole gang of robbers broke into our peaceful old mansion, and held a family *soirée* in our dining-room on Thursday night, the 18th ult. Fortunately, one of our gales held so glorious a racket, that what with the roaring of the sea, the shaking of the trees, and the rattling of about thirty windows and twenty doors, we never heard the thieves; if we had, I should certainly have gone down to have seen what the matter was, and they had laid the poker and two knives, ready to kill whoever disturbed them—particularly the family, being a party of poaching outlaws, with whom I had been personally acquainted from my infancy, (as they were my father's own especial thieves,) they knew I should recognise them. It was very unhandsome, seeing that our estate was their own especial manor, where nobody, since my father's death, ever disturbed them in their field-sports. However, they knew we had some old family plate, and thought it would suit them as well as our pheasants; but they had better have stuck to the pheasants. The wife of one of those worthies had lived cook, though only a few weeks in our family, a great while ago. Well, she who is now a highway-woman, and burglar, and poscheress, led the party to the store-room window, which is in a turret with a dressing-room above; there they forced the shutter, by breaking it into shivers; and went to the press where the plate used to be, but we had removed it into a closet in the dining-room. They took some castors and a few spoons out of the store-room, and without forcing the locked door, which would have led them into the dining-room, went to the drawing-room under my chamber-window. Very carelessly on our parts, a leaf of one of the shutters, which the painters had last summer taken off the hinges, had been suffered to remain unrepaired; it is a fine large room with modern windows strongly guarded; if that leaf had been on the hinges, they probably could not have entered. They made a great noise in opening the shutter: I heard them, but thought, as it was then the dawn of day, that the persons moving were our servants. They slipped down the ash, put their hands in, and opened the bar which secured the window, and in they stepped. They then crossed the stone hall—and a fine dirt they made—to the old drawing-room, where they found nothing to suit them; next they crossed the hall again to the dining-room to force locks, for it is our library and sitting-room too. They spoilt our sideboard by forcing the locks, opening every drawer, and at last found the plate closet in a sort of recess leading to the kitchen; from this, they took a heavy silver tea-service, bought when my mother married. Hatfield, who shot at George the Third, had put the finishing hand to it, the evening before he went to the play. My father had ordered it of his master, Mr. Solomon. We did not mind so much their taking eight massive, Corinthian pillared candlesticks, a coffee pot, a mustard pot, and liqueur stand, because they were modern. They left the bottles with the silver labels round their necks, with a pair of very ancient

chased sugar tongs in the sugar dish; they left the beautiful chased spoons, because they were in a black shagreen case, and did not catch the eye. They drank a decanter full of Madeira and one of port, and a bottle of Hollands—stole a cake, some smoked meat, a loaf of bread, with which the party refreshed themselves after their fatigue. They opened a liqueur case, containing nine two-gallon case-bottles, in which, to my great diversion, they only found rose water, elder flower, and catsup; they had tasted the catsup, but did not relish it, as they left the bottle on the floor by the case under the sideboard. They opened a fossil drawer, but did not covet geological remains. They left the silver labels round our four decanters. All our silver ladles and forks were up stairs, and some other things. I was awake earlier than usual, but from no particular cause; the servant who usually calls me at half-past seven came in a great fright, and told me the house had been broken open, for they (the foot-boy and herself) had found the drawing-room shutter open. I put on my dressing gown and furry shoes, and ran down, and saw all the mischief, except the forced plate closet, which I thought had escaped them, as the door was somehow jammed too, so that I thought it was still locked. I ran into the garden and saw their foot prints under the store-room window, where they had spoiled my flowers. I sent the man for a farmer; the farmer went to tell the pitiful tale to Lord * * *, and our gallant earl mounted and came to our aid, with his steward; and the steward measured the foot-prints, and the earl did all he could to re-assure us; and in the afternoon they all went to search * * *, but they found nothing but our lump sugar, which was in the sugar basket. Then the earl came back and compared the foot-prints: those of three men, a woman, and a dog. Then he sent a Bow-street officer, who is keeping order with some others in Bulcamp work-house. Then the carpenters came to barricade the house. The same afternoon the tea-service was stopped at Yarmouth, and * * * offering it for sale; so we shall have to prosecute the thieves, and there will be another law-suit. The Bow-street officer has now come, and has caught our rogues; one of whom is sitting in a cart weeping at our avenue gate. The thieves, it seems, had a loaded pistol. The night after, they were again at prowl round the house, though the farmer gave me this pithy consolation—"Pend upon it, miss, now Israel is caught, t'other varments will run shy." All the Wangford people say, 'Miss has lost her diamond ear-rings, and she has cried and took on ever since.' But miss has never cried at all; without she laughed till she cried, at the queer things every body has said and done. This amiable family once stole a pig from my father when I was a child, and came to beg for their lives, as they had broke a lock: my father looked very awful for two hours; at last the old woman said some odd Suffolk idiom that made him burst out laughing, and then he forgave them the murder of his pig—and this is their gratitude."—*Penned merely as a letter, by a constant Correspondent of this Magazine.*

Miscellany.

Benevolent Magistrates.—An ex-policeman, an Irishman, applied to Mr. Chambers for relief from the parish of St. Giles. It seems while on duty he had caught cold, and being discharged after three years, was, with his wife, reduced to extreme want. There being no means to assist him officially, except by sending them to Ireland, (which the applicant said was starvation itself,) Mr. Chambers and Mr. Hall, a county magistrate, consulted together, and relieved the poor applicant.

National Benevolence.—By the laws of Tuscany every foreigner, without distinction, is secured not only in his personal but real property; setting, as is justly remarked, a bright example of philanthropy to the whole world.

The beneficent Mrs. Fry.—She furnished each guard-coast station in the three kingdoms with a library of from fifty to sixty volumes of cheap works, most of a moral and religious tendency, but likewise including some well-condensed accounts of foreign countries, voyages, travels, &c.

Kind-heartedness.—On the 26th of January, a chimney, sixty-eight feet high, just erected on the premises of Messrs. Christmas and Hart, by Mr. Bragg, fell down, owing, perhaps, to the want of a sufficient base, and the concrete being too soft, and very strong winds, by which a man named Simon Holland was killed. Deceased 40s. At the conclusion of the inquest, Mr. Baddeley, solicitor, said, he was authorized by Messrs. Christmas and Hart, and likewise by Mr. Bragg, to state, that they deeply deplored the calamity, and would make every possible reparation to the sufferers. The deceased would be decently buried at their expense, and his widow and children had already been assured of permanent assistance. The wounded men would receive every attention, and on their recovery would be again employed. Mr. Connell's premises would be restored, and he would receive compensation for the loss of his furniture. The jury manifested a strong feeling of approbation at the handsome conduct of Messrs. Christmas and Hart and Mr. Bragg, and said their behaviour was highly creditable.

A Worthy Englishman.—At the Staffordshire Agricultural Meeting, on the 28th of January, at the Town-hall, at the close of the day, Mr. Sidney (a tradesman of Wolverhampton) addressed the company at some length. He was glad to see the landlords and farmers meet without touching on politics. As a tradesman and an Englishman, he deprecated the everlasting schism of politics, and the constant attempts that were made to fight off one order of society against another, when he contended that the strength of English society consisted in maintaining the whole in their constitutional integrity. He was proud of that political system which gave them such men as their noble chairman. (The speaker concluded amidst loud applause from all sides.) The Earl of Lichfield begged to express his admiration of the manly sentiments expressed by the last speaker.—“If such honourable principles more generally prevailed in the commercial classes, we should have more union and good feeling in the country than there were at present. (Loud

applause followed the conclusion of his lordship's speech.)

Rutal Laws and KIND-HEARTED Managers.—Can it be expected, while such is the administered law, that the oppressed will quietly suffer? We have seldom read a more affecting case than the following, from the *Brighton Gazette*, as having occurred before the Lewes bench of magistrates.—A man of the name of Stapley made his appearance before the magistrates, accompanied by the governor of Arlingtoun workhouse.—Governor: I am governor of Arlingtoun workhouse, which belongs to the Hailsham Union. I have been governor of the workhouse three years and a half. It is now an union workhouse, appropriated for women and small children. The wife of Stapley is in the workhouse, and is supported by the parish. I have to complain of John Stapley. He has been to gaol, and came out a week ago last night. *He came to the workhouse to see his wife, and said he could not go away, that he could not be separated from his wife and child.* Before he went to prison, when he was confined a fortnight, *he was permitted to see his wife, but he had no order to that effect this time.* He came in the workhouse, saw his wife, and has stopped there ever since.—Mr. Partington: Why did you not turn him out?—Governor: I was ordered by the guardians not to do any thing upon my own responsibility, but that I must apply to them. I told some of the guardians that Stapley refused to go to Hellingly workhouse, which was set apart for men and boys, *as he did not like to leave his wife and family, his wife being very heavy, and one of his children ill.* When I applied to the Board, Mr. Hawley, the Assistant Poor Law Commissioner, told me to take him before the Lewes bench this day. *Stapley has given me no abuse, and I have given him no victuals. I believe the women gave him part of their food.* He slept with his wife.—Mr. Scutt: Did you show him the order of the guardians for his removal to Hellingly workhouse?—Governor: I did, and he said he did not like to leave.—Mr. Partington: Why do you not go back to Hellingly?—Stapley: *I have no objection to go back to Hellingly, if my wife and family are permitted to be with me.* I find there is accommodation afforded to others, and why can't I be made comfortable?—Mr. Partington: You really must go back to Hellingly.—Stapley: *I cannot go there, really, unless my wife and family are permitted to accompany me.* I hope, gentlemen, you will take my case into your consideration. Think, gentlemen, of having a child two years old very ill, and a wife perhaps not an hour to go, and, being four or five miles off from them, not permitted to see them from week's end to week's end! Take the case to your own breasts, gentlemen—take the case to your own breasts. (Here Stapley shed tears.) How should you like it, gentlemen—you who love your wives and your families, dearer to you than yourselves? Put it to your own breasts, gentlemen—week after week to be separated from them, and under such circumstances? Stapley was going on, when Mr. Partington said to the governor—If he comes back to Arlingtoun, turn him out of the house; and if he uses any violence, apply

to a constable.—Stapley: No violence need be used.—Mr. Partington: If you resist, you will commit a breach of the peace.—Stapley: Is it the law of man to separate wives and families, or the law of God? It is the law of man, not the law of God.—Mr. Partington: It is the law that those who cannot support themselves will be provided for, if they behave peaceably.—Stapley: I like work; I like my wife and family, and enjoy their company; I do not like to be separated from them; and I put it to you whether, under such circumstances, you would like to be separated from all that is dear to you.—Mr. Hoper: You are only hurting yourself by using this language; you must submit to the law, or, if not, you must take the consequences.—Stapley: I will submit to the laws of God, in this instance; but I cannot to the laws of man: men may destroy the body, but they have no power over the soul. I can tell you, gentlemen, that if I have my liberty, I shall go back to Arlington.—Mr. Partington: After these exclamations, we shall call upon you for sureties to keep the peace.—Stapley: I can get no sureties.—Mr. Partington: Then you must take the consequence.—Stapley: What am I to do for work when I come out of prison?—Mr. Partington: If you cannot get work, you must abide by the regulations of the union.—Stapley: I had been out of work three or four months. I worked in this town eighteen years, and was carried to Ifield parish by an order. Many a man commits felony, and is sometimes imprisoned for fourteen days only, and sometimes discharged on his trial; but I, whose only crime is poverty, am obliged to submit to a prison. It appears that if a man love his wife and family, and sticks to them, and is poor, he is liable to go to prison. (A voice among the spectators—"About right, too.")—The magistrates said, that if these observations were repeated in court, they should be under the necessity of clearing it.—Mr. Partington: The magistrates don't wish to be severe; and they are willing to accept your own recognizance of 10*l.*, which will be forfeited if you force your way into Arlington workhouse.—Governor: May he come to see his wife and family?—Mr. Partington: He may be allowed, I have no doubt, under existing circumstances, to see his wife at reasonable times; but he must not remain in the house.—Stapley: I shall not break the peace. Stapley then entered into the required sureties; and Mr. Partington told the governor that if Stapley should persist in seeing his wife against the order of the Board, he had better gently hand him out; but if he found him resist, he might call in the aid of a constable to remove him. The governor, after the case was decided, asked if he was compelled to take Stapley back to Arlington; he feared, from what he heard, that if he did he should have some trouble in keeping him away from the house. The magistrates told the governor that he was not compelled to take him back; but if he chose to give him a ride to help him on his way, he might do so. During the hearing of this case the back of the magistrates' room was filled with labourers.

New Coinage.—By royal proclamation, there is to be a new silver coinage of groats or fourpenny pieces, with the inscription "Gulielmus III. D. G. Britannia Rex, F. D.;" and

for the reverse, a figure of Britannia, holding the trident in one hand, and having the other hand placed upon a shield, bearing the union cross, with the words "four-pence," round the figure, date of the year, and milled graining round the edge.

Mademoiselle Gresi.—This lady had scarcely entered her private dressing-room to change her costume, when she perceived at the door an individual, who had for some months past annoyed her with his amorous declarations. Her uncle coming up, he drew a sword, and in the scuffle slightly wounded M. Robert, director of the theatre, in the ear. When seized, two pistols with double charges were found on his person, and several prints of a mystic description. After this, Mademoiselle Gresi appeared again on the stage.—*Paris News.*

Price of English Liberty at Paris.—John Abel Smith, Esq., M. P. for Chichester, of the firm of Smith, Payne, and Smith, was lately arrested, by mistake, at Paris, and in a very offensive manner, without the presence, as very wisely ordained, of a judge de paix. The plaintiff did not sue for damages. The defendant was ordered to pay the sum of 200 fr., and then to be discharged from custody.

Colliery Explosion.—Sixteen persons lately lost their lives, and five were dreadfully scorched, by an explosion in Hetton colliery, near Haughton-le-Spring, Newcastle.

Honourable Conduct.—Mr. Wm. Ray, merchant, Falkirk, who about fifteen years ago could not meet the demands of his creditors, but received an acquittance, has now paid all accounts in full.

Hanover-square Rooms.—Mr. Reny, the organist of Quebec chapel, lately performed two pieces of sacred music at these rooms—a cantata, called "Belshazzar's Feast;" and an oratorio, "The Fall of Jerusalem." The general arrangements were excellent. Mr. Braham was not, from some cause, included in the company; but Mrs. Bishop, Mr. Seguin, Messrs. Horncastle, Parry, jun., and Robinson, performed their parts to the entire satisfaction both of the composer and the audience. The chief merit in these compositions is in the choruses. The introductory symphony in the latter piece was very able, blending an evident knowledge both of the ancient and the modern school of music. This musical treat fully rivetted the attention of a numerous audience.

Theatrical Outrage.—A decanter was lately thrown on the stage of the Spanish theatre, and had very nearly injured greatly one of the actresses.

The Population of the Mauritius is about 100,000 persons: 60,000 are apprentices; 30,000 persons of colour; and 10,000 whites.

Country Bank Failure.—The house of W. Brereton and Co., of Brinton, Norfolk, for, it is said, 70,000*l.*, chiefly the deposits of poorer persons.

Verdict of not Proven.—It was only last month, at page 139, we recommended this introduction to the Scotch law. At the Middlesex sessions on the 8th ult., the grand jury, on returning some presentments, actually brought in bills with the words "not proven," instead of "not found." This finding was not however admitted. Mr. Heaton expressed his regret, that the English criminal law did not

allow the intermediate distinction.—Mr. Serjeant Andrews declared himself strongly against it.—[It was not in this early stage, but when the verdict of a jury was to be given, that we thought, and still think, it would be preferable, because a man may, as we have seen, be guilty, and yet not at the time, by the absence of some connecting link, proved to be so; and by not proven, or not proved, it leaves him at least subject to the opinions of mankind, and does not make a man who, to all appearances, is guilty, innocent, as our verdicts would have declared him to be: in one case he is made what perhaps he is not; in the other, he is at least left as he was, subject to the accusation.]

Death of the Duke of Wellington's Waterloo Horse.—This noble animal, named Copenhagen, died on the 12th ultimo, at Stratfieldsaye, of old age; he had not been used for ten years. A salute was fired over his grave by order of the duke, and he was interred with military honours. At the great battle, the duke was mounted sixteen hours. The Duchess of Wellington always wore, for regard of him, a bracelet made of his hair.

The Regent's Park.—It seems, by Dr. Fellows's statement at the Marylebone vestry, is shortly to be thrown open still further for the public accommodation.

Refusal to pay Church Rates.—Dr. Cockburn, the dean of York, has been summoned by the magistrates of Sudbury, in Devonshire, for refusing to pay, alleging that he had not a pew in the church, and therefore he had no right to pay for what he did not enjoy. For such a refusal, was not Mr. Childs, of Bungay, imprisoned?

Lord Newborough's Mansion, near Carnarvon, in Wales, was last month destroyed by fire. Lady Newborough was in the nursery with the nursemaid, putting her children to bed; and the first incident which alarmed her ladyship, was the falling of the ceiling in the room above.

An enormous Pike, weighing 34lbs., was lately taken out of the pond of Castle Ashby, and sent by the Marquis of Northampton as a present to the King.

The Siamese Twins are now in Paris.

Embossed Bibles for the Blind have been suggested at Bristol, and a society has been proposed to be founded to raise funds for providing them.

A large Otter, 4 feet 10 inches long, from nose to end of tail, was very lately shot near Exmouth.

Public Orator.—Mr. Wordsworth, of Trinity College, Cambridge, was elected by a large majority.

The Stanmore Gold-finders.—The following is the story:—On a Saturday the coachman and gardener of Mr. Cheval, the rector of Stanmore, while levelling a hedge-bank on the globe land at Old Church, near the foot of Stanmore-hill, turned up several pieces of gold coin. The circumstance was kept secret until the evening, when the gardener, it is said, got drunk in a public-house, and informed his companions. It was then agreed amongst them, that this was the treasure which a foreigner from London, about 13 years ago, diligently searched for during a fortnight, with four men. A farmer was at that time accused of having found it,

Early, therefore, on the following morning, they searched again, and discovered near the surface, an iron-chest, an old tea-caddy, and a coach-lamp, all containing gold coin, of French, Spanish, American, and Portuguese currency, some dated 1818, to the amount, it is said, of 2000*l.* Multitudes collected, and a scramble and a scuffle ensued, and all present had a share. Mr. Cheval's servants had 500*l.*, it is said, but this was taken from them; the other parties seem to have retained their share.

Counterpanes, made after the old fashion 13 by 4, which would cost 30*s.*, by a novel application of the Jacquard-loom at Manchester, can be made for 18*s.* The figures are raised in relief on the surface of bed-quilts.

Circumstantial Evidence.—At Galway assizes, Michael Ryan was found guilty of the murder of his wife, and by his testimony, a man named Collins, of aiding and abetting. After sentence passed, a clergyman was seen in earnest conversation with the judge; execution was stayed for a fortnight. Ultimately Collins declared Ryan to be innocent; he was found to be so. Collins was hanged, and poor Ryan, in less than a month, liberated, and a few pounds were collected for him to return home.

The Danger of Circumstantial Evidence.—A house at Liege was lately set on fire by a cat, owing to some armourers having, when they went to breakfast, left a lighted candle, which the animal ran away with into a loft filled with hay and corn.

David Wilkie, the painter, has just been elected an associate of the Academie des Beaux Arts at the Institute.

A cruel "Bull," has thus reported upon Lord Brougham, that his lordship is suffering from Dis-Pepys-ia.

Narrow Escape.—The 27th Foot had a narrow escape of a watery grave in the recent passage to the Cape of Good Hope, when within two days of her destination. The men worked incessantly at the pumps, yet they had seven feet of water in the hold. The baggage was spoiled or destroyed, and the men got towards the shore in flats, wading on to land through the waves. It is said the transport (the *Romney*) is thirty years old, and was before condemned: however, it is by no means a rare occurrence for soldiers' lives to be hazarded. They deserve, at least, to be transported in the best ships the navy have.

Dr. Paganini (brother of Paganini), who lately died at Geneva, himself a great admirer of music, has left behind him a great collection of musical instruments, belonging to royal and celebrated historical characters. To two youths brought up by him, he has left 10,000 francs each.

Poisoning.—In the *Courier du Bas Rhin*, it is recorded that a wedding was to be celebrated at the village of Duttlenheim. The uncle of the bridegroom, who partook not in the general joy, was heard to exclaim, "you are all very gay; this evening, perhaps, the case will be altered." A cat ate of some of the provisions, and shortly died: an alarm was given, the well was found to be poisoned. The uncle was arrested, foot-marks were found which corresponded with those leading to the well. Finally, he confessed in prison, but ere morning, it was found he had poisoned himself.

Breach in the Bank of the Great River Ouse, near Lynn, Norfolk. This is nearly 140 yards in extent, in the parish of Magdalen, near Lynn. By this river are conveyed into the ocean the highland waters of the counties of Huntingdon, Cambridge, Bedford, and Buckinghamshire. The breach was occasioned by the recent high gales.

The Hazards of the Sea, in life and property, have been far greater than perhaps has been known during the past month or six weeks.

The Spanish Expedition, by the latest account, seems to be in a deplorable state. At Santander and Vittoria, want of clothing and proper food are severely felt. Typhus fever was carrying off 15 recruits a-day at Santander; it is much questioned if General Evans could bring 3000 troops into the field. Cordova seems to lie under suspicion of having endeavoured to betray the allied forces. The provisions for the town of Santander come from France, and it is said it would be well if the army were also supplied from the same country.

Grant to the Irish Clergy.—After much discussion, the Corporation of the City of London voted 200*l*.

Prisoners' Counsel Bill.—Against this humane and proper measure, Mr. Poulter, M.P., said he would never consent to a speech on the part of the prisoner in every case of felony, *because he was sure such a practice would injure prisoners !*—[Is this by saving them from being hung, or protecting the innocent ?]

The Hon. Anna Maria Fitzmaurice, Viscountess Kirkwall, was, on the 17th ult., declared by a jury of unsound mind, and incompetent to manage her affairs from the 25th Dec. 1831. When the viscountess left the room she bowed politely to the commissioners. This investigation had lasted eight days, at the cost of 200 guineas a-day for witnesses, and expenses; besides, daily, to the commissioners 5 guineas; to 23 jurors, 1 guinea each; three physicians, 10 guineas; Mr. Cuff's room, 5 guineas; Mr. Thesiger, 100 guineas, and 20 guineas a-day; Messrs. Ellison and Whately, 60 guineas, and 10 guineas a-day; Mr. Sergeant Talford, 100 guineas, and 20 guineas a-day; Mr. Miller, 50 guineas, and 10 guineas a-day. Mr. Sergeant Wilde had been applied to in support of the commission, but demanded 1000 guineas, which was not acceded to.

A Pearl in a Periwinkle.—The *Hampshire Advertiser* reports to have just seen a pearl of about one-twelfth of an inch in diameter, extracted from a periwinkle, although it has been previously supposed that they are only in oysters.

A Mine of Liquid Quicksilver has been found in Haute Vienne; a vein of gold was supposed to exist on the same spot, but it was not considered rich enough to pay for the working.

Absurd Custom.—George the Second died in Kensington Palace. According to the etiquette, that no person, except a sovereign, can reside in the apartment in which a king has expired, that portion of the palace has been unoccupied ever since the year 1760; it is, however, likely when the repairs, which were very much needed, in the palace are completed, that the whole palace will be for the use of the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria.

Snow fell about the 7th of February, between

Devizes and Marlborough, and Bath and Marlborough, to the depth in parts of 14 feet: in one coach two ladies were detained all night on the road.

Cemetery Ground Fees.—In St. George's in the East, the sum of 52*l*. 2*s*. 8*d*. was charged for wine, refreshments, a band of music, tents, &c., upon the day the burial-ground was recently consecrated by the Bishop of London.

Allien Registration.—Lord John Russell proposed a very mild bill, merely requiring the parties to register their names, country, and intended place of residence, and that the department should be removed to the Home-office. Mr. Warburton called it (not improperly) "a ghost of a bill." Leave was given to bring in a bill.—[The security of the country does not appear to us to be likely in any way to be endangered by the entrance of foreigners; and it would really be a noble example, merely to require foreigners on entering this country to fill up a printed form, specifying name, country, age, city in which ordinarily residing, profession or calling, married or single, with the names of the several members of the family, if any, so that a statistical registration, if needed, might be made of it, and the parties discovered, if necessary.]

Elopement.—The eldest son of Admiral the Hon. Sir — has eloped with a person who filled some menial situation in his father's family. He has several sisters, and is nephew of a noble marquis.

Steam to India.—We last month accidentally omitted the following interesting particulars:—Mr. Waghorn arrived at Alexandria on the 28th Nov., and immediately took charge of the mails for the East Indian presidencies, and proceeded without delay for the Nile, where he arrived in the evening of the 29th. He had succeeded in procuring a proper boat to convey the bags to Cairo, where he expected to arrive on the 2nd Dec., and from thence to reach Suez in a journey of two days: hoping to make the entire voyage from Malta to Bombay in fifty days.

Menai Bridge.—The weight of metal in the Menai Bridge is 4,000,000 lbs., and its height above the level of the water is 120 feet; its mass might be lifted from the level of the water to its present position, by the combustion of four bushels of coal.

Intense Frost.—In Lapland, during the Christmas holidays, the mercury was frozen in the thermometer.

Boring for Spring Water.—At Southampton, after boring 320 feet, the last thirty through a bed of chalk, an adequate supply of the purest water has been obtained.

Athenian Sarcophagus.—An ancient sarcophagus was discovered at Athens at the end of December last in the court-yard of the Mint, a skeleton only was found in it.

Rubens.—A statue by M. Geefs, a talented Belgian sculptor, is about to be erected to Rubens, for which (in English money) 4000*l*. has been subscribed.

Drinkable Sea-water.—The distillation of palatable and fresh water at sea has been effected by P. Nicole, of Dieppe, by simply causing the steam arising from boiling sea-water in a still to pass through a stratum of coarsely-powdered charcoal, in its way to the condenser or worm-tub.

A long Holiday to Freemasonry, Orange Societies, &c.—By his Majesty's gracious answer to the address of the Commons, an effectual discouragement is to be put to all Orange lodges, and generally to all political societies, excluding persons of a different religious faith using secret signs and symbols, and acting by means of associated branches, throughout his Majesty's dominions.

The death of the young reigning Queen of Naples, caused by a bilious fever, took place on the 31st January, 1836.

Death of Napoleon's Mother.—Madame Maria Letitia Bonaparte died at Rome, (where she had resided from the year 1814,) on the 2nd of February, at 1 a.m. She was born August 24, 1750, at Ajaccio, from the Raminini family. Being blind, and obliged to keep her bed, she used to receive visits from only a few intimate friends. Cardinal Fesch, her brother-in-law, visited her daily, and was at her bed-side in her last moments. She who had once seen all her children upon thrones, had, since the eventful 1814, heard only continually of their deaths. The death of the Princess de Montfort, of whom she was dotingly fond, was the last of these calamities. There had been so often reports of her death, that when the event was announced it was scarcely credited. It seems she retained her senses until, in a calm and quiet sleep, she breathed her last. Her remains were interred in a very quiet manner, for fear of creating any popular commotion.

The late Thomas Walker, Esq.—The Rev. D. Mathis, rector, together with the overseers of the poor and trustees of the parish of St. Mary,

Whitechapel, have condoled with the brother of this respected magistrate. What mode of praise can be higher than is conveyed in the following:—"Where parochial discussions formerly attained a high pitch, a state of peace and unity has ensued, which for many years has known no interruption." He disseminated amongst all classes those opinions which were best calculated for its amelioration. "We reflect with gratitude under his official superintendence, from the same practical views which regulated his decision, and from the ardour with which he provided the one, and at all times encouraged the execution of plans for the improvement of our parochial affairs."—[We think we know (we speak officially) another magistrate in Marylebone, whose living worth is equally appreciated with that of the benevolent and much lamented Mr. Walker.]

Lamentable End.—A little girl, five years old, who had been confined all night for breaking a pane of glass in a gentleman's window in York-street, was lately crushed instantaneously to death, at eight in the morning, whilst sleeping on the guard-bed, wrapped up in one of the men's cloaks, by one of the tall chimneys of the police-office, which was blown down during the heavy gale at Belfast, and fell in through the roof of the building.

Extraordinary Accident.—Lately, at Messrs. Combe and Delafield's brewery, Long Acre, Robert Burns was engaged throwing out grains from the third floor into a waggon below. The high wind blew the doors too, the man was precipitated to the bottom, and much injured.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

BIRTHS.

Feb. 3, at Oulton Park, Cheshire, Lady Grey Egerton, of a daughter.—Feb. 1, at Mote Park, Athlone, the Lady Crofton, of a son.—Feb. 8, at Wilton-crescent, the Lady Charlotte Egerton, of a daughter.—Feb. 9, at Dudley-house, the Marchioness Conyngham, of a daughter, still-born.—Feb. 8, at Detchley Park, the Viscountess Dillon, of a daughter.—Feb. 10, at Belmont, Kent, the Right Hon. Lady Harris, of a daughter.—Feb. 15, in London, the Right Hon. Viscountess Forbes, of a son.—Feb. 14, at Kingston House, Dorset, the Lady of the late Lord Suffield, of a son.—Feb. 14, at Watter Priory, near Pocklington, Yorkshire, the Right Hon. Lady Muncester, of a daughter.—Feb. 14, at No. 6, Atholl Crescent, Edinburgh, the Hon. Lady Menzies, of a daughter.—Feb. 19, at Torrington-square, the wife of Sir Harry Nicholas, K.C.M.G., of a daughter.—Feb. 5, in Cornwall-terrace, Regent's-park, the lady of Patrick Cruickshank, Esq., of a daughter.—Feb. 2, Mrs. S. Straight, of Bedford-place, Russell-square, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

Feb. 3, at Marylebone church, by the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Bath and Wells, the Right Hon. Lord Colchester, to the Hon. Elizabeth Susan Law, second daughter of the late, and sister of the present Lord Ellenborough.—Feb. 13, at Wimbledon, by the Rev. H. Lindsay, the Hon. John Carnegie, second son of Admiral, the late Earl of Northesk, G.C.B., to Charlotte, only daughter of the late David Stevenson, Esq., of Dollan.—Jan. 26, at the British Embassy, Berne, Osear de Salgo, Baron de Thoren, of Thoren Pyrennes, France, to Milient, only daughter of William Wall, Esq., of Worcester.

DEATHS.

Feb. 9, at Chelsea-park, after a few days' illness, the Lady Frances Wright Wilson, only surviving sister of the Marquis of Ailesbury.—Feb. 10, at his house, Rivers-street, Bath, in the 71st year of his age, Commissary-General Sir W. Henry Robinson, K.C.H.—Feb. 5, at Paris, at his residence in the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, Lady Sheridan, wife of Lieutenant-General Sir W. Sheridan, Bart.—Jan. 18, at Northampton, William Hughes, Esq., civil engineer, under whose hands the Caledonian Canal, and other great works, were executed.—Jan. 1, of scarlet fever, Susan, the third daughter of Captain Nares, R.N., of Clivie Cottage, Monmouth, on the Sunday following, Martha, the eldest; and on the 6th, Mrs. Nares, with an infant female child—and within five days, a mother and three children were buried in the same grave. On the 28th of the preceding month they were all in excellent health.—At Brussels, T. Walker Esq., police magistrate. He had been making a visit to the prisons in the neighbourhood and places of confinement, and was in perfect health and spirits but a few days before his death.—The Earl of Stair, lately, at Paris.—At Chertsey, a Mr. W. Goring, aged 104 years.—Feb. 21, William Van Mildert, D.D., Bishop of Durham. Dr. Van Mildert was consecrated Bishop of Llandaff in 1820, and translated to the see of Durham in 1826.—At Abberley, Worcestershire, Mrs. Mary Bagnall, at the age of 102 years. Until about three months of her death she enjoyed excellent health, and her faculties were very little impaired.—Miss Isabella Robson, at Capheaton, North Shields, killed instantaneously, by the falling of a tree of the largest dimensions, which was torn up by the roots, during the tremendous storm on Saturday, the 16th Jan.



MARGUERITE DE SÉVIGNÉ

Daughter to Madame de Sévigné.

Born 1643

Died 1705

An authentic portrait engraved exclusively for the Lady's Magazine and Museum

VOL. IX.

No. 38 of the series of ancient portraits

1836

Dobbs and Street, publishers, 15, Carey Street, London.

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THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE
AND
MUSEUM

OF THE BELLES-LETTRES, FINE ARTS, MUSIC, DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c.

IMPROVED SERIES ENLARGED.

APRIL, 1836.

UNDER THE DISTINGUISHED PATRONAGE OF
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

MEMOIR OF THE COMTESSE DE GRIGNAN
(DAUGHTER OF MADAME DE SEVIGNÉ).

Illustrated by an authentic whole-length Engraving, beautifully coloured from the celebrated original at Versailles by Mignard.

[Subscribers' Copies contain two Plates, illustrative of the Fashions, and one of 'the Series of ancient authentic Portraits:' the Magazine should be delivered on or before the 1st of each Month. Each volume is completed in six numbers, with an Index, so that the present half-yearly volume will contain Portraits of the Empress Catherine the Second; Marie Touchet; Madame de Sevigné; the Countess Grignan, her beautiful Daughter; the unfortunate Queen, Marie Antoinette; Renée de Chateaufort; with about 460 pages of letter-press, and twelve Engravings of the newest Parisian Fashions.]

It were almost profanation to detach the memoir of this lady from that of her celebrated mother—the narrative of their lives is so closely interwoven, that it is impossible to do so without tedious and useless repetition; we will, therefore, refer our readers to information regarding this beautiful countess, to the memoir published in our last number, here contenting ourselves with a sketch of her character, as it is handed down to us in the writings of her era, and the interesting family correspondence known to the world by the title of "Letters of the Marquise de Sevigné."

Intemperate praise abounds in Madame de Sevigné's letters, and this error in judgment had certainly an injurious effect on the manners of her daughter. The Countess de Grignan was of unimpeachable moral conduct, yet the traditions of the French court and the contents of Madame de Grignan's own letters, give any thing but a favourable impression of the disposition of this celebrated beauty. It may at once be seen that she was vain and pedantic, cold, affected, and censorious, presenting the most disagreeable

traits of a *precieuse*, an exclusive, and a blue stocking; in short, directly the reverse in manners to her frank, sweet-tempered, and highly-gifted mother. These faults are oftener, indeed, seen in female amateur literati, than ladies who are professionally authors. The blue-stocking faults in Madame de Grignan's character, may be traced to the excessive personal flattery her doating mother was constantly pouring into her ear. Her parent was a virtuous wife and a careful mother, but she ought to have known that no human creature can bear never-ceasing homage; the mind naturally becomes wearied and peevish with the fatiguing repetition of exaggerated epithets of endearment: such constant adulation as was offered daily to Madame de Grignan, would, indeed, have been a greater trial of Christian virtue, than the most bitter persecution, or the fire even of pagan torture itself.

We have seen that this doating mother died in her seventieth year, at Count de Grignan's castle, in Provence, whilst nursing her daughter during an alarming attack of illness. The beautiful

countess seems to have felt this bereavement keenly, and the most natural of her letters was written on that occasion. It is to the President Moulceau, her mother's old correspondent and friend, she thus expresses herself:—

"I have not yet strength to raise my eyes to the place whence comfort flows, I can as yet only cast them around me; and I no longer see that dear being who has loaded me with blessings, whose attention from day to day has been occupied in adding fresh proofs of her love to the charms of her society. I was far from being prepared for it: the perfect health I saw her enjoy, and a year's illness on my own part, which a hundred times endangered my own life, had taken from me the notions that the order of nature would be fulfilled by her dying first."

This is the language of the heart, and presents *la belle comtesse* in more natural colours, than she generally shows herself in the rather stiff fragments from her pen, which are scattered through the volume of celebrated letters.

The Count de Grignan appears deservedly to have possessed the affections of his beautiful wife, and her mother also seems to have been well satisfied with his conduct to her daughter; though she sometimes lectures him a little on extravagance and an inclination for gaming. His situation as governor of a province, occasioned him to maintain great state and an expensive establishment, which always kept them poor, or at least constantly spending more than the amount of their income—and this is poverty, let the parties belong to cottage or palace.

The family of Count de Grignan consisted of two daughters by a former wife, and one son, and two daughters by the countess. The eldest daughter of the first family took the veil. It is amusing to see the transports of pleasure this choice seems to have given Madame de Sevigné, who, though not bigotted herself, lauds this *convenient determination to the skies!* as the young devotee made her father, the Count de Grignan, a present of her large fortune.* The eldest of her own grand-daughter's did the same thing; the young marquis, whose health was always delicate, died without children, and the whole of the Grignan inheritance centered in the last survivor of the family, Pauline, Marquise de Simiane, whose beauty her grandmother seems in-

clined to have praised in as elaborate a style as she did that of the mother; she was, however, far less handsome. Some letters and verses of this young lady's inditing are still extant; they cannot be compared with the unstudied style of her grandmother's correspondence, and we see a struggle for effect in every line. Pauline's elder sister, Marie Blanche, was soon lost to her mother and grandmother, who both seem as much grieved at her bigotry, as rejoiced in the devotional life of the count's eldest daughter, by the first marriage. Pauline was married, a year before her grandmother's death, to M. de Simiane.

In the following extracts, Madame de Sevigné laments the profession of her eldest grand-daughter:—

"You quite overcome me with affection for the little girl (Marie Blanche), she must be beautiful as an angel; how fond I shall be of her. I fear, as you say, she may lose all her charming prattle as well as her good humour, before I see her; this will be a pity: your nuns of Aix will spoil her; from the moment she enters among them, adieu to her charms. Could you not bring her with you?"

This was a true prophecy, Blanche de Adhémar de Grignan became a devotee.

"I now begin to think you as jealous a wife, as Grignan is a fond husband. Montgobert mentions a ball, where I think I see the little marquis dance charmingly. Is Pauline as fond of dancing as her sister Blanche? This accomplishment is alone wanting to make her the most charming child in the world. Pray amuse yourself with her, and do not send her where she may be spoiled (to the nuns)."

July 24, 1680.—After Marie Blanche was taken from her mother for conventual education we find this passage—

"I really pity your little one at Aix, to be destined to pass her life in the convent of St. Marie (at Aix), entirely lost to you, waiting a vacation; you dare not remove her for fear of giving her a relish for the world. The poor child is of a melancholy and zealous turn of mind, that is calculated to destroy her. For my part, I would try if Providence had no objection to her being at Aubenas, she would be less likely to be *mised*. Kiss your little boy for me, I often think of him and Pauline."

A word for the heir of Grignan. This young man was in the way to be made a most accomplished coxcomb, for he was a captain of horse at sixteen, and distinguished himself at Philippsburgh and

* See the note to Edith in a former number.

other places, with the early petulant valour that appeared to pertain to the high French *noblesse* of that era; he was colonel of a regiment at eighteen—a situation in which the good sense of Madame de Sevigné seems to tremble for him: he married before he was twenty, and like many persons who have been so early introduced into the world and life, he left it prematurely; for we find in the beginning of the last century, that his sister Pauline, Madame de Simiane, was the sole heiress of Grignan and De Sevigné; all had passed away but herself of the name and blood of the two houses. Madame de Sevigné's son had no family.

It has been observed that the line of Madame de Sevigné failed in a very few years. Her beautiful daughter had the affliction of surviving the young Marquis de Grignan, her only son: this young nobleman died childless, in the year 1704. The Countess de Grignan only survived this dreadful loss one year. Her death took place in the year 1705. Although the Count de Grignan was many years older than his beautiful countess, and had had two wives before her, he outlived his last consort nine years; he was eighty-five years old at his death.

DESCRIPTION OF PORTRAIT.

The dress of the countess is in the most elegant style of the elegant fashions of 1668. Her hair, for which she was celebrated, is in falling curls, slightly looped up with a row of pearls. It offers a beautiful pattern for modern dress. She seems completely to have succeeded in arranging it according to her mother's directions, who thus writes to her:—

“I sent you the other day the pattern of the coiffure of Madame de Nevers, in which you may see to what excess they have carried this mode. But there is a

certain medium which charms me, and which you must follow, instead of amusing yourself with making a hundred little curls which get straight in a moment, and which set ill and look as tasteless as the hair of Catherine de Médicis: I will describe to you the heads of the Duchess of Sully and Madame de Guiche, which are charming; the fashion will suit your face ‘and make you look like an angel. Your hair must be cut stage above stage, so that the curls fall one below the other in large negligent ringlets, about a finger's length below the ears. It gives a most youthful and pretty expression to the face. I fancy you in it, and you appear before me. This fashion seems expressly invented for you.”

Soon after Mignard drew the celebrated *chef-d'œuvre*, still at the palace at Versailles, from which this engraving is taken, Madame de Sevigné had a miniature taken from it, which she always mentions as her constant companion and little idol, representing *la belle comtesse* with her natural curls. She likewise mentions the necklace we see here of fine pearls, which cost twelve thousand crowns, given out of her savings to her darling by her generous mother. Round the bust is a fold of white gauze, put on in the style we now call *à la Sevigné*; it is knotted in front with a gold bow. The robe is of green velvet; the sleeves, with epaulettes on the shoulder, are bordered with jewels, and the rest is of white gauze and white lace to the elbow; the corsage is marked down the whalebones with gold, and finished with a gold coloured ribbon bow. The train skirt is bordered with gold, and looped back with gold coloured ribbon bows. The petticoat is bright red brocade, bordered with narrow gold fringe. She has no gloves, but double rows of pearl round her wrists. She holds one of her mother's celebrated letters in her hand.

NAPOLEANA:

AN EPISODE ON THE WAR IN ITALY.

The following narrative, relating an instance of the clemency of Bonaparte at the period of his first campaign, is a *free* translation from an *unpublished* work by Monsieur Paul Hennequin, one of the most popular French writers of the present day. We trust we may, in like manner, be enabled to be the first to give other portions before publication by the author.

When the French revolution changed so many destinies, and the roads were swarming with emigrants, an open carriage, containing two travellers, was seen crossing the Alps in the direction of the capital of Piedmont. It was about five

o'clock in the afternoon: the sky was clear, serene, and of a deep azure, the atmosphere free at that time from vapour, and the setting sun gilding with golden beams the lofty and snow-clad summits of the mountains. An awful stillness

reigned around. In the distance, a small wooden bridge, slightly constructed for the purpose of joining two rocks rent asunder by some violent convulsion of nature,* added to the romantic effect of the sublime scenery around.

"See you yonder vapours?" said the postillion, suddenly turning towards the travellers, and at the same time pointing towards the distant horizon, "a storm is gathering; before an hour passes we shall have a hurricane; we must hasten to cross yonder bridge." A few light fleecy clouds were indeed now to be seen hovering over the most elevated points of the mountains, and this to an experienced eye gave certain indication of an approaching storm. The garçon spurred his horses.

The travellers to whom this menacing prediction was addressed, were the Marquis de Solanges and his youthful daughter. Sophy de Solanges had just attained her eighteenth year: her features were small and delicate, her eye expressive, and her countenance, which bore the stamp of almost infantine grace and simplicity, was tintured, in a slight degree, with melancholy. On hearing the remark of the postillion, she bent forward eagerly in the direction pointed out; yet without daring to manifest her own painful apprehensions, lest she should add to the visible uneasiness of her father, she remained pensive and silent.

Meanwhile, the carriage, impelled by the swiftness of its rapid descent, advanced with the speed of an arrow in the direction of the bridge: a few moments more, and the travellers would have passed the alarming abyss; but the elements had ordained it otherwise. The winds, which, until this time, had lain dormant, now spoke in boisterous bluster; the clouds gathered rapidly, and, in a very brief period, the postillion's sinister predictions were fully verified. A thick fog arose, and distant peals of thunder were heard, while an almost inexplicable murmur filled the upper regions of the air. In a few minutes more the summits of the mountains were nearly hid by the dense masses of cloud which were momentarily increasing, until at length they became wholly concealed from view. The sun had disappeared, and his glorious

beams were no longer reflected on the surrounding landscape: a darkness, nearly equal to that of night, succeeded; the large drops began rapidly to descend, whilst continual flashes of lightning burst ever and anon upon the gloomy scene; the winds also howled fearfully; and loud and continued peals of thunder rent the air, so that, with the horrible echo, the vast amphitheatre of mountains seemed to be shook to the very base. Torrents of water poured down the valley beneath, and soon created one expansive inundation, thereby not only rendering the roads completely impassable, but changing the whole face of the country. The horses were unable to advance a step; the spot where their progress was thus interrupted was far distant from every habitation, and in itself afforded no protection from the pitiless storm. At this juncture the remains of an old tower at a short distance attracted attention: it had evidently been a long time deserted, and, in truth, was falling into extreme decay. Its moss-clad walls formed, indeed, a picturesque object in the general landscape; but its ruins, nevertheless, afforded nothing from which the slightest shelter could be obtained. Itself a mere skeleton, it had, it would seem, no sympathy for the utter destitution of earth's inhabitants. The marquis in this extremity, leaving his daughter in the carriage, descended, for the purpose of aiding the postillion to lead the horses forward; they had already reached the bridge, but such was its dilapidated and ruinous state, that the travellers paused in fearful consternation, not daring to advance on the frail tenement. Time, that great destroyer, had extended its ravages to the bridge, which, slightly formed of a single arch thrown across the awfully deep chasm, was fast falling into decay. It shook and tottered with the wind; and the rock, into which it had been originally fixed, was rent into fissures at every fresh peal, and the huge and broken fragments rolled, with terrific violence, into the boiling torrent beneath. In delaying to cross the bridge, the danger became every moment greater; for the foaming cataracts descending from the neighbouring heights, inundated the road yet more and more, so that their only refuge was at the very edge of the precipice. Immense masses of snow detached from the summits of the mountains swept past them continually, threat-

* More reasonably, perhaps, gradually worn asunder by the ever rolling of the mountain stream—sometimes a stream, sometimes a torrent.—Ed.

ening momentarily to hurl them downward to destruction; while, on the other hand, enormous pines, torn up by the roots, and carried onwards by the fury of the tempest, menaced them with death in another and equally terrific form.

The horses, immoveable with terror, instinctively stooped their heads towards the earth, as if conscious of the impending danger.

Suddenly a clap of thunder resounded with deafening explosion, echoing through the mountains like a volley of artillery; the earth seemed to shake, and the lightning by which it was accompanied for an instant inflamed the whole horizon; the heavens presented the aspect of one general conflagration. The bridge itself now gave way with a tremendous crash, and the terrified horses darted forward with equally tremendous bound. At this awful crisis the travellers, almost blinded by the electric fluid, in dread dismay grasped the projecting fragments of a rock; whilst, at the same moment, piercing shrieks of fell despair fell from the lips of the young female whom they had left in the carriage, making distress more fearful in the din of this "elemental roar."

A few seconds elapsed of horrible suspense, ere a stifled groan burst from the anguished bosom of the marquis.

"Sophy! my child!" he cried, in the extreme of anguish.

The horses had been seen rising high into the air, as animals are wont to do in moments of extreme terror, accompanying this movement with loud snortings; then the plunging of a heavy mass was heard in the waters beneath, the howling winds, and on a sudden, silence as that of the grave. The marquis fainted.

By the glare of the last flash a mountaineer on the opposite side of the precipice had beheld the carriage in its progress, marking, with painful anxiety, the danger of the travellers. He saw the shrieking female, her arms extended, as if claiming his protection, a prey to the wildest anguish, hurried onwards to inevitable destruction; a moment's delay, and her doom would be sealed for ever.

Darting forward with the swiftness of that lightning itself which had caused such havoc, as "a ministering angel," he bounded across the only remaining plank of the bridge, passed the frightful abyss in safety, and, without wasting one se-

cond in vain endeavours to stop the horses, seized, with a vigorous arm, the imploring female, and lifted her from the vehicle. The effort was Herculean, and strength failing him, he fell with his lovely charge at the edge of the riven rock.

The carriage, hurled onwards, soon reached the bridge. It remained for an instant supported by the broken fragments of wood and rock, and was then plunged (that plunge which had awakened the attention of all) into the torrent, where it was dashed to atoms, and the horses killed.

Here the elements seemed to have exhausted the utmost of their fury: the winds diminished their boisterous breezes, the clouds dispersed, and the heavens once more brightened, as if to give a fairer view of the scene of desolation. The travellers, recovering in some measure from their terror, surrounded the mountaineer, who, pale and motionless, yet lay extended on the spot where he had fallen.

Severely cut upon the forehead by the sharp edge of the rock, a stream of blood gushing from the wound disfigured his features, and his brow was cold and damp. Sophy fast held his hand, on which the tears of gratitude to him, her preserver, were falling abundantly. At length circulation began to return with greater power, the stranger opened his eyes, and, after a short time, he had sufficient strength to raise himself up, and, as it was then too late for the party to reach the nearest village on foot, they gladly availed themselves of the opportunity of proceeding to the habitation of the mountaineer, where they purposed passing the night.

Martelli was a tall youth, of fine proportions, and noble, though clad in a rustic exterior; his eye was bright and intelligent, his physiognomy expressive. By the inhabitants of his native mountains, his address, gentleness, and bravery, had rendered him a general favourite.

Next morning, at the moment of departure, the marquis drew forth his purse.

"Young man," said he, "I owe you a debt far beyond that of life; you have preserved my child. Accept this slight recompense; one day, perhaps, I may be enabled to prove my gratitude in a manner more worthy of you and of myself."

To his astonishment Martelli refused the well-filled purse. Though imbued

with the prejudices of high birth, the marquis could admire greatness of soul, even in a peasant. He seized the youth's hand, and, pressing it with a frank cordiality, "Well!" he said, "I am on my road to Milan, where I am about to purchase an estate—accept the management of it?"

A few weeks more saw the child of the mountains established in his new abode. Endowed with natural genius, Martelli soon became an altered man: he studied unceasingly, for he was sensible of his own inferiority. Sophy saw, with the most undisguised satisfaction, the daily progress of her *protégé*; frequently would she converse with him, guiding him by her counsels. She found a secret pleasure in thus acknowledging the generous devotion of him for whom she was indebted for the preservation of her life.

One day Martelli was alone with his young and beautiful mistress; her eyes were fixed complacently upon his handsome countenance, whilst the melody of a voice, full of charms, fell upon his enraptured ear. He had taken her hand, and that hand was, without reserve, abandoned to him—the simple peasant of the Alps—the uncultivated child of nature.

At length, incapable of containing himself longer, he fell at Sophy's feet, pressed her hand to his lips, essayed to speak, but could only shed tears.

"What is the matter, my friend?" inquired Sophy, with solicitude.

"The matter, Sophy?"—at this name, pronounced without other accompaniment, the aristocratic blood of the fair damsel mounted to her cheek—"the matter is—that I love you more than —" he stopped; Sophy had understood him.

"Rise, sir," she said, haughtily; but in her accents any other than Martelli would have discovered the treacherous existence of a real affection.

He arose in silence. "I am without a name, without fortune, without education, even," thought the unhappy young man, "why should she love me?"

This scene, though it lasted but a moment, had, however, sufficed to destroy his happiness: the illusions he had hitherto so fondly cherished were dissipated; the bright dreams of a happy future in which he had indulged had fled; and nothing now remained save a dreary blank. Alas! how frequently do

we see hopes as fondly cherished, and, by a word, as rudely destroyed.

Martelli's heart was not, however, of a nature to lose all hope. The following morning, therefore, at an early hour, the young mountaineer presented himself before the marquis.

"I come," said he sorrowfully, but resolutely, "to thank you for all your kindness; I leave you, but never, never shall I forget what you would have done for me."

Whilst Martelli was taking this abrupt leave of his protector, Sophy was alone in her chamber, a prey to the most unaccountable melancholy. One single thought, which chased away sleep entirely from her eyelids, engrossed her whole attention, while every effort she made to calm her feelings seemed but to increase the anguish that oppressed her bosom. Poor Sophy! she had no self-reproach to make, for internally she approved of the conduct she had pursued. Still Martelli in affliction, Martelli absent, grief painted on his handsome features, a prey to despair, were thoughts too horrible for her gentle frame to endure.

She arose from her sleepless couch, and, led on by a vague though invincible presentiment of evil, hastened to the saloon. The last words that the mountaineer addressed to her father fell upon her ear; an involuntary shudder passed over her whole frame.

"Farewell! M. le Marquis," said the young man, "farewell!"

The words vibrated like a funeral knell, and fell chill and heavy upon her heart: her knees trembled, and she leaned for support against the door; but after a moment passed in the most cruel suspense, by a violent effort she regained apparent composure, and entered the room.

The marquis turned an uneasy glance towards his daughter, and Martelli changed colour, but dreading to betray his fatal secret, the youth who would have thrown himself at her feet, and given vent to his affection, remained cold and immovable in her presence. One glance sufficed to explain all to Sophy: the woman who loves needs not explanations. All that Martelli had suffered—she knew—she felt—the scene of the preceding day, rose vividly to her imagination, and by the cruel anguish which took possession of her heart, she was too

fully aware that she then loved, and had long loved Martelli: the devoted Martelli, of whose misery she was at that moment the cause, and her heart reproached her for her severity. "You leave us, Martelli?" she cried, her voice trembling with emotion, and a tear starting to her eye.

"Yes, *madam*."

Martelli laid an emphasis on the word, —it was a reproach, and felt so. Sophy's colour rose, notwithstanding her efforts to appear calm; she burst into tears.

It was too much for the mountaineer, he felt his courage waver, and lest he should betray his emotions, was about to quit the room immediately.

"Martelli! Martelli!" cried Sophy, in a voice of anguish. "One embrace, oh! to you I owe my existence: leave us not thus!"

Martelli approached, and bent over her; a burning tear fell upon the pale brow of the unhappy girl.

"Farewell, *madam*! farewell, Sophy! Marquis, your kindness shall not be forgotten."

Once more he pressed the hand of Sophy to his lips, and quick as lightning disappeared.

Mademoiselle de Solanges, overcome by the excess of her emotion, fainted.

Her terrified father bent anxiously over her with restoratives, while he exclaimed, "My beloved Sophy, how good, how grateful thou art!" and when animation was restored, "knowest thou, my child," he added, "that nature was mistaken in yonder youth; she has hid the heart of a prince beneath the garb of a peasant."

Two years elapsed without any tidings of Martelli reaching the marquis's family, but he was far from forgotten. Often would Sophy call to remembrance the moments she had passed in his presence, when the mountaineer listening in silence, would hang enraptured upon her words, catching every sound, and watching every movement of her lips; and as at those moments she recalled the expressions of his fine and noble countenance, and the simple grace and elegance of this child of nature, she would bestow a sigh upon her absent deliverer: Sophy did not, however, wholly despair, she cherished a hope that she should again behold Martelli. Often in the midst of a ball would her thoughts recur to her absent deliverer,

and she would breathe forth ardent vows for his return; for she felt in the absence of the mountaineer, a something was wanted to complete her happiness. A bright landscape scene and a rural fête, were sights that invariably recalled him to her mind; in short, his image, so deeply engraven upon her heart, seemed bound up with all her dreams of present, and, perhaps, we may add, of future happiness. But the sight which of all others most affected her was, when she beheld two young persons before the altar. Then would regrets and poignant sorrow agitate her bosom, the inequality of birth, and the immeasurable distance in station between the peasant and the ancient name of Solanges would disappear, and she would own with a sigh that with Martelli she would have been happy. Mademoiselle de Solanges, with an ample fortune, was entitled to look forward to a brilliant marriage, and the vanity of her sex might have taught her that she would not want for admirers; but the young peasant had appeared to her with so superior a soul—she had discovered in him so much sensibility, so much courage, so many noble qualities; and the sweeping revolution had destroyed so many fortunes, abolished so many invidious distinctions, had swept away so many prejudices; it had, in fact, so much modified her aristocratic principles, that, abandoning herself to hopes of future happiness, a union between the mountaineer and the illustrious family to which she belonged, no longer appeared to her the monstrous association she had once thought it would have been. Such were the sentiments of Mademoiselle de Solanges with regard to her lover, when intelligence that the French were preparing to pass the Alps reached Milan.

At this news a secret fermentation circulated throughout all classes in Italy; and it was more than suspected that if the invaders obtained the slightest advantage over their adversaries, they would there find thousands disposed to second the enterprise. Like many other nobles who had emigrated, the Marquis de Solanges joined the enemies of France, and soon became one of the most zealous partisans in the new cause he had adopted.

The Alps, which we have seen to be hitherto so desolate, now presented the most animated picture. From their snow-clad summits to their granite bases,

bathed by mountain streams, were visible long files of troops, which in the distance might be likened to a almost invisible line. The aspect of the mountains was even more interesting and picturesque, as the remaining portions of the army occupied each high and rocky point: here the men and horses seemed suspended over the yawning gulphs beneath; beyond, they were seen following the winding borders of the precipice; while further on they disappeared in part from the view of the spectator, seeming to the eyes of the beholder to have been engulfed in the deep and frowning abysses. The dismounted cavalry led on their horses by the bridles; the baggage was carried on the backs of men; the guns were dismounted and dragged along, reaching the most immeasurable heights, as if by enchantment; and when a dangerous defile was passed, a stupendous height scaled, the cries and acclamations of the troops, answered by the thousand echoes of the mountains, gave life and animation to these desert dwellings by nature in eternal silence.

The Hannibal or Brennus of this gigantic expedition was Bonaparte, whose glorious career was already opening. Under the command of one who knew so well how to excite enthusiasm, each soldier was a hero. Emulation produced prodigies, and obstacles were removed, or at least no longer appeared insurmountable.

Martelli had joined those who were destined a little later, at Marengo, to overthrow in one single day the power of Austria in the Italian peninsula. On quitting M. de Solanges, he had returned to the Alps, once more to behold the home of his childhood. The sight of the bridge produced a profound impression upon him, by recalling vividly to his imagination the events which had so changed his destiny; and it was not without a severe struggle that he was enabled to combat the despair and dejection which took possession of his mind, for at that moment the distance of rank between him and Sophy appeared more insurmountable than ever.

This overpowering weakness was, however, but of short duration, and Martelli directed his steps towards France. At that period of military effervescence, the roads were covered with myriads of volunteers, all enthusiastically bent on the expected conflict with the common enemy,

and that enemy was the whole of Europe. Martelli, though a foreigner, partook of this warlike ardour, for his mind, too, was fixed on the word "liberty." He distinguished himself immediately on his entrance into the army, and shortly obtained promotion.*

When Bonaparte decided upon entering Italy, Martelli, already advanced to the post of captain, was appointed to a command during the memorable passage of the Alps; his were such signal services, that they obtained for him not only the notice of the commander of the expedition, but still further promotion. The French army had already passed the stupendous passage hitherto deemed inaccessible. Their sudden appearance struck terror into the inhabitants, and a memorable battle rendered them masters of Italy. Their general quarters were established at Milan; and the Marquis de Solanges compromised, like hundreds of others, for having taken up arms against his country, awaited in a dungeon the result of a council of war.

One morning this extraordinary man, Bonaparte, the parent of such mighty projects, was seated before a table covered with papers; an aide-de-camp entered.

"General, the chef de bataillon, Martelli, demands an interview."

"Martelli!" murmured Bonaparte, pre-occupied—"Martelli!" it is to him that I owe, in part, my success at Marengo!" then turning towards the officer, "he wishes to speak with me immediately?"

"He does, general."

"Let him enter."

"Well, my brave comrade, what have you to ask of me?" inquired Bonaparte, without raising his eyes from the papers spread before him.

"A pardon, general—a pardon for two prisoners."

A cloud gathered over the fine brow of Bonaparte. After a brief pause—

"Well—these persons are—"

"The Marquis de Solanges and—"

"Solanges!" repeated Bonaparte hastily; "impossible; he is a traitor!—the other?"

"His daughter."

* In this lies the grand secret of Napoleon's power, merit and promotion going hand in hand, and as every brave heart would cast this die of gain, he had the elite of the whole nation, and the brave, the boldest, and the most skilful gained the ascendant.—Ed.

"Ah!" exclaimed Bonaparte, repressing a smile, "the marquis has a daughter then—I understand."

During this short discourse his penetrating eye was fixed upon the countenance of his officer, and his own had assumed that expression of kindness for which it was remarkable; he was silent for a moment.

"Martelli," said he, at length, "a brave man like thyself cannot be the friend of a traitor; canst thou answer for the marquis?"

"With my life."

Bonaparte called to an aide-de-camp.

"Bring in the Marquis de Solanges and his daughter."

The prisoners entered.

"Colonel Martelli," said Bonaparte, laying a stress upon the word—"Colonel, I here repay my debt in part; to you I deliver up my prisoners. Do with them as you please."

During this scene M. de Solanges was attentively examining the officer, his coun-

tenance alternately expressing doubt and astonishment, at length—

"Martelli!" he cried, throwing himself upon the young man's neck.

Sophy, pale and trembling with emotion, sat as if transfixed: soon, however, gratitude and affection banished every other consideration, she rose, and rushing into his arms, "Martelli!" she uttered, but overcome by the excess of her feelings, and unable to say more, she burst into tears.

The officer pressed her again and again to his bosom; and the marquis stepping forward, and seizing the youth's hand—"Martelli!" he cried, "I know all—my daughter is thine!"

The young officer was unable to reply, the excess of happiness had deprived him of all power of utterance. Bonaparte, who had been an attentive spectator of the scene, smilingly arose and left the room.

A few days after, a marriage was celebrated in the cathedral of Milan. It was that of Martelli and Mademoiselle de Solanges.

L. V. F.

STANZAS,

TO MY BELOVED FRIEND, M. E. C., ON HER PRESENTING ME WITH A BIBLE.

By the Author of "Stray Flowers," "The Oracle of Flowers," &c. &c.

A mother, when her son went forth

To the battle and the strife,

Gave him to keep beside his heart,

The immortal "Book of Life."

When 'mid the clash of armed rank!

And the bullets' deadly shower;

That proved to him a shield to save!

A guard in danger's hour!*

Thou with the pure unfading love

That looks beyond the grave,

To shadow me in the time of grief,

The like lov'd treasure gave.

For thine is love that fadeth not

With earthly life's decay,

But gazeth with faith's steadfast eye,

To worlds of endless day.

And thus it was thy heart could give

To mine no gift so pure,

None half so precious, none whose worth

Could like to that endure.

The diamond sparkles with the light

It borrows from the sky;

But this shines 'mid the day, the night,

Unto eternity!

* A fact—I believe it was at the battle of Alexandria that a soldier was preserved, the bullet piercing a Bible, the gift of his mother, which he had placed next his heart.—AUTHOR.

The flower we pluck at early dawn,
 Ere the meridian, dies ;
 But thy gift is a fadeless flower,
 The amaranth of the skies !
 Its light the purest, aye ! will shine
 Amid life's darkest hours ;
 And 'mid the gloom of winter give
 The sweets of summer flowers.
 Friend, sister, fellow-voyager,
 On the same stormy sea,
 My soul looks with a yearning love
 From thy sweet gift to thee !
 Storms have oppressed us both, the wind
 And wave, have scared the dove ;
 But one star yet no cloud hath dimmed—
 Nor shall—the star of love !
 Sister, farewell ! thy gift and thee,
 This heart will ever prize,
 And look for worlds where it may dwell
 With thee beyond the skies !

REMINISCENCES IN DOMESTIC LIFE. No. 3.

Rivalry in Cousins.

[COMMUNICATED BY MRS. HOFLAND.]

I have frequently remarked, in my journey through life, that few circumstances are more prone to create domestic differences, foolish expenditure, and a general nourishment of idle ambition and unworthy jealousies, than the rivalry too commonly nourished between the children of sisters and brothers.

It has always appeared to me almost exclusively a female error, therefore one which calls for examination, and, if need be, correction, from those I have the honour to address. Should they be country gentlewomen, I am certain their own memories (if not their consciences) will second the truth of my assertion. In London, the rivalry of cousins is less notorious, because the ties of consanguinity are, comparatively speaking, less tangible ; and the distance many live from each other, the different circles in which they probably move, and, above all, the continual engagements, of pleasure, business, and duty, preserve them from prying curiosity and envy, which lead to the results alluded to.

If two sisters marry and settle near each other, however tender may have been their previous attachment, and however distinct their present situation, as soon as each becomes the mother of a

child or two, those children are rendered rivals to each other ; aye, from the time that each sports a cap or a coral, to that in which a profession must be chosen for one sex, and a husband procured for the other. "If my sister's daughters go to a superior finishing school, why should not mine do the same ?" says the arguing wife to her husband, who is struggling to maintain himself in a profession by no means lucrative as yet, and who knows that her sister is married to a wealthy man of many acres.

"Surely, I have as good a right to a carriage as Belle, who is younger than I am, and has only two children, whereas I have five ?" said a lady to me the other day, with the air of a profound casuist. "My friend, I replied, loves both you and his family very much, and he probably hopes you will bring him five more ?"

"In that case I shall want two carriages," she replied in evident triumph, and who could resist so palpable a truth.

Some twenty-five years since, I was intimate with a Derbyshire family, remarkable for having the two prettiest girls in the neighbourhood, cousins, of the same name, the same age, and almost the same description of person, for both were

blondes, with blue eyes, nut-brown hair, and slight, but graceful persons. Here the comparison ended; for one was the daughter of a country gentleman, whose own fortune and wife's jointure afforded only the respectable means of life to a pretty large circle; the other was the daughter of his eldest brother, and the sole heiress of his noble estate, left by him to the guardianship of a kind brother, in whose probity he justly confided.

Peggy, the heiress, was a quiet, good-tempered girl, willing to share all her privileges with the young creatures to whom her affections naturally clung; but Peggy, the daughter, always seized as a right that which her brothers accepted as a favour. "For her part she had no notion that her cousin should have a more beautiful house, a more expensive dress, or be in any way more distinguished than herself."—"Were they not brother's children—did not people fancy them twins? what right could one have to be set over the other?"

These questions were never asked without proper and kind answers being given; and at length Peggy, the daughter, comprehended why her cousin attracted more attention at the county race balls than was accorded to herself, and much she exulted in the observation, "that cousin Peggy would be married for *money*, which was a thing she despised; whereas, if she was chosen, it must be for *love*, as poor papa could spare her no fortune."

The words made her cousin irresolute and unhappy; on which they were not only retracted, but the worth of the gentleman who at that time addressed the heiress was descanted upon by the volatile girl, who was really attached to her she envied, and whilst still a minor, the wealthy beauty became what few women of her description have been, a happy wife.

Before people had ceased to talk of the grand wedding of the first Peggy, that of the second was announced, under the well-merited term "of most wonderful good luck;" for she had been happy enough to attract a young friend of the gentleman who had married her cousin, who had a handsome estate and mansion in the immediate neighbourhood. "It was not such a large rambling place as Wellsted-hall, to be sure; nor had young Squire Milligan the Wellsted property, but for sure it was a fine match for Miss Peggy."

So thought her grateful parents, her rejoicing brothers, and Peggy herself; for she really loved her husband, and was naturally inclined to rejoice in the prosperity with which he had endowed her, as well as pique herself on the charms and merits which had raised her to the same rank with her rich cousin. "The same rank, Peggy, certainly," said her father: "but never forget, not the same fortune:" adding, "besides, prudence in the expenditure of his fortune is more particularly your duty, since you have brought him nothing now, and can only have little by-and-by."

Peggy notwithstanding had all her country parties, both in elegance and expense, as similar as possible to Mrs. Wellsted's; and as she was equally handsome, with more vivacity, perhaps more talent, she was at least equally popular. When the family at the hall removed to London, the lady at the priory thought it high time she should go too; and when told "that for this one time it could be managed, but must form no precedent," she accepted the treat on that condition, but not without some mental reservation.

Two young, beautiful, and perfectly country brides, excited a good deal of attention, and probably our gay friend might have been completely overpowered by the sensation she occasioned, if the extraordinary propriety and retiring delicacy of her cousin had not met her on every side. Mrs. Milligan loved her husband, but she would, nevertheless, have liked a little flirtation, had she not scorned to be outdone by her cousin. On that account she became apparently disgusted with the gaieties of London, and returned home before her husband found it necessary to insist upon it—in short, she was, from necessity, a model of propriety.

Peggy was happy in presenting her husband a living heir, about the same time that her cousin mourned over a dead one; but to her husband's surprise, she insisted on feasting the country, on the plan the Wellsted family would have done—all remonstrance was vain; at such a time, what husband can be firm?

Another, and another, child succeeded, whilst at the great house one fair boy alone occupied the hearts of his parents; but not one care or expense lavished on the heir escaped the observation of my friend Peggy, or, as far as it was possible,

eluded her imitation; and since she was a paragon of a wife and mother, who could refuse her the money for purposes her kindly feelings dictated? She "had a right to love her children as well as her rich cousin, to enlarge her establishment for their comfort"—"a right too to see her husband as well mounted as Mr. Wellsted; she believed his family was the older by half a century"—"she did not care for dress, but it became the wife of the high-sheriff to appear as well as those who were such before her, not that she wished to rival Mrs. Wellsted, or Lady Dunstone, on any other occasion."

Thus, by a train of the most amiable and blameless little rivalries and weaknesses, a fine estate was quietly robbed of its fair proportions—wood cut down, quarries sold, fields mortgaged. The heiress was robbed before he got to college; and his sisters rendered dowless, before their beauty was ascertained. What to me appeared still worse, their father, a fine warm-hearted fellow, was losing health and spirits, not less than house and land: now unable either to hunt or shoot, he shrunk from society, grew proud from the consciousness of being poor, and was ready to cede any valuable property for the trifle that might redeem him from partial distress; above all things, he was anxious to hide the state of his affairs from his worthy neighbour, who was at least equally anxious to help him. As *his* visitant, I became acquainted with *all*; and to this hour pique myself on being the unseen agent of good, to one of the prettiest pieces of perversity, in the female form, I have ever been acquainted with.

One morning Mr. Milligan informed his lady that the family at the hall were preparing for a trip to Paris, adding, "but they are always slow in their motions, you know, my dear, so if you would like to go, we will get the start of them." She had for the last two years observed that her formerly very obedient spouse was in the habit of objecting to all removals, and restive on the subject of all demands; delighted with his proposal, she declared her willingness to set out the following Monday, saying, in the interim, she must provide for the children's comfort. "We will take them all with us, Peggy, for I know you would not be happy without them"—"though I consider you a *bel esprit*, who will be charmed with all your

travels may present; I also know you to be a mother, living in your children as much as your cousin can do."

Away went the family to Paris, but in this instance, economy was studied as much as possible, even by the lady herself, for she well knew money was scarce, and that no credit was given in foreign countries. She was of course delighted with all she saw, but with nothing so much as the admiration she herself excited; and the assurance, even after the arrival of her rich cousin, "that much as they still resembled each other, she was *plus charmante*." Perceiving, with all her natural adroitness, how much mental acquirement aided personal beauty, among a people continually seeking female companionship, as well as loveliness, she was soon induced to desire further travel, as the means of rendering herself more attractive: a desire which increased tenfold, so soon as she found Mrs. Wellsted about to depart for England—the wonder, and, in some sort, the scorn of her acquaintance.

To visit Italy, the land of wonders and raptures, was now her nightly dream, her daily contemplation; and when her husband acceded freely to her wishes, her gratitude was as unbounded as her joy: in short, to Italy the whole party journeyed, and after a sufficient period of sight-seeing on the way, finally took up their abode in the neighbourhood of Naples, which being infinitely the most desirable residence Italy affords, very justly obtained the praises and preference our fair travellers bestowed upon it.

For two or three months every thing wore *colour de rose*; and Mrs. Milligan became a proficient in the language, a connoisseur in music and painting, an enthusiast in all that belonged to the antiquities, the manners, the forms of the nations: she anticipated the honours that waited her return to Paris as a beautiful and accomplished Englishwoman, with all the foretaste gratified vanity could enjoy; but still more fondly did she reckon on the figure she must cut in Derbyshire, where no traveller so accomplished could be found within a wide circle, and when it was at least certain her *cousin* must "hide her diminished head" wherever she appeared.

Under this impression, she one day observed to her husband, "You have been very kind, dear Edward, in granting

me this long visit to the golden shell—the garden of the world—Italy! the magnificent, the interesting, the endearing Italy! I thank you for it so sincerely, that I will now leave it for your sake without a sigh."

"You are very kind, my dear, but I do not request you to do so. I have broken myself into the habits and manners of the country, which I admire as much as you. I find myself better, and rejoice in the health of our dear children, and your own undiminished spirits and beauty; I therefore am perfectly willing to remain where I am for years."

"You are very good, my dear, *very*; but surely it is your duty to return? an Englishman is best by his own fireside; and much as I confess myself the admirer of these enchanting scenes, I would not, ought not, to take you from a home where your presence is undoubtedly required."

"Be easy, Peggy, on that score, I have no home in England. The priory is inhabited by another, and I trust a better master than myself."

"The priory has another master? Oh, God! oh, God! what mean you, Edward?" she cried in shrieking agony. "I mean to say what is the simple *truth*, and your own heart will second my assertions"—"listen to me, you have never yet done so."

"At twenty-five I married a fair girl, well educated by worthy parents, believing that in her love and sympathy I should find far more happiness than fortune could bestow"—"my own was more than equal to my wishes, for I had ten thousand pounds in cash, and an improving estate, which realized two thousand pound a year. I lived in a cheap county, and I had no wish beyond it.—But my youthful wife, on whom I doated to folly, envied and rivalled her rich cousin, although that meek and kind cousin provoked no emulation, excited no competition"—"the consequence has been loss of property so far, that my only means of rescuing my estate from the law, preserving to my children the means of decent existence, and securing for my widow"—"yes! securing for my *widow* a decent maintenance."

"Widow!! oh! no, no, no," cried Peggy, as she sunk swooning at his feet.

It is needless to say that she was raised with the utmost tenderness, and laid on a

couch by the husband, who in wounding sought only to heal. When she had recovered sufficiently to attend to her husband's discourse, that alone met her ear, which could best soothe the severity of her sufferings. He descanted on her fidelity, which neither youth nor vanity had shaken; her abilities, which would enliven a cottage, not less than a palace; her beauty, which to him appeared still young and attractive, and above all her natural tenderness, which, under every circumstance, had been alike conspicuous and endearing, whether exercised according to her judgment, or her pride of rivalry:—he told her that although reduced, he was far from ruined; his house was let for a term only, and with her assistance all would be retrieved, since recalling the lessons of a liberal economy received in early life would enable her to appear respectable in Italy, at the same time she was paving the way for a joyful return to England.

Humbled and contrite, because self-convicted and self-reproved, not less than by the remonstrances of the husband she had injured, Peggy, after a short period given to grief and mortification, began to make the best of her situation, and to render that agreeable, or, at least, *tolerably* practical, which she had extolled most poetically. It was vexatious, to be sure, that her management of the house, her education of the children, her power to charm her husband and his friends, offered no rivalry to the far-distant hall and its unassuming mistress; but there was a daily power and a wider scale for exhibition than she had ever found before, and to this her sensible helpmate continually directed her views. Formerly he had doated even whilst he blamed, and yielded though he grumbled: he now praised, yet guided, her whom he loved the more tenderly, because it was now only that he had found himself and his affairs, his welfare, his expectations, his hopes and fears, the exclusive objects of *her* thoughts, plans, and expectations.

In due time, kind letters and abundant presents for herself and little ones arrived from "*dear* cousin Peggy—yes! dear beyond all early ties of sisterhood and neighbourhood, long as they had existed apparently between them; and long as the epistle which revealed not only news, but feelings, wishes, and thoughts, might appear to one uncon-

cerned, it was read and re-read, praised and quoted by Mrs. Milligan as the cleverest, kindest, *dearest*, epistle ever written from woman to woman, since the world began. With eyes and heart overflowing with the best affections of our nature, Peggy, the vain, proud, envious Peggy, now felt only unmingled love, respect, and admiration for her wealthy cousin. Ashamed of those unworthy emotions which had so long occupied her heart, not less than of the foolish, and, indeed, sinful extravagance, into which by those emotions she had led, her only desire was to throw herself and her confessions at the very feet of the woman she had dared disdain, and had treated with contumely.

But this the wiser husband would not permit: he rejoiced in her altered sentiments, and was willing to share with the good and gentle companion of her infancy that warm affection she well merited; but he saw no use in a confession which might awaken anger for the past, and produce coolness at the present time, in lieu of the happier sensations experienced by all parties. "Write," said he, "as fondly and as gratefully as you please, if it will relieve your heart to lament your errors towards *me*, or rejoice her's to know we are now atoning for them; do so, but awaken no unamiable passions in her peaceful bosom, by the act of describing your own. It would be an injury which you, of all others, have no right to inflict, espe-

cially at this period when you are far distant, and incapable of showing the reality of your repentance."

"But what can I do, dear Edward, I feel as if I must be forgiven, or my very heart would break. The injuries you suffered were more tangible than those she suffered from my wicked thoughts, I grant; but then her's had far longer duration, far less temptation."

"Sue for pardon, dear Margaret, where alone you can find peace and forgiveness. In humble prayer, let your confession and your contrition be poured forth, so shall your breaking heart find ease, and your mind obtain strength to resist the encroachments of future temptation."

Seven years had been deemed the time necessary for reinstating Mr. Milligan's affairs; but a legacy, bequeathed to his lady by her godmother, shortened their absence by something more than a twelvemonth. The *éclat* which followed the re-appearance of Mrs. Milligan in her native country, never caused her to relapse into her former weakness, nor indeed into any other, inimical to connubial happiness, although she has been censured for inordinate *love* of her cousin. This passion is the more excusable at the present moment, because young Wellsted is on the point of marriage with pretty Margaret Milligan; and the grateful mother naturally seeks to render her child dear and acceptable, even in the minutest point, to a cousin so good, and so fondly esteemed.

SISTER URSULA.

A French Story.*

BY MRS. G. S. KINGSTON.

"The quality of mercy is not strain'd:
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes."—SHAKESPEARE.

The scorching heat of a bright June day had passed gradually away, and the light breeze of evening was stealing gently over the earth refreshing and

soothing the parched vegetation, even as the balmy words of friendship give sweet solace to hearts which have been the prey to passion's witherings, when the

* Let the soldier read this, and bear in mind that they who are made to sacrifice each other oft for ambition's sake, are endowed with feelings of affection for their kindred, and united by ties the strongest and the dearest, which one fell stroke blasts for ever. Defensive war is assuredly a calamity for a generous mind to contemplate; but *offensive* war, such as at present being hired to maintain the cause of A. or B. in Spain, for the sake of promotion, to get pay and allowances, or through the hope of plunder, is the very act of the evil one, a species of wholesale brutal murdering.—Ed.†

† *Hired Murderers*.—At the Carlow Assizes four men are charged with murdering an unfortunate individual for a small reward.

tremulous rays of a young bright moon shot through the lofty casements of the Hospital du Val-de-Grace, and illumined the pale sad features of the wounded, the dying, and the dead, whilst seeming complacently to linger upon the blessed forms of the pious sisters, who stood by each pillow whispering words of comfort, and carrying in their looks an interest full of the most compassionate tenderness, formed, as she poured her pale rays through interstices of the long iron grating bars, broad bands of clear silvery light before them, as though she would fain have spoken from her throne above, "Woman! thy ways are righteous, thy steps are in the paths of light." It was at such a juncture that two men suddenly entered the ward, attended by a young medical student, and closely followed by the good sister Ursula, bearing in their arms a wounded cuirassier, whom they deposited upon the only vacant pallet within this capacious and mournful abode. Paris had capitulated; and those who lay extended dead, or in the agonies of death, had almost all, on that day, been wounded in the desperate struggles which had taken place at her very gates, or at the "Plaine St. Denis," ere it had been understood amongst them that the emperor was not with his guard at La Vilette; and thus had some of them, at least, escaped the deep, heartfelt consternation that reigned around, as soon as his defeat was known. The loud, but bitter moanings of the newly-entered soldier, proclaimed his injuries to be of a most serious nature; and the student, committing him to the care of sister Ursula, hurried forth in quest of such member of the faculty, who being at the time at leisure, might aid him in his inexperience. Shortly afterwards he returned, bringing with him one whose great surgical skill had long been the subject of admiration, and had caused him to be looked up to as a kind of oracle amongst those members of the medical profession with whom he was in the daily habit of practising. He bent kindly over the suffering man, and inquiring of him the seat of pain, was informed, that the shots which had killed his horse under him, had inflicted on him a desperate wound above the knee, and that he thought the bone was fractured. The nun retreated to a distance upon this declaration; and the surgeon having examined the wound, shook his head, and

frankly pronounced it to be his opinion, that amputation was indispensable, and must be had recourse to at an early hour the following morning, if the patient would consent in this manner to save his life.

"I fear not death," said the soldier; "and had I been endowed with a thousand lives,* I would most willingly have given them all to rescue our good emperor from the fate which awaits him: yet would I fain now live, were it in my power to do so, for I, gentlemen, have an aged father, who sits dreary and alone beneath his cottage roof, musing in silent sorrow upon his absent son, and my death, were it known to him, would bring deep sorrow upon his old age; whereas, even despite a lost limb, I might still prove a support and solace to his declining years—comforting him in his last sickness, and receiving the blessing of his parting words; nay even, (it were a foolish hope, perchance, and a soldier should shut out tenderness,) but there is another being, who prizing the heart above the person, might still consent to share my lot; for oft, oft as we rambled together on the peaceful banks of the Rhone, ere conscription called me from my home, that loved one has vowed to me, that she ne'er would love another: women are inconstant, it is true, but Marie Dubourg could not be so."

"Is it long since you heard from those dear ones?" asked the doctor.

"Alas! sir, it is now eight years since I heard of Marie," replied the soldier; "for we sons of war † have but little science, and as I cannot write myself, I have ever scorned to commit my secret to another; besides, we have ever lived in hopes that each of our battles would bring us peace, and that we should suddenly be enabled to surprise and gladden by our presence those who were most dear to us: yet has it not been so; and I, whom death hath so often spared from amongst the ranks of the fallen, may not now perchance live to do so: a mournful expression overspread the countenance of the cuirassier as he pronounced

* About the year 1820 we were in Paris, at the hotel de ——. The mistress had lost four sons under the emperor, and yet she declared with firmness that had she had a dozen sons, they should all have served him.—Ed.

† Very few of Napoleon's soldiers could either read or write.

these words, which not even the kind assurances of the surgeon could chase away. The latter, after recommending a soothing draught, which good sister Ursula went forth to prepare, enjoined him to banish the tumultuous thoughts which the great events of the preceding day could not have failed to inspire, and for the sake of his old father to seek repose, which was so necessary in his present condition, and then hurried forth to bestow his care on those who were urgently requiring it. When sister Ursula returned, bringing the dose which was to lull the wounded soldier to rest, she stole cautiously towards him, lest he should already have fallen asleep; but the cuirassier turning suddenly round, with great earnestness beckoned her to approach him: the nun obeyed the summons, and inquired of the wounded man if she could do aught to ease his sufferings?

"Holy sister," he replied, "I feel that my last hour approaches: my profession has been that of war, as thine is that of mercy. Think not then too harshly of a soldier, but, with thy saving charity, breathe a few words of prayer for my soul's safety, and when I am gone, take the cross from my bosom ('tis a bauble, but 'tis dear to me, I gained it in my country's cause), and have it safely conveyed to Marie Dubourg, of the village of Belle-terre, in the Department du Rhone; and when informing her of my death, earnestly entreat of her in my name to bestow her cares upon my father, Pierre Durand."

The nun's features were convulsed with emotion as she listened to the soldier's words, but she had long practised abnegation, and suppressing her feelings, and crossing herself devoutly, she seemed to ask of Heaven what answer she should make the soldier. Should she venture to disclose to him a secret which by its intensity might abridge a life she would most willingly give her own to save; or must she let him depart from life, without the perfect assurance that his last wishes should be religiously complied with. After a few moments' pause, she threw back the long thick veil which almost completely concealed her countenance from view, and leaning towards him she uttered in a soft low voice, "I, Gustave, am thy own Marie!*" A year after thy departure, thy rival, Etienne Simon, spread

the report that thou hadst been killed in battle, in the hope of obtaining me of my father; but I firmly resolved to need none other than thyself, and fled from my home, and had pronounced my vows, as a *sœur de charité*, ere the contradiction of his falsehood reached me; but should thou live, Gustave, I may still be thine, for my vow is now completed:† but, should it please our heavenly Father, whose inscrutable chastenings are ever for our good, to decide otherwise, let peace surround thy pillow, for I will fulfil thy desire, and be as a daughter to thy aged sire; seek now thy rest, it may restore thee to thy friends."

Gustave replied to the nun's sweet words, by one of those deeply energetic looks which wend their way forthwith towards the soul, and which memory treasures up for ever. The moon had disappeared, and sister Ursula, whose active benevolence was conspicuous, even among those who lived but to soothe and to relieve their fellow-creatures, was called upon to spend her midnight hour in smoothing the pillow of agony, and in closing the eyes of those to whom death had become most welcome; and when morning dawned upon the ghastly scene, she was to be seen kneeling in deep prayer by the couch of a dead soldier, whose martial look and fine manly countenance, calm in its last repose, claimed a sigh of pity from all those who passed. She rose slowly from her knees, and placing a crucifix, upon which one single tear had dropped, upon his bosom, with angel-like resignation looked her last upon her beloved Gustave, as she beckoned the man, who stood in readiness to carry him forth and commit him to a hasty grave, to approach and fulfil his office.

In the space of a few months from this period the saintly Marie Dubourg sat by the couch of an aged man, whose pale, wan countenance was rendered distinctly visible by the rays of a bright autumnal full moon, which shone through a cottage casement from the midst of rich clusters of purple grapes and deep green vine-leaves, a crucifix was resting upon her knees, and she replied to the low moanings of the sufferer, whose reason seemed to have regained a force in death of which it had for many previous months been

* Nuns do not preserve the same Christian name in their convents.

† The vow of a sister of Mercy endures but for seven years.

deprived, who plaintively declared that he would fain have lived to have bestowed his blessing upon his son. "Thy son," she cried, "is already blessed!" The old man felt the truth of words he had until then been unable to comprehend; and his spirit departed in peace, to the Lord who gave it.

Marie, who had strongly contracted the habit of a holy life, soon afterwards returned to the convent which she had left, in order to fulfil her lover's wishes, and continued during the remainder of her days one of the most active and useful of the sisterhood.

THE HEROINE OF BOHEMIA:

A Tale of the Inquisition.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A MOTHER'S PRAYER," &c. &c.

It was shortly after the ratification of the league between Philip the Third of Spain and Ferdinand of Gratz, which was the signal of alarm and revolt to the Protestants of Germany, that Count Martenete, a Bohemian of noble birth, sought for his family some place of greater security than the metropolis of his menaced country, even now agitated by the convulsive and presaging throes of that volcanic fire, which was ere long to burst forth in terrific fury, pouring out its burning stream upon the desolated land, nor subsiding until for thirty years it had attracted the gaze of surrounding nations, as it spread its fearful light over the ruins it had made. Disapproving the desperate measures his resolute countrymen were about to take, not only in defence of their invaded privileges, but for the restoration of their ancient constitution, he was anxious to remove his son, in every respect a true Bohemian, proud, fierce, and intrepid, and filled with indignation against the enslavers of his country, from scenes of tumult and bloodshed: accordingly he fixed their abode in a sequestered village, in the neighbourhood of Egra, directed in his choice by its adjacency to Saxony, as they could readily escape thence, should such a step be necessary. Previous to their departure, the count had received under his protection the daughter of a fellow-citizen, who had joined the insurgent army, under Ernest, Count of Mansveld; and the risk incurred by granting an asylum to the child of an heretic and a rebel, increased the necessity for speedy flight.

In the young charge, Agatha Waldemar's kind protectors found much to admire and love—she was generous, affectionate, and sincere: qualifications it required little time or penetration to discover; but her mind was cast in no

common mould—its feelings were ardent and deep, yet often unexpressed; and her actions, ever the result of them, not always to be accounted for. Absorbed in contemplating the rapid strides of rebellion, whose flag now waved in proud defiance over the insulted land, and intent upon joining with those who were rallying around it, the personal charms of Agatha would have made little impression upon Ulric Martenete, whose country had as yet found no rival in his affections, but he was not proof against the fair enthusiast's ardour in the same cause; she was his only confidant, and encouraged him by arguments to which he listened, while his own heart beat with other emotions than those of patriotism; thus, then, assimilating feelings and interests soon led to a sincere and mutual attachment; but with Agatha, it was subordinate to the interest of the greater cause she had in hand. By the death of her mother, she had been left solely under the influence and guidance of her father, and her young and susceptible heart early and deeply imbibed both his religious and patriotic zeal; so that even this her first and returned affection was renounced, when she perceived that it unnerved the arm which she deemed should be raised for Heaven and its country. Ulric's impetuosity defeated her intention of gradually weakening his attachment by pretending indifference, and brought her resolution to an early and decisive trial; but it remained unchanged, and she listened to his impassioned disclosure with a coolness and apathy which pierced him to the soul: but the loftiness of his spirit withheld him from letting her see how deeply it was wounded, he felt that the arrow had pierced him to the soul; but he proudly resolved that his anguish should not be witnessed by her who had

inflicted it—not a word, not even a look betrayed it; in indignant silence he hastened away, to give vent to the feelings which were struggling in his breast. Unskilled in the perplexing labyrinth of a woman's heart—and Agatha's was more than usually intricate—he found no way of accounting for the manner in which she had acted, but by ascribing it to fickleness, or, still more, heartless coquetry: but more dispassionate reflection led him to doubt the justice of these imputations, and to seek some cause more consistent with the tenor of her usual conduct, and the superior motives by which she was generally influenced, he came to a conclusion, which in some degree lightened his accusations against her, but increased his own mortification; and as it took possession of his mind, he exclaimed bitterly, “*She has alienated my heart from my God and my country, and now despises me and rejects it, because for her sake they have been forgotten*: be it so, I ask not one so cold and faithless as her own; but she shall yet know mine is not that either of a coward or an apostate.” Thus he looked forward to an hour, when the reproaches of a convicting conscience would avenge the insult a ruthless and inconstant heart had offered. The difficult task of obtaining the consent of Ulric's parents to his leaving home, had been undertaken and performed by Agatha at an early period of their political association, and he now availed himself of it, without informing them of his destination, desirous to spare them the knowledge of the dangers to which he must necessarily be exposed. Agatha, too, as little suspected his design, and heard of his sudden departure without regretting the step which had

occasioned it; but she was not so well prepared for the indifference he evinced at parting—the coldness and disdain with which he slightly touched her offered hand, saying, “My father shares too deeply my poor mother's feeling, for me to hope she could find from him the consolation she so much requires; but as you do not”—and the reproachful glance of his dark expressive eye, forced into her's the tears she was endeavouring to repress—“may I ask you—it is for her sake only to impart it, and to convince her of the weakness of grieving so immoderately for one, whose loss you can teach her to estimate more justly.” He waited not for a reply, or he might have met a too candid one, in the emotion which proved how untruly he had spoken.

While Ulric was pursuing a solitary journey, his countrymen were leaguely together most resolutely, under the active auspices of Henry, Count Thorn, whose elevation of character, uncompromising attachment to the reformed faith, and sufferings for its sake, had engaged their respect, admiration, and pity. Deprived of his patrimonial estates by the Archduke of Gratz, and compelled to fly his native country, the exile found a home in the hearts of strangers;* but while gratitude and kindred religion made their cause his own, there were other circumstances which incited his efforts, and increased the sympathy of those who, like himself, had been deceived by the delusive promises of Mathias, who had succeeded Rudolph, and retained the government of Bohemia.

When policy induced him to seek the favour of the Protestants, he had bestowed upon Count Thorn the government of the fortress of Carlestein, at

* See what happened to our own countrymen in a foreign climate, at this wonderful period. Have then the afflicted sons of Poland no claim upon our generous compassion and protecting kindness?

Zurich and the Reformation.—When the torch of religious persecution spread consternation through the distracted states of Europe—when the sacred name of home was no longer a word that implied security—when the weak, and the innocent, and the helpless, and the timid escaped as “brands from the burning”—Zurich, with a courage and a humanity which have crowned her with glory, threw open her gates for their reception, clothed, comforted, and cherished them with a sister's love, and embraced as her adopted citizens those whom the violence of party had stripped of all but their integrity. Here the Nonconformists of England and Holland found shelter, succour, and citizenship; and, in the enlightened and liberal society of Zurich, all that could console

them for the loss of their own. This is a fact which can never be lost sight of by their descendants; and among the thousands of our countrymen who now resort to these shores for pleasure, none can forget under what difficult circumstances their forefathers craved hospitality in the same place. When individuals, flushed with the gifts of fortune (such as now before us), seem so loud and imperious in their commands, and so rigidly severe in exacting obedience from those over whom their purse alone gives them temporary precedence, let them remember that here their ancestors were suppliants, their wants supplied, and that it is always becoming, even in the seventh generation, to acknowledge kindness received. —*Dr. Beattie's Switzerland.*

that time the repository of the regalia of the kingdom; but when assistance was no longer needed, he recalled the gift, as too valuable for an upholder of that party it was now his purpose to subdue. Disappointed in this once seeming friendship, and, with his confederates, looking with alarm at the succession of Ferdinand, there seemed to remain no other way of obtaining their claims than by force. Associations were now formed, which however were soon followed by a prohibitory, but futile proclamation from the emperor; so that even in the capital a meeting was convened, and the assembled multitude solemnly pledged themselves to defend with their lives the religion by which their hearts were united. Acts of violence were the natural consequence of such opposing determinations: the resolute and now desperate Bohemians, intent upon the restoration of their ancient constitution, seized the reins of government, and gave them into the hands of thirty of their countrymen, to whom they swore allegiance. The emperor's garrison in the royal palace at Prague was expelled, and replaced by troops of their own: the next act banished the Jesuits, and confiscated their effects; and, in a short time, Count Thorn and the Count of Mansveld appeared upon the field, at the head of two separate armies.

Ulric passed through France, with a mind too much disquieted to feel interested by the novelty, or the momentous nature of the events, by which it was at that period distracted: for, although with him bursts of passion had now subsided, his bosom was still agitated by the swell which the storm had left, and the snow-crowned tops of the Pyrenean mountains appeared in the distance, ere he had gained aught of composure. He had now arrived at the fertile province of Roussillon, in view of its capital, as it was illuminated by the rich and glowing light of the setting sun, reflected in a beautiful manner upon the transparent water. How often had his native city appeared thus before him! how proudly had he loved to gaze upon it, attired thus in its evening robe of splendour, gazing, as it were at its own self, in the stream which reflected back its glorious magnificence! Why was he estranged from it? why not with those who were even then assembled within its walls, to plant upon

the battlements tokens of freedom: the question probed him to the quick, and he felt secret remorse for the apathy of his recent conduct. The carriage passed through Perpignan, and stopped at a small inn in the suburbs, where Ulric and his fellow travellers alighted, and were received by the proprietor with overpowering politeness and officious civility; which was, however, rather damped by one of the passengers requesting to be provided with another conveyance immediately, as he intended to continue his journey. "I would not presume to advise you, monsieur," he said with a profound bow, "or I should certainly recommend you not to attempt proceeding onwards at so late an hour: I may say without vanity, that the accommodations I have the honour of offering you are not to be excelled, at least on this side of the mountains," (a palliative introduced, in consequence of an intimation he had received from a Spanish mantle by which his guest was almost concealed,) "and the roads in their direction are exceedingly unsafe." His tone and manner became ludicrously solemn, as he continued, "I feel great pain that I should be compelled to give you this unpleasant intelligence; and were it not that I am most reluctant to increase the alarm it must occasion, I could tell you of robberies, aye, and murders, almost without number, which have been perpetrated on them, even within my own recollection."

"I am greatly indebted to you," rejoined the Spaniard, sarcastically, "for giving me this information, at the expense of your feelings; and I assure you, with equal truth, that I am sorry I cannot avail myself either of your cautions or accommodations, as urgent business hastens me to Madrid; and I am anxious to reach the Pyrenees, in time to pass the Col de la Perche, by day-light on the morrow."

"Impossible, monsieur! Mont-Louis is fifteen leagues from hence."

"Perhaps," replied the traveller significantly, "if you were to order your horses some *additional* refreshment, it might be done." The innkeeper took the Spaniard's hint and his money together, and with renewed alacrity quitted the room, in order to make preparations for his guest's immediate departure. "I suppose," said the latter, "no one present feels so desirous to take a peep at the

formidable assailants our host threatens me with, as to run the risk of being placed upon the fearful list, which he no doubt keeps as an agreeable relish to the fare his guests may thus find palatable, or I should feel happy in having a companion; not that I can promise the gratification of such a curiosity, for as frequently as I travel this road, my own, on this point, has never yet been satisfied."

Ulric alone accepted the proposal, more eager to take advantage of an offer which afforded an opportunity of hastening the termination of his journey, than to scan the apparently selfish motives from which the offer had been made: which were indeed the fear of encountering alone the causes of those apprehensions which he had affected to consider as groundless. Surprised to find in his associate a superiority of manners, which the simple dress of a Bohemian peasant had not led him to expect, the Spaniard's inquisitiveness prompted him to try various methods of ascertaining the reason of his wearing a habit, which was evidently not that of the station to which he belonged; but Ulric's reserve rendered them all ineffectual; at length it occurred to him that he had not as yet touched the string which always vibrates in the heart of a Bohemian, and he remarked, "It is unusual to meet with one of your patriotic countrymen so far from home in times like these, but perhaps you are not interested in the unhappy dissensions by which your country is at present agitated,"—the shrewd Spaniard had guessed rightly. The implied doubt roused the dormant spirit of his companion in a moment, and he replied vehemently, "It would have been still more extraordinary, had you met with one who did not feel the weight of the galling chains which have been thrown around her."

"You speak truly," rejoined his wily acquaintance, following the clue he had obtained; "and thousands who may not boast with her brave sons a closer tie than that of sympathy, have regarded with a brother's anxiety their struggles in the cause of freedom."

"And religion," added Ulric, warmly.

Another point was gained. "I am addressing a Protestant then, I presume."

"And one that glories in the name:—"
—a short pause followed this avowal, which was ended by Ulric proposing a

similar question.* It was an unwelcome one, and might have perplexed a less skilful equivocator. "My countrymen," he replied, "are not in the habit of speaking their sentiments so openly as yours especially upon subjects of faith; but the candour with which you have acknowledged yours, lays a claim of confidence upon me. I have already said enough to convince you that I am greatly interested in the success or failure of your country's cause; and when I add that I am a member of the only true church, I venture to hope the confidence you have honoured me with, will neither be regretted nor withdrawn." The unsuspecting Ulric saw nothing in this evasion, but the caution for which Spaniards are proverbial, and which the vigilant superintendence of the dreaded Inquisition rendered necessary. Without much more ado, Ulric accepted his companion's offer to accompany him to Madrid, by which means they would have time and opportunity for ascertaining the practicability of his contemplated arrangements. Having procured horses and a guide, at a solitary post-house, at early day they continued their journey.

As they drew near the Pyrenees, Ulric sank into a contemplative, and his companion seemingly into a sympathetic silence. What the thoughts of the latter were, it was not then easy to divine, for his countenance, too long practised in deceit, gave no index of its master's mind. Not so with Ulric: cheered by the enlivening influence of an unclouded sky, his darkened brow became almost as cloudless and serene; the frozen current in his chilled heart again flowed freely, and dissolved like the snow of the mountains upon which he gazed, which was fast disappearing beneath the glowing rays of a summer sun. They now entered

* In the Austrian dominions the *cafés* are, even now-a-days, filled by hiring spies, who gain your acquaintance and betray you if a word drop against arbitrary government. Nay more, an Austrian even of condition finds it extremely difficult to get a passport; and should he perchance go into Switzerland, he has to give such an account of himself and his doings, that few venture to visit that free country. When a stranger enters the dominions, all his books are taken from him and separately examined, and a note taken of them; nothing, indeed, can exceed the strict and harassing and oppressive diligence used to uphold the system of arbitrary power practised throughout the Austrian dominions.—*Ev.*

the defiles of the mountains, and here their progress was slow, and impeded by many difficulties: in some places the ruggedness of the roads obliged them to dismount; at others, impervious to the sunbeams, the collected snow compelled them to wait, until their guide had succeeded in removing it. Fatigued and disheartened by a variety of troubles and vexations, the Spaniard and the horses soon grew weary of such unpleasant travelling, while the hardy guide, who had acquired a sort of philosophical indifference, only smiled at the one, and alternately chided and encouraged the others; but the heart of the young mountaineer experienced sensations nearer allied to pleasure, than any he had felt since he had quitted the scenes of which they reminded him; and he not unfrequently bounded with the speed of a chamois up the heights, and suffered his imagination almost to persuade himself that distance had not entirely hid them from his view. At length, to the great joy of his fellow-traveller, the citadel of Mont-Louis appeared in sight, looking sternly down upon the humble jet flowing submissively at its feet. Having crossed its picturesque bridge, and entered La Cerdagne, the Spaniard began to feel himself at home, and proposed taking advantage of the opportunity an inferior road inn afforded of obtaining rest and refreshment. Here they parted company with the guide, and after a short delay, recommenced their journey to the Spanish metropolis: the restraint which the presence of their companion had imposed being now removed, the former conversation was renewed, by the Spaniard's saying, in answer to an observation of Ulric's upon the grandeur and loveliness of the mountain scenery—"There is in truth much to admire, but with me it retains not the fascinating charm of novelty; and while you were lost in enthusiastic rapture, I was conjecturing what could have given rise, if indeed it had its source in your own breast, to that hazardous undertaking, through which it has gained so warm and ardent an admirer."

"That is a secret which respects another, and consequently must remain such."

This laconic reply increased, while it baffled inquiring curiosity; but the question was still unanswered. When

they reached the gates of the capital, notwithstanding his subtle and persevering efforts to extend the limits of a confidence, which had already transgressed beyond the boundary discretion should have prescribed, and as they passed through the crowded streets of Madrid the subject was again dropped. Thoughts which his companion had unwittingly recalled, crowded into the mind of Ulric, who sat looking abstractedly through the window of the carriage, scarcely noticing any of the numerous objects which passed in review. Not a word was now spoken, unless indeed conscience within might have whispered in the traitor's heart, as the shadow of the high outer wall of the Inquisition darkened for a moment the passing vehicle; and the silence continued unbroken, until the carriage stopped in a large handsome square, where, according to previous agreement, they alighted; the one to return in the dusk of the evening for the purpose of being conducted to the residence of his new friend, the other to take measures which should prove whether wisdom or folly had bestowed upon him that *name* so often desecrated.

At the appointed time and place, Ulric found the servant waiting, and followed him through several streets, until they came to one where the houses on the right seemed the boundary of some extensive building, but it was too dark to distinguish what sort of place it was; they entered one of these, and were immediately ushered into the apartment of his travelling acquaintance, who appeared to have been, with no less anxiety than doubt, looking for his arrival. Ulric held out his hand with the smile of confiding friendship, which his friend returned as warmly, and hailed with a false token the master he had covenanted to betray. They were soon joined by a stranger, whom the Spaniard introduced as a trustworthy and esteemed friend. I should not have made him such, thought Ulric to himself, as he marked the malignant expression of a countenance so unprepossessing, that suspicion and distrust found their way into a bosom where they were almost strangers. Re-assured, contrary to his own impression, by the specious and insinuating manners of his first associate, he soon condemned as unjust, and then banished the doubts which had forced themselves upon his mind. "I trust," said the latter,

death." It would have been difficult to have ascertained whether surprise or displeasure were the predominating feeling amongst those who listened to this unqualified announcement; but it was unanswered, and the ceremonies which formed the prelude to the judicial proceedings of the inquisitorial court commenced: at the conclusion of which the fiscal received from his secretary, and read aloud, the evidence of Father Theodor. The examination then began; but it was so similar to the one he had already undergone, that Ulric's small stock of patience became exhausted,* and his replies were brief and petulant, greatly increasing the ill favour of his judges.

"You refuse, then," said the president, threateningly, "to inform this holy tribunal, invested by the supreme, spiritual, and temporal authority, with a high and sacred ministry, and unaccustomed to be treated with such impious disrespect—you refuse, I say, to inform the names of those who have been the confidants of your guilty design, and who have counselled, connived at, or otherwise abetted the same?"

"By no means," replied Ulric, with ironical politeness; "but I cannot for a moment doubt that the names of such honourable men as those," pointing to Father Theodor and Don Antonio, "are known, and held in high estimation, by that court I have the honour to address."

"This insolence is not to be borne!" exclaimed the president, rising, and turning angrily towards the inquisitor who had attracted Ulric's peculiar attention. "Did I not tell you, Gonzales, the lenity you, as usual, thought proper to recommend, would prove ill-bestowed? Lopez, remove the prisoner to the north gallery—see he is well secured, and that the orders you will hereafter receive are punctually executed."

He was then roughly seized, and hurried by two jailers through a long corridor, which brought them to a deep winding staircase; this they descended, and after

crossing several rooms, came to a second flight of stairs, and at the foot of them entered an extensive stone vault, so damp and chill, that Ulric started back with an involuntary shudder. "We have cooler apartments than this," said one of his conductors, with a coarse laugh; "they are mostly recommended for such hot-brained patients as we have to deal with." This unfeeling taunt quickened again the checked circulation of Ulric's blood; but, suppressing the retort his indignation prompted, he hastened on, while their sounding footsteps echoed through the surrounding arches. It terminated in a narrow gallery, no less cheerless and obscure, where they stopped while the jailer replenished the lamp, in order, as it appeared, to enable him to distinguish the numbers upon the doors, ranged along either side of it. They passed through one side of them, and by many steep and irregular steps, descended into a dreary dungeon, of which Ulric was soon left in undisturbed possession. One glance was sufficient to afford him an inventory of all it contained. A stone bench, built out of the wall, formed at once its tenant's chair, table, and bed. To a large iron ring, firmly fastened into the opposite wall, was suspended a heavy chain, which his jailers had, with much care, affixed to his fetters. Fortunately, its length permitted him to reach a narrow, thickly-barred window, seeming, as if from pity or shame, unwilling to admit the light which revealed the wretchedness within; by degrees, Ulric's sight grew accustomed to its obscurity, and he then perceived, what had before escaped his notice, a cross placed over the door-way of the dungeon. "Ah!" he exclaimed, "then I have rightly judged, and our persecutors are unmindful of the lessons that blessed symbol teaches, or they would not surely have thus obliged us to contemplate the similitude of that by which we defy their power."

Here let the curtain drop, for the heart shrinks from disclosing the secrets of that dread prison-house. If there are those who would know them, let such turn to the blood-stained records of blind superstition and cruel bigotry, and learn from them the excruciating tortures and agonizing sufferings which filled the subsequent hours of Ulric's imprisonment. One act of charity alone

* If our recent subscribers would peruse an account of the proceedings of the Inquisition, they will find a most curious and interesting history, published by us in the year 1835, of which the following is the title:—*The Life and Adventures of my Great-Grandfather, an African story, taken before the Inquisition at Bologna, in Italy, and translated from the Italian MS., formerly in St. Mark's in Venice.*

told the solitary captive he was still a dweller in a Christian land; and it seemed to him as a dream—a meteor-like vision, blessing the transient slumber of a long and dreary night. Extreme thirst, the effect of a fever produced by pain and excitement, had made him look with impatience for the appearance of the jailer at the hour when he usually brought his scanty evening's meal; but it past—another and another succeeded, still he was absent. At length Ulric's sufferings became almost insupportable, and springing with the strength of desperation to the length of his chain, he raised himself by the bars of the window to a level with it, and endeavoured to cool his parched lips by inhaling the damp and chilly night breeze. It was long since the winds of heaven had visited his pale cheek, and they now refreshed and invigorated him—long since he had viewed its azure canopy, and the stars by which it was spangled seemed as the distant lamps of that celestial city, in whose eternal "mansions" his heart had found a home. "What would my tormentors give," he exclaimed, as he passed his hand over his cooled brow, "for the blessing I now enjoy, when, amidst torments such as they have made me suffer, they lift up their eyes to a heaven from which they are excluded. What have I said?" he added, with a deep sigh, for sanctified afflictions had at length taught Ulric "what manner of spirit" he was "of," and the words were scarcely uttered ere they were sincerely repented. "God forgive me, and grant that we may meet together there as joyful witnesses of the all-sufficient efficacy of a Saviour's blood." Reluctant to leave, but still more so to lose, the pleasure he had so unexpectedly found the means of obtaining, he quitted the window with the self-denial of a miser, that he might return to his treasure when he could enjoy it undisturbed; he had but just done so, when a light gleamed through a small grated aperture in the door of his dungeon, and he threw himself down upon his resting-place, that, by affecting to sleep, he might conceal his eagerness for the expected supply, lest his enemies should triumph in seeing his body sink under the tortures by which his mind was still unsubdued. The jailer was accompanied by some person with whom he conversed in an under tone; and Ulric, who

considered this unusual occurrence an indication of fresh trials, breathed a silent prayer to Him who had comforted and supported him under those he had hitherto endured: suddenly, as if by the movement of one of the parties, the lamp became nearly extinguished. At this moment Ulric felt his arm gently pressed, as if to awaken him secretly, and turned with surprise to ascertain from whom the motion, evidently a friendly one, had proceeded; but the attempt was fruitless, for the lamp yet burnt dimly, and its feeble ray fell only on the floor where it stood. As soon as the jailer had finished his accustomed duties, and was in readiness to withdraw, he lifted it with surly hastiness, and its light then flashed full upon the stranger's countenance, which Ulric immediately recognised as the melancholy one of the inquisitor, whom the president had addressed by the name of Gonzales. The glare of the lamp, or the suddenness with which it was removed, dissipated the thoughts by which his mind seemed engrossed, and turning to the attendant, he said, "I shall not fail, Lopez, to inform the court how scrupulously and diligently their commands have been obeyed; but our general rules must, by my authority, be infringed to-night, as during it, I wish the prisoner to examine with attention a book I have brought, and prepare himself to give an answer to its contents. There is another lamp in the corridor, and I can wait here your return with it."

Lopez, whose good humour was restored by the commendation the inquisitor, possibly with that intention, had bestowed, protested against the latter remaining in the dungeon, which he remarked was "only fit quarters for a heretic," and officiously persisted in lighting him back to the corridor; and then returning with the lamp, which was not indispensable to one who, to use his own expression, "knew the way blindfolded:" the inquisitor looked disappointed, and taking a book from under his cloak, gave it to Ulric, saying, with a harshness of manner which rendered still more inexplicable the significant glance with which, unobserved by Lopez, he partially removed the envelope, "Prisoner, you have heard my commands, and I expect to find them obeyed."

They were received in silence; for he

to whom they were given was too much perplexed to reply, and remained, until the return of Lopez, bewildered by conjectures respecting the evidently disguised intentions of his mysterious visitor. There is, perhaps, no feeling so dreary, so heart-sickening as that with which the prison's inmate listens to the grating sound of closing bolts, which must wait another sun to be withdrawn; silence and gloom have long been his companions, and it is not by them he is dismayed, neither is it solitude he fears—that might have been sought; but this is as the knell of those who go down alive into the grave—the sealing of the sepulchre, in which the living wake to die. Such had it seemed to Ulric, when, after watching the last faint glimmer of the jailer's lamp, he laid himself down upon his chilling bed, with the suffocating sensations of one whom death had secured, but not benumbed. But what may not hope effect? He now listened for it with impatience; and ere the departing footsteps of Lopez had ceased to debar echo from repose, had possessed himself of a letter, some paper, and a pencil, he had found carefully concealed beneath the cover of the volume left by the inquisitor. The letter was as follows:—

"You have found that an enemy may wear the mask of friendship; believe also that a seeming one may be a friend, such is, or rather would be, were he not, alas! impotent to serve the writer of these lines, who, with tears of remorse, confesses that such tortures as you have endured so heroically prevailed with him to renounce a faith, loved and revered even in the guilty hour it was denied. Too sunk, too degraded to ask your friendship, and undeserving pity, he only seeks, by this humiliating avowal, to convince you of his sympathy. Think not he would persuade you to purchase life, and find it, as he has done, the inheritance of the "worm" that never "dieth;" such is not his purpose: no, had he been distrustful of your fortitude, this letter should have disclosed the secrets of an apostate heart, that yours might escape its agony; but there must be those who are interested in your fate, and to them he promises to deliver faithfully, by secret and safe means, any communication you desire to make. You will, perhaps, shrink with alarm from placing this confidence

in one who bears the name of an inquisitor; but he earnestly implores you not to disappoint the hope which alone led to its acceptance, that of befriending the unfortunate; already has it proved not vain, for there have been dying and holy lips which sought a blessing for one who dared not ask it for himself. Confide, as these have done, and deprive not of his only comfort, the unhappy Gonzales. No time should be lost, return the book by Lopez; but remember caution is necessary, and be careful to place your answer so as he may not perceive it."

Ulric did so; for he felt convinced that both the countenance and letter of Gonzales, expressed the sentiments of a sincere and compassionate heart; and he gladly availed himself of the opportunity thus granted, by writing to Agatha's father, and requesting him to break to his parents the distressing intelligence of his situation, and prepare them for the shock its, to all appearance inevitable, consequences would occasion. But thorny as was his own path, Ulric was not unmindful of the wounded traveller he had found, writhing in agony of soul, by the way-side. With his letter to Waldemar he enclosed one in which he endeavoured, by every argument, which affectionate sympathy could suggest, to allay the sufferings and soothe the sorrows of the backsliding wanderer, whom gratitude as well as charity forbade him to pass "by on the other side." The knowledge of its result was reserved to bless the conclusion of their pilgrimage; and Ulric knew not that, in an hour not far distant, one who witnessed the closing triumph of a Christian's death-bed, received it as the last legacy of a heart it had restored to peace; the memento of a soul departed in that faith which from weakness, and not conviction, had been abjured.

It was near the close of day that a female, closely veiled, waited at the entrance of the royal palace of Madrid, the answer to an urgent request that she might be permitted to speak for a few moments with Friar Aliaza, the confessor of Philip III., who was at that instant earnestly engaged in studying the maxims of worldly wisdom, and debating whether the influence he had obtained over the mind of his pious sovereign, through its religious susceptibility, should be used to support the interests of the Duke of

Lerma, then prime minister, or those of his son, the Duke of Wreda, whom courtly manners and assiduous endeavours to please, had made a formidable rival to his father in the affection of their monarch, although they could not deprive the latter of that esteem his talents and virtues had acquired. It should seem that Lewis Aliaza judged more charitably, than to ascribe to the dispositions of others the ingratitude of his own, for his decision was made in favour of the son; while to the father he was indebted for the high and influential situation he now held, who had brought him from his convent with the notion that the ascendancy it gave him would unquestionably be exerted to uphold the power and promote the welfare of his benefactor; but Aliaza's determination proved a difference in opinion: it was his, that it might be more profitably employed than in repaying a debt of gratitude, which was not so indelibly inscribed upon his heart, but that he could easily efface it, and thus leave place to register another which, as creditor, would make him a claimant upon the friendly offices of the indebted party.

Such was the issue of the cogitations which were abruptly broken off by the reluctant messenger of the female petitioner, to whose entreaty the reverend politician gave, upon the first impulse, a stern and decided refusal; second thoughts, however, induced him to recall it, and she was immediately introduced into the apartment. He surveyed her for some time attentively, but to little purpose, for the thick texture of her veil effectually concealed both her face and figure; and then placing a chair, said, with an air of great sanctity, "your application, my daughter, is unusual, and, excuse me if I add, unseasonable; nevertheless, I have complied with your desire, as I doubt not your business is of a serious nature."

"I acknowledge myself an intruder," the female replied; "but I have a disclosure to make which affects the life, probably, of more than one individual, and I trust a minister of religion will dispense with any other apology."

The confessor bowed, and the stranger continued—"The favour, in the hope of obtaining which I have thus ventured to transgress, is your intercession in my behalf with the king, which, doubtless,

would prevail with his majesty to grant me the honour of an early audience."

Aliaza, who appeared flattered by her estimate of his influence, replied with an affected humility, "Probably it might be so, but I must first be made acquainted with the subject of it."

"Know you Ulric Martenete?" asked the female, tremulously.

"Ah!" said the confessor, drawing his chair closer to hers, "that is a point on which we are most anxious to procure information, but it would be most advisable that the king should receive it from me."

"That cannot be," replied the stranger, "it will not be given unconditionally; and it rests with his majesty whether he will consent to the terms it is my intention to propose."

The firmness of her refusal disconcerted, but convinced, Aliaza, that it would be useless to offer any opposition, and he consented to become her mediator with Philip, appointing her to repeat the visit on the following morning, in order to be made acquainted with the result.

In times when conspiracies are frequent—and such was almost unprecedentedly the case during the reign of Philip III. of Spain, the most trivial occurrences are often thus construed, and magnified into an importance on which they have little claim, proportionate to the fears which raise them from insignificance—this was the case in the present instance; and no doubts were entertained, that Ulric was an instrument in the hands of some evil-designing, and perhaps powerful, confederacy. Fears thus engendered, and the hope of discovering and frustrating the machinations of some lurking enemy, rendered Aliaza's intercession superfluous. Philip not only granted, but anxiously desired, the solicited interview; and on the day of her second visit to the palace, Agatha Waldemar, undazzled by the splendour—unawed by the pomp which surrounded her, passed through the magnificent scenes of the then unrivalled court of Madrid, with her thoughts fixed solely upon one who, in darkness and loneliness, languished within its dreariest abode.

"We understand," said the monarch, graciously extending his hand, as she approached to pay the accustomed tribute of respect, "you have an important communication to make, which is withheld until you have obtained the promise of

some desired reward; but, had you, madam, trusted to our royal munificence, your expectations would not have been disappointed."

"I doubt it not, sire," she replied; "but that which I would ask is drawn from the treasury of Mercy."

"Declare your wish," answered Philip, pleased and interested by the graceful modesty of her demeanour, "it is ours, that it may be such as we can unhesitatingly fulfil."

"Your majesty is doubtless aware, that within those walls," and she pointed to the turrets of the Inquisition which rose above the trees of the palace gardens, "there is one immured for a design deemed adverse to your church and government. I have it in my power to reveal the hidden spring whence it originated, nay more, to deliver into your hands the person of whom his blood, if now shed, will be required."

"Ah!" exclaimed Philip turning to his confessor, "it is as we supposed, though the torture has failed to wring the secret from him."

Agatha's veil concealed her colourless cheek, but the agitation his words had occasioned did not wholly escape the king's observation, who attributing it to timidity, said, with an encouraging smile, "Compose yourself, and proceed unfearingly, you can have nothing to apprehend from those on whom you are conferring an obligation, the value of which they justly appreciate."

"Deny me not then the recompense I implore," replied Agatha beseechingly, and with an earnestness his remark to Aliaza contributed to increase.

"Name it," said Philip, impatiently.

"The life and liberty of Ulric Martenete."

"What!" exclaimed the astonished monarch, starting back, and regarding her with an expression of displeasure his mild countenance seldom wore: "replace the murderous dagger in the hand of the assassin? No, madam, ask one more worthy you to desire, and us to grant, and you will then find our affirmation true."

"Your majesty then refuses to receive the information I offer."

"Upon such terms, undoubtedly."

"It can be given upon no other," was the uncompromising reply.

"There are not wanting means of ex-

torting truth from those who have the audacity to withhold it," said Aliaza, who had hitherto listened in silence.

"You have already proved that they may be ineffectual," rejoined Agatha, fearlessly; "and have again an opportunity, in one who shrinks not from the trial."

"Tell Lerma," said the king, preventing the confessor's answer, "his immediate attendance is required; and you, madam, will wait our pleasure in the adjoining chamber."

Fortunately for Agatha the minister who had been thus hastily summoned, was one who, from a kind and amiable disposition, was ever a willing advocate in the cause of sorrow, and whose counsels were dictated by religion, but unbiassed by bigotry; still, had his royal master inherited the persecuting, cruel, and unrelenting spirit of his predecessor, it is more than probable that, in a case like hers, they would have been unavailing; but, unlike his father Philip, he was gentle, mild, and kind-hearted—while his religious feelings, though tinged by superstition, were sincere; and in addition to these propitious circumstances, his natural indolence led him to adopt and act upon the opinion of others, rather than take the trouble of forming them for himself.

As the Duke of Lerma entered the ante-chamber where Agatha awaited in anxious suspense the event of the conference, his bland countenance and pleasing smile made hope believed, as she whispered the language of David at the approach of Ahimaz, "He is a good man, and cometh with good tidings."—"I am commanded by my sovereign to inform you," he said, "that he is graciously pleased to accede to the conditions you have imposed, and desires you will consider me as the bearer of his promise to that effect."

"A verbal one, my lord," replied Agatha mildly, but firmly, "is not sufficient; but if his majesty will affix his signature to the same on paper, I wait but his permission to redeem my pledge."

"You do not well, madam," said the minister gravely, "to provoke the king's displeasure by thus distrusting his honour, believe me, with as little cause as courtesy; still I will venture another effort in your behalf." He then, after inquiring her name, quitted the apartment; a considerable time elapsed before he re-entered it, and presenting a written

paper, asked if its contents met her wishes: it was thus worded—"We promise to deliver to Agatha Waldemar the person of Ulric Martenete, now a prisoner of the holy office of the inquisition of Madrid, on condition that she, on her part, do previously give into our hands him or her who caused him to commit the crime, for which he is now under just condemnation, together with such proofs of guilt, as may convict him or her of the same."

Agatha breathed a thankful ejaculation as she closed the paper, and answered Lerma's inquiry with a warm and grateful acknowledgment of the benefit she had derived from his kind mediation.

"I am sorry to say," replied the tender-hearted minister, "it has not been entirely successful, or I should not now have the unpleasant task of acquainting you, that until the day fixed for the execution of the sentence which has been passed upon Martenete, you must also become a prisoner: on that I have likewise to inform you, the king will attend in person the court of the Inquisition, for the purpose of witnessing the performance of his promise and your own. I have vainly endeavoured to overrule the advice of my colleague in this particular, who is apprehensive that treason may wear a form, even lovely as that before me."

Agatha, while replacing her veil, which she had removed when alone, and almost fainting with anxiety, smiled so cheerfully in answer to the compliment, and with such evident unconcern at the intelligence which accompanied it, that the duke was left in doubt whether he should admire her fortitude, or wonder at her insensibility.

Never had the fear-inspiring gates of the Inquisition unclosed, to admit so willing and happy a guest, as her who now entered them, with the persuasion that they were the boundaries of her last earthly habitation. The contract Agatha had received from Philip, was to her a reprieve from wretchedness; relieved from the burden of another's sorrows, her own seemed scarcely to deserve the name: and when the carriage which conveyed her to the prison stopped before the dark and gloomy edifice, she surveyed it calmly, not as one with a sinking, self-reproaching heart; and her first thought when she found herself enclosed within it, was one of gladness, that she was once more beneath the same roof with her beloved,

though rejected, companion of her happiest days. With the home they had shared, memory recalled the sad hour in which she left it—the cold adieu—the bitter reproach and resentful glance which had haunted her thoughts by day, and her dreams by night: "Surely," she thought, while the tears started in her eyes, "our next parting will not be like that; and when he revisits the scenes through which we have so often wandered together, they will not remind him only of unkindness and ingratitude." When the hour of rest arrived, Agatha, who felt it would not be such to her, sat down at the window of her apartment, which overlooked the inner court of the prison, hopelessly wishing she could discover whether Ulric was confined in either of the cells, whose narrow windows appeared like a range of loop-holes in the wall that surrounded it. "Perhaps with me," she exclaimed, "he gazes on yon lovely moon, which, like the God who bids it shine, forsakes not the afflicted. Oh! is it not for them 'tis given? or why stays it until the happy sleep, and then steals forth, to remind the watchful mourner of Almighty love." It was a subject upon which Agatha ever delighted to dwell; and as she watched the fleeting clouds passing over the quickly emerging orb of night, or hanging around as trophies of its victory, she remembered that in her night of sorrow a light had shined, which the shadows of earth as vainly strove to darken, and her tranquilised heart glowed with devotion and gratitude.

The bell of the adjacent chapel of El Rosario now chimed the midnight hour; the distant hum of the busy city died away, and every sound became hushed into the stillness of a breathless sleep. No longer hopeless of repose, she was about to retire from the window, when a low noise, like the clank of slowly moving chains, stole upon the silence; again her eye fixed its steadfast and anxious gaze upon the cells, but as it gradually grew more distinct, she felt convinced it proceeded from some yet lower part of the building. Following the direction in which it led, she perceived another range of still narrower windows, level with the pavement of the court, and apparently those of the subterraneous dungeons of the prison: it was one of these, then, that contained the unhappy participant of her melancholy vigil; but which there ap-

peared no possibility of ascertaining, as the chains had ceased to move, and it might be that him whom they bound was slumbering in unconsciousness of their weight, and dreaming perhaps of liberty, of kindred, and of home. Agatha was endeavouring to find consolation in the hope that its occupant had escaped, as it were, though but for a few short hours, from the power of his merciless oppressors, and in imagination roved at large amidst scenes his waking eyes were perchance never to behold, when she perceived a hand, whose pallid whiteness was increased and rendered conspicuous by the light of the moon, grasping the bars of one of the windows. The form within was undistinguishable, in consequence of the deep shade cast by the thick and projecting wall of the building; but the thought that it might be Ulric flashed across her mind, and his name burst involuntarily from her lips: the exclamation was unheard, while "Echo" repeated it in an admonitory whisper, as if to caution her against depriving the poor sufferer of this stolen gratification. Agatha's heart joined in the reproof, and she watched in silence, until the emaciated hand loosened its hold, and the betraying chains told the retiring steps of the prisoner. Night after night the same appalling sound was heard—the same feeble fingers encompassed the iron bars, cold and hard as the hearts of those who slept in forgetfulness of the fellow-creature they had deprived of the blessings they were enjoying. "And is this," thought the aching heart of Agatha, "acceptable in the sight of that Being who 'delighteth in mercy'—who may now have bent a listening ear to one, whom those who thus profess to do him 'service' will not even stoop to pity, but glory in their denial of that faith, whose text is charity and love?"

One evening, Agatha, who was never absent from her post, was surprised to see a light in the dungeon, which had now become the object of her unceasing attention, and to find, by an indistinct murmuring of voices, that it contained some other beside its usual tenant; the morning dawned before the light disappeared, and her perplexity was increased, by the circumstance, that at this early hour the inhabitants of the prison were risen, and actively employed. She had been strictly forbidden to hold any com-

munication with her attendants, and consequently could procure no information from them; but the appearance of Aliaza, whom she had not seen since her interview with Philip, confirmed her suspicions that the crisis of her fate was approaching. There was an angry flush upon his cheek, and the complacency of his manner was evidently assumed to conceal a ruffled temper; but it did not seem that Agatha was the delinquent, for he accosted her with great politeness, saying, "I would have deferred my visit to a more convenient hour, but that my presence is required at the palace; and it is my duty to inform you before my return, that his majesty and council will be here at mid-day, when you will be required to give proofs of the truth of your asseveration."

"I am prepared to do so; and may I be permitted to ask, if it is to this cause alone I have to attribute the confusion by which I have been this morning so unseasonably disturbed?"

"No doubt," answered the confessor, unconcernedly, "it has been occasioned by the expectation, that an *auto-da-fé* will be celebrated during the king's stay."

"And for whom are these fearful preparations made?"

"For one whom you have undertaken to deliver from it," rejoined Aliaza, with an incredulous sneer.

"And I shall do so," Agatha replied, confidently, "by His help, who deems not that religion sanctifies the crime of murder."

"You may repent that word," the confessor retorted, "losing his self-command."

"And you the deed, God grant it may not be too late."

"Such is the gratitude of heretics, as I shall inform our too compassionate sovereign, by whose merciful command I have spent this night, in endeavouring to reclaim this Martenete from his fatal errors."

"And have you succeeded?" eagerly inquired Agatha, to whom these words told much she had anxiously desired to know.

"Succeeded!" repeated the confessor, acrimoniously, "as well as if I had attempted to move the walls by which he is surrounded."

The satisfaction which the eyes of his

hearer betrayed at this intelligence, by no means mitigated the displeasure of her discomfited informer; and he withdrew with a threat, which left upon her countenance a smile, evincing how lightly she regarded it. Again alone, Agatha knelt down and prayed fervently for the success of her undertaking; but there was no petition from her lips, or in her heart, that the ransom might be spared, while the ransomed was delivered. She arose from her devotions, to find with astonishment they had been witnessed by the Duke of Lerma, who had entered the apartment unheard, and was attentively observing her with a look of mingled admiration and solicitude.

"I have requested permission," he said, "to be the messenger of the court, that I might give myself an opportunity of preparing you for the approaching trial, but it is unnecessary, for you have been seeking the aid of One who commiserates, and, not as I do, without the power to relieve."

"The will, my lord," answered Agatha, "claims my warmest gratitude: it is all the return I have to offer, but not the only one you will receive, for a deed as kind as are your wishes, and which will hereafter spring up in the path of memory a fragrant and unwithering flower."

"My child," Lerma replied, unable to repress his emotion, "the pity of a heart like yours cannot surely be confined to one; and will your resolution be unshaken, when you learn the dreadful fate that awaits the unhappy being you intend to offer as a substitute?"

"Unhappy only, until the deed is rectified which makes her such," replied Agatha, inadvertently. But before the duke could express his surprise, or inquire the meaning of the declaration which had escaped her, a second summons arrived to hasten her appearance; and in a few moments she was standing undismayed before the assembled Tribunal of the Faith.

As soon as Lerma, who had conducted her into the hall, had taken his station on the right hand of the king, who was seated on an elevated throne, immediately behind the platform occupied by the members of the court, the president inquired if it was the pleasure of his majesty that the business of the day should be proceeded in; to which the latter gravely bowed his assent.

"Remove your veil," said the senior inquisitor to Agatha, sternly; "we allow no concealment here." She obeyed, and an expression of admiration from the Duke of Wreda drew all eyes upon the loveliness thus displayed: amongst them, those of Ulric Martenete, whom Lopez and his assistant were at that instant leading into the chamber—an exclamation of astonishment and horror followed his recognition of her; and Agatha, who had turned at the well-known voice, darted towards the spot where he stood, and had reached it, ere the more tardy-footed jailer could execute the command of the president, who had harshly desired him to prevent any communication between the prisoners.

"Prisoner!" repeated Ulric. "O! Agatha, what can have made you one?"

"The voice of conscience, and one to which you thought I did not listen," she replied: for pride, reserve, and all the various feelings which often stifle the language of a woman's heart, were unfelt, or disregarded, when she beheld his sunken cheek and hollow eye, and found in his icy fetters a reproachful remembrance of the chill his own unkindness had occasioned. While the jailer was enforcing the order of the president, and re-conducting Agatha to the place she had first occupied, Philip and the Duke of Lerma were conversing together with much seriousness, and greatly to the dissatisfaction of Aliaza, who, after eyeing them for some time with evident iniquity, left his place, as if taking advantage of the king's attention being engaged, and made some observation in a whisper to Father Theodoric (then standing by the chair of the senior inquisitor), who answered it by casting a hasty glance towards the throne, and from thence back to the confessor, as if in acknowledgment of an unwelcome truth. The president waited until the confereents had finished speaking; and then with great solemnity said, "Agatha Waldemar, it has been your voluntary proposal and obligatory promise, to deliver up to us the person whose sin it is that we have been called upon, as watchful guardians of our most holy church, to adjudge to death one who, by a wicked and treasonable design, hath sought to endanger her welfare and disturb her peace: we now require the guilty at your hands."

"She is before you!"

A piercing shriek from Ulric, whose lips a sigh or groan had never escaped during his most extreme sufferings, broke the silence into which the assemblage had been awed, by the undaunted manner and unexpected confession of Agatha, while a convulsive effort to free himself from his chains made the chamber ring with their terrific sound: he was instantly hurried from it, as Agatha, driven almost to desperation by hearing his reiterated but unavailing entreaties that they might not be separated, tore open the paper given her by the Duke of Lerma, exclaiming, "Is not your ransom here? by what authority, then, superior to this, dare you withhold liberty from him who is no longer your prisoner! I had forgotten," she added, as her eye glanced over its contents, "you wait the evidence of my guilt." She then detailed simply, but forcibly, the circumstances which led to her acquaintance with Ulric, dwelling with grateful and affectionate warmth upon the kindness of those who had afforded her an asylum, although it increased the danger, which compelled them to seek one in comparative banishment. She spoke without disguise of her attachment to that cause, which those before her had leagued to overthrow—of her zeal for that religion, whose enemies were to be her judges. The result of these feelings to Ulric and herself, was disclosed with a cheek less pale, and a voice more tremulous; but their parting scene—the subsequent sufferings of his parents, and those which her own conscience inflicted, thus rendered still more poignant, were described so energetically, and in a tone of such extreme sensibility of feeling, that it thrilled through hearts now first taught to pity. "Am I not guilty, then?" she asked, as if innocence had been her death-warrant: "what further proofs do you require? Let Ulric say if I have spoken falsely—nay, he shall himself accuse me," and drawing from her bosom the letter Gonzales had conveyed to her father, read aloud the following passage:—"There is one—must I name Agatha?—by whom my memory may be recalled, with a feeling the bitterness of which I would remove—tell her, that in the hour I return to my dungeon, enfeebled by tortures, which have strove in vain to extort from me a renunciation of my faith, to bless God for having thus enabled me to glorify his

name: there is recorded a prayer—a blessing for one, but for whom I had never known a martyr's triumph and a martyr's joy."—"Mark this, my lords, justice can claim no more, and mercy I do not ask!"

"Yet it may be granted," said the president, who had taken frequent opportunities, during Agatha's recital, of observing its effect upon the king, whom it was in general his aim to please, rather than influence; "if by example and encouragement you prevail with your companion in error to forsake its dangerous path, and enter with yourself that true fold in which only salvation should be sought, and where alone it can be found."

"To 'bring a curse upon me, and not a blessing?' never! not even to save the life for which I freely offer you my own—O! let it be now accepted, if you do indeed seek to promote his salvation by my encouragement and example, for he shall find both in that 'strength' which 'is made perfect,' even in a woman's 'weakness.'"

The president reddened with indignation, and after conversing for a short time with the other inquisitors, addressing the king, said: "We, who compose the holy Tribunal of the Faith, are, and indeed must be, of one opinion with respect to the course it is our duty as *protectors of the church*, and extirpators of heresy, to pursue; but waving our high privilege, and resigning into the hands of our beloved sovereign our power and authority, we humbly and dutifully abide your majesty's pleasure and commands."

As the speaker concluded, the Duke of Lerma cast an imploring look at Philip, who arose from his seat, while the whole assembly, in profound silence and painful suspense, awaited his decision. "I trust," he began, directing his speech to the members of the court, "my affection and zeal for our holy religion is too well known, and has been too often proved, to become now a subject of suspicion or disbelief:"—the inquisitors bowed their attestation to the truth:—"and I feel equally convinced," looking round upon his attentive auditory, "that no one who has witnessed this distressing scene, and listened to the artless but impressive narrative of this heroic female, but will believe she has spoken the language of sincerity and truth, and agree with me,

that our apprehensions of some secret and malignant combination are wholly unfounded—not doubting this, I here declare it my determination to fulfil my royal word, which may not be lightly broken, nor fear that I shall thus endanger the interests of our infallible and revered church—nay more, I seek its increase; the heart of this erring child is not evidently to be influenced by fear, but it is, as I understand, *deeply susceptible of gratitude*:—“Agatha’s glistening eyes met those of Lermia’s, with an expression that filled his with tears:—“and will not this feeling lead her at least to regard with less hostility, the cause in which I am desirous to enlist so able and dauntless a champion. I would have Martenete recalled.” At his entrance the king resumed—“The proceedings of this day have, I cannot question, given all present much pain; and I now invite them to share likewise with me, the pleasure of

seeing our prisoner receive from her, whose boon it is, his life and liberty, and from me a gift, I doubt not, he values more than either. Return then together to your native country, and tell your parents, Martenete, that Philip of Spain sends them, in a child like this, a rich reward for an act of disinterested kindness; and ask but in return for so invaluable a treasure, that it may plead in favour of that religion, by whose dictates it is bestowed—which has taught him as a sacred duty to preserve his promise inviolate, while it forbids his acceptance of the price at which it has been obtained.”

Loud and continued plaudits resounded through the hall, as the king concluded, contracting still more the frowning brows of Aliaza and Father Theodoric.—One only was insensible both to joy and sorrow, and that was Agatha, who had sunk fainting into the arms of the almost as unconscious Ulic.

FITZ-ALLANE,

A POEM. BY H.

CANTO THE FIRST.

ARGUMENT.—The Lineage.—Parentage.—Birth.—Gathering of the Clansmen, preparatory to.—The Journey.—Arrival.—Morning.—Source of the Clyde.—The Water-Spirit.—The Invocation.—The Prophecy.—The Return.—The Castle.—Midnight.—The Dawn.—Tempus Fugit.—The Death of Norman.

ADVERTISEMENT.

It is almost superfluous to prefix a preface to a thing which in itself may be deemed premature, even though it should succeed. I will merely say that, not to be accused of taking credit where it is not my meed, I have conceived the notion of this Poem from Mr. Gleig’s talented Novel of Allan Breck, as a slight insight into the subsequent Cantos would prove. Upon public opinion it will depend whether or not I continue the narrative.

INTRODUCTION.

The day is past, the hour is gone
When chivalry to honour grew;
Its bright claims are for aye o’erthrown,
And wasted as the melting dew.
The time was once when minstrel lay
Of battle-field and charger grey,
Of courtly knight with spur and glove,
Who bravely combated for love,—
There was a time when such a song
Was greeted by the busy throng,
To while the fleeting hours along;
And lady-love herself would cheer
The minstrel with attentive ear.—
And shall the sounds of minstrel lay
Pass with the fleeting hours away?
Shall no one live to tell the story,
To Scotland’s heirs of Scottish glory?*

But bards grow dumb as time grows hoary:

* SCOTT AND SCOTLAND.

How aptly, *Scot-land*, does thy honour’d name
Sound its own glory in the lists of fame;
When all the laurel’d past avails thee not,
Still blaze immortal as the LAND of SCOTT.

2 I.—VOL. VIII.—APRIL.

But, if no better hand be found,
To soothe the ear with lyric sound,
And melt the heart in durance bound,
Erato, with thine art inspire
This earth-born soul and meaner lyre!

I.

LINEAGE.

M’Diarmid’s clan in days of yore,
Girt with the mountains of Benmore,
And water’d thro’ its meadows gay
By Kat’rine Loch and river Tay,
And screen’d by barriers broad and high,
Where dwelt “young Norval’s” ancestry,
Was highly fam’d and nobly told
In legendary bokes of old,
Ere Scotland groan’d, or Eric sigh’d,
To view the ruin’d recks of pride.

II.

Is there a swain from Linlithgow,
Or hies there one from Edinbro’,
To Glasgow town or Stirling tower,
Who knoweth not Strath Diarmid’s flower?
Marcellus is her name.

Her father was a bonnie Scot,
A clansman proud and patriot,—
Proud of a well-earn'd fame;
Her mother from a neighbouring clan,
(Where Clyde's prophetic waters ran,*
Where knights arose to gain renown,
Staunch vassals of a Scottish crown,
By raising feud on frequent feud,
To break the yoke of servitude,)
Her ancestry could claim.

III.

PARENTAGE.

Another knight there was, but now
He lies beneath the willow bough;
A mournful tale o'er heath and lea,
So dear-lov'd was his memorie!
Sheballion mourns, the Grampian weeps,
For Norman prenatu're sleeps:
And Norman's clan will never see,
And Lomond's Loch† will never bear
Upon its armet of the sea,
So brave a chief or gem so rare.

IV.

And Norman wedded: proud and high,
Equal in rank and ancestry,
Was Norman's wedded one.
Together they liv'd and together rear'd,
A pledge of love to each endear'd.—
Life—Hope, where are ye gone?
For Diarmid's laird profoundly sleeps,
And Diarmid's ladye mourns and weeps—
And Diarmid's son is grown to man,
And now is chief of his father's clan.—
Then let the rocks of Voirlich's height
Re-echo the tale of this laird and knight!

V.

THE BIRTH.

Mistily o'er the rippling rill
The sun had sunk behind the hill;
And warn'd the clansmen of Kinross
To seek the refuge of repose.
The night was drear—the stormy gloom,
That scowl'd like Death upon the tomb,

* Alluding to an ancient superstition attached to the source of the Clyde, whose spirit was supposed to preside over marriages, births, &c. It probably took its origin from the superstition among the Celts in the time of Malcolm IV. of Scotland. "Being a Celtic prince," says Sir W. Scott, "succeeding to a people of whom the great proportion were Celts, he was inaugurated at Scone with the peculiar ceremonies belonging to the Iro-Scottish race. In compliance with the ancient customs, he was placed upon a fated stone, dedicated to this solemn use, and brought for that purpose from Ireland by Fergus, son of Eric." There, we imagine, arose the prophetic faith I am speaking of. Natural superstition must seek its date amongst earlier annals. Sir W. Scott afterwards speaks of the Iro-Scottish and Highlander being the same race.

† Loch Lomond is united to the North Channel by a sheet of water flowing from the Firth of Clyde, thence "an armet" of that ocean.

By faint degrees more dark became:
Till the mountains rang,
And the thunder sang
In the midst of an heav'nly flame!
Never was night so black as this,
The earth and the heavens seem'd to kiss.
The laird of Craggan never knew*
So fell a tempest, nor Renfrew.
M'Diarmid's hall was in the cloud
Which thunder'd down in scorn,—
Alas! too true was the fatal shroud—
That hour was Allane born!

VI.

Tay's flood an awful aspect wore,
Swept by the tempest on the shore:
And eagre upon eagre† pass'd,
Quickly revolving in the blast.
The fairest meads of Monedie,
Dumferline's rock, and Benmore lea;
The eagle's nest amid the rocks,
Unable to "resist the shocks
Of tides and seas," which heat the air,
Alike the threatening menace wear,
And witness to the tempest bear.
In vain the fluttering eaglets waved
Their wings, imploring to be sav'd;
And now the eagle tries to gain
His mountain cradle,—but in vain:
The winds forbid, and strength denies
His wing to soar into the skies!

VII.

A pause succeeds—but now the flood,
Filling itself with the mountain blood,
And gliding, as the storm abates
More equally thro' nature's gates,
Bears on the bosom of its wave
The choral song which Diarmid's daughters
gave.

SONG.

"Hark to the thunder in the heav'n,
Mark the lightning in the sky;
How Strath Diarmid tempest-driven,
Howls amid the maiden's cry!

Gently still, and mildly fleeting,
Rest the clouds of Grampian snow:
Echo shrill, the vale repeating,
Sinks into a murmur low.

Now amid sweet voices meeting,
Listen to the joyful cry,
'Tis the tempest-chorus greeting,
Allane, thy nativity!
'Health to the pride of Strath Diarmid
for ever;
Health to the noble, the proud, and the
great:
Cry, health to the heir of Benmore, and
endeavour
To sweeten his lot in the goblet of fate!"

* From Craggan in the north to Renfrew in the south.

† The eagre is a tide common to rivers in the north; more particularly to the river Severn, near its rise.

VIII.

GATHERING AND JOURNEY.

Thus sang, or seem'd to sing the sportive wave,

And bear upon its heaving bosom by

The answer which the fountain-augur gave:

Pure as the crystal tear in beauty's eye,

Pure as the crystal drop which trickled nigh.

The pibroch's note was heard the while,

To wake the maiden's midnight smile;

And dancing on the water's breast,

Recall'd the slumb'rer from his rest.

Each vassal brave and knighted Scot,

Yeoman and halberdier—

In war or peace it matters not,

Their names alike were patriot—

In Diarmid's halls appear.

From door to door, from wall to wall,

Their arms rose glittering round the hall;

M'Diarmid's warriors, never known

In battle to be overthrown,

Were all arrayed with willing heart,

From bride or lady-love to part

For weal of Norman's heir.

And veteran knight of Diarmid's river

Had said, that thro' time's annals never

Those halls so crowded were:

And wedded spouse and wooing swain

In grand procession form a train,

And trace the wakeful river's banks,

In sable robe and solemn ranks,

Till Clyde's prophetic source is seen

Far beyond the forest green;

Faintly murmuring to the grove,

Tales of unrequited love:

Faery scene to maiden bright,

Faithful love to bonnie wight,

Fruits of love to lovely bride,

Give the spirit of the Clyde!

IX.

The hopeful clansmen wend their way

O'er hill and dale and mountain grey,

Nor stay one moment on their route

Fatigue or hunger to assuage,

Of care they were so destitute;

But travel on their pilgrimage

Far over heath and lea;

Pleasant to them their journeying,

To seek and find the precious spring

Gifted with augury!

Many towns have the clansmen seen,

And many pass'd with hasty greeting,

But all unheeded by their e'en,

Were the cities they pass'd or those e'en were meeting:

Alike unseen were forest and green.

And the night was black, and the moon was dull,

For never was moon so dimly full;

But still there gleam'd along the sky,

More bright in the obscurity,

A speck—a lonely star!

And they followed the star in the black midnight,

And borrowed the loan of its twinkling light;

It led them over heath and strath,

Altho' all trackless was the path,

Until it came to an open plain,

Where rose in majesty a mount:

The mountain-top the clansmen gain,

And discover there a crystal fount—

That fount was the goal—Sanquhar!*

X.

ARRIVAL—MORNING.

The morn was fair and Phœbus' smile

Was shed on Caledonia's isle;

And now was changed the welkin grey

Into the crimson dawn of day.

And Phœbus rose, the Muse hath said,

On mountain green and forest glade,

And, dancing on the sparkling dew,

The waters ting'd with golden hue.

The shepherd early leaves the erne,

The sheep-bells' tinkling sounds return;

And soon the wold is speckled o'er,

With grazers of the noon before.

Aurora gaily skips along

The meads, where Philomela's song

By matin hymns is now supplied—

Descending fast, the shadows bow

To nature's goddess, on her brow

Behold that star, last lingering, set,

Departing to the orbs below!

The sunbeam is her coronet:

Of Venus' zone the brightest gem

Grows dull before her diadem;

Her clothing are the lilies fair,

And dew-drops deck her yellow hair.

XI.

O'er hill and dale and mountain lone,

The balmy air of Morn is thrown,

To wonted labour quickly hies

The lowland vassal of Dumfries,

And shepherds pace the bracken wold

To guard the unprotected fold.

The forest warbler tunes his lay,

To while the blushing hours away,

As the pure streamlet ripples by

In chorus to his melody.

CLYDE'S SOURCE.

Faintly is heard at distance long

The deeper tones of louder song,

And harsher now is heard to roll

The torrent down the forest knoll;

Until, as less becomes the space

Of open distance from the place,

* Some geographers assert that the Clyde rises in Lanarkshire, but upon reference to the chart before me, I am disposed to think that it takes its rise from the summit of those mountains on the borders of which is situated the town of Sanquhar. Again a celebrated geographer [vid. *Encyclopædia Britannica*] traces the Clyde passing through Lanarkshire from the more southern mountains; which argues in favour of its rising somewhere below that country. Upon that supposition I have rested. —[The best way is to go to the source, which will be found to be in Lanarkshire.—Ed.]

The bubbling stream more rudely flows,
And foaming on the surface glows,
And broad and high the waters leap,
And broad the cataract and steep
That lulls the mountain herd to sleep,
O'er crag and rock the waters glide
That feed thy stream, prophetic Clyde!
O'er crag and rock they dash along
In cadence to their liquid song,
Until the waves themselves become
A sea of froth and "furious foam!"

XII.

And while the torrents thus repay,
In mimic song, or roundelay,
The gifts which nature hath bestow'd,
M'Diarmid's clansmen are abroad.
The golden beam had scarcely yet
Figured the sun's bright coronet,
But still there was no single Scot
Who fail'd to prove him patriot;
But all were ranged in steady rank,
Brave warriors all from flank to flank,
To wait the word by Fergus* spoke,
Which rous'd their Scottish hearts of oak.
The word was giv'n—"Advance, advance!"

And all obey'd his hasty glance:—
M'Diarmid's clansmen, half afraid,†
And timid as the frightened maid,
Approach with awe the fountain nigh,
And wait the spirit's prophesy.
How still the silence that prevails,
E'en as the bark that nightly sails
On ocean's lap, with zephyr gales!
No voice of pleasure or despair,
Disturb'd the slumber of the air;
But all was calm, as tho' repose,
Which Morpheus upon men bestows,
Had swept from earth all earthly woes!

XIII.

THE SPIRIT OF THE CLYDE.

Arise, and kiss the dawning light,
Loved and holy water-sprite!
Now no maiden comes to thee,
Wan with love or flushed with glee,
Nor whispers at thy fountain head,
Tale of love unanswered.
Higher themes of higher power,
Seek from thee a nobler dower.
Child as fair as faery morn,
To Norman's house and clan is born.
Then, spirit of the stream that flows,
Arise! 'The water-spirit rose.

* Fergus is father to Mancelly, and brother to Norman; and second in command of his troops.

† The Scot, although perhaps the most courageous and bravest of men, is, nevertheless, more addicted than any other man to superstition: and the very Scotchman who boasts of having "killed his man" on the field of battle, will shrink, palsied by fear, before the faint glimmer of a midnight shadow.

XIV.

Amidst the trembling sleep that reigns
As murmur to perception wanes;
Amidst the ripple of the wave,
Which to that sleep enchantment gave;
Amidst the howl of bush and brake
(For, hush'd with awe, no mortal spake),
There rose—in fairest form divine,
Like Venus on the eglantine:
Fair as the morn, fresh as the rose,
The Spirit of the Clyde arose:
And sleep became, by faint degrees,
A life-like image of decease;
So still'd by nature was each breath,
That silence wore the garb of death.

XV.

THE INVOCATION.

"True is the vow which we plight thee
now,
Fair spirit, ever free;
But greater than this is the meed of bliss,
Fair spirit, we seek from thee.
Here, on the brink, where the nuptial link,
'Twixt Norman and his spouse,
Was form'd of yore, thy grot before,
We speer thee of his house!
Bend the knee, ye vassals all,
Down before the faery fall,
Pay due homage, plight due troth,
Favour seek but dread her wrath."
Fergus, the last to bend, bent low,
And thus invoked the faery vow—
"To be true for ever as flows yon river;
To be faithful and just till gather'd to dust;
To revere thy name, and respect the claim
Which our fathers gave to thy grot and
wave,
Tho' peril o'ertake us, and fortune forsake
us,
Still to be faithful for ever we swear,
To the faery nymph and her grotto fair.
Of Caledonia's fairest land,
By mountain screen'd and zephyr fan'd,
Proud Benmore ranks, and has for aye,
High, in the pages of Doomsday.
Has Benmore's chief a happy meed
From the fair nymph to whom we plead?
And say, shall Norman's heir become
The groundstone of that mighty dome,
Whose halls have held, and boast to hold,
The pride of Scotland's knights of old?
Say, spirit of the sparkling wave,
How bright his fortune till he die;
Shall Allane find a peaceful grave
When beckon'd to his ancestry?"
Thus Fergus to the spirit spoke,
And thus the fountain augur woke.

THE PROPHECY.*

"THE BARK IS TOSS'D ON OCEAN'S TIDE,
BY TEMPEST IS THE CALM DEFIED;

* The apparent doubt and mystery which hung over the prophesy are explained in subsequent Cantos, which treat of the life and death of our hero.

BUT WHEN THE DEMON QUITS THE SEA,
SUCCEEDS ALONE SERENITY!"

The spirit vanish'd, and no more
Was held in rein the water's roar,
But fiercer and more fierce they pour;
And 'long with them the mountain side
The weary clansmen now bestride.
No sound was utter'd, but the wind,
Which rent the plain still unconfin'd,
Which scour'd the plain they left behind.

RETURN.

And Fergus and the clansmen bore
The unintelligible lore,*
With lighten'd hearts, in firm belief
Of blessing on their native chief.
Tardily they retrace their path,
Thro' Lowland vale and Highland strath,
Till Diarmid's halls once more are seen
To tower above the forest green;
Their hearts were in the sight, I ween.

XVI.

In midway air, the turrets high,
With battlement and tower,
Are painted in the azure sky;
And the faint clansman passing by,
Resting awhile on the milestone nigh,
Can thro' the coppice wood espy
A sight of lady's bower.

Glibly is heard the native rill
To trickle down the fenny hill
Into the fords of Tay!
And yonder, on the eastern beak,
Where tempest roars severe and bleak
Upon th' unshelter'd mountain-peak,
Arose a drear and tottering pile,
Which boasted once its sainted aisle,
And rood-loft place of holy toil,†
All shatter'd to decay.

The tempest had so prey'd upon
The fragments of its mouldering stone,
It seem'd so thick by moss o'ergrown,
A ruin'd pile together blown
By breath of elfin fay.

XVII.

The sky was tinged with purple sheen,
And nature's voice was still;
No sound was heard in forest green,
Except the forest warbler's wail,
Or start of roebuck o'er the dale,
Or ripple of the rill.
Not so the soul enliven'd scene,
That reigns M'Diarmid's halls within,
In midst of ditty, tale, and din.
No calm; still—silence lingers there,
Where festive chorus rends the air,
No tale of bitter teen:
But minstrel tunes his harp to share
(For minstrel ne'er so happy is,
As when he tunes his lyre to bliss.)
The pleasure of the scene.

* Alluding to its mystery.

† A place in churches and chapels of convents, where the cross and other divine images were placed. From the Saxon, *pōbe*, across.

XVIII.

Loud in the round ancestral hall,
Arose the cheerful sound;
Knight, lady-love, and seneschal,
(For festive was the hour to all,)
Join merrily the birth-day ball.
Upon the roseate ground:
And with the aged veteran,
Whose sprightliness time had outran,
Since sons' and grandsons' feats began,
The cheering bowl goes round;
And matrons, who have reach'd the age
Which forethought renders doubly sage,
Contented leave the spot, whose charms
Might raise in lassie love's alarms,
To scheme some matrimonial knot
(Whether the parties will or not)
With maiden heir and knightly Scot,
In Cupid's mazes wound.
Thus pass'd the natal feast away,
In sprightly dance and minstrel lay,
Till Phœbus tinged the waning night,
And shed across the portal, light.
Now every Scottish maid, to hide
The wanness of her rosy pride,
As spread Aurora far and wide,
Retired to shun the ray whose power
In anger lower'd, if ray could lower.

MIDNIGHT.

The hall was empty, save the guard,
Who paced from door to door,
And porter who re-cross'd the yard,
While crank and chain his steps retard,
To lift the drawbridge o'er:
And all was wrapt in balmy sleep,
In turret, battlement, and keep,
On mattress, bench, and floor.
The sleepy hours in silence weep,
And nature lulls the world in slumber deep.

XIX.

DAWN.

Phœbus! too dimly shines thy ray,
Upon the mountain height;
To ope the portals of the day,
Or penetrate the night:
But still, as darkness wears away,
Upon the slumber light,
Of those who at the revel stay,
With pleasure and delight,
Succeeds the gloom, in fancied fray
And mockery of fight,
A tinge, whose hue Aurora gay
Had painted—was it gold or grey?
Hast ever gazed on nature's plain,
Star-clad and smiling? Gaze again.
Watch on the brow of the Grampian hill,
Mark on the bosom of the hill,
See on the dew which sparkles round,
And dances in the air,
Phœbus, the king of nature, crown'd
With golden chaplets fair.

XX.

TEMPUS FUGIT.

As drops the sand through the fragile glass,
So days and years and seasons pass:

The chronicles of Time remain,
 Unchanged in date, uncurb'd in rein.
 The blooming maiden, once so fair
 When garland decked her auburn hair,
 Is wrinkled now with age and care!
 Behold that proud ancestral pile,
 Where lady-love on knight would smile,
 When youth enjoyed its blithesome day,
 Low levell'd with its mother clay:
 How cold and drear that sainted aisle!
 "The stone is broke, the arches fall,
 And time is traced upon the wall!
 Thus pass away in hurried tide
 The seasons of a youthful pride,
 And leave the wreck which Time has made,
 Exposed, and withering to fade—
 To fade away till Heaven recalls
 The soul from 'neath Death's gloomy walls!

XXI.

DEATH OF NORMAN.

Those halls, which now I painted bright
 And joyous as the zephyr light,
 Where bride was woo'd by gallant knight,
 And lassie by her lover;
 Those halls, those ancient halls no more
 Are smiling on the bold Benmore;
 No joy do they discover.

Fair children of the ferny hill,
 Ye nymphs of Norman's native rill,
 Thou hardy-bodied halberdier,
 And hardier Grampian mountaineer,
 Why stand ye weeping here?
 And why, upon the dying breeze,
 Trembles, through Benmore's forest trees,
 That death-peal in the ear?
 Fallen is the crest of Norman's house,
 And weeping is his lonely spouse.
 The Scot, upon the mountain peak,
 Wipes the rude tear from off his cheek;
 From knight and vassal, maid and bride,
 Is swept all joy in rapid tide;
 And Diarmid's ancient halls appear
 A pile, deserted, gloomy, drear!
 Such was the change which Killin-dale
 Had witness'd in her shelter'd vale!
 Such was Sheballion's weeping tale;
 And such the unexpected shock
 Which moved the waves of Lomond's
 Loch!
 The echoing caverns lent their aid,
 To dash the death-peal o'er the glade;
 And the same sound the Grampian bore
 Was echoed faintly in Benmore,
 THE LAIRD OF DIARMID IS NO MORE!*

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS II.

[See the Play in our last Number.]

This prince, who is at present resident in Switzerland, under the name of Colonel Gustafson, is one of the most extraordinary characters in Europe: he is an author, but on philosophical subjects; his works on meteorology are highly esteemed: but we made a mistake when we attributed the play published in our Magazine last month to this prince. It is written by his father, Gustavus III.; who left a chest full of papers of the kind sealed up at Stockholm, with an injunction that they were not to be opened till a certain year in the nineteenth century. Here is one of the first specimens given to the public. It is singular that it should treat of the turpitude of substituting a supposititious child, when the Swedish faction that deposed Gustavus IV., or, as he is sometimes called, Gustavus Adolphus II., pleaded that this prince was a spurious son. But the high-souled integrity, the romantic valour, and the literary abilities possessed by him, prove him to be a true scion of the glorious house of Vasa. He holds the throne in sovereign contempt, from which he was deposed, because he would not truckle to

Napoleon and Russia. Just such was the spirit of his collateral ancestor, John Cassimer, King of Poland, who answered a factious speech of his subjects threatening deposition with these words, which ought to be on the lips of every conscientious sovereign plagued with rebellious subjects—

"Gentlemen of the Diet,—You are tired of having me for your monarch, I am much more weary of governing such turbulent subjects. I resign into your hands the sceptre."

He kept his word, and abdicated, to the infinite grief of the Poles, who did not mean he should take them at their word; for though bred a churchman, he was a mighty warrior. He spent the remainder of his life, like Gustavus Adolphus, in literary ease. It was one of Napoleon's standing orders to the *Moniteur*, always to represent the present rightful king of Sweden as a madman. But the chief misfortune of this prince was, that his character belonged to the sixteenth century, instead of the nineteenth; he would have made a glorious companion in arms to

* Vide Section III.; to which place, after having narrated Fitz-Allane's birth, the conclusion of this Canto conducts the reader. Thus Fitz-Allane is born, the prophecy sought, the birth celebrated, and Norman, the laird of M'Diarmid, dead. In the succeeding Cantos will be narrated the life and adventures of Fitz-Allane, the future laird.

Francis I., Bayard, Gustavus Vasa, or Henri le Grand; but he is completely out of his sphere in this calculating age of political economists. It is said that with a stern spirit of independence he lives on the merest pittance, and even cleans his own boots with his own royal hands, because he cannot afford to pay a servant. He might be pensioned by the monarchs who intrigued against him, but he scorns their alms. The public attention of Europe has lately been much excited to the deposed royal family of Sweden, by the successful opera of Gustavus III., by Ankarstroom representing the murder. This opera has been so popular throughout Europe, that Bernadotte forbade its representation in Sweden. Gustavus Adolphus has a son, a remarkably well-educated young man, to whom the hopes of a party are said to be secretly directed.

We translate this portrait, from a French work of the last century, of Gustavus III., the royal author of our drama:—

“From his mother, the sister to Frederick the Great of Prussia, he inherited the spirit and abilities of his uncle; from his father that benevolence of heart, which renders the memory of Frederic Adolphus yet dear to the Swedes. Born with talents that would have reflected lustre on any rank, but peculiarly on the exalted one he filled, his natural endowments were cultivated to the highest pitch, by an education the most finished. By a graceful and commanding oratory, the most captivating manner and insinuating address, he even won the hearts of those who only beheld him in public. Those who were near his person, could appreciate his depth of judgment and genius for intricate diplomacy: careless of pleasure, without being averse to it, he tasted the amusements of a court; and in the

midst of the closest application to study, retained all that graceful ease which qualified him to shine in his own circle as a finished gentleman. He cultivated with equal success the arts of governing and pleasing; and knew alike how to win upon the affections, and gain the respect of his subjects. Three times a week he regularly gave audience to all who presented themselves. It required neither rank, fortune, nor interest, to obtain access to him: he listened to the meanest of his subjects with the dignity, indeed, of a sovereign, but at the same time with the tenderness of a parent. He possessed the military talents of his predecessor, Charles XII., without his ferocity. Like Cæsar, he united the talents of the orator and soldier; and to complete the analogy, heedless of a warning given, he met a Cæsar's fate. An assassin at a masquerade fired a pistol at him, loaded with slugs and rusty nails, on 16th March, 1792.” He lingered some days in torture, and died with heroic fortitude.

Why Gustavus III. and his son, both virtuous sovereigns and accomplished men, have met such hard dealing at the hands of the Swedes, is a question often asked? The answer is obvious. After the death of Charles XII. a turbulent and corrupt aristocracy entirely usurped the whole power of the state. There is no tyranny so injurious to a commonwealth as that of irresponsible oligarchy. Gustavus III. restored the representative constitution of his country, and gave the ancient privileges to burgesses, and peasants, and royalty. For this deed was he murdered by a conspiracy of the discontented noblesse. The same faction dethroned his son, and made the throne of the Vasa's the dynasty of Bernadotte.

AN OLD SERMON, REVISED AND ADAPTED TO THE PRESENT TIMES.

BY HENRY RAPER SLADE, LL.B.*

“The overflowings of ungodliness made me afraid.”—Psalm xviii. 3.

The civil condition of every state, whether good or bad, has always been observed to maintain a regular and exact correspondence with the moral conduct and character of its inhabitants. The nature of things and the decrees of God have so closely connected them together, that the one is invariably determined by the other.

“When the people are righteous, the nation is exalted; when they become vicious, it is brought low.” Upon this principle, confirmed to him by the experience of ages, the royal prophet, when he saw his subjects disavowing their allegiance, and acting a wicked and rebellious part, could not help expressing his fears of

* This sermon was preached (during Lent) March 13th, 1836, in the parish church of Petersham, Surrey; and Hampton, Middlesex, by the lecturer. A stranger afterwards requested particularly to be favoured with the MS., conceiving the public at large would greatly delight in an acquaintance with the subject matter. To this request the reverend gentleman very courteously consented. And a sermon now appears in our pages which does not far differ from the sentiments contained in a review on the “Manual of Prayer,” at p. 133. It is our ardent desire to see spring up kind affections and national brotherhood.

those dreadful miseries which so impious a conduct was likely to bring both on the kingdom and themselves. Such "overflowings of ungodliness made him afraid." And, indeed, well they might. For vices of every degree have always an ill-effect on the public; and the higher they rise, the more ruinous the consequences. When impiety therefore breaks its bounds, and threatens to overflow the land, all who are exposed to the fury of the inundation have great reason to be afraid—have great reason to guard against their danger, and to unite their endeavours for the common safety, by checking and diverting its destructive course. That popular vices not only may, but actually did among several nations, rise up to such an enormous height, we are fully assured by the concurrent testimonies of ancient histories. What the causes were that chiefly contributed to this notorious wickedness, we are not always told: nor does it concern us much to know. This, however, let us carefully remark, that the very same histories which give us an account of the manifold vices those nations practised, give us likewise as clear an account of the manifold calamities they consequently suffered. And let this remark excite us, as it ought, seriously to reflect on our own conduct, and examine how we are really circumstanced in this respect. When we come to enter on this important examination, the following question will naturally occur—"are we better than they?" Better, doubtless, we ought to be, because we enjoy greater advantages. The superior excellency of our religion should, in reason, make us more excellent in our lives; and the mighty blessings we have been favoured with, should have kept us steadfast in our religious obedience to that gracious Being, from whose liberal bounty they originally flowed. That God, who has shewed himself so peculiarly beneficent to guide, ought surely to be adored by us, with peculiar reverence and holy zeal. But have we that awful veneration for Him, which his Majesty claims?—that inward piety towards Him, which his goodness demands, and which Christ propounds as the only worship acceptable to Him? Are we always careful to give Him the honour due unto his name, and to worship Him with the holy aspirations of the heart? Are we always attentive to what He commands; and diligent in the observance of his righteous injunctions? How comes his name then to be so commonly and so wantonly profaned? How comes his sanctuary then to be so little frequented; to be indeed so forsaken, so desolate, as it is? How come his laws then to be so slightly regarded, so presumptuously despised, so daringly violated, as we know

they are? How comes the Supper of his Son Jesus Christ's institution, who died to reconcile us with the Father, to be so neglected by the great majority of souls? These, alas! are manifest signs of the decay of piety: woful indications of the want of religion. But when once religion and the fear of God are thus unhappily thrown aside, then will inevitably spring up in their stead disorder, confusion and every evil work. This all the former ages experienced; and this we shall experience ourselves, if we do not repent. For ever since we have learned to forget our God, and to neglect his religion and worship, with what shameless front have licentiousness and debauchery, intemperance and luxury, been stalking through the land? These arrogant vices soon introduced a kindred troop of others, as ministering servants, to supply their demands. Such are fraud and injustice, rapine and violence, cruelty and oppression, treachery and deceit. Behind these we may observe a confused group of lesser vices, extremely injurious to the welfare of society, as well as displeasing to the purity of God: such as falsehood and perfidiousness, pride and envy, malice and revenge, slander and detraction, uncharitableness, selfishness, and discontent.

View this picture, this portrait of a nation, and own it to be just: view the original, and be afraid. For with how great and reasonable an apprehension must every serious man look on this state of things, who considers the grievous and miserable consequences that must naturally attend it!

It has ever been observed, that when profaneness and irreligion have prevailed among any people, all civil crimes have abounded likewise, to the great danger and detriment of the state. And how, indeed, should it possibly be otherwise? For when men once cease to "fear God," it cannot be expected that they should long continue either to "love the brotherhood," or to "honour the king." And when brotherly love and mutual benevolence no longer subsist among them, what room is there left for good faith and mutual confidence? And when mutual confidence is destroyed, must not every one live in constant distrust of each other, and think himself obliged to be perpetually on his guard against their violence or their deceit? But when the wild lusts and raging passions of corrupt nature are let loose to their several pursuits, who knows from what quarter, or in what measure, insults and injuries may fall upon him.

This only the good man knows, and this he sincerely laments, that such general disorders, though they hurt him much, must injure the community infinitely

more : must disturb its peace, and destroy its harmony : must weaken its powers, and frustrate its designs : must subject its authority to be despised abroad, because found to be so little respected at home. When a nation comes to this pass, how justifiable are our fears for its welfare, if we consider only these destructive consequences, which naturally result from its wickedness and corruption ? But how much higher must our concern rise, when we consider it, moreover, as exposed to the vengeance of an offended God ? And does any one dare to doubt such a visitation, pray let him attentively read the 28th of Deuteronomy, wherein the Lord God intimates, through his servant Moses, to his chosen people the Israelites, the blessings which should attend upon their obedience to his laws, and the curses which their disobedience would imprecate upon themselves, both as individuals and as a nation ! For though every vice is, by the established laws of nature, constantly attended with some immediate punishment, yet these natural and ordinary penalties are not the whole that is always due and ordained to our crimes. When they become general, they become more malignant, and consequently deserve more signal inflictions. Private sins, as I observed in a recent discourse, may safely be referred to the final doom ; but it is highly expedient, on many accounts, that general and public sins should meet with general and public punishment. And, indeed, have they not always met with it ? Look at the generations of old, and see ; consult the ages that are past, and observe ; behold how minutely those denunciations against the rebellious Jews, contained in the chapter just referred to, have been fulfilled, and then inquire whether any state or kingdom, overrun with impiety, vice, and immorality, was ever suffered to go unpunished ? The chief accounts of former times, what are they, but so many declared instances of God's awful, avenging power, exercised upon sinful and incorrigible nations ? For when they obstinately persisted in evil courses, and wickedness prevailed among them, he took the government into his own hands, and, by the immediate interposition of his supreme authority, chastised them with visible and distinguished strokes of resentment. With what impressions of terror then must every one, who believes in a God and a Providence, behold himself in the midst of a land, whose morals have for some time been extremely depraved, and, notwithstanding repeated warnings, are continually proceeding from bad to worse ? He knows, that the Lord, who hateth iniquity, "will certainly visit for those things : " and therefore his fears may

justly be alarmed, lest the same calamities should be inflicted on his own, as were formerly inflicted, in the like case, on other corrupt and impenitent nations.

After what manner the Almighty may exert himself, or what evils we are to estimate as immediate instances of his divine resentment, we cannot presume to say. But this, however, we may say with certainty—and this, the present season of Lent, ought to lead us seriously to reflect upon, that, when any nation becomes remarkably corrupt and immoral, it is one mode of divine punishment ; *FIRST, to divide it against itself, and then to make the divided powers mutual scourges to each other.* Hear what the Lord says by his Prophet to the frequently admonished, but unrepenting Egypt, "I have mingled a perverse spirit in the midst thereof. And I will set the Egyptians against the Egyptians ; and they shall fight every one against his brother, and every one against his neighbour ; city against city, and kingdom against kingdom ; and Egypt shall fall."

To whatever cause then we may be disposed in *politics* to attribute our dissensions and national calamities, in *reason* and *religion* it would be most prudent to ascribe them to our accumulated national sins ; and consequently, to seek their removal by unfeigned national repentance. To such repentance we are strongly pressed by various and weighty reasons. It is one of the most effectual means to compose and allay our contentions : one of the most effectual means to relieve us from the evils we labour under : one of the most effectual means to restore to us our lost happiness. We have never yet gained any thing by our vices : by our repentance we may gain much. Our vices, indeed we must renounce, if we are duly sensible of their fatal tendency ; and yet wholly insensible we cannot be, for the natural consequences of our sins, and the super-added punishment inflicted on them, have appeared plainly for some time in the distresses and calamities of private life ; and in the burdens, disorders, and uneasinesses of the public.

What the end of these things shall be, He only knows who knoweth all things. We may vainly boast that we have strength, but our wisdom should be to secure instantly *his* aid, in whose hands are the issues of every event, by humble contrition and by sincere penitence, "seeking the Lord while he may be found ; and drawing nigh unto Him while he is near." Then may we safely assume confidence ; for if we make "the Lord our refuge and strength, we shall be sure to find him a very present help in all our troubles."

Pressed as we are by such weighty considerations, let us accordingly endeavour

to recall and revive the genuine spirit of true religion. Let us be careful to reverence God, in Christ Jesus, in his name, in his sabbaths, in his sanctuary, and in all our actions. Let us use all diligence to reform our tempers and our habits, to correct our failings and to improve our virtues. Let us estimate life not as a scene of dissipation and thoughtlessness—not as a scene of pleasure and amusement, but, as what it really is, a state of probation and trial; where we must necessarily perfect ourselves in goodness, if we mean to secure either present comfort, or future peace and eternal happiness.

Thus reason and the gospel direct us to act: and here interest coincides with both, and pleads for reformation with redoubled force; we are apt to complain, that the times are bad, and our prospects gloomy.

"Would we then see better times?" LET US ESCHIEW EVIL AND DO GOOD: LET US SEEK PEACE, AND ENSUE IT. For the eyes of the Lord are over the righteous; and his ears are open unto all their prayers, and no good thing will he ever withhold from them that lead a godly life."

If then we have any real concern for the welfare and prosperity of our country, let us now prove it, not by our words, but by our

deeds; by concurring to stop the contagion of sin, and the overspreading deluge of iniquity: by making ourselves, through God's grace, patterns of virtue and promoters of every good.

Every degree of individual virtuous improvement will contribute something to the benefit of the state at large.

The more perfect our own personal amendment, the brighter will be our prospect, and the greater our hope. And would but this national humiliation produce, what is unquestionably meant it should produce, a national reformation, then might we boldly say, in the language of the Prophets: "Associate yourselves, O ye people, and ye shall be broken in pieces: take counsel together, and it shall come to naught: speak the word, and it shall not stand: for God is with us. Sanctify therefore the Lord of Hosts; and let him be your fear: and let him be your dread: and he will be a sanctuary unto you. For God will save Sion, and build the cities of Judah. The posterity also of his saints shall inherit it: and they that love his name shall dwell therein. Their children shall continue; and their seed shall be established before him." Amen!

[The above, though filling so short a space in our columns, we are assured, occupied about the customary time in the delivery, which was as touching for its earnestness and true spirit of devotion, as the matter will be admitted to be suitable and good "in the present times of dissension and strivings."]

DESIGNS FOR THE NEW HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

Wednesday and Thursday se'nnight the National Gallery was open to the "elect," to inspect the designs of the unsuccessful candidates in the recent competition to erect the new Houses of Parliament, and on Friday it was open to the public. The best we can say of the new Gallery itself is, that we felt all at once *at home*, and could regard it as a structure admirably adapted to the purposes intended, wherein there is nothing to distract attention: there it is; you enjoy it, and know not why, except that there is nothing to offend the eye of taste; and its real merit makes you in every respect satisfied. The first or principal room is heated by under currents of warm air; in the centre of the large room are some eight or nine wide brass openings, in double file, set in broad stone pavements. The other rooms are warmed from fireplaces. The admittance is fixed at one shilling each person.

We will commence our particular duty

Room.		Room.	
ALDERSON, BRACE-	Auspicio Regis et Sena-	BEAUMONT, A.	2
BRIDGE, & ARTS.	tus (name unknown) 4	BENHAM	5
ADLINGTON & CO.	5 BAUDOCK, H.	BLORE, J.	5
ANGEL, S.	5 BARDWELL, W.	1	BEES & GRIFFITHS
ASHTON, H.	5 BAUD, B.	5	2

by now giving the names of the unsuccessful competitors, and then a critique upon as many of the designs as far as the shortness of the time, our limited space, and the other circumstances, will permit; promising that we only speak of the designs, as they appear to the eye of an inquisitive visitor, without at all going into the merit of internal arrangements, which may perhaps far exceed the splendid and taking show of some of the plans which casual observation would most applaud and approve for such a national purpose.

We claim indulgence for want of technical knowledge, but we make no pretensions to architectural skill; neither have we attempted to do more than to exercise the little taste we may possess, to aid the judgment of our readers, using in our language such parlance as might be generally comprehended out of school. We need not say that our comments are without favouritism or bias.

Room.		Room.	
2	BUCKLAND, W.	5	BUNNING, J. B.
1	BURRELL & LUGAR	5	BURTON, C.
2	CLARKE, J.	3	

	Room.		Room.		Room.		Room.
COCKERELL, C. R. R.A.	1	GOODRIDGE, H. E.	.. 1	M'GREGOR, A.	 3	SCOT, STEVENS, & GALE	5
Confido (name unknown)	5	GRAHAM, G.	 1	MOCATTA, D.	 2	TAYLOR, A.	 4
COTTINGHAM, N. L.	.. 1	GWILT, J. S.	 4	MORGAN, J. D.	 2	THRUPE, J., & BUR-	
CUMBERLEDGE, C. N.	3	HAKESWILL, JAMES	.. 1	MOTT, I. H. R.	 3	CHELL, S.	 4
DAVIS, J., & CATHER-		HAKESWILL, EDW.	.. 2	Operam dedi (name un-		TROTTER, J.	 5
WOOD, F.	.. 2	HARPER, J.	 4	known)	 3	TURNER, J.	 3
DONALDSON, T. L.	.. 1	HARRISON, G.	 3	PAIN, R. & W.	 2	TYRMAN, T.	 3
DOWSON, J.	 4	HOPPER, T.	 1	PAYNE, R.	 4	Virute et labore (name	
DUNCAN, S.	 2	INMANN, W. S.	.. 1	PENNETHORNE, J.	.. 1	unknown)	 4
FERRY, B.	 1	JEARRAD, R. W.	.. 2	POCOCK, W. W.	 5	WALLACE, R.	 1
Finis coronat opus (name		KENDALL, H. E. &		POYNTER, A.	 4	WETTER, R. G.	 2
unknown)	.. 4	HOPKINS, J. D.	.. 1	Pro patria semper (unk.)	3	WHITE, J.	 1
Forest of Lebanon (name		KILPIN, I.	 4	REPTON, J. A.	 2	WILKINS, W., R.A.	.. 1
unknown)	.. 4	KNOWLES, I. T.	.. 2	RICKMAN & HUSSEY	.. 1	WOOD, F.	 3
FORSTER & OKELEY	.. 3	LAMB, S.	 2	ROBINSON, P. F.	.. 1	WILLSON, T.	 3
FRENCH, G. R.	.. 3	LAPIDGE, E.	 2	SALVIN, A.	 1	WYATT, L.	 4
FRITH, J.	 2	LEE, A.	 3	SAYAGE, J.	 3		

Cottingham.—As you enter room No. 1, this engages attention: a stranger may be reminded of the termination of the Corso, facing Torlonias, at Rome. This is a work of much labour, talent, and industry. Conspicuous are two *Westminster boys*; they are lost in admiration and wonder, whilst the younger is whispering, (we thought we *overheard him correctly*.) "What a nice place this would be for us, Charles, if we *could* get the masters to build, instead of a *school* we should *then* have a *college*, or even an *abbey* itself; what capital dormitories in yonder third story; and we could play hide and seek famously behind the butresses." This is the Mr. Cottingham who was a successful architectural competitor at Cambridge.

H. E. Goodridge, of Bath.—Handsome and very taking in appearance, and not a superabundance of ornament: the fence or railing in front is also elegant and useful, it seems to be designed to meet that which in such a building is really wanted. Its frontage next the river is also well disposed, with an intermediate terrace. It seems, however, to be almost adapted for Houses of Parliament only, and not in connexion with the many other purposes required for the public service.

Burchell and Thrupp.—This is handsome and beautiful: what it would present may in some measure be judged of from the appearance of the Temple Library, when viewed from the garden or the river: it seems also to make greater provision than the preceding plan for committee-rooms, &c.: a very important matter.

Robinson.—We do not think this, in *outward* appearance, adapted to the purpose.

Donaldson.—This combines a wide field of utility. Towards Westminster Abbey and St. Margaret's Church it offers every requisite accommodation for entrance by each grade, and also for the law courts next the river. We however give the preference to other designs; and think that whilst the style is unincumbered generally with ornament, there is a vast and useless expense in the tower and covering of the

chambers. With our inclination we would actually transpose, with suitable alterations, the back and front; and yet when we see plan No. 87, we are almost disposed to let it remain as it is.

T. Hopper.—Attention must be rivetted by this: we wish we could compare it with those which have been selected. We much doubt whether the public will not strive to have it. We quote the architect's description:—"The design is strictly in conformity with the style termed that of Edward III., to assimilate (than which, if it can, nothing can be more proper) with the design in Westminster Hall and St. Stephen's Chapel, besides being in character with the Abbey. New Palace-yard is kept free from the buildings to preserve the rear of the bridge and river, as well as to give the building its full effect in perfection." His Majesty's entrance and all the entrances to the House of Peers are on this side, being the proper front. Old Palace-yard, increased in size to give a greater area in front of that part of the building, contains the public entrance to both parts of that building, and to both houses, by steps, the whole width of St. Stephen's Chapel; and also all the entrances to the House of Commons, committee-rooms, parliamentary-offices, Speaker's house, &c. This seems to be the most costly design. The private entrances are facing the river. The west and east are finished in a very handsome and consistent manner. The two entrances for Peers and Commons are on the east side; but we doubt the propriety of having them so contiguous to each other: had they been on the right and left, under the projecting windows, we think utility would have been served and confusion prevented. The Palace-yard entrance to the committee-rooms is noble and well located; because the eye of the multitude, and of strangers from all quarters frequenting those parts, will closely examine it, in the ordinary pursuit of their several avocations. The Speaker's entrance is chaste and consistent.

Inmann offers an arch approach to the

river front, which is a good notion. However, we much question whether pulling down Palace-yard, and having much glass-work in the Houses of Parliament, however ornamental to the eye, will not cause street noises to be extremely inconvenient within. At this moment, in this gallery, the rumbling is terrible. Have any of the members thought how remarkable is the present quietude of Westminster Hall, and the parts adjacent? The elevation of the buildings on the side of Parliament-street is considerable: others, on the contrary, diminish this, to show the buildings within—many men of many minds.

Wallace offers the most pleasing perspective view from Old Palace-yard: there is a vast deal of elegant taste and beauty: it seems to be what it is intended to be, an elegant place for practical business. The river front does not, however, so well satisfy us, as a *coup d'œil*; it looks like a something we have been accustomed to look at in common.

Rickman and Hussey, not sufficiently defined for a particular examination.

Cockerell has our notion, and states his view that the river should be kept as open as possible; he has accordingly made three arches towards the Thames. We like his Palace-yard view, though we would still have the river more open: his line of new buildings facing Westminster entrance is elegant and good, as well as suitable, and particularly so next the river. We think his river front must give satisfaction; it seems to be of vast extent, and is chaste and unincumbered with ornament. It is indeed very beautiful and consistent.

Kendall and Hopkins.—We are sorry to pass over a design of merit; but this is more suitable for a palace (we speak principally of the river front) than for business: had this been for Buckingham Palace, it might have been well for the public.

Hakewill.—Elizabethan style. The river front would present nearly all the committee-rooms of both houses to open upon colonnades.

A. Salvin.—The river front is conspicuous, but the five turrets add greatly and unnecessarily to expense, without utility.

W. Wilkins shows much reflection in his design. Towards the river the arrangement is in good keeping, to give a peep of the Abbey, &c., from the water. We do not dislike it, but we should not give it a preference. We like the finished terrace of Hopper; and in turning back to look at the same, we would add that the space allotted by Donaldson, whose design comes again into view, gives us no small satisfaction.

C. Graham.—This design is as if for a

fairly palace; he offers greater originality than most of the others. We see nothing to object to, much to be delighted with. The law courts, King's entrance, and Peers' entrance, in the street front, are well distanced. Each side would in this present an extremely superb appearance. Next the river is provision for a water-gate: such an entrance near the committee-rooms would be of great utility for strangers. We like this very much; it is exceedingly talented. This seems to be the second most costly design.

B. Ferrey has chosen a motto—*Quod potui perfecti*. (I have done as well as I am able.) This is a design of practical utility, and would, we doubt not, look very well, and retain "good looks" long beyond the day of its erection: and the cost we should imagine would be comparatively very small. Mr. Ferrey has exactly distanced the Commons' entrance and Peers' entrance, as we have previously pointed out. When attentively examined it has extreme merit; but it is not designed *ad captandum vulgus*.

Pennethorne is more for show than utility. We are disposed to imagine that a vast and lofty tower amongst such a number of elegant spires in every direction, involves a heavy, and what is more important, most unnecessary expense. We also much object to have any peep of the river shut out from view. Facing the river, the appearance would be magnificently grand; and it is towards that one object the artist seems to have directed the whole artillery of his mind. We like the double flight of steps to the water. And here we would remark, that we have not seen any design exhibiting an upper gallery, communicating by outer steps to a second story, which might be used as committee-rooms, &c., to prevent the constant hum and bustle by the passage of persons to and fro within the building itself.

Wetton.—There is something too fanciful in this design; and there is, moreover, wanting, that dignity which such a building should exhibit. Towards the river in Palace-yard are too archways, and a great mass of building parallel with the Thames; to the situation of which, as before mentioned, we have a decided objection.

A. Beaumont has a river front vastly too fanciful; it might be taken for the external boundary of a menagerie; and in New Palace-yard, at right angles with the bridge, he has an erection not much unlike the hotel at Brighton, facing the sea at the end of the Steyne. A king tried in vain to get rid of that; and it is not very likely the nation would perpetrate so great a folly, as adopting this in such a situa-

tion. We have in Old Palace-yard rather a liking for that portion of Mr. Beaumont's structure. The rounded or semi-circular termination, where *now* is, and then would still be, the Peers' entrance, and the retiring gateway, &c., are by no means unsuitable. We have spoken of the perspective view from the river, as rendering futile all the builders' work; but it is not noble enough to carry importance when seen at a distance: with a broad carriage-way, however, the passers by might imagine from its green-house look, that there was something rare and curious within it.

Jearrad is far too towering and grand. You may admire the artistical talent, but, nevertheless, shake the head in silent dissent: from the bridge in a line with the river he has an elegant screen, enclosing towards the river Westminster Abbey, in which are three very handsome arches, thus making an inner square in that quarter. We really like this notion: look through an arch at a distance, and it greatly obstructs the view; gaze through when near, as through those elegant arches on the bridges of Edinburgh, or those at Naples, and the effect is greatly heightened; but he has no terrace or foot-way along the river, except under a line of projecting colonnade.

D. Mocatta has much building towards the river, positively shutting it almost out of view: he has, nevertheless, a broad carriage-way along the river front of the building. As a *drawing* you may carefully, and with pleasure, examine this artist's work.

Davis and Catherwood throw open Palace-yard, and presents a corresponding erection with that on the right of Westminster Hall, making a handsome front terminating near the river. In the vacant space an obelisk is to be placed. We approve of this portion. A carriage-way upon an embankment braced in stone, is along the river; and the look of it is not unlike the quay of Paris: there is a handsome flight of steps to the water's-edge.

The river front we much dislike. The new erections for Old Palace-yard would be quite out of keeping with the buildings which are contiguous to it. The Commons' entrance has next to it the guard-house and his Majesty's entrance together, and beyond that the Peers, at very convenient distances.

Repton gives building also down to the river by the bridge-side. The river frontage of the "great" edifice is, however, nothing more remarkable than the appearance presented by handsome houses; we should call his *forte* domestic architecture. There is a kind of sward foot-path left at the river-edge, and a sort of garden-wall protects the rear of the offices connected with the Parliament-houses. The style is after that of Regent street.

Duncan astonishes the beholder by the entrance he has made for the "dignity" of the Peers: he takes away entirely all that now is in Old Palace yard. Next the river the *coup-d'œil* is very good, but utility is lost sight of; the river is embanked, and a flight of steps passes from the bridge to the water's-edge.

Lapidge is all towered next the river. In New Palace-yard he has a low erection beyond Westminster Hall toward the water side, and a partial embankment. In Old Palace yard he gives a grand entrance, quite a Sir Walter Scott sort of tale fancy building of chivalric days. It is an immense pile.

Frith presents quite a novel appearance in Old Palace-yard, which is extremely taking; all his turrets are squares of three windows, so that each is, doubtless, a spacious room inside. If he would but give us a view of the river in New Palace-yard, we should be little disposed to find fault with him. We like this unpretending yet talented specimen.

We had intended completing our critique in *this* number, but neither time nor space will permit us to do so. The above are contained in Room No. 1, and half of those commencing on the left in Room No. 2.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LADY'S MAGAZINE.

Sir,—I take the liberty of again troubling you with a few observations on the competition for rebuilding the Houses of Parliament. On calling this morning at the National Gallery, in the hope of enjoying the first exhibition of a truly national character, I was not a little surprised to find that one shilling was required for admission.* I paid the fee and walked into this *national* edifice, constructed under the authority of Parliament

* On the part of the society and for ourselves we must say that we met with the most polite and ready attention without payment of the King's siller.—Ed.

at the expense of the people. The portion of the building containing the unsuccessful designs for the Houses of Parliament, is that which was intended for the accommodation of the Royal Academy, and consists of a ground floor of little elevation, divided into common-looking apartments, and a first floor which is divided into three handsome rooms: one of these is 50 feet by 50, and two of 50 by 38 feet each, besides two more of half this size. The height of this floor is respectable, and it is sufficiently lighted, the admission of sunshine being indeed the main objection. It is evident

that the opposite end of this edifice (of similar proportions to this) is just about sufficient for the reception of the pictures in Pall-Mall; and that, in a few years, if donations be frequent, the whole building will not suffice for the accommodation of the national collection: the members of the Royal Academy may therefore well hesitate to enter upon premises which they would have to quit whenever required.

The designs exhibited on the present occasion consist of seventy-eight sets of rejected plans, elevations, and sections: the performances of their more fortunate rivals are withheld from public inspection, although the unceasing efforts of one hundred and eight architects and their assistants, for more than three months, were called into operation by the delusive employment of the word competition.* A competition that shuns publicity, and affixes disgrace on those who dared to enter the lists in opposition to the honoured candidates.

Of the seventy-eight designs, seven or eight are really good, although the honourable commissioners could not detect one on which to bestow the fifth premium;† many are wretched concerns, that ought never to have been offered; and the majority are either indifferent, or strange combinations of good and bad. The prevailing fault is certainly the application of unmitigated ecclesiastical architecture to a building for legislative purposes. According to a somewhat hasty inspection, those by Messrs. Burrell and Lugar, by Mr. Immann, Mr. Lamb, Mr. James Hakewill, and, perhaps, that of Mr. Cockerell, are among the best;‡ and it would be easy to point out a few amusing rhapsodies. Of the above-named, the three first are Gothic, and the two last Italian; a style neither allowed by the conditions of the competition,§ nor at all calculated to satisfy a public possessed of good taste. I should, however, recommend attention to the whole of these as possessing some quality worth investigation:|| neither should Mr. Bunning's and Mr. Baud's, and those by Donaldson, Mocatta, Mott, &c. be overlooked. Mr. Hopper's is too much like a number of barns under one vast roof; Graham trusted entirely to execution, and forgot design; Savage has converted the mansion of law and order into a castle; Wilkins, and

many others, have given us a college surfeit; and as a whole, whilst there is considerable display of ingenuity, and frequently of taste, it is evident that our architects require the purifying effects of public opinion and divers criticisms.* On the other hand, the public equally requires practice to enable individuals to understand the connexion of plans and elevations, to reason on the advantages of certain arrangements and combinations; but, surely, if none but the worst drawings are to be exhibited—if the best are to be carefully kept from vulgar eyes, and we are not to expect improvement in public taste, we may fairly suspect our rulers of partiality, and even accuse them of maintaining ignorance among the people. Nor is this all; apartments in a building raised at the public expense are lent to the unsuccessful architects, in order that they may exhibit their stigmatized productions; and, if possible, pay the trifling expense of the arrangement. Why was not the whole affair made national? the amount of the premium withheld, would have greatly exceeded every requisite expense. Why, again, are the more fortunate screened from observation? The people of England will not allow secrecy in the management of the affairs of bodies in that which principally concerns themselves, but will hear the complaints of those who have been induced to rely on the faith of the country, for a fair field and no favour, without obtaining for them their rights: let then the exhibiting architects themselves take the lead in a *liberal* course, by abolishing the tax on admission; which would be the only way of placing their cause fairly before a public which is well inclined to see justice done them.

I have the honour to remain, Sir,
Your very obedient Servant,
AN ARTIST.

[The concluding paragraph of this letter strikes us, for the first time, how very impolitic it is in candidates for public support, to *tax* that public to support them. The 1,500*l.*, or part thereof, might have well been applied towards expenses. Perhaps they will listen to an artist, and follow also our friendly advice, that this charge, though small, is very impolitic, and highly detrimental to their more substantial interests. The Commissioners, we are quite certain, if the power is in their hands, will never hazard public condemnation, by withholding the inspection of the four successful designs. Cannot "An Artist"—cannot the public wait patiently for the *Easter HOLIDAYS*?]

* With the kindest intention we give them the benefit of ours.—Ed.

† It is not every day (we are happy to say) we have quite so much practice as on the morning of our first visit.—Ed.

* We have been promised a rather curious extract from a diary on this subject for next month.—Ed.

† The real difficulty we should have imagined to have been selecting the fifth; not that five, or even a dozen, were unworthy.—Ed.

‡ On this point the reader will see what we have said.—Ed.

§ That such should, therefore, have been rejected, should excite no wonder.—Ed.

|| Many valuable hints might be taken from one or other of these, and, with permission of the owners, turned to public advantage.—Ed.

Paris Intelligence—The Court, News, and Fashions.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Complete change in make of Dresses.—Fine warm Weather.—Death of no reigning Queen of Naples for Three Centuries.—New Opera, Il Brigiatti.—Salon of Paintings.—Unfair rejection of Paintings.—Suicide by an artist for love.

PARIS, MARCH 25, 1836.

Eh ! bien ma belle ; what do you think of the new sleeves ? décidément je les trouve affreuses, moi ! How will it be possible, after the enormously loose sleeves that have been so long worn, to reconcile ourselves to the coming fashion ? Those à la François I. are certainly a modification, for we have often thought the sleeves in full puffs all the way down pretty ; especially in white muslin, when the little bands can be in *entre-deux* (insertion) for the morning ; and in coloured ribbon, fastened with little bows, for dinner or evening dress. But when we come to think that sleeves sitting perfectly tight to the arm, and some even with two seams from top to bottom, like those in a man's coat, are actually coming in—il ya de quoi vraiment mourir de chagrin ! We shall be such frights, ma chère. Quant à moi, I have a mind to go and bury myself at one of my estates in the country while this horrid mode lasts. M. de F—— says he thinks it would be the best thing I could do. Entre nous, I think he would like to get me to the country ; but I think it would be a bad precedent to give up to him—he would expect it always. In England, I know the wives are more submissive to their husbands' wills ; but we Frenchwomen make it a rule never to repeat the word "*ohé*" after the priest at the altar ; if we did, we should be imposed upon too, and obliged (as I see many pretty Englishwomen here) to remain at home to nurse our husbands, in case they find themselves out of health, or out of—humour ; instead of showing ourselves and our toilettes, au bal or à la promenade. This is what prevents me going to one of my distant estates just now. Perhaps later, M. de F—— may lose the wish to go ; in that case I think I shall decide upon it immediately. Do you not think I am in the right ? As Long-champs will have taken place before my next letter, I suppose I shall then be able to give you some decided information on this very important matter.

The weather has at length permitted us to throw off our cloaks and wadded *douillettes*. Silk dresses, some made plain, and some as redingottes, the latter the most fashionable, have superseded them. The prettiest are edged all round with a *liséré* piping, of a different colour from the dress, as lavender with pink, brown or green with cherry-colour, cendre de rose (cedar) with blue, &c. &c. ; and many are tied down

the front or side with small bows of ribbon, the colour of the piping. *Pelerines* to match these dresses are much worn ; they are plain at back and sloped off in front, the ends fasten beneath the ceinture. Dresses of mousseline de soie, mousseline de laine, and, in short, every material of this description, are coming in, for the toilettes de printemps. Should this warm weather continue, we shall have white and coloured muslins a week after Easter. I cannot yet say if mantelets are likely to be much worn this next summer ; but at present large square shawls of black *taffetas*, trimmed all round with deep black lace, put on very full, especially at the corners, are extremely fashionable. Scarfs of the same, rounded at the ends, and trimmed with black lace, are coming in, and look very elegant.

Hats.—The hats are becoming every day larger ; they are really immense at present. The crowns are not remarkable for size, and the form most adopted is quite plain, nearly flat at top ; but the fronts are larger than ever. They are a good deal *easeés* at top, but not at the sides ; for, excepting over the brow, they sit as close as possible to the face, and almost meet under the chin ; they are rounded off below ; and all the hats are made with borders. The *bavolets* (curtain at back) are deep and full, and set on in double plaits, not gathers. Satin ribbons are those most worn ; feathers are extremely fashionable, and flowers beneath the fronts of the bonnets more worn than ever. Some wear a small wreath at each side, others a wreath only across the brow, and others again prefer a very small bouquet of two or three mixed flowers, at one or both sides. The prevailing form and colour for hats will shortly be decided by les modes de Long-champs.

Flowers.—Those most in vogue are roses, hyacinths, white, pink, and blue dahlias, china-asters, and white and purple lilac, the flower, *par excellence*, for spring.

Caps.—The cap that makes *fureur* at present, is the Charlotte Corday cap. It consists of a head-piece and caul, something in the style of a Quaker's cap ; the only difference being, that the head-piece is not quite so deep, and the caul is longer and narrower from front to back, consequently sits higher. The border which is double, and not by any means wide, is not made to sit back off the face, a small space is left in the centre of the head-piece over the brow, without any border what-

ever; the little bows or rosettes of ribbon are put between the two borders, two are at the right side and one at the left; a large bow is placed towards the left side of the cap: a ribbon goes immediately at the back of the border, and descends at each side to form the *brides* or strings; and a second ribbon goes round the head of a cap, over the sewing of the crown to the head-piece; it is brought down at back in rather a point, and finished by a bow. The border does not go round the back of the cap. I would recommend you to have some of these caps made, they are exceedingly pretty.

Large embroidered collars done in *application* (thin cambric or muslin laid on and sewed over at the edges), on a very clear open tulle, an imitation of blonde, but which washes perfectly well, are very much worn at present; they are embroidered all over in rich patterns à la Louis XIV.

Ruffles are still in vogue, and likely to be much adopted this spring and summer.

Hair.—The style of coiffure preferred for the back hair, is a braid worn very far back, and by no means high; for the front hair, either *bandeaux lisses*, smooth bands, brought down at the sides of the face and turned up again, or ringlets à l'Anglaise. Some wear one single thick ringlet at each side, which is very becoming. The hair is worn a good deal parted on the brow.

Turbans continue very fashionable; they are made of gold and silver lama, gauzes figured and plain, &c.: they are ornamented with feathers, birds of Paradise, and diamond tiaras, or other jewels.

Colours.—The prevailing colours for dresses are lavender, *écru*, a dark rich brown, and moss-green. For hats, white, pink, green, and light blue; the latter is becoming very prevalent.

Our grand balls are nearly over for the present season, those given at Mid-lent were very numerous, and splendid. A great many foreigners of distinction have already quitted us. Amongst others, the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland.

It is said that the young Princesse Clementine is to be the successor of the late Queen of Naples. The king is expected shortly in Paris. It is a singular fact, that during the last three centuries and half no reigning Queen of Naples has died. The last was Isabella of Clermont, wife of Ferdinand I., of the house of Arragon: she died in 1473.

A new opera, entitled "Il Briganti," the music by Mercadante, was performed for the first time on Tuesday last, with most wonderful success; indeed, this could scarcely be doubted, with such a combination of talent; Grisi, Lablache, Tamburini, and Rubini, all performed. The

subject is taken from Schiller's celebrated tragedy of the "Robbers." I regret to say the Italian Theatre closes at the end of this month, Malibran is expected in Paris on Saturday next.

You have, of course, heard that the Salon is open since the 1st of this month. There are many very fine paintings exhibited this year, but it is said that a great deal of unfair dealing and illiberality has been displayed by those deputed to select the pictures for admittance. It seems that all paintings taken from subjects belonging to the middle ages have been refused admittance; and several others, such as "Hamlet with Horatio philosophizing on the skull of Yorick," by Delacroix; a splendid landscape by Rousseau; some paintings by Champmartin, Julius Dupré, Marilhat, &c. &c., though far superior to any thing exhibited, have all been most unjustly excluded. Amongst the finest pictures in the exhibition may be remarked the "St. Sebastien," by Delacroix, and the "Chasse dans le Désert de Sahara," by the same. The "Battle of Fontenoy," by Horace Vernet, is a splendid production. "The Chiozzi Fishermen," by the late Leopold Robert, is a sweet picture. You are aware, perhaps, that this young artist committed suicide in Italy, about a year since: some attributed this rash act to a disappointment; it is certain he committed it on hearing of the marriage of Mademoiselle Vernet to M. Paul Delaroche. It was thought Leopold Robert was deeply attached to Mademoiselle Vernet. A sort of melancholy, indicative perhaps of the unfortunate artist's state of mind at the time of its execution, seems to pervade the picture. The "Battle of the Pyramides," by Gros; the Battles of Wagram and Jena, by Horace Vernet; an episode of the Russian Campaign, by Charlet; the Battles of Bellangé and of Lami: in fact, the number of battles this year are almost beyond counting. The Musée presents quite a scene of carnage. The arrival of the Duc d'Orléans at the Hotel de Ville, is a picture of almost gigantic dimensions: it nearly occupies one side of the grand saloon; it is far above the standard of mediocrity; indeed, it requires no moderate share of talent to fill a canvass of such proportions; and M. Larivière's picture is unquestionably good. The principal figure (that of the present King of the French) is excellent; the colouring throughout is natural, without being glaring, and the figures are well grouped. "The Signature of the Charter on the 7th August," at the Tuileries, by M. Court, is good; so is the "Triumph of Petrarque," by Boulanger. There are also a number of pictures of small dimensions, which are admirable; and many excellent of the style called *Tableaux de*



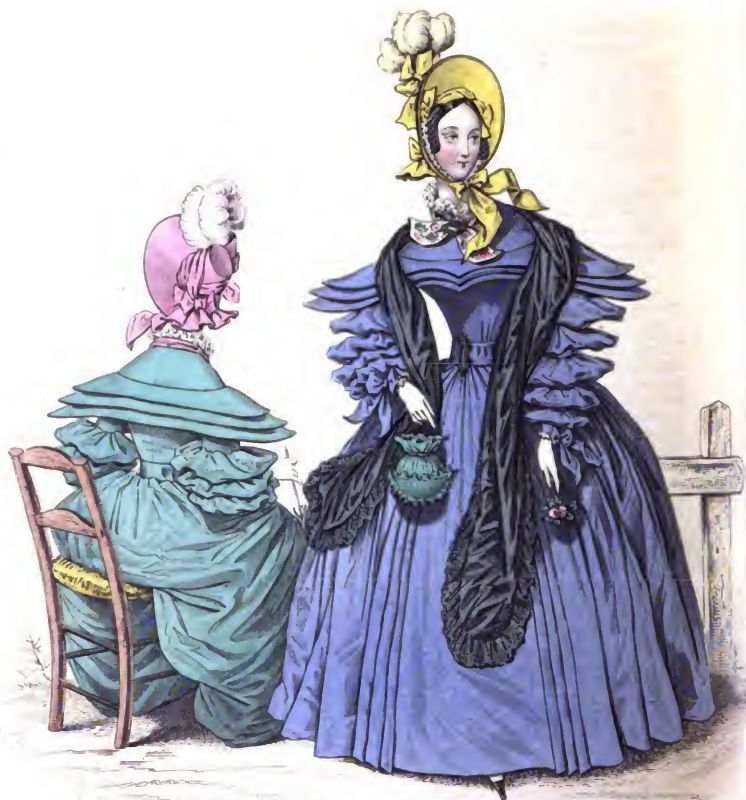
LE FOLLET
Courrier des Salons

Long-champs.

Bonnet en tulle des M^{mes} de M^{lle} Pollet, r. Montmartre, n. 33.

Redingote en mousseline garnie de dentelle des et^{es} de M^{lle} Larcher, C^{ie} de la Reine, r. l'Arrière.

Boulevard St. Martin, 61



LE POLLET

Courrier des Salons

Mode de Longchamp

*Chapeau en paille de seie de L. Moquet, rue Neuve des petits champs, 51.
Robe en tulle de M^{me}. Garches, 1^{re} de la Reine; rue Pivertine, 8*

eBoulevard St. Martin, 61.

genre. There are but few portraits this year, and those are tolerably good.

I was near forgetting to tell you of a splendid ball and supper, which was given a few nights since by a Mr. and Mrs. Fisch, rich Americans: all the world were there; the supper alone cost twelve thousand francs: the flowers to decorate the tables, three thousand six hundred francs; in short, the fête cost them *thirty thousand francs*! This I call paying a little dear for the pleasure of receiving one's friends!

Maintenant ma très chère me voilà au bout de mon papier, et de mon bavardage. Mon mari t-embrasse ainsi que moi.

Adieu ton amie sincère.

L. de F—.

DESCRIPTION OF PLATES.

(No. 7.) MORNING OR INTERIOR DRESS.—Season of Long-champs.—Dress made en demi-redingotte, of white mull-muslin, lined throughout with pale pink taffetas; the corsage is low, and fitting tight to the bust; the sleeves à la François 1st., are in six puffs, separated by narrow bands of insertion; the puffs are large at top, and decrease gradually in size towards the wrist; the skirt of the dress (see plate), which is excessively full and long, opens at the left side; it is trimmed with lace, which is set on with an easy fulness; it is very narrow at the waist, and grows gradually broader as it goes down; the pelerine (see the plate), which nearly conceals the corsage, is of a new and most becoming cut; it is made *decolletée*, low in the neck, and trimmed at top with a very narrow lace edging; it is round at back, and sloped off gracefully in front, where it crosses towards the left side, to match the skirt of the dress (see plate), it is not deep on the shoulder, coming, in fact, no lower than the putting in of the sleeve, which makes it excessively becoming to the figure; it is trimmed with a very deep lace, going narrower towards the front; it is fastened at top with a bow of pink ribbon. Cap of tulle: the crown high, and the border also of tulle, double, and set on in full puffs, standing off from the face; a wreath of full-blown roses without foliage (see plate), is placed at the base of the border towards the face; the roses are larger over the brow, and go down smaller

on each side; a second wreath goes round the crown of the cap, and is tied at back with a small bow of ribbon, from which depend four long ends. Lemon-colour kid gloves; white silk stockings; black shoes; pink ceinture, and gold buckle. The meuble is a new-fashioned dressing table, made in rosewood.

(No. 8.) MODE DE LONG-CHAMPS.—WALKING DRESS.—Dress of lavender silk. The corsage made plain, and fitting tight to the bust, with a triple *revers* (see plate); the *revers* is cut square at back, rounded on the shoulders, where it is left open, sloped up a little in front, and then brought to a slight point in the centre. It would be impossible to cut this new-fashioned *revers* without seeing the plate; it is lined and edged with a stiff *liseré* or piping. Sleeves à la François 1st., with puffs all the way down; but as may be seen by the sitting figure, the puffs do not commence at the shoulder, as those in our other embellishment (vide No. 7 plate); the shoulder of the dress is perfectly plain, and fits quite as tight as the top of the sleeve of a man's coat, or rather tighter even: the sleeve is finished at the wrist by a bow of satin ribbon, with two long ends. The skirt of the dress is very full and long, a small space is left in front, without gathers or plaits. As may be observed by the plate, the waist is very long. Hat of primrose colour *poux de soie*, the front *tres évasée*, and nearly meeting under the chin; the crown is rather higher at front than at back (see plate); the trimming consists of broad satin ribbon, a large bow is placed at the right side, and retains three ostrich feathers; the ribbon crosses the crown, and is finished by a small bow placed over the *barvolet* at back. The hat is also trimmed with ribbons underneath the front. The hair is in smooth bands upon the brow, with the horse-shoe braids descending at each side and turned up again; black taffetas scarf, trimmed all round with black lace, put on very full, the ends of the scarf are rounded, (see plate); frill of blond lace; cravatte of white broché ribbon, fastened by a brooch; white kid gloves; silk stockings; shoes of drap de soie.

The sitting figure gives the reverse of the dress.

Venetian Funeral.—Of all melancholy sights that we have seen, since leaving home, none has, I think, struck us so much as a Venetian funeral, which we chanced one morning to see from our favourite balcony. A long procession of friars, bearing, as usual, incense, torches, and banners, came to the water's edge, accompanying the coffin of a deceased nobleman, which was splendidly decorated. They were

there met by a small gondola, rowed by one man only, who was dressed in black. The coffin was disrobed of its rich covering, and placed in the gondola; all the crowd,—torches, banners, incense, friars, and mourners,—retraced their steps, and the little black gondola rowed slowly away to the sound of faint music. It looked exceedingly like the passage of the soul over the melancholy Styx.—*Evenings Abroad*

HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY'S SECOND DRAWING-ROOM.*

The space allotted by us for the new presentations, and a description of the ladies' dresses, occupies so large a portion of this number,† that we can only designate this as one of the most splendid treats which can be offered to the nobility and persons of rank and dignity. We extremely regret the day was so cold, wet, and disagreeable.

The following were presented to the Queen:—

Lady Cottenham, by Mrs. Abercromby; Lady Colchester, on her marriage, by the Duchess-Countess of Sutherland; Lady Langdale, by Lady Mary Fox; Miss Sophia Wheatley, by Lady Wheatley; Hon. Mrs. Canning, on her marriage, by the Marchioness of Clanricarde; Hon. Mrs. Wellesley, by Lady Cowley; Hon. Jane Erskine, by her mother, Lady Erskine; Lady Verne, on her marriage, by Dowager-Countess of Chichester; Lady Rennie, on her marriage, by the Countess of Beauchamp; Mrs. J. McNeill, by Lady Wheatley; Right Hon. Lady Sinclair, by the Countess of Haddington; Mrs. Selby (of Canada), by the Hon. Lady Bedingfield; Mrs. John Selby, on her marriage, by the Hon. Lady Bedingfield; Mr. T. Wheatley, by Major-General Sir H. Wheatley; Mrs. Aldis, on her marriage, by Lady Aldis; Miss Letitia Otway, by her mother, Lady Otway; Mrs. A. W. Bishop, by her aunt, the Hon. Mrs. Law; Lady Louisa Rabet, on her marriage, by her mother, Countess of Winterton; Miss Selby, by the Hon. Lady Bedingfield; Miss Charlotte Selby, by the Hon. Lady Bedingfield; the Hon. Mrs. Newnham Collingwood, by the Marchioness of Ely; Lady Adam, by the Hon. Mrs. Abercromby; Lady Maxwell, by Lady Elizabeth Reynell; Lady Georgiana Herbert, by Lady Penbrooke; Lady Gosset, by the Marchioness of Ely; Lady Domville, by the Marchioness of Ely; Countess J. S. Metaxa, by the Countess Howe; Lady Hamilton, by her mother, Hon. Lady Cockburn; the Hon. Catherine Cecilia Irby, by Lady Dunsany; Lady Georgiana Neville, by Lady Elizabeth Harcourt; Lady Emily Ponsonby, on her return from Malta, by Lady Georgiana De Roos; Mrs. Russell, by her mother, Lady Charlotte Bury; Mrs. Salomons, by Lady John Russell; Mrs. Lainson, by Lady John Russell; Mrs. Samuel J. Capper, by the Lady Mayoress; Miss Bury, by her mother, Lady Charlotte Bury; Miss Prime, by her mother, Mrs. Prime; Mrs. Ashworth, by Lady Aylmer; Mrs. Munroe, on her marriage, by her mother, Mrs. R. Porter; Miss Newnham Collingwood, by the Hon. Mrs. Newnham Collingwood; Miss Sullivan, by her mother, the Hon. Mrs. Sullivan; Miss Domville, by the Marchioness of Ely; Miss Erskine, by Mrs. Erskine; Miss Green Wilkinson, by Mrs. Green Wilkinson; Mrs. Spearman, by Lady Herries; Miss Jane Brownrigg, by her mother, Mrs. S. Brownrigg; Miss Eliza Baillie, by Mrs. Baillie; Mrs.

Erskine, by the Hon. Lady King; Miss Caroline Thistlethwayte, by Miss Thistlethwayte; Miss Charlotte Mansfield, by Mrs. Mansfield; Miss Janette Gosset, by the Marchioness of Ely; Miss Long Wellesley, by Lady Maryborough; Mrs. Charles Ardebald, by Lady Hamilton; Miss Harriet Fitzroy, by her mother, Lady W. Fitzroy; Miss Mary Morier, by Mrs. Morier.

The following is a description of the ladies' dresses:—

HER MAJESTY.

Elegant white satin dress, rich silver border, body and sleeves splendidly ornamented with diamonds, blonde train of beautiful peach tulle, richly brocaded in silver, handsome silver border, lined with white satin; dress English, train Irish manufacture; head-dress, feathers and magnificent diamond diadem; necklace and earrings on suite.

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

White tulle, richly embroidered in gold, body and sleeves splendidly ornamented with diamonds and blonde; train, beautiful gold and white tissue, trimmed with gold and blonde, lined with white satin; whole English manufacture; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

DUCHESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

Rich black satin, elegantly trimmed with Chantilly blonde and satin ribbon; train and corsage rich Genoa velvet, lined with silk, trimmed with blonde and ribbon; tiara, necklace, cross, and earrings, superb diamonds; head-dress, white feathers, diamonds, and blonde lappets.

COUNTESSSES.

Mansfield: Very beautiful satin, embroidered in colours, and richly trimmed with point lace; train and corsage of a rich green satin, trimmed with point lace; head-dress, crimson resille, diamonds, and feathers, with point lace lappets. *Penbrooke*: Rich gold lama, over pink satin petticoat; train and corsage very splendid black satin, richly brocaded with gold, lined with peach satin, and trimmed with gold lama and blonde; head-dress, diamonds, feathers, and blonde lappets. *Howe*: Rich black satin, elegantly trimmed with aeroplane; body and sleeves ornamented to correspond; manteau of velvet, lined with silk; head-dress, black plume, aeroplane lappets, and diamonds. *Jermyn*: Elegant rich white satin, with volans of deep French blonde lace, trimmed with blue satin ribbon, embroidered in silver lama, edged with silver fringe; manteau and bodice magnificent blue and violet brocaded satin, white satin lining, and surrounded with a garniture of silver lama and blue satin, and silver and coloured velvet flowers; stomacher, bodice, and sleeves ornamented with rich raised silver lama, and noués of blue ribbons embroidered in silver lama; mantle and ruffles of beautiful French blonde lace; head-dress, panache of ostrich feathers, diamonds, and pearls, and

* A former number contained a similar list for the first Drawing-Room.

† We must also for this reason put aside an English letter, which might at least have amused our French correspondent.

blonde lappets; necklace and earrings en suite. *Rosebery*: Point lace, over blue satin petticoat; train and corsage of blue satin, lined with silk, trimmed with point lace and ribbons; head-dress, feathers, diamonds, point lappets. *Beauchamp*: Embroidered aerophone white dress, over white satin, rich gold-coloured poplin manteau, lined with white satin, trimmed with beautiful Brussels point lace; head-dress, feathers and diamonds; necklace, stomacher, and earrings en suite. *Brownlow*: Court costume, siecle de Louis XIV., a train of rich violet velvet, trimmed with ermine, and looped with gold tassels; body and sleeves ornamented with Brussels lace; cheruse to correspond; dress of rich white satin; head-dress, plume of feathers, Brussels lappets, and diamonds. *Sebastiani*: Court dress, cerise velours Grec, splendidly embroidered in gold; tulio lama, embroidered to correspond, over rich satin slip, ornamented with diamonds and rich Chantilly blonde; head-dress, ostrich plume, lappets, pearls, and diamonds. *Harrowby*: Elegant court dress, bouton d'or figured poplin, trimmed with rich Chantilly blonde; corsage a la Medicis; dress superb white satin, cheruse rich blonde; head-dress, ostrich plume, pearls, and diamonds. *Dunraven*: Petticoat gray and white broche satin, fastened at the sides with noëuds of taffeta ribbon; manteau black Genoa velvet, with black satin, trimmed with ruffles of tulle and rosettes of satin ribbon; corsage and sleeves to correspond, a la Louis XIV.; mantille and sabots of point lace; head-dress, richly trimmed with diamonds, pearls, and point lace. *Metaxa*: Rich white satin, trimmed with a deep flounce of French blonde, interspersed with bouquets of flowers; train, pink satin (broche), trimmed with blonde and flowers to correspond with the dress; head-dress, white ostrich feathers, pearls, and diamonds.

VISCOUNTESSES.

Combermere: Crape, trimmed with gold and silver bands, and jewels of Indian manufacture; train oriental fabric, with flat sleeves; mantille, sabots, and lappets rich French blonde; diamond necklace; head-dress, feathers.

HONOURABLE LADIES.

Cockburne: Train violet satin, trimmed with gold lama, and lined with gros de Naples; petticoat beautifully embroidered with floss silk and gold; blonde cape, sabots, and lappets; gold toque, court plume, diamond necklace, earrings, and tiara. *Colonel King*: Gauze-figured silk, trimmed with satin ribbons and flowers; train blue satin, richly figured in white; sleeves a la Mars; mantille, sabots, and lappets French blonde; suite of superb turquoises; head-dress, feathers and flowers.

LADIES.

Sinclair: Rich white satin; emerald green velvet train, trimmed in festoons, with gold chain and tassels; body and sleeves trimmed with blonde and gold, a la Louis XIV.'s reign. *Louisa Cornwallis*: Elegant embroidered crape over white satin; body and sleeves trimmed with blonde; cerise Terry velvet train, tastefully trimmed with blonde and ribbon, and lined with white gros de Naples; head-dress, feathers and lappets. *Poland*: Rich silver tissue, body and sleeves ornamented with

diamonds and blonde; beautiful lilac satin train, elegantly trimmed with silver fringe, and lined with white satin; head-dress, feathers, emeralds, and diamonds. *Marshall*: White satin, richly trimmed with flowers and blonde; mantille and sleeves to correspond; train of oiseau de Paradise satin, with Mirabeau trimming; head-dress, feathers and diamonds. *Aldis*: Elegant white crape, trimmed with blonde, tastefully embroidered in dahlias, over white satin slip; rich green silk train, lined and trimmed with white satin; head-dress, blonde lappets, white ostrich feathers, and diamonds. *Durham*: Handsome white figured satin, richly trimmed with blonde and gauze ribbon; rich gold-coloured figured satin train, trimmed with profusion of blonde and ribbon; head-dress, feathers, diamonds, and emeralds. *C. Bathurst*: Rich French gauze, brocaded with gold and blonde; handsome green and white figured silk train, trimmed with blonde and gold; head-dress, feathers, pearls, and diamonds. *Anson*: White crape, trimmed with blonde flounces up the front; Manchester rich brocaded satin train, lined with white satin, trimmed with swansdown; head-dress, feathers, diamonds, and blonde lappets. *Macedonald*: White brocaded satin, with point lace garniture, body and sleeves a la Sevigne; lilac silk train, lined and bordered with deep trimming of English point; head-dress, blonde, feathers, and diamonds. *G. Bathurst*: Rich embroidered crape over white satin; rich lilac and white satin train, trimmed with blonde and ribbon; blonde lappets and ruffles; head-dress, ostrich feathers and gold wreath, rich gold ornaments. *E. Ponsonby*: Rich embroidered crape, over white satin; green Terry velvet train, trimmed with blonde; lappets and ruffles; head-dress, ostrich feathers and diamonds. *Rennie*: Superb white velvet train, elegantly trimmed with silver, points diamantee; body and sleeves ornamented with rich blonde and silver to correspond; plain white satin dress, handsomely trimmed with flounce of broad blonde, looped up with satin and silver bows; head-dress, feathers, blonde lappets, and diamonds. *Catherine Herbert*: Rich pink satin train, trimmed with same; handsome blonde tulle dress, over rich white satin petticoat, elegantly ornamented with blonde and rosettes of pink satin ribbon; body and sleeves richly trimmed with blonde to correspond; head-dress, feathers and blonde lappets. *C. Guest*: Costume a la Charles IX.; handsome tulle, elegantly trimmed with bows of ribbon, festooned with superb pearls; body and sleeves trimmed with rich blonde; most magnificent train of Genoa velvet, very rich ponceau, lined with satin, handsomely trimmed with satin and pearls; head-dress, ostrich feathers and diamonds, lappets blonde. *C. Bury*: Costume a la Charles IX.; rich figured pink satin, trimmed a la Mexique, with puffing of net, and rosettes of pink satin ribbon; splendid dress of superb pink satin, a la Jeune France, handsomely trimmed with point lace on the body and sleeves; head-dress, ostrich feathers and diamonds; lappets rich Chantilly blonde. *Langdale*: Rich white satin, handsomely trimmed with blonde and ribbon; rich cerise figured satin, elegantly trimmed; head-dress, feathers and diamonds, with beautiful blonde lappets. *Georgiana de Roos*: Blonde over white

satin, trimmed with ribbons; train and corsage of figured blue satin, lined with silk, and trimmed with blonde and ribbon; head-dress, diamonds, feathers, and blonde lappets. *Dunsany*: Superb dress a la Louis XIV., velvet manteau, body and sleeves richly trimmed with Brussels lace, gold lama and diamonds; train lined with white, and surrounded by rich gold lama border; head-dress, resille en velours, ornamented with profusion of diamonds and pearls, and rich panache of white feathers; diamond necklace and ear-rings. *Emily Murray*: Silver lama, over white satin slip; train and corsage of blue figured satin, trimmed with silver lama and blonde; head-dress, feathers, turquoises and blonde lappets. *Georgiana Herbert*: Blonde, over white satin slip, trimmed with flowers and blonde; train and corsage white satin, lined with silk, trimmed with flowers and net; head-dress, feathers, garnets, and blonde lappets. *Cottenham*: Train of rich mauve satin, trimmed with pearls; sleeves a la Louis XVI.; blonde mantille and sabots; petticoat rich white satin, trimmed with blonde and pearls; head-dress, feathers and lappets; splendid diamond tiara necklace, and earrings in suite. *Moncrief*: Train rich green velvet; sleeves a la Louis XVI.; blonde mantille and sabots; petticoat rich white satin, trimmed with blonde, and bouquets of auriculas, mixed with gold; head-dress, feathers and lappets; ornaments, aquamarine, set in gold. *Dillon*: Train rich mauve figured satin; sleeves a la Louis XVI., blonde mantille and sabots; rich white satin petticoat, trimmed with blonde; head-dress, feathers and lappets; ornaments, diamonds. *Yarde Buller*: Court costume (siecle de Louis XIV.); rich pink satin train, garni a l'antique; dress white brocade satin, body and sleeves ornamented with black lace; head-dress, feathers, Brussels lappets, and diamonds. *Adam*: Court costume (siecle de Louis XIV.); train of rich cerise and white brocade satin; body and sleeves ornamented with Chantilly blonde; dress of rich white brocade silk; head-dress, black velvet resille, with feathers, blonde lappets, and diamonds. *Georgiana Stuart Wortley*: Court costume, rich blue damask satin; corsage a la Louis XIV.; dress rich white satin, semee d'etoiles bleues, and trimmed with Chantilly blonde; head-dress, ostrich plume, blonde lappets, pearls, and diamonds. *Cowley*: Court dress rich black Irish poplin, garniture crepe aerophane; corsage a pointe, to correspond; dress black crape, over rich gros de Naples slip; head-dress, ostrich plume, lappets, and diamonds. *Maria Quin*: Petticoat white crepe aerophane, over white satin, trimmed with satin ribbon, and bouquets of white flowers; manteau of silver-grey satin, lined with white gros de Naples, and ornamented with ruche of tulle; corsage and sleeves a la Louis XIV., to correspond; mantille and sabots of Grecian blonde; head-dress, court plume and lappets; ornaments, pearls and diamonds. *Elizabeth Reynell*: Court costume (siecle Louis XIV.), superb royal purple figured poplin; train lined with white satin, elegantly trimmed with blonde, looped with rosettes of mauve satin; body and sleeves handsomely trimmed with Chantilly blonde and diamonds; dress of mauve satin trimmed, en tablier, with blonde; head-dress, plume of ostrich feathers, blonde lap-

pets, and diamonds. *A. Conyngham*: Costume a la Charles IX.; train rich pink satin, trimmed with points in blonde and bows at each point; rich dress Chantilly blonde, in handsome pattern, colonne, body and sleeves festooned with bows, ornamented with handsome blonde; head-dress, ostrich feathers, diamonds, and rubies; lappets blonde. *W. Fitzroy*: Costume a la Charles IX.; train rich figured grey satin, elegantly trimmed with puffing of net with ribbon passed in it; dress handsome white figured silk; body and sleeves a la Jeune France, elegantly trimmed with blonde; skirt trimmed with bows of ribbon; head-dress, feathers and diamonds; lappets of rich blonde. *Verney*: Blonde over white satin; manteau and corsage white satin, elegantly trimmed with blonde and gold lama, pearl and amethyst ornaments; head-dress, blonde lappets, feathers, amethysts, and pearls. *Domville*: Irish blonde; train malope-coloured satin; sleeves a la Mars; mantille, sabots, and lappets of blonde; a suite of diamonds; head-dress, feathers and diamonds. *J. Russell*: Blonde and superb train of figured white satin, trimmed with blonde and blue ribbons; sleeves a la Mars; mantille, sabots, and lappets of blonde; suite of fine pearls and diamonds; head-dress, feathers, diamonds and pearls. *C. Egerton*: Imitation blonde dress; superb train blue poplin, trimmed with ruche of tulle; sleeves a la Mars; sabots and lappets of Malines; suite of turquoises and diamonds; head-dress, feathers, and comb enriched with diamonds and turquoises. *C. Murray*: Splendid robe silver lama; train blue figured satin with flat sleeves, trimmed with silver banda; mantille, sabots, and lappets blonde; suite fine pearls; head-dress, plumes and pearls. *Colchester*: Tulle dress, trimmed with ribbons and silver geraniums; train figured white satin, trimmed with blonde; sleeves a la Mars; mantille, sabots, and lappets blonde; suite diamonds and pearls; head-dress, feathers. *Lady Mayoresa*: Chantilly blonde dress, over white satin; robe lilac satin; sleeves antique, trimmed with blonde suited to the dress; mantille and lappets blonde; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

RIGHT HONOURABLE MISTRESS.

F. Lewis: Court costume rich grey figured satin, ornamented with black velvet agraffes and diamonds; corsage a l'antique, handsomely trimmed with dentelle de soie; dress of anseper white satin, with trimming to correspond; head-dress, rich ostrich plume, lappets, and diamonds.

HONOURABLE MISTRESSES.

Wellesley: Rich white satin petticoat, trimmed with ribbons; train and corsage of figured white satin, trimmed with blonde and ribbons; head-dress, feathers, diamonds and garnets, and blonde lappets. *C. Law*: Handsome figured blonde, over white satin slip, corsage a pointe, mantille and sabots en blonde; manteau rich brown satin, lined with white satin, and superbly trimmed with blonde; head-dress, ostrich plume and blonde lappets; ornaments, amethysts. *Windsor*: A rich lilac satin train, ornamented with silver and blonde; silver lama petticoat; head-dress, feathers and diamonds. *Sullivan*: White satin, elegantly trimmed with blonde lace, festooned with scarlet chrysan-

themums; manteau rich Persian silk, brocaded in scarlet and gold; head-dress, white feathers, with diamonds and emerald ornaments. *Ashley*: Train rich light blue velvet, trimmed with pearls; sleeves siecle Louis XVI., blonde mantille and sabots; petticoat rich white satin, trimmed with blonde, and pearls; head-dress, feathers and lappets; ornaments, diamonds. *William Russell*: Train rich giraffe satin, lined with blue, and trimmed with pearls; sleeves a la Louis Seize; blonde mantille and sabots; blue satin petticoat, trimmed with blonde and pearl tassels; head-dress, feathers and lappets; ornaments, pearls. *Anson*: Costume a la Charles IX.; train rich blue satin, elegantly trimmed with blonde, fastened with bows of ribbon; dress of white crape, handsomely trimmed with blue, body a pointe; sleeves a la Jeune France, lined with satin; head-dress, feathers and diamonds; lappets of Chantilly blonde. *Eyre*: White satin petticoat, elegantly embroidered in gold colonne; corsage and sleeves superbly trimmed with blonde; train, rich amethyst satin, surrounded by magnificent bordering of gold lama; head-dress, gold turban, white feathers, and blonde lappets; diamond necklace, earrings and ornaments. *Cust*: Figured white satin, trimmed with net and ribbons; train and corsage of lilac and white silk, trimmed with blonde and ribbons; head-dress, feathers, diamonds and blonde lappets.

HONOURABLE MISSES.

Wellesley: Court dress rich black poul de soie, corsage a pointe, handsomely ornamented with black blonde; dress of sylphide gauze, over a rich poul de soie slip; head-dress, ostrich plume, lappets and pearls. *Plunkett*: Elegant dress Irish blonde, over white satin; manteau rich figured with satin, trimmed with bouquets of pale blush rosebuds and nœuds de ruban; blonde mantille and sabots; head-dress, plume of white ostrich feathers, a sprig and wreath of pearls. *C. Irby*: Rich blonde over white satin; mantille and manchettes of rich broad blonde; train of elegant figured white satin, tastefully trimmed with ribbon and pearls; head-dress, blonde lappets, splendid plume of white ostrich feathers, and pearls. *F. Irby*: Rich blonde over white satin; mantille and manchettes of rich broad blonde; train figured Oriental pink silk, trimmed with the same material, and blonde mixed; head-dress, splendid plume of white ostrich feathers, and elegant suit of pearls.

MISTRESSES.

Mansfield: Costume a la Charles IX.; handsome train of green Algerine silk, trimmed with satin bouffants; rich white figured silk dress; body and sleeves a la Jeune France, with several rows of blonde; lappets rich blonde; head-dress, ostrich feathers and diamonds. *Ashworth*: White tulle over white satin, trimmed with flowers and ribbon; body and sleeves a la Louis XIV., trimmed with rich blonde lace; manteau rich Irish poplin, tastefully trimmed with flowers and ribbon, lined with white satin; head-dress, feathers and diamonds, and blonde lace lappets. *Prime*: Rich white satin petticoat, garniture blonde and ribbon; train and corsage of blue and white brocaded satin, costume of the 17th century, ornamented with blonde and diamonds; blonde mantille; head-

dress, feathers, diadem, and rivierte of diamonds. *Green Wilkinson*: Court costume, siecle Louis XIV.; superb brocaded pink satin; train richly trimmed with Chantilly blonde; body and sleeves trimmed with blonde, and pearl girdle; splendid white blonde dress, over rich white satin jupe; head-dress, plume of ostrich feathers, blonde lappets, diamonds, and pearls. *H. Seymour*: Court costume, siecle de Louis XIV.; train of rich ruby satin, with swansdown; body and sleeves with Chantilly blonde; necklace, diamonds; dress white satin, en tablier; head-dress, black velvet resille, with feathers, rubies, and diamonds, and lappets of rich Chantilly blonde. *A. W. Bishop*: Rich figured white satin dress, tastefully ornamented with flowers and blonde; bodice and train of pale pink satin, lined with white satin, and elegantly trimmed with blonde; sabots and mantille of the same; head-dress, feathers, pearls, and blonde lappets; pearl ornaments. *Collingwood*: Court costume, siecle de Louis XIV.; rich white satin dress, trimmed with tulle and ribbons; train cerise and white brocaded satin, body and sleeves richly ornamented with blonde; head-dress, white toque, feathers, blonde lappets, and brilliants. *Selby*: Court costume, siecle Louis XIV.; black velvet train, lined with silk, blonde ruffles; mantille and lappets; petticoat rich black satin; head-dress, plume of feathers and rich pearl ornaments. *S. Salomons*: Court costume, siecle Louis XIV.; train of rich white brocaded satin, a colonnes, embroidered in silver lama, and bouquets of blue and silver flowers; body and sleeves elegantly ornamented with Brussels point; dress rich white satin, embroidered en tablier, in silver lama; head-dress, Brussels lappets, plume of feathers, and brilliants. *Charles Archibald*: Rich white broche silk, tastefully festooned en robe, bouquets of pearl blossom and white beath; sleeves, a la Louis Quatorze, covered with blonde; manteau and corsage rich pink satin, lined with white gros de Naples; garniture en rouleaux and blonde; head-dress, elegant plume of ostrich feathers, blonde lappets, and profusion of diamonds and pearls. *J. Selby*: Court costume, siecle de Louis XIV., train rich white satin, looped with pearl tassels; body and sleeves trimmed with blonde; dress rich white blonde, over white satin; head-dress, feathers, blonde lappets, and diamonds. *Erskine*: Court costume, siecle de Louis XV.; train of rich emerald green velvet, lined with white satin; body and sleeves richly ornamented with blonde; dress white satin, embroidered en tablier in gold lama; head-dress, green velvet resille, with plume of feathers, blonde lappets, and brilliants. *M. Neil*: Train rich ruby velvet; sleeves a la Louis Seize; blonde mantille and sabots; petticoat rich figured white satin; head-dress, feathers and lappets; ornaments, diamonds and rubies. *Wingfield*: Train rich green velvet; sleeves a la Louis Seize; blonde mantille and sabots; petticoat of rich brocaded silk; head-dress, feathers and lappets; ornaments, diamonds. *Vail*: Train rich ruby velvet; sleeves a la Louis Seize; blonde mantille and sabots; rich white satin petticoat, trimmed with blonde and camellias; head-dress, feathers and lappets; ornaments, aqua marine. *Brownrig*: White tulle, trimmed with ribbon, over white

satin; rich lilac figured train, lined with white satin, trimmed with ribbon and blonde; blonde lappets and ruffles; head-dress, feathers and diamonds. *General Fansittart*: Tulle ornamented with flowers; superb peach-blossom satin train, trimmed with blonde; head-dress, feathers and diamonds. *Sumner*: Rich white satin glacee, elegantly trimmed en tablier in satin and blonde; body and sleeves gothique, richly trimmed with blonde and ribbons; manteau superb violet velvet, lined with white silk, and trimmed with blonde and rouleaux; head-dress, ostrich plume, pearls, and blonde lappets. *Aldis*: Silver lama, splendidly decorated with rich carise-coloured crape; and silver white satin petticoat; train of cerise figured satin, lined and trimmed with white satin; head-dress, white ostrich feathers and lappets; diamonds, pearls, and chrysophras. *John Fivian*: White tulle, elegantly trimmed with satin and flowers, body and sleeves ornamented with blonde; train beautiful lilac satin, handsomely trimmed with ribbon and blonde, lined with white satin; head-dress, feathers and diamonds. *Sheriff Lainson*: Rich tulle, over white satin; train peruche satin, lined with white, and trimmed with bouquets of lilies and heartsease; corsage full trimmed with blonde, and ruffles; head-dress, diamonds, feathers, and blonde lappets. *Hugh Baillic*: Rich white satin, trimmed with double row of blonde, en tablier, and fastened at the sides with bows of white satin ribbon; train rich garter-blue velvet, with antique gold and silver trimming, lined with white satin; body and sleeves in the costume of Louis XIV., trimmed with Chantilly blonde; head-dress, resille, ornamented with diamonds, rubies, and feathers; necklace, earrings, and sleeve ornaments en suite. *Hall*: Blonde over white satin, trimmed with bouquets of roses and ribbons; train rich garter-blue satin, lined with white, and trimmed with gold; body and sleeves in the costume of Louis XIV., trimmed with blonde; head-dress, feathers, pearls, and amethysts; necklace and earrings en suite. *Robert Porter*: Superb Indian gold, richly trimmed with French blonde, a la Ninon, with elegant brocaded peach-blossom coloured satin train; head-dress, a toque, a la Juive, of gold and blonde; court plume and lappets; ornaments, precious stones and brilliants. *Capper*: White satin, with deep flounce of Chantilly blonde; robe of violet Genoa velvet, lined with white satin; garniture of blonde; sleeves antique, trimmed with Chantilly blonde; mantille and lappets of blonde; head-dress, feathers and diamonds. *Munro*: Robe rich white satin, superbly embroidered in bouquets of flowers in coloured floss silk, trimmed with French blonde; magnificent train of brocaded satin, couleur de cerise, ornamented with white bouquets of flowers, sabots, and mantille of blonde; head-dress, a pearl resille, with a court plume, and French blonde lappets; ornaments, a suit of rubies and diamonds. *W. Browne*: Dress of white satin, embroidered and trimmed with blonde; pale blue velvet train, trimmed with blue and white marabout; blonde mantille and lappets, sabots; head-dress, ostrich feathers, diamonds and turquoise.

MISSES.

J. A. Porter: White satin, with robe of French blonde, a la Polonoise; sabots and

mantille of blonde, maize-coloured satin train, brocaded with white flowers; head-dress, a resille, a l'Espagnolle, composed of black velvet and pearls, ornamented in front with half-wreath of flowers, court plume and lappets; ornaments chrysophras and gold. *Mansfield*: costume a la Charles the Ninth; train rich blue satin, elegantly trimmed with ribbon and Grecian net; dress very rich satin, trimmed a la Don Juan; body, half point sleeves, with puffing and flowers; enclosed body, trimmed with blue and white flowers; head-dress, feathers and pearls. *Beresford*: Costume a la Charles IX.; train, with body and sleeves, handsomely trimmed with blonde; superb train, trimmed with leaves of silver and satin; skirt of white tulle, over rich satin slip, elegantly trimmed with satin and flowers; head-dress, ostrich feathers and diamonds; lappets, rich blonde. *Hope Johnstone*: Costume a la Charles IX.; skirt of net, over rich white satin, elegantly trimmed with ribbon; train of very superb ponceau velvet, elegantly trimmed with bows of ribbon ponceau, looped with pearls to correspond; body and sleeves ponceau velvet, handsomely trimmed with rich blonde, mixed with pearls and bows of ribbon; head-dress, fine ostrich feathers, mixed with diamonds, &c. *W. Fitzroy*: Costume a la Charles IX.; train of rich lilac satin, handsomely trimmed with puffings of net and ribbon; dress white crape, embroidered in white silk, body a la Don Juan, elegantly trimmed with blonde; head-dress, ostrich feathers and pearls; lappets of rich blonde. *Campbell*: White aeroplane dress, embroidered in white, over white satin slip; train rich green Victorine silk, lined with white, and trimmed with satin; corsage a pointe, trimmed to correspond with the sleeves, with beautiful blonde; head-dress, white feathers and pearls; necklace and earrings en suite. *Stewart, of Belledrum*: White aeroplane embroidered in white over white satin; train pink, Victorine silk, lined with white, and trimmed with satin; corsage a pointe, trimmed to correspond with the sleeves, with beautiful blonde; head-dress, white feathers and pearls; necklace and earrings en suite. *Alicia King*: Rich figured white blonde, over white satin, garniture of blonde and blush roses; manteau of rich figured French silk, trimmed with blonde; head-dress, plume of ostrich feathers and blonde lappets; ornaments, silver. *Fivian*: White tulle, over rich white satin, handsomely trimmed with ribbons, body and sleeves ornamented with blonde and ribbons; train rich blue figured satin, tastefully trimmed with ribbons, and lined with gros de Naples; head-dress, feathers and turquoises. *Lau*: Dress white crape, over rich white satin; manteau rich white figured poplin, lined with white satin, handsomely ornamented with blonde; mantille and sabots of blonde; head-dress, white ostrich feathers and gold ornaments. *Thistlethwaite*: Rich white French crape, over white satin, elegantly embroidered and trimmed with blonde and ribbon; a train of handsome white figured silk, trimmed with blonde and ribbon; head-dress, feathers and diamonds. *Dailey*: Handsome white blonde, over white satin; train rich lilac and white figured satin, elegantly trimmed with blonde.

and ribbon; head-dress, feathers and diamonds. *Anslay*: Handsome French crape, richly embroidered and trimmed with blonde and ribbon; train of rich pink poplin, handsomely trimmed with ribbon and blonde; head-dress, feathers, pearls, and diamonds. *Anson*: Splendid white blonde, worked en colonnade, over rich white satin; body and sleeves tastefully trimmed with superb blonde; train rich pink satin, lined with white satin, edged with ruches of tulle; head-dress, feathers and blonde lappets. *Macdonald*: White crape, body and sleeves richly trimmed with blonde; train pink velvet, with satin rouleaux; head-dress, feathers and diamond combs. *H. Macdonald*: White crape and blonde; train blue satin and cestus of pearl; head-dress, feathers and pearls. *Browning (the Misses)*: White tulle dresses, over white satin; trains of rich figured white silk, blonde mantille and lappets; head-dresses, ostrich feathers and silver wreaths. *Dillon*: Train rich figured pink satin; sleeves a la Louis Seize; blonde mantille and sabots; tulle petticoat over satin, with pyramid trimming, intermixed with blush roses; head-dress, feathers and lappets; ornaments, pearls. *Eliza Bailey*: Train rich blue gros d'orient; sleeves a la Louis Seize; blonde mantille and sabots; petticoat tulle over satin, trimmed with blush roses; head-dress, feathers and lappets; ornaments, pearls. *Erskine*: Court costume, siecle de Louis XIV.; a train rich pink and white brocaded satin; body and sleeves ornamented with blonde; dress rich white satin; head-dress, plume of feathers, blonde lappets, &c. *Sullivan*: White crape, over white satin, ornamented with blonde lace, festooned with white roses and lilies; mantille and ruffles of blondelace; manteau rich figured silk, lined with white, and trimmed round with tulle and blonde lace, intermingled with roses and lilies; head-dress, ostrich feathers, with pearl and diamond ornaments. *Domville*:

Tulle, trimmed with ribbons and white roses; train white figured gros de Naples; mantille, sabots, and lappets of French blonde; suite pearls; head-dress, flowers and feathers. *Prima*: Petticoat of white crape, trimmed with pink and silver flowers; train of rich white figured satin, with body of the same; head-dress, court plume, lappets and pearls. *B. Burg*: Very splendid costume, a la Charles IX., train superb white satin, elegantly trimmed with puffings of net and pink ribbon, in the front a rose laid in white satin; very rich dress of white, handsomely trimmed with point lace on the body; sleeves a la Don Juan, trimmed with point lace, to correspond with the body; head-dress, marabouts, with diamonds and velvet; lappets of rich point lace. *Mitchell*: Court costume (siecle de Louis XIV.), dress of white satin, trimmed with tulle and ribbons; white tulle tunique, trimmed with blue flowers; train rich blue silk; head-dress, blonde lappets, feathers, and diamonds. *Collingwood*: Court costume (siecle de Louis XIV.), rich white crape dress, embroidered in white; train white watered silk; body and sleeves elegantly trimmed with blonde; head-dress, plume of feathers, blonde lappets, and brilliants. *Long Wellesley*: Elegant white tulle petticoat, over satin slip, tastefully ornamented with bouquets of roses and orange flowers; body and sleeves trimmed with blonde; train rich white figured silk, lined with satin, and trimmed with flowers and ribbon to correspond with the dress; head-dress, blonde lappets, feathers and pearl ornaments. *Miss and Miss C. Selby*: Court costumes (siecle Louis XIV.), trains white satin, lined with silk, bodies and sleeves ornamented with blonde and flowers; petticoats white tulle, over white satin, trimmed with flowers and ribbon; head-dresses, blonde lace, lappets and feathers.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT'S GRAND DINNER AND CONCERT.

Wednesday se'nnight, the Duchess of Kent entertained at dinner their Royal Highnesses the Princess Victoria, the Prince Ferdinand of Portugal, their Serene Highnesses the Princes Ferdinand and Augustus of Saxe Coburg, the Prince Leiningen, the Count Lavradio, Baron de Moncorvo, the Duke of Wellington, the Earl of Aberdeen, the Earl of Liverpool, Lord and Lady Beresford, Lord and Lady Stanley, Sir Robert and Lady Peel, Baron de Dieskau, M. de Vasconcellos, Lord Elphinstone, Lady Flora Hastings, Sir John Conroy, Sir George Anson.

In the evening the Duchess of Kent had an assembly and concert, at which a large party of the nobility and gentry were present.

The company alighted at the great entrance to the Palace, and began to arrive at half-past nine.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria received the company in the vestibule, attended by the Duchess of Northumberland, Lady Flora Hastings, Lady Conroy, Hon. Lady Cust, Baroness Lehzen, Sir John Conroy, Sir Frederick

Wetherall, Sir George Anson, Hon. General Upton, Colonel Hill, Lieut.-Colonel Harcourt, and the Hon. Captain Spencer.

The concert took place in the grand saloon, which was fitted up as a music room. Mr. Balfe conducted at one of Erard's grand pianofortes. The selection was principally from *The Siege of Rochelle*, and some Portuguese national airs. The vocalists were, Mrs. Seguin, Mrs. Shaw, Mr. Brizzi, and Mr. Seguin.

Among the company were their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of Gloucester, the Princess Sophia, and Prince Ferdinand of Portugal; their Serene Highnesses the Princes Ferdinand and Augustus of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, and the Prince of Leiningen; Prince Czartoryski, the Russian and French ambassadors, and Countess Sebastiani; the Neapolitan, Prussian, Wurtemberg, Hanoverian, Belgian, and Portuguese ministers; the Grecian minister and Madame Tricoupi; the Bavarian minister and Baroness Cetto; the Ottoman, Netherlands, and Saxon ministers; the Marquis de Barbacena, on a special mission from Brazil; Count Lavradio, the Austrian and American charges d'affaires,

and Mrs. Vail; Count and Countess (Charles Pozzo di Borgo; Messrs. Waller and Vogoridis; Chevalier de Ribeiro; Counts de Mucenico, Odelga, Zamoyaki, Lebzelter, and d'Aglie; Barons de Dieskau and de Lagos; Chevalier de Regina, Major Baron Horiquier, Captains de Norman and de Dietz, Messieurs Vasconcellos, Navidero, Rebello, and Achart; Archbishops of Canterbury and Armagh; the Lord Chancellor.

Dukes—Argyll, Somerset, Norfolk, Leinster, Devonshire.

Duchesses—Northumberland, Countess Sutherland, Leinster.

Marquises—Breadalbane, Clanricarde, Salisbury, Lansdowne.

Marchionesses—Salisbury, Breadalbane, Clanricarde.

Earls—Rosebery, Courtown, Lichfield, Winchelsea, Liverpool, Beauchamp, Surrey, Jersey, Rosslyn, Cadogan, Lincoln, Tankerville, Brownlow, Harrowby, De Grey, Clare, Mansfield, Stanhope.

Countesses—Tankerville, Beauchamp, Rosebery, Surrey, Listowell, Lichfield, Minto, Jersey, Cadogan, De Salis, Sefton, Lincoln, Cowper, Harrowby, Mansfield, Stanhope.

Viscounts—Maidstone, Palmerston, Castle-rough, Falkland, Ebrington, Howick.

Viscountesses—Falkland, Howick.

Lords—Frederick Fitzclarence, Belhaven, Vernon, Prudhoe, Templetown, Aylmer, Erskine, Ellenborough, Plunkett, C. Fitzroy, Dundas, F. Egerton, Cowley, A. Grosvenor, Fitzgerald, Glenelg, J. Stewart, Stuart de Rothesay, Foley, Lyndhurst.

Ladies—Ann Beckett, J. Russell, C. Finch Hatton, Burghersh, Elizabeth Harcourt, Frederick Fitzclarence, L. Cavendish, C. Cavendish, C. Stanhope, Belhaven, Macdonald, John Thynne, St. Maur (two), Conroy, Gardiner, Caroline Legge, C. Somerset, Cust, Beresford, Aylmer, Gordon, H. Clive, Erskine, Elliot (two), Wharnccliffe, Vivian, Cottenham, H. Cadogan, F. Egerton, Cowley, G. Fane, Molyneux (two), R. Grosvenor, Mary Wood, James Stuart, H. Ryder, Codrington, Stuart de Rothesay, An-

trobus, G. S. Wortley, Murray (two), Mary Paget.

Right Honourables—H. Goulburn, T. Spring Rice, C. P. Thomson, Mr. Abercromby.

Hon.—Mrs. Abercromby, Mrs. Wellesley. *Captains*—Cowper, C. Cavendish, M.P.

Sirs—J. Becket, R. Gardiner, W. Houstoun, S. Higgins, R. Macfarlane, E. Cust, A. Barnard, Willoughby Gordon, John Courcy, E. Codrington, R. Inglis, H. Parnell, P. Malcolm, Hussey Vivian, C. Vaughan, Henry Halford, G. Grey, J. Hobhouse, A. Clifford, John Macdonald, Hamilton, Seymour, James Kempt, R. Vyvyan, Edmund Antrobus, Chevalier de Jabat.

Doctors—Lushington, James Clarke.

Messieurs—Galvaho, H. L. Bulwer, M.P., E. Harcourt, Hamilton Lindsay, R. Steuart, E. J. Stanley, M.P., Martin, Granville Vernon, J. Talbot, Conroy, Stuart Wortley, J. S. Wortley, Walcot, Clive, Backhouse, H. Pierrepont, E. L. Bulwer, E. Phipps, De Salis, C. Wood, M.P., Clifford, Macneal, Cavendish, Hope, M.P. Rogers, Vanzeller, M. O'Farren, H. Lambton, Thomas Moore, F. Strangeways, Vivian, Ellice.

Mistresses—F. Lambton, J. Talbot, Wellesley, Cowley, Weymouth, Cavendish, Stanley.

Misses—G. Vernon, Harcourt, F. Cavendish, Webster, Baillie, Macdonald, Percy, Conroy, Beresford (two), Anson, Gordon, Erskine, Vivian, Cavendish (two), Dundas, Stuart, Rice (two), Bushe.

Admiral Napier.—General Upton.

Colonels—Hill, Harcourt, Cavendish.

Captains—Meynell, Spencer, Waymouth, Codrington.

The concert concluded at twelve o'clock. One of the drawing-rooms was used as a refreshment room.

The band of the Scots Fusileer Guards were in attendance near the entrance, and played the National Anthem on the arrival and departure of the Royal Family.

The space between the double flight of steps and the grand staircase and the recesses in the approach from the entrance were ornamented with choice shrubs and plants.

The Queen has been indulging, during the past month, in equestrian exercise in Windsor-park.

Prince Ferdinand of Portugal, and his brother, his Serene Highness the Prince Augustus of Saxe-Coburg, arrived at Kensington during the past month. The prince, who is in his 20th year, is eldest son of Field-Marshal his Serene Highness the Prince Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, who married the Princess Kohary, the heiress of that distinguished Hungarian family, and acquired thereby their great estates in Austria and Hungary. Their children, consequently, are brought up Roman Catholics. In consequence of his alliance with the Queen of Portugal, the prince renounced his succession to the family estates, in favour of his next brother. His royal highness is said to be a young prince of the highest promise, which is most interesting to us, as he is nephew of the Duchess of Kent, the King of the Belgians, and the reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg Gotha.

The Grand Fancy Ball, for the benefit of St. John's Hospital, has been postponed by the

ladies patronesses until the middle of this month, in consequence of the Duchess of Kent's party, which had been fixed for the same night.

Court Mourning.—From Sunday, the 28th February, to Saturday, March 19th, the court were in mourning for her late Majesty the Queen of the Two Sicilies, one week of which was also for her late Royal Highness the late Duchess of Hesse.

Mr. Spring Rice, most elegantly, says a morning journal, "having been pretty well smashed lately, has not been inaptly christened 'Boiled Rice,' the most insipid thing in the creation!"—Of all attempts at wit this is, we think, the most miserable: if it were really the case that Mr. Spring Rice had "got into hot water," then indeed he would have verily, whether so christened or not, been 'boiled rice,'—fattening food for sharks to feed upon.

Miss Kelly has built a complete theatre in the rear of her house in Dean-street Soho-square, sufficient to accommodate in boxes, pit, and gallery, persons to the amount of 100l. at the prices usually charged at the minor theatres.

Literature, &c.

The Poetical Works of the Rev. Thomas Dale, M.A. Tilt.

Most of the poems in this collection are already considered as standard, and we hail this collective reprint as a proof that true poetical excellence is appreciated in the worst of times. Mr. Dale's talents, and the manner in which he exercises them, are at once an ornament to literature, and to his sacred order. Would that our church boasted many such members, whose eloquence is sweetly persuasive in the pulpit to win souls for his heavenly Master, and whose pious minstrelsy has equal influence over his readers. There are few of his poems which are not deeply impressed on our memory. His "Outlaw of Tauris," and the beautiful scriptural poems with which he ornamented the best religious annual that ever was published, are too well known to need quotation; and yet we consider the late written poems very far superior; how popular soever were the contributions of his eloquent and impressive muse.

THE CHRISTIAN VIRGIN TO HER APOSTATE LOVER.

Oh, lost to faith, to peace, to heaven!
Canst thou a recreant be
To Him whose life for thee was given,
Whose cross endured for thee?
Canst thou for earthly joys resign
A love immortal, pure, divine?
Yet link thy plighted truth to mine,
And cleave unchanged to me?
Thou canst not—and 'tis breathed in vain—
Thy sophistry of love!—
Though not in pride or cold disdain
Thy falsehood I reprove!—
Inly my heart may bleed—but yet
Mine is no weak—no vain regret;
Thy wrongs to me I might forget—
But not to Him above.
Cease then—thy fond impassioned vow,
In happier hours so dear;
(No virgin pride restrains me now)
I must not turn to hear;
For still my erring heart might prove
Too weak to spurn thy proffered love;
And tears—though feigned and false—might
move,
And prayers, though insincere.
But no! the tie so firmly bound
Is torn asunder now;
How deep that sudden wrench may wound,
It recks not to avow;
Go thou to fortune and to fame;
I sink to sorrow—suffering—shame—
Yet think, when Glory gilds thy name,
I would not be as thou.
Thou canst not light or wavering deem
The bosom all thine own;
Thou know'st, in Joy's enlivening beam,
Or Fortune's adverse frown,
3 M—VOL. VIII.—APRIL.

My pride, my bliss had been to share
Thy hopes; to soothe thine hours of care;
With thee the Martyr's cross to bear,
Or win the Martyr's crown.

'Tis o'er; but never from my heart
Shall time thine image blot;
The dreams of other days depart;—
Thou shalt not be forgot;
And never in the suppliant sigh
Poured forth to Him who sways the sky:
Shall mine own name be breathed on high,
And thine remembered not!

Farewell! and oh! may He whose love
Endures though man rebel,
In mercy yet thy guilt remove,
Thy darkening clouds dispel:
Where'er thy wandering steps decline
My fondest prayers—nor only mine;—
The aid of Israel's God be thine;
And in his name—Farewell!

The fourth, fifth, and sixth verses, how nobly, how admirably expressed!

This piece is, however, rivalled by the farewell of a female Christian martyr to her babe; and these lines will, we doubt not, win many a tear from mothers who are not martyrs.

THE MARTYR'S (FEMALE) CHILD.

Once more I clasp thee to my breast,
Child of my first and fondest love,
Ere yet I enter into rest,
Ere join the ransomed hosts above:
And earthward though my thoughts must rove
From saints and seraphs bending there,
Who shall a parting sigh reprove,
O'er one as pure and scarce less fair?
My bud of beauty! thou must bloom,
'Mid the chill rains, and wintry blast,
Where skies are wrapt in starless gloom,
And summer-suns have beamed their last.
Yet, though dark clouds the heaven o'ercast,
He, at whose word the winds are still,
Can screen thee till the storm be past—
I know He can—I trust He will.
Yet, who shall form thine infant sighs,
To syllable the first brief prayer?
And who shall point thee to the skies,
And say, "Thou hast a Father there?"
And who shall watch with ceaseless care,
Lest thy young steps unheeding stray—
Where Pleasure plants the secret snare,
And Hope's seductive smiles betray?
O! could I bear thee hence, while yet
The strife of passion is unknown,
Ere guilt her fatal seal hath set,
Or earth has marked thee for its own.
While Nature's debt of death alone
Is all mortality must pay,—
To gaze upon th' eternal throne,
And swell the glad unceasing lay!
But now I leave thee—not alone—
More welcome far were solitude;
For He, who ne'er forsakes his own,
E'en in the desert, vast and rude,

Might bid the ravens bring thee food,
Or streams gush forth amidst the wild;
Or guide the wanderings of the good,
To seek and save his handmaid's child.

I leave thee to thy mother's foes,
I leave thee to the fœs of Heaven—
Yet do I leave thee but to those?
Lord be the guilty thought forgiven!
O! if she strive as I have striven,
With stormy winds on life's rough seas,
May she by warring waves be driven
To find a haven, Lord, with thee.

But it is not alone in the tender and touching that Mr. Dale excels; we find in his principal poem, "Irak and Adah," passages of sublime poetry. Rich as the English language is in sacred poems, we declare, that these are second to none. The scriptural paraphrase that precedes the speaking of the seraph, is introduced with magnificent effect.

I heard the Herald of the Eternal God
In voice of thunder seal the dread decree!
I saw a dark cloud rest upon the sea,
And straight the Angel of his Presence rode
On fiery car sublime—dun night and storm
Wrapped their dense mantle round his view-
less form.

Yet, as he passed, intolerable light
Smote, like the blasting flash, upon my sight,
And my heart failed within me, while my
brow

Grew chill as with the damps of death—till
now

A strange low voice came ringing on mine ear,
A Voice of Might! it bade me rise and hear.
I gazed again: and lo! the Spirit stood
Self-borne on ocean, while the conscious flood
Lay shuddering—all was silent as the grave,
Till the swift rushing of his raven plume
Came like a rising whirlwind—earth—skies—
wave

Were instant veiled in more than midnight
gloom;

A blackness like the blackness of the tomb.
I saw no more—till through the burdened air
Pealed mighty thunders—but he was not there:
Next the deep sound of heaving earthquakes
past—

He was not in the earthquake—at the last
A still small voice with fearful murmurs broke
Through that dead silence—then the Seraph
spoke.

"Thus saith thy Lord, the Lord of Hosts, to
thee,

Vast universe of waters! pathless Sea!
Arise, and apurn the bursting bonds away,
That else had curbed thy warring waves for
aye;

Arise! and work thy dread Creator's will,
He bids thee rage, who bade thee first be still.
Roll on! till Earth and Earth's rebellious brood,
Be whelmed for ever in thy trackless flood;
Till to yon skies thy swelling waves aspire.
Then shall he quell thy wrath, and bid thy
foam retire."

He spake—and instant on the troubled gale
Arose the dying shriek, the funeral wail;
The clouded skies terrific lightnings clave,
Peal answered peal, and wave was heaped on
wave.

Hell burst her chain, and hideous Death un-
furled

His sable pinions o'er the shuddering world;
Proud man was vanished as a dream forgot;
I looked for Earth, and Earth itself was not.

Oh for a voice of thunder! for a blast
Of that appalling trumpet, which shall break
Hell's shivering bolts, when Death has smote
his last,

And Time becomes Eternity,—to shake
Earth to its very centre, and awake
The nations from their torpor—Man can sleep,
Fond fool! with immortality at stake!

Sport on the wave that whirls him to the deep,
And smile when Conscience warns to tremble
and to weep!

For some there were who smiled—or feigned
to smile—

E'en in that pause of horror, when each sound
Came like the call to judgment—if such wile
Lulled not their own dark bodings, yet the
wound

That inly bled was veiled from all around;
The pangs they could not stifle, Pride sup-
pressed;

With roseate wreaths their brows they gaily
crowned;

And strove to calm the wildly-throbbing breast
With revelry profane, or win a transient rest.
Rest! aye, such rest the fettered felon feels
On the drear night whose morn must rise his
last;

Such rest in sleep the weary wanderer seals,
When, prostrate panting on the trackless waste,
He hears the howling tiger on the blast!

Fear chills his heart, though slumber close his
eye;

Or if in dreams he views his peril past,
It only points with keener agony
The pang with which he starts, and, starting,
wakes to die.

So these awoke, when o'er the guilty world
Arose the seventh dread morn, if morn it were;
When vapours dense round every mount were
curled,

And black clouds hovered in the stagnant air,
Till all was dimness, save a awarthy glare
That pointed mid the darkness, where the Sun,
Deaf to the wild entreaties of despair,
Sate veiled and viewless on his shrouded
throne,

As if his beams were quenched—his latest
race was run.

And o'er the bosom of the mighty deep
Though yet the slumbering waves were strangely
still;

Like the pale sufferer, when exhaustion's
sleep

Nerves his racked frame to meet the parting
thrill;

The frightened seabirds flit with screamings shrill
Above the smooth slow waters; as the sky
Grows darker, voices of deep wailings fill
The burdened ether; each discordant cry
Strikes heavy on the heart: each tone is pro-
phesy.

Just gleamed enough of intermittent light
To show the circling horrors. Round them
swoop

The screaming vultures and with strange
affright,
Their sagging plumes the lordly eagles droop,

Skimming the troubled ware. In many a group
With fell unnatural tameness herding there,
The birds obscene their fearful death-song
whoop—

As if they longed e'en now to rush and tear
The living as they lay—their untorbidden fare.

And many a pyramid of quivering flame
Danced o'er th' expanse of waters, till the sea
In the broad lustre of that light became
A sheet of fire, as if the high decree
Had set the subterranean embers free,
From first creation pent in earth's vast womb—
And there, in close restraint, ordained to be
Till Time revolving brings the day of doom—
Then shall they burst their bonds, and earth,
sea, skies consume.

Thus commending the contents of this interesting and excellent volume to our fair readers, we cannot leave it without expressing our approbation of the capital style in which Mr. Tilt has brought it out. His manner of binding, we think, will reconcile us at last to cloth; indeed, it would be extremely difficult, except by very close examination, to make the discovery, that it was not the finest quality of leather.

The History of the Overthrow of the Roman Empire. By W. C. TAYLOR, LL.D.
&c. &c. Whittaker.

The author goes over the same ground with Sismondi, and we frankly own we prefer his labours far beyond the middle ages of that celebrated author. His work is made up of the narrative of facts well dove-tailed, and strongly bearing on the history of the times. It is rich in anecdote and traits of character, illustrative of the persons who acted on the vast field of history, which he has condensed with great merit into the narrow limits of a single volume. Many of these passages are newly translated from the stores of oriental literature, opened by our Asiatic Society to Europe; and consequently the reader will find information for which he will, either in Gibbon, Sismondi, or elsewhere, search in vain. Our reason for preferring this volume to Sismondi's work is, that it is calculated to be more generally useful. The writer, we must bear in mind, has had to encounter much difficulty in the number of various countries and religions of which he is forced to give an account. We greatly doubt the practicability of executing a comprehensible digest, in the narrow compass of a single volume, of the doings of Europe and Asia, from the decline of the Roman empire to the revival of civilisation: three is the smallest number which can possibly be allowed; one devoted to Constantinople, one to the Mahometan dynasties, and one to the sovereigns of Western Europe. Such volumes, written with the moral

purity that distinguishes this author's pen, and with the true historian principle which leads him to connect chronicle with chronicle, instead of filling his pages with his own private opinions, would be more valuable as a library work for "all sorts and conditions" of persons, than any that has yet appeared on these subjects. Notwithstanding the fatiguing beginnings and endings of a vast number of different sects and dynasties, the inevitable consequence of such an undertaking, we can recommend the present volume as the very best we have seen. A single volume, embracing such mighty events, reminds us of Shakspeare's beautiful apology in his prologue to Henry V.—

"Can this cockpit hold

The vasty field of France? or may we cram
Within this wooden O, the very casques
That did affright the air at Agincourt."

We begrudge the historical essayists, who only write commentaries on disputed points, for the edification of persons of their own stamp of attainment, their three-volume field, in some of the popular periodical histories lately published, and heartily wish their places were filled by honest matter-of-fact historians like the present author. We give the following as a specimen of the terseness of the writer's style:—

"The story of the iron cage is not, as has been asserted by many, a European invention, it is found in the best Turkish historians. Evliya Effendi, whose works are now being translated by the Ritter Von Hammer, at the expense of the Oriental Translation Committee, gives the following account of the translation. Soon after Timur Ling (Tamarlane) issuing from the land of Iran, with thirty-seven kings at his stirrup, claimed submission from Bayazid, who, with spirit and courage of an emperor, refused to comply. Timur therefore advanced, and encountered him with a countless army. Twelve thousand men of the Tatar light horse, and some thousands of the foot soldiers, who, by the bad councils of the vazir, had received no pay, went over to the enemy; notwithstanding which Bayazid (Bajazet), urged on by his zeal, pressed forward with his small force, mounted on a sorry colt, and, having entered the throng of Timur's army, laid about him with his sword on all sides, so as to pile his foes in heaps all around him. At last, by God's will, his horse, which had never seen any action, fell under him, and he, not being able to rise again before the Tatars rushed upon him, was taken prisoner, and carried into Timur's presence. Timur arose when he was brought in, and treated him with great respect. They then sat down on the same carpet together, to eat honey and clotted cream. While thus conversing together, 'I thank God,' said Timur, 'for having delivered thee into my hand, and enabled me to eat and discourse with thee at the same table; but if I had fallen into thy hands, what wouldst thou have done?'

"Yildirim (the surname of Bajazet, from a celebrated cavalry charge he once led, and

menna Thunderer), from the openness of his heart, came to the point at once, and said, 'By Heuven, if thou hadst fallen into my hands, I would have shut thee up in an iron cage, and would never have taken thee out of it till the day of thy death!'

"What thou lovest in thy heart I love in mine," replied Timur; and, ordering an iron cage to be brought, forthwith ordered Bayazid to be shut up in it.

"By God's will, Yilderim died that very night of a burning fever, in the cage in which he was confined."

The graphic view we have of this pair of savages, their costume, manners, and customs, as related by a man who, it is possible, was an eye-witness of the scene, stamps a value on a volume in which it is related. This Evliya was great-grandson to Mahomet's standard-bearer, and is justly supposed, by Dr. Taylor, to know more of the matter than any other person.

The siege of Constantinople is powerfully interesting, enriched with passages of history unknown to Gibbon. It is made up from the testimony of authors who saw the facts, or lived at the time; and we must acknowledge that the sentences by which Dr. Taylor links together his authorities are powerful and eloquent. He is an author we hope to see on a wider field of history, knowing, as we do, that he will fill up the room with facts, and not with essays.

Lays of the Heart. By J. S. C. Smith, Elder, and Co.

The early spring is advancing, and our poets begin to come out with the snow-drops, primroses, and violets. Here, for instance, is a pretty volume full of sweet poesies, which will make many gentle hearts, in the sacred circle of home, beat responsive to its lays of the affections. Several of these poems will be familiar to our readers: indeed, the chief of them have been gathered from our pages, published under the signature of J. S. C. We are happy to find a public demand for separate editions of our poetry.

Although we have already given it the full meed of our approbation by insertion some time since, we cannot avoid mentioning with praise the admirable lines to the memory of a father; they are only rivalled by the lines, entitled "My Sister Dear." Certainly, J. S. C. is the poet of the home affections; and we suppose we must excuse him for his self-declared dreadful inconstancy (with poetical license, no doubt) in love, on account of his excellencies as a son and a brother. We do not recollect that we have ever published before the lines to Ryde, and will now take them for our quotation:—

Dear scenes of my childhood, all beautiful Ryde,
Again did I wander thy smooth beach beside,—

That beach where so oft the blue waters have
roll'd,
And play'd round my feet in the bright days of
old.

The copse with wild woodbine and roses o'er-
grown,

How sweetly it tells of the hours that are gone;
Of friends that, alas! are now breathless and
cold,

That stray'd thro' its paths in the bright days
of old!

The ocean-lav'd pier, with its exquisite view,
The shell-cover'd grot, and the green dover,*
too,

Oh! dear are the thoughts which those scenes
can unfold—

The thoughts of the past—of the bright days
of old.

They talk'd of improvements, they told me to
see

The church and the dwellings all novel to me;
But pain'd was my heart at the change they
extoll'd,

And sick'ning I turn'd to the things that were
old.

The dear, hallow'd home of my school-days I
sought,

And my heart throb'd anew as I near'd the
sweet spot;

But my day-dream soon fled like a tale that is
told,

For a change had pass'd o'er the bright things
of old.

The play-ground had vanished—a garden was
there,

But weeds had grown o'er it, its borders were
bare;

I reck'd not the ruin,—'twas dear to behold—
For it seem'd to weep o'er the bright things of
old.

Blest spot! in thy bosom all tranquilly flew
Winged moments, the brightest the bard ever
knew;

And still shall this heart ever joy to enfold
A dream of the past—of the bright days of old.

As pencillings, by the way, we would remark that our poet has, perhaps, unconsciously—in preserving the local appellation *dover* for a green plain on the beach—given antiquarians a clue to the much-disputed etymology of the name of Dover.

However we may approve of the sentiments of the "Lays of the Heart," on every subject of family affection, we do own that we are somewhat startled and alarmed at the awful lengths to which he carries inconstancy in love. Is it to be credited, that, in the narrow compass of a volume of one hundred pages, we should find amatory odes and elegies addressed to four or five living lady-loves, and two dead ones! Besides several sweet girls, who we hope and trust are either Ella, Laura, Maria, Eliza, or Lilla, at the very

* The dover is a large plot of ground, contiguous to the beach, containing the remains of many unfortunate persons who were washed on shore from the wreck of the Royal George.

least. Ladies visiting near the author's abode ought, indeed, long to pause in doubt before they *listen* to proposals for a matrimonial tie, and dread the combined wrath of Ella, Laura, Maria, Eliza, and Lilla, to more than one of whom Mr. J. S. C. (unless, indeed, this be only a device to enable him openly, as a poet, to pour out his whole soul to his own chosen one under these several titles), confesses marriage engagements; and in law a man may not marry two wives at a time, neither, we should think, in the field of the imagination.

We make a second extract from "Woman;" it is full of just delineation of the delicacy of female character and affections, which, alas! is often too little known to, though, perhaps, not often not felt by, those of an opposite sex:—

Oh! do not thus deceive her: couldst thou tell
How bright and chaste a gem is woman's heart—

How fond and how confiding; couldst thou learn

The delicate fabric of her maiden love,
Thou wouldst not rudely break the hallow'd tie,
Or ought so pure and sacred DARK profane.
A careless world may smile upon the deed,
Society may ope her arms to thee,
And 'mid the tumults of a busy world
Thou may'st forget the being thou hast wronged.
But will she, too, sit coldly, calmly by,
And will the bright affection of her heart
As transient prove as *thy* too fleeting truth?
Believe it not: the silver chord once loosed,
The harp's melodious song is hushed for aye.

Look at that faded form, that fever'd cheek,
That melancholy gaze, that alter'd mien,
That fretful and impatient bearing, where
All erst was kindness, gentleness, and love.
Or if a prouder spirit lead her on,
See how she struggles with her shipwreck'd hopes,

And strives to *smile* revenge; and then perchance

(As if to pierce more keenly to the heart
The faithless one,) she flings away her hand
On some ungente, worthless wooer; thus
Ending in desperation love despised,
Oh! for the wrath of Heav'n, deceive her not!
For Heav'n is love, and Heav'n will sure avenge
The blight of aught it made and stamp'd
DIVINE!

Once won, she knows no change:—cold men may fly,

Like the gay bee, from sweet to sweet, and rob
The flow'r of all its honey as he passes;
But woman's heart, dear woman's, like the ivy,
So closely clings, so sacredly holds fast
Where once it fixes, that, 'mid weal or woe,
Bleak storm or summer sunshine, changeless still,

The skies alone its kindred truth may claim.

Wishing Mr. J. S. C. much success in literature, and more constancy in love, we bid him heartily farewell. Such a book, however, should have been gilt edged, and bound in either silk or satin.

Evenings Abroad. By author of "Sketches of Corfu." Smith, Elder, and Co.

If popularity is decided by merit, there are few of the reading public that have not seen and admired the first work of this author. To her "Sketches of Corfu," with hearty good will, we did justice last season, and anticipated great pleasure by the mere announcement of another work from the same pen. This pleasure was damped, when we found that the chief part of the "Evenings Abroad" was composed of fiction; and we knew that this lady's forte is the vivid delineation of truth and reality. It is true that her tales and poems are far better than those of the usual annual class; but this is poor praise for the author of "Corfu;" she can paint what she sees so much better than what she imagines, that we marvel why she takes a low grade among the writers of the imaginative class, many of whom are infinitely her superiors, while she might take a high place among literati of a superior rank; not but what we find here and there a rich vein of life-sketching that runs among the less precious ore of fiction, which reminds us powerfully of her scenes in Corfu; such as the following PICTURING OF VENICE, and we here gladly take up the subject:—

"We have had the good fortune of witnessing a festival which takes place once only in a century. It is to commemorate the passing away of the plague at the intercession of the Virgin. This plague ravaged the city in 1630.

"On the spot at which the image of the Virgin carried in procession round the city stopped, at the moment the plague stayed its fury, a splendid church was raised, dedicated to S. Maria della Salute. The city has been absolutely alive with mirth and beauty, and music; a bridge of boats is thrown over to the church; it is crowded continually with well-dressed persons; the steps leading from the water up to the church door are alive with garlanded with flowers; the air is alive with music and laughter; it is a national holiday, and gives us a slight idea of what Venice was in the days of her glory, when her merchants were princes, and she sat like a throned queen on the waters. Some such an appearance as this she must have worn when blind old Dandolo went forth with the crusaders to the conquest of Constantinople; when Barbaro and his hundred noble Bresciana visited her on account of the marriage of the doge's son, a Foscarelli, with the fair heiress of Contarini, and a bridge was thrown from the church of St. Samuel to the shores of St. Barnabas, that the nuptial train might go on horseback to fetch the bride;—when the Emperor Frederick, and his young empress, Eleonora, visited Venice, on their way from Rome, where he had been crowned, and the royal guests mingled in the

* Every one may not know that Venice is a nest almost of islands, built upon piles upon water. On each is one or more of the most beautiful churches in the world; the communication with each other is almost entirely by boats, gondolas, &c.

dance, and rich gifts were exchanged between the senate and the strangers. These were indeed noble merchants, who gave to an empress a crown of gold set with gems.

"When we were tired of listening to the noisy mirth, and drew in a friendly circle round the fire, St. Roy read to us a description from Sansovino of an ancient Venetian festival, by which we could see that little change in their ideas of enjoyment had been effected by time. In the year 1557, the Doge Lorenzo Priuli married Zilia Dandolo. The streets were hung with tapestry, and decorated with triumphal arches, as they are now. When the bride reached St. Mark's, volleys of artillery poured forth from every one of the hundred isles, and were horrible to the ear. The clamour of the thousands, who forced their way into the cathedral, was so deafening, that not one word of the speeches of the day could be heard; and in the state apartments of the ducal palace, each of the trades offered to her a splendid collation; but she, poor young creature! answered, 'Siate ben trovati, et gran mercè, ove non fa bisogno, perchè ci sentiamo alquanto stanca.' As our fair author has not translated, we must—"You have well provided, and many thanks, but I have no want of it, because we feel so very much tired." She might well be tired! Then came fireworks, supper, ball, and bull-baiting. The good Venetians, to be sure, had some excuse for these extraordinary festivities; a century had elapsed since they had seen a dogressa in their *lucentaur*.

"Sometimes we spend an hour at the theatre, and instead of 'the carriage is ready,' it is, 'the gondola waits.' But the pleasantest part of the evening is the return home in these same luxurious gondolas. Far away to the right and left of the great canal long rows of lights rise in tiers irregularly, and are reflected in the waters; not a sound is to be heard save the regular splashing of the oar. Harry likens it to passing along an illuminated city of the dead.

"Musica is in especial ecstasies every day, and all day long. She, poor child, begins to rave about home; for she too comes of an amphibious race, half mariners—half merchants; and Venice seems to her, on'y Hydra on a larger scale. One evening, as we were returning from our tiny walk at dark, some poor old men were kneeling on the damp stones before a shrine at the foot of one of the bridges which connect the narrow streets. The shrine was consecrated to the service of sailors. Musica laid on the altar all the squawkers she had, and it was with some difficulty St. Roy prevented her from joining the devotees. I can understand this feeling of hers in a strange land: she signed to kneel at the same altar whereat her kindred worship.

"On a rainy day we were confined to the house the whole morning, and as our time is somewhat limited, the gentlemen went sight-seeing, leaving us to amuse ourselves as well as we might. Truly was there no lack of amusement! we took our station in the spacious verandah, and while the children were busy dressing some dolla in the Venetian costume, for some cousins at home, May and Violet sketched some of the grotesque figures below; and Fra and I, idly enough sat alternately

watching the noisy and merry groups without and the happy party within.

"The verandah overlooks the *Rivage des Eclavons*, broad enough and long enough for some business and much fun to be transacted thereon. In one corner was a shed, under which a man,—sheltered also by an umbrella, for the awning of his little domicile sadly given to admit the rain,—was absorbed, heart and soul, in roasting chestnuts. Near at hand was a tailor seated on the ground tailor-fashion so hard at work with his tongue and his needle, that the rain fell and he heeded it not. Then came a hawk selling pictures of the Virgin, very beautiful, with fine red roses in her hair, and very cheap: afterwards came Punch, laughter-loving, laughter-exciting Punch! If the 'Useful Societies,' and penny publications banish Punch from the rest of Europe, at any rate he will retain a home in Venice; and if the true philosophy of life is to be as happy as we can, I do not see but that Punch is as useful a member of society as many others; for here, at least, you have no choice; you must laugh at his antics. The other figures of the moving and motley scene were groups of long-bearded friars, their brown serge robes fastened by a cord; knots of Austrian soldiers, very fierce; women, some covered with the long black veil, others wearing a pert-looking *Welsh* hat, all dressed out with bright coloured shawls and petticoats: then the noises,—gondoliers, shouting, women chattering, chestnut-man screaming, passengers remonstrating, while vainly seeking to force their way; and above all, and louder than all, jabbering and squeaking, Mister Punch himself. Oh, it was enough to cure the most inveterate ennui!—I almost expected, that between the noise and the crowd, the little one-arched bridge would fall.

"The evening proved fine; we went on the water in time to see the sun set. A Venetian sunset is a sight never to be forgotten. After the sun had dipped, a pale pink hue overspread the sky, and the sea reflected it. Afar off, on the very verge of the horizon, one little dome-crowned islet arose, coloured as with a light neutral tint, in the distance; while, in the foreground, a single gondola stood out in bold relief, and the gracefully bent figure of the gondolier just gave life enough to the scene,—one of nature's fairest.

"St. Roy had been to the Frari, to see the tombs of the doges; on one of which, he said, were two-and-twenty marble figures, as large as life. Harry tried to tell, until words failed him, of St. Mark's Cathedral,—that strange, fanciful, gloomy, magnificent mixture of all architecture, to which, he says, almost every epithet in language may be applied.

"I will not attempt to repeat his description, for words, however eloquent, would not give you half so clear an idea of it as you will receive from one of Prout's sketches: so, instead of essaying to do so, I will repeat to you a curious story relating to the square, illustrative of the people and the times, which we owe to Daru. The enlargement of St. Mark's square required, once upon a time, the demolition of a certain little tumble-down church, dedicated to St. Geminian; but the Venetians, not being blessed with a lord mayor and efficient civil authorities, did not dare un-

dertake the work of destruction without special permission from the holy see. Their ambassador at Rome accordingly made known the wish of his countrymen to his holiness.

"Mother Cbarch," was the reply of the pope, 'does not sanction the performance of evil; but when it is done, she knows how to pardon.'

"On this hint the Venetians acted; and a punishment was duly awarded to them, which gave rise to a singular ceremony. Every year, on St. Geminian's day, the doge, attended by all the civil officers and foreign ambassadors, proceeded in solemn procession towards the spot whereon the church had stood. From the other side of St. Mark's square advanced the curé of the district, attended by a long train of ecclesiastics.

"When," inquired the padre on meeting, 'will it please your excellency to rebuild my church?'

"Next year," was the doge's answer.

"This question and answer were repeated for six hundred years.

"You would be surprised, dear Minna, at the gorgeous appearance of some of these palaces. The ceilings in the ducal palace are covered with paintings, by Paul Veronese. The painting is not absolutely on the ceiling, but in separate and massive gilt frames, superbly carved, and often ornamented with marble figures mixed with the gilding, very beautiful; although, as Violet observed, it was impossible to look up without involuntarily raising our hands with an uncomfortable sort of fear, lest one of those same marble figures should fall upon our heads. We did not visit the Pozzi, over the door leading to which is inscribed, '*Lasciate ogni speranza voi chi intrate*'—'Indulge not one single hope, ye who are condemned to enter here;' nor the Piombi; but we went into the prisons, in which the miserable victims of an execrable tyranny languished for light and life in vain. We saw the blackened piece of the wall, against which, for a quarter of an hour, a lamp was nightly fixed, while the jailor went his rounds. They pointed out also the spot whither the condemned repaired to suffer death by strangulation; near to it was a low door, which opens on a passage communicating with the church of St. Giovanni. The prayer for the dead was hastily murmured; a boat was in waiting; it rowed silently and quickly away, none knew whither; there was a splash in the dark waters; and the bereaved, who sat mourning at home, knew only that their beloved, and brave, and beautiful, would return to that home no more!

"I copied the inscriptions on the walls, but lingered longest in that cave, on one side of which was sketched a rude likeness of the princes of the house of Carrara, 'the last and murdered lords of Padua.' The father and the two sons, after enduring unheard-of hardships, were severally led forth to execution, and put to death by the same individual. I know not whether Priuli cherished any peculiar animosity against the Carrari; but surely the hand must have been nerved either by revenge or hatred, that could deal the death-blow to the young Giacomo, the gentle, the fair-haired, who had been in times past his mother's darling, and who prayed, us a last boon, that he might

write a few farewell lines to his bride, Belfiore,—to her, who, poor lady! was more, far more to be pitied, for the long, desolate future that then opened before her, than he who was cut off in the flower of his bright youth.

"Minna, if you are heart sick of this gloomy page, I will tell you what to do. Send for the '*Sketches of Venetian History*;' it is one of the most interesting and delightful histories in our language: carry it out with you into the garden; seat yourself under the bolly-tree on the lawn, among the tiny parterres, and there you may dream away, delightfully, a summer's day. Read the touching tale of the patient, the courageous, the affectionate Taddeo,—the glorious chronicle of old Dandolo's reign,—the eventful history of the brave Carnagnuola,—the as eventful history of the magnanimous Carlo Zeno; and thank God, all the time, that you are born in a free country, where such atrocities as these horrible prisons are unknown,—where not only the debtor, but even the treason-ploter, is not deprived of air and light; for, Minna, these prisons, although thrown open by Napoleon, have not been tenanted since the days of the 'Ten;' for in the Piombi, poor Silvio Pellico was confined,

PAINTINGS OF ITALY.

"You complain in that I say so little to you of the paintings with which Italy is peopled. If I am silent, it is because this is a subject on which I dare not speak; one to which all the enthusiasm of my soul is given; and as none of my fellow-travellers, excepting Mr. Dormer, understand any feelings on this point, I conclude that it may not be, perhaps, interesting to you. I could dwell in these galleries for weeks,—in the Manfrini palace, for instance: it contains a portrait of Ariosto; a Magdalene, by Carlo Dolce; a Lucrece, by Guido Reni; a dying Iphigenia,—whose pale, fixed countenance, smiling in death, contrasts wonderfully with the passionate despair of her lover, and the silent agony of Agamemnon,—before which one stands entranced, forgetting time.

"They are each and all beautiful; and some others there are, interesting, principally from the subject re-presented.—Pordenone surrounded by his scholars; Petrarch, an ugly old friar; and Laura, a fair-haired, prim-looking dame of thirty,—very unlike my pre-conceived idea of '*l'auo b-el viso*'—(her beautiful countenance). The cicerone laughed at my look of utter dismay, and said, '*Bella è, chi piace signora*'—(she is beautiful, you do greatly admire her); and then pointed to a fine allegorical painting of Time running away with Love, which, he said, was a pretty lesson for the young and inexperienced, but which Lady Julian declared was a mere libel on true affection, that, in spite of what Italian artists may think on the subject, ever increases with time, and strengthens as every day throws around us another link of every-day services mutually given and returned.

"One thing is peculiarly delightful in Italy. It is the deep admiration for the fine arts, cherished by the humblest and poorest of her children. It seems inborn with them. An Italian guide does not hurry you from painting

* See our two portraits of "Laura."

to painting, and chatter an unintelligible jargon which you cannot understand, or show you, as the guide at Fontainebleau showed me, a picture of Pætus, and tell you he was a famous Roman emperor. No, they linger delightedly themselves, albeit for the thousandth time, before those works which have given back to their bold creators a glow of exquisite glory; they point out every touch that bespeaks the master-hand, and their own eyes light up if you do but admire enough,—silently, if you please; they ask no words, they mark the fixed attention, the look of love, the blush of surprised admiration, and they are satisfied. You may go to their galleries when you will, pay them or not,—command their attendance at any hour,—sketch, copy, do what you will but carry off the originals. If, on the other hand, the visitor gallop from room to room, talk of the weather, put up a glass, and inquire what is the hour, the guide will draw coldly aside, and merely observe, 'A Titian,—a Tintoret,—a Veronese.'

"I like this feeling, this sympathy, with the master-spirits of beauty and grace; it is universal, and ever has been so in Italy; it was this spirit which impelled the Venetians to exempt Titian and Sansovino from the tax levied on their countrymen; it was this spirit which prompted the robber Filippo l'achione, when he surprised Ariosto, then governor of Graffagnana, in a lonely wood, not only to let him pass on in safety, but to pay him all deference, to take off his hat humbly, and accompany him on his way homewards, repeating as he went passages of Orlando Furioso. It was the same feeling which prompted Charles the Fifth to hold the pencil of Titian, and to ride at his right hand; that led princes and kings to hold artists among the most honoured guests at their courts, and restrained the hand of the bandit, and even the cupidity of victorious soldiers, from meddling with the painter and the poet.

"You have read, of course, 'Marino Falieri': I have read, I can scarcely tell you with how strange a feeling, the inscription, '*Hic est locus Marini Falietri decapitati pro criminebus*,'—on the black scroll which stands out in mournful relief from among the hundred and twenty portraits of the doges of Venice, which adorn the library of St. Mark.

"You may form an idea of the pleasantries of their ducal seat in the ruder days of Venice, when I tell you, that from among the first forty of her sovereigns, twelve were deposed, four were deposed and deprived of sight, four were massacred, and four, something wiser, perhaps, than their brethren, abdicated. Verily, it must have been a thorny seat.

"One fiery old warrior, with flashing eye and high broad forehead, I fancied must have been Candiano the Second, who led the Venetians on to the rescue of the Bridea of Venice. We looked with pleasure on the fine features of Lorenzo Celsi, whose father would never uncover his head before him, and who, at once to save his father's feelings and obtain the respect due to his station, imagined the ingenious device of embroidering a cross upon his ducal cap; also on those of Contarini, who himself led on to the siege of Chiozza, and vowed on his

sword never to return to Venice until his enemies surrendered. The others among them, who excited in us the most interest, were Veniero, under whose mild sway Venice was blessed with eighteen years of internal peace and abundance; and who, like another Brutus, sentenced his son—his only son, to death, for violating public morality. We gazed also on Francesco Foscari, the aged and decrepit man, who walked leaning on his crutch when he came to say farewell to his son for ever, but who yet, strong in resolution, spoke so firmly to the heart-broken exile, that 'it might seem it had not been his son, and yet it was his son—his only son':—and on Andrea Gritti, whose war-like achievements almost surpass belief.

"The librarian showed us a '*mappe monde*,' drawn in the year 1460, by a certain Fra Mauro; a curious production, inasmuch as it exhibits the state of geographical knowledge in those days. All of the then known world is traced on a round plain surface;—the Cape of Good Hope is there. Although the passage thither by sea was not then known, some enterprising Venetians had penetrated thither by land. It is a curious fact, that when Vasco de Gama reached the Cape he found some Venetians settled there.

"In this map the position of countries is reversed; the British isles being fixed in the south: of course, I was anxious to know how far the good friar's knowledge of the topography of England extended. Londra, Autome, and Bristo, are the only cities whose names he thought it worth while to note down. The sea is, of course, painted deep blue, covered with ships; towers are drawn on the land, and here and there are a few scrolls, containing written descriptions of the different countries.

"Altogether, we spent a most pleasant morning in the library of St. Mark's, and, greatly to Violet's delight, the librarian was the same who was here during Byron's *sejour* in Venice. He related how Byron stood fixed for a long time before that black scroll, probably forming the first rude sketch of his tragedy, in his own mind, and chattered so much about his noble guest, that had any of us been so inclined we might have formed a volume of his '*Reminiscences or Conversations*' with the poet, which would doubtless have sold as well as some other '*Conversations and Reminiscences*.'"

There was a noble Venetian of our party who listened with intense attention:

"This young lady is nineteen, and went yesterday to the Continent, for the first time in her life. Horses excited her surprise more than any thing else; she was amazed to find them so like the pictures she had seen.

"Among other anomalies here is this one, that there are hundreds of Venetian women who have lived on to extreme old age,—so I am told,—without having once set foot on terra-firma, although within half an hour's row of the continent; who have never known the luxury of wandering in a garden, of gathering flowers, or even of hearing a dog bark!"

"The Return," and the "Brother's Ransom" are certainly very pretty. The youth of D'Aubigny would have been bet-

* Far otherwise now-a-days.—ED.

ter had it been wholly a biographical sketch. Our author insinuates that he was constant to his first love, and died a bachelor; he was, however, the grandfather of Madame Maintenon. We greatly dislike this manner of blending history with fiction. In our whole experience of reviewing, we never met with mistakes equal to those in the "*Lady of Mirandola*."

And what Pope Julius are we to suppose is the *little fat pope* that jumped from his litter in such a fright that he *shook for four-and-twenty hours, and then took a fever*? None other than the warlike Julian de la Ruvere, the mighty Julius of whom history saith: "As no man was ever formed with a more martial soul than he, so it is said that he took the name of Julius in memory of Julius Cæsar."—*Biographical Dictionary*. "He excommunicated all those who opposed him, particularly the Duke of Ferrara, whom he endeavoured to depose. He commanded his army in person against the French, and as he marched over a bridge on the Tiber, threw St. Peter's keys into it, and called for St. Paul's sword."—*Atlas Geographics*.

Again: Voltaire, third volume of his history, speaking of this pope:—

"He directed the war in person, he attended in the trenches, and braved death in a thousand shapes. He is blamed for his ambition, but all ought to do justice to his consummate courage, and the grandeur of his views:" further, "this pontiff, at the age of seventy-two, appeared in the trenches armed cap-a-pie, and entered the breach in person."

His proud heart burst when Louis the Twelfth gained the battle of Ravenna; but the old hero was right to defend his Italian possession from foreign invasion, though, like Maccabeus, he stormed a breach in person, pontiff as he was. Moreover, the majestic statue of Julius, designed from life by his favourite Michael Angelo, fit artist for such a patron, is now alive to bear witness that "the warrior pontiff" was not a little fat man. The anecdote is familiar as household words, that the hand of the statue, being raised in act of blessing, had been given by Michael so haughty an attitude, that the pope wanted to know whether he was represented as pronouncing benediction or anathema.

In the "*Encyclopædia Britannica*" we read, at this very siege of Mirandola did Julius appear in person, armed cap-a-pie, which place he took by assault, anno 1511. So much for his historical foundation of incident. If we meet with authors who describe Pope Julius the Second as a daring Italian chief, a sort of pontifical Brian Bois de Guilbert, or the lovely Anne Boleyn as a "very coquette," we should be aware that they had studied their cha-

acters, and taken the side which suited their purpose best: such views would be consistent with history, for every one has a right to believe the evidence of the historian which pleases him best. But these are points which outrage every evidence of historians, biographers, sculpture, and painting. For instance, if persons take into their heads to describe lovely Queen Anne as of sour look and visage grim, or the majestic and intrepid Julius the Second as a *little fat coward*, we should know they knew nought of them but their names.

And here we would offer a few words of advice to the authors of historical romance in general.

Let no one venture to introduce an historical character into his work, till he has at least "read the life of that individual, as Sir Roger de Coverley did," at the end of the dictionary. For many authors who pass in review before us (Bulwer not excepted) commit strange errors, not so much out of perversity, as from thorough ignorance of the characters and persons of the illustrious names they introduce, of whom they know nothing but the name, and, perhaps, the contemporaneous dates; and pretty work they oft-times make of it.

Now, however, that we have broken our pretty blue butterfly sufficiently on the wheel in the way of castigation, to improve our author, truly efficient in powers of mind and pen, and that she herself, conscious, no doubt, as she is entitled to be, of her various excellencies, her former and also present well-deservings is astonished and indignant at such treatment. It does seem hard, and "verily it pitieth us," though to be sure she does deserve some castigation, for mentioning the much-suffering Louis the Sixteenth so flippantly.

We cannot apply to the whole of her work the panegyric we feel due only to a part: we grieve to see her descend from a commanding eminence, to play in the valleys with mere useless triflers. Is it proper that silkworms should be encouraged in fluttering about like mere annual butterflies? She spun us a bright, useful silken web the first work she did for the public, and we cannot now be content with a lace cobweb. We must frown till we see her set about spinning more silk, and we suspect she has abundance of resources.

The Rival Demons: a Poem, in 3 Cantos.
By the Author of the "Gentleman in Black," &c. With six etchings on steel.
Churton.

Even if there had not been some coarseness in the composition of this poem, its subject would render it far from attractive

to ladies. A contest for superiority between the rival demons of gin and gunpowder, can awake very few of their sympathies. Some of the prints are clever; and the attempt to express the hideousness of vice, without personal deformity in the faces of the evil spirits, is very successful: yet the author and publisher must be conscious that we cannot recommend "The Rival Demons" as a *lady's* book.

As to the literary character of the poem, independently of its suitability to our readers, we can declare that it is replete with strong bold satire, with humour of a coarse and caustic kind; and that the author has shewn the same vigorous talent in its pages that distinguishes his best works. The metre is constructed in a somewhat original style, and often turned with epigrammatic point. The stanzas which reveal the insidious nature of the cordials which ladies *sometimes* raise to their lips, will shew the peculiar construction of the verse, and in some measure the tendency of the poem.

"So I scented myself with rare perfumes, and came

Upon table each day by a different name,
And appeared in small glasses, which none
could think wrong

Just to sip at; and though most infernally
strong,

I managed so well to disguise my real presence,
They usually thought they were drinking the
essence

Of flowers, sugar, and spice,

And all things that were nice,

And would sip, and then swallow me down in a
trice.

"Then I called myself Curaco, Noyau,
Alkermes,

Eau de Vie, Crème, Rosoglio, and other odd
terms,

Which I mostly picked up in a country called
France,

Where the people believe they are much in
advance

Of the rest of the world, and I cannot deny
That, in my estimation, they stand very high.

My great 'fabrique' is there,

Where I make for the fair

My specifics, their delicate nerves to repair.

"But, do all that I could, my success was so
slow

With the ladies, I'd almost determined to go
And leave them to their fate, when I happened
to drop

One day in at a chemist's, who kept a large
shop,

Where the belles of high fashion came
crowding to buy

Things to mend their complexion and looks,
so, thinks I,

Now for clandestine war!

If I reach the boudoir,

All may yet turn out well in the end, Vire
l'Espoir!"

Hints on Etiquette. Longman and Co.

"Hints on Etiquette" will be read with great profit by those persons who need instruction on this important point; and by those who do not, with pleasure. Those who require tuition will be able to steer their way in society by the help of its rules, while those who are masters and examples of the whole science of good breeding, will be highly amused by the keen spirit of observation throughout its pages. The tyro must no longer complain that he is expected to obey a sovereign whose laws are unwritten, or only to be gathered from the voluminous correspondence of a finical old profligate, who spent his time and letters in a futile attempt to corrupt the morals of his own son. Happily for the present century, the manners and morals of a Chesterfield are alike obsolete, and we are pleased to welcome in their place the few plain rules contained in this little volume, which in most instances are founded on good sense and even on benevolence.

This code is addressed to gentlemen, or rather to those willing to become such; but there is much in its pages that is interesting to ladies, by whom the little work deserves to be generally read. We were prepossessed in its favour with the first sentence: it betokened the writer a person of sense:—

"Etiquette is the barrier which society draws around itself as a protection against offences the 'law' cannot touch,—a shield against the intrusion of the impertinent, the improper, and the vulgar,—a guard against those obtuse persons who, having neither talent nor delicacy, would be continually thrusting themselves into the society of men to whom their presence might (from the difference of feeling and habit) be offensive, and even insupportable."

The rules regarding the introduction of persons to each other are excellent, particularly those relating to letters of introduction.

Some of the directions are not particularly refined; and, what is strange, these are declared to be extracts from the notebook of a lady of high rank! This is the only observation that we think in keeping with such a declaration:—

"Remember that it is the *lady* who at all times takes precedence, not the gentleman. A person led a princess out of the room before her husband (who was doing the same to a lady of lower rank); in his over politeness, he said, 'Pardonnez que nous vous precedons,' quite forgetting that it was the *princess* and not *he* who led the way.

"Do not ask any lady to take wine, until you see she has finished her fish or soup.

"This exceedingly absurd and troublesome custom is very properly giving way at the best tables to the more reasonable one of the gentle-

man helping the lady to wine next to whom he may be seated, or a servant will hand it round."

We see good sense and good taste in the following remarks:—

"It is a delicate subject to hint at the incongruities of a lady's dress,—yet, alas! it forces itself upon our notice when we see a female attired with elaborate gorgeousness, picking her way along the sloppy streets, after a week's snow and a three days' thaw, *walking* in a dress only fit for a carriage. When country people visit London, and see a lady enveloped in ermine and velvets, reclining in a carriage, they are apt to imagine it is the fashionable dress, and adopt it accordingly, overlooking the coronet emblazoned on the panels, and that its occupant is a duchess or a marchioness at the least; and that were the same person to *walk*, she would be in a very different costume, and then only attended by a footman.

"Should a female be seen *walking* in the streets similarly dressed, be assured she is a—*person of a very different description.*

"If a lady should civilly decline to dance with you, making an excuse, and you chance to see her dancing afterwards, do not take any notice of it, nor be offended with her. It might not be that she *despised* you, but that she *preferred* another. We cannot always fathom the hidden springs which influence a woman's actions, and there are many bursting hearts within white satin dresses; therefore do not insist upon the fulfilment of established regulations 'de rigueur.' Besides, it is a hard case that women should be compelled to dance with every body offered them, at the alternative of not being allowed to enjoy themselves at all.

"If a friend be engaged when you request her to dance, and she promises to be your partner for the next or any of the following dances, do not neglect her when the time comes, but be in readiness to fulfil your office as her cavalier, or she may think that you have studiously slighted her, besides preventing her obliging some one else. Even inattention and forgetfulness, by showing how little you care for a lady, form in themselves a tacit insult.

"Above all, do not be prone to quarrel in a ball-room; it disturbs the harmony of the company, and should be avoided, if possible. Recollect that a thousand little derelictions from strict propriety may occur through the *ignorance* or *stupidity* of the aggressor, and not from any intention to annoy: remember also, that *really well-bred* women will not thank you for making them conspicuous by over-officiousness in their defence, unless, indeed, there be any serious or glaring violation of decorum. In small matters, ladies are both able and willing to take care of themselves, and would prefer being allowed to overwhelm the unlucky offender in their own way."

Sometimes there are uncalled-for coarsenesses in these pages. The dialogue between the Russell-squareite and his friend is in this style; and the name of his Satanic Majesty is mentioned in the course of the lecture oftener than politeness warrants: it is establishing a bad habit in the etiquette pupils, which they cannot

think wrong, seeing it is used by *il maestro*. In page twenty-nine there is an evident misprint:—

"It is customary when you have been out dining, to leave a card *upon* the lady the next day."

Unless, indeed, the author be "a 'north-ern' from the land of *cakes*," where, of course, the ornaments *are* put *upon* them: in the south, if this be no misprint, we should say, "leave a card for the lady next day."

The merit of this little work, however, far outweighs its defects; we think the author well qualified to write on manners, and we should be pleased to meet him in a more extended work on such a subject.

London's Arboretum. Nos. 13, 14, 15, 16, and 17. Longman and Co.

Mr Loudon has indeed redeemed his promise, by the masterly illustrations that have appeared in the double numbers of the "Arboretum" for this year. If we have favourites, they are the common ash and the weeping ash, the yellow horse chestnut, the locust tree, and the painted magnolia.

The number containing this is remarkable for the spirit and beauty of the botanical specimens, of which we did not believe wood capable. The letter-press also begins to claim interest, as it now enters upon the botanical structure of trees; and it is further enriched with marginal wood-cuts, of great use to the scientific student. There are, moreover, clever directions for sketching trees from nature, with good specimens of leafing touches in various stages of diminution. We need scarcely point out how valuable these lessons are to all fair artists, who have seldom the opportunity of being directed in correct delineation by a man of science; picturesque *effect* being every thing that hitherto has been cared for in a landscape, and three different touches of leafing as much as masters have ever recommended: indeed, many of them think they have done great things, if in pencil landscape they have distinguished the oak touch from that of the fir! Since writing the above, the March number has come in, and we own we do not like the style of art so well as that of the other numbers of this year; there is an appearance of spottiness and trivial dotting, inconsistent with the bold massing necessary to the delineation of trees. The literary portion of this number is, however, admirable.

Magazine of Health. Parts 1 and 2. Tilt. We gather from the prospectus that the "Magazine of Health" intends to become a vehicle for all kinds of practical observations on all the various causes by which the health of man is affected, or endan-

gered, or destroyed. It deserves, therefore, to be welcomed as a friend! at starting, however, some elementary instruction is necessary; and the first paper is on the functional anatomy of the human body. There are some points in this which are interesting. The next is on diet and regimen, followed by a paper on various diseases, in which, amongst the first and most important, "consumption" is partly entered upon, and, except with reviews, forms the subject matter of the second No. Macnish's admirable *Philosophy of Sleep*, and a work by Andrew Combe, M.P., are amongst works reviewed.

Any publication which, without quackery, will make the careless more careful, is a valuable addition to monthly literature.

The Anglo-Polish Harp; or Songs for Poland, &c. By JACOB JONES, Esq. Smith, Elder, and Co.

We find genius as well as enthusiasm in some of these poems, particularly in those devoted to the cause of Poland. Of the tragedy, we certainly do not think so highly, as its author does; there is an indistinctness about modernised classical subjects, which always renders them unpopular. Reality and individuality in the characters, can alone redeem such dramas from the weariness of spirit which seizes the reader at the sight of classic names; and while such tragedies as Fenton's "Mariamne" and Dryden's "All for Love," slumber undisturbed by modern actors, we must conclude that the heroes of ancient history do not suit the taste of the English public; and that to provide a fresh stock of dramas on classic subjects, is really and truly a work of supererogation. Mr. Jones falls too much into the fashion of writing in unpremeditated strains, to be successful even in blank verse. There must not only be great but condensed and chastened genius in the construction of a tragedy before the beautiful dramas of Dryden, Lee, and Hughes, are rivalled, that are now lying uselessly as dramatic stock. And if these, with all their distinctness of character and magnificent harmony of polished verse, are not available for our present theatre, is it likely that flimsy inflated prose, carelessly arranged in lines *shaped* like blank verse, can keep an audience awake? Let not Mr. Jones deceive himself, or be deceived by friendly reviews, he is not yet qualified for a dramatic writer.

Meantime, we have a very different verdict to give in regard to his lyric poems; several of his Polish verses are beautiful, though we grieve we cannot find a beautiful whole in any. This is from want of taste and that self-correction, which should teach an author to omit those verses which

are encumbered with falsely-accented words, as well as often with ridiculous images. Let him consider for a moment, and think who would have suffered such a line to jar on the ear, and set readers' teeth on edge, as this?

"Thy nationality secure."

This is not poetry, though occurring in a fine poem, beginning

"The Spartan's pass may live in song."

We print with pleasure the really poetic verses of this poem, but we feel too much what is due to the spirit of them to thrust into their company such dissonance as

"The reign of spoliation's o'er,"

and some other verbiage which the unpatriotic author has tacked to them.

THE SPARTAN'S PASS MAY LIVE IN SONG!

The Spartan's pass may live in song,
And freemen worship at his shrine;
Let bards as proud a tale prolong,
And, Poland! let the theme be thine!
Awhile, dispersion is their lot,
But not like Israel's is their doom—
A Pole, when Poland is forgot,
Where is he?—in the tomb!

Ere yet the Neva's swamp was drain'd,
Or empire dawn'd upon the North;
The kings of ancient Poland reign'd,
Her armies went to battle forth.

Long time she tower'd the Pharos-light,
Civilization's headland bold!

And Moscow trembled at her might;
And Freedom kept her frontier-bold!

Then, East, upon her rampart might,
The tide barbaric beat in vain—
And, West, her vigour put to flight
The ravening locusts of the plain.

There is a remnant shall be sav'd—

A band of brothers shall return—
Soon, soon, the Polish flag be wav'd!
Soon, o'er their land, the beacons burn!

Even here we have had to mark a jarring accent in a noble thought. It angers us to descend to verbal criticism; but what is to become of genius which is running to seed from want of correction, if no one will correct the deformities?

A BRIGHT DAY SHONE FOR POLAND!

A bright day shone for Poland,
She girded on the sword;
From Highland and from Lowland,
Her brave confederates pour'd—
They rais'd the glorious banner,
Sarmatia's flag of old,
The battle's breath to fan her,
She toas'd above the bold.

"The Polish brothers," banded,
Majestic in their cause,
"Conspir'd," though single-handed,
To struggle for their laws.

The rights their fathers won her,
Their sons for Poland ask'd;
Her liberty—her honour—

Their stern endeavours task'd!

A dark day rose for Poland,
The Gaul, who promis'd aid
To Highland and to Lowland,
Their cherish'd hopes betray'd.

Herein again is the alloy of inferior verses, which we have omitted. There is, too, a want of individual closeness in the historical and local allusions; Mr. Jones knows as well as we do, that the terms *Highland* and *Lowland* are as truly provincial in Poland as in Scotland; but nineteen-twentieths of his readers will only imagine Poland to be what he very aptly calls her, "diplomatic Poland;" or if they attach any notion to it, it is only like the country around Pisa, that of a vast corn-growing plain. A further explanation in his note would have impressed on the minds of his readers a valuable local reality, and redeemed his spirited verses from the imputation of the vulgar poetical license of Scotchifying a Polish song: indeed, all poetical licenses are hateful, and unworthy the use of a true poet, who had better be silent than employ them.

The song "Bright, bright be the flash of our swords," is a noble ode; we should have been saved some trouble, if the other poems had been as faultless. We, that is the public, could, however, have done justice to the grand conception contained in the line—

"And Genius is mad at man's short-sighted fears,"

even if it had not been printed in italics.

As for the Hymn of Liberty, for translation into the Polish language, we beg the Poles will let it alone, they have much better of their own. Such is that mournful but heroic melody of Dombrowsky's Mazurka:*

"March, march, Dombrowsky! From Italy's plain,

Our brethren shall greet us, in Poland again,
We'll cross the Vistula wide flowing;

And the foaming Warta

Sobs again, lest we should redden

Her white waves with slaughter:

March, march, Dombrowsky!"

If such is a mere literal translation of a national melody, little need have the Polish heroes of such staves, as—

"Sing in chorus, thro' our bravery,
Down, for ever, down with slavery!"

Should not Mr. Jones have made himself acquainted with the literary wants of this most interesting people, before he could suppose they needed a trashy combination of words which certainly disgraces his name?

Such poets as Mr. Jones give us a deal of trouble, he has too much real talent to be dismissed with a few vague generalities of blame, and too many daring faults to re-

ceive unqualified praise. He scribbles down just what comes into his head, in as unfinished a state as sheets are sometimes sent from the press to the sticher; and is not the slightest judge of the merit or demerit of his own productions: for instance, the flat rant which he calls a tragedy, is evidently his favourite composition, which shews he is perfectly blind in regard to the faculty of self-criticism; and as to the favourable opinions of the public press, no critical opinion unaccompanied by analysis is worth a rush—they are notices, not reviews. Influenced by Lord Byron's treacherous assertions, authors of the present day rush into public view in an uncorrected state; and the consequence is, they will be driven back again, till they make themselves better fit to be seen.

There is a third class of poems in the compass of this small pamphlet, several of which we admire, although all bear marks of careless headlong haste, excepting the poem of "Palmyra," and the sonnets, which are certainly polished compositions. One of the sonnets is addressed with kindly feeling and true English liberality to the accomplished American, who is gaining no little celebrity on our boards.

TO GEORGE JONES, ESQ. (THE AMERICAN HAMLET).

Hail, gentle stranger! to the English land—
Thy good old British name—thy classic
mien—

The stamp of genius on thy brow—I ween—

Bid British welcome take thee by the hand!

For Genius is the co-mate of the Power

Pervading all things with electric force,

Creative, self-sustaining, rich to shower

On man, uncounted blessings in its course.

Thou shalt achieve a greatness few attain;

The very Hamlet of our godlike Bard—

The demon Richard—the ambitious Thane—

Then, such as thy deserts, be thy reward.

Talents and taste are thine, but persevere,

Respect thyself, and, soon, thou'lt reach thy
proper sphere!

We give a charming bit from an unfinished poem, though here a want of attention to verbal correctness injures it in the very first line. Clover may look rich, but certainly the epithet *rare* cannot apply to a family of plants which carpet's a third part of the globe.

EXTRACT, FROM AN UNFINISHED POEM.

The clover look'd so rich, and rare;

The green grass freshen'd all the air;

And ev'ry flow'r and ev'ry tree,

Breath'd out their first-born fragrantcy;—

The luscious honeysuckle hung

Its beauteous bells, anew;

And, meekly forth the jessamine sprung,

With its snow-white stars, to view,

And the Garden-Queen in pearls was dight

Of dew, than the diamond's eye more bright.

We should not have taken the trouble of this sharp scanning for an author we did not think improvable in a high degree.

* This *March* we published in one of our former numbers.

Let Mr. Jones believe us, that with his present style of writing, no critic who praises him in an unqualified strain of panegyric is his true friend.

Architectural Magazine: Parts 23, 24, 25, for January, February, and March. Longman and Co.

Whilst so much architectural literature is passing before the public, this, though spring, is (or ought to be) harvest time for such publications as the present. The March number enters much upon the all-engrossing architectural theme of the new Houses of Parliament. In the February number we find a very interesting philosophical paper, entitled "Experimental Essays on the Principles of Construction in Arches, &c.," illustrated by a great number of intelligent drawings. In these days of railroads, and consequent arching, it deserves particular attention. An arch lately fell, on the Southwark side of the river, part of one of the new rail-roads. Another paper, "Ancient Buildings in England," gives us some useful and agreeable reading; and particularly that entitled "Ancient Foundations and Modern Concrete." The January number contains "recommenda-

tions" respecting the designs for the Houses of Parliament. The plans of Exeter higher market will be interesting to many readers; to those on the spot, and others who may purpose prosecuting similar designs. We make one extract; so great is the utility of the plan that the friends of humanity will be glad to know the originator, and to adopt a similar expedient in steep cases.

"Improved Street Paving.—An improved method of paving roads for declivities has lately been invented by Mr. Baddeley, which proves a great assistance to horses in carrying heavy loads; and, moreover, is likely to prevent accidents, which so frequently occur by their falling. The stones, forming a continued series of ridges on the upper side, afford an excellent footing for the horses' feet in ascending and descending, and the friction of the wheels from being greatly increased, is also a check to them in descending. Paving of this description has been introduced on Fish-street-hill, Snow-hill, and been very recently laid on Holborn-hill; surpassing every other method previously adopted.—*Frederick Lush, Charles-square, Hoxton, Oct. 16, 1835.*

These are some of the several topics which gained our attention. Reviews of new works and divers notices complete the contents of the numbers.

(For Notices of Works not here reviewed, see page at back of Contents.)

Fine Arts.

Illustrations of the New Testament. Part 3. Churton.

We have already recommended this work strongly to our readers, and we depart from our usual custom to serve the "good" cause, by naming the price, 1s. There are eight well-executed wood-cuts, from paintings by Westall and Martin. It would be a cheap, but most appropriate gift both in the nursery and in the servants' hall. The figure of the "announcing" angel, St. Luke, i. 20, is mild and heavenly. We may add, that the accompanying letter-press is by the Rev. Robert Caunter, D.D. We hope it will repay the cost.

Switzerland, by W. BEATTIE, M.D., from designs taken by W. H. BARTLETT, Esq. Nos. 20 and 21. Virtue.

No. 20 opens with a lovely-drawn and beautifully-executed design, representing a "Scene from the Terrace of Chateau Wolfsberg Canton, Thurgau," engraved by R. Wallis. The well-engraved "Valley of Lanterbrun," by G. Richardson, correctly displays the reality. "Lake at the foot of the Blumli Alp," engraved by J. T. Willmore, exhibiting a felicitous power of execution. "Lucerne," by H. Griffiths,

neatly displaying at one view the whole city, lake, and surrounding country.

No. 21, exhibits "the Junction of the Rhine and Tamina," engraved by C. Cousen. "The Abbey of Einsiedeln," by R. Wallis, with a funeral procession. "The Castle of Granson," by Cyrus Davies. "Mount Pilatus, (which, by-the-by, may, perhaps, this year be the place of grand resort, as more interesting than its neighbour), from the Brunig," by M. J. Starling.

We really do not know how to speak of each with sufficient praise. There is a finish in these two numbers which almost surpasses its talented predecessors. Many of the plates are perfect pictures. In this number we can say so of Starling's: the masterly touches introduced, and effect produced by Davies, and the apparently, yet really, natural softness of the meandering stream and low country, by C. Cousen.

Finden's Portrait and Landscape Illustrations of Byron. With letter-press by W. BROCKENDON, F.R.S. Part 2. Murray. This number exhibits "The Tiber," from a sketch by W. Page, drawn by C. Stan-

field. A very correct and remarkably well-executed view of "The Pantheon," at Rome, by E. Finden, drawn by C. Barry. "Rome," including Castello St. Angelo, on which the Girandola, or fireworks, at Easter, are exhibited; drawn by C. Stanfield, from a very creditable sketch by Capt. Roberts. The Tiber, the city on the water-side, and the amphitheatre of hills, and the bridge St. Angelo, are well drawn; but the statues on the bridge do not to us appear accurate, they are too large, and are also improperly winged. Compare the execution and price of this book with what you buy at Rome, badly done, and the work must give satisfaction.

Panorama of Lima. Messrs. BURFORDS.

On Friday last, a new panoramic view, presenting the City of Lima, was open to the press, at this well-deserved favourite

place of resort, previous to public inspection. Lima presents many singular and beautiful appearances, in the mountains which surround it, the distant sea, and particularly in the form of its houses, being all flattened at the top, to serve as terraces during the hot weather, with, in some cases, upper trap-doors, and in others, apparently under-ground entrances. The churches are by no means despicable buildings, and some have been erected in striking points of view. We understand the execution of the work cost Mr. Burford himself four months' labour, with the aid of two assistants. We pass over the accident to the sky, arising from the too hasty use of new canvas; and express our opinion, that there is much even to divert, and every thing to satisfy an inquisitive public: we were particularly pleased with it.

Music.

The Younger Son. By Miss SMITH. Dean.

This truly humorous song is inscribed to the Right Honourable the Viscountess Torrington. The music is pleasing; and we give the song at length for the amusement of our merriment-making friends at Easter time, who, of course, will see that, if they like the words, they must get the music.

THE YOUNGER SON.

Yes! I own, Lady Jane, he's delightful,
The handsomest man about town;
No wonder the men are so spiteful,
Do look at Sir Archibald's frown!
He hates him because he's so witty—
So full of good humour and fun;
He's really a dear, what a pity,
He's only a Younger Son!

Last night at the countess's tableaux,
This Romeo was something divine;
He's the very perfection of all beaux,
And, of course, a great favourite of mine.
I should like very much to invite him,
When the toils of the season are done;
I'm really quite sorry to slight him,
But you know he's a Younger Son!

And though he's so charming, I've reasons
For keeping him out of our set:
There's Letitia been out these five seasons,
Such offers!—and not married yet.
Now, Sir George has been lately quite pointed,
(He's the dullest man under the sun;)—
But this time I'll not be disappointed,
For the sake of a Younger Son.

Poor Sir George! do you think he seems
jealous?

He's rather ill temper'd, I fear;
But he's heir to a peerage they tell us,
With full twenty thousand a-year.
What better can all her friends wish her?
And 'tis plain that his heart is half won;
Good gracious! do look at Letitia,
Arm in arm with that Younger Son!

It is really too bad in my daughter,
Spite of all I can do or can say;
She's continually throwing cold water
On the finest parties of the day.
'Twas the same with Lord Dash and young
Bother,
(Splendid matches for her ev'ry one;
'Tis a chance if she got such another.)
She sha'n't marry a Younger Son.
They are growing, I fear, sentimental;
'Tis high time this nonsense should end;
Such assurance in a detrimental—
He's too handsome to be a safe friend.
In Letitia 'tis very provoking,
Of the needful I'm sure he has none;
I declare, Lady Jane, without joking,
I've a dread of a Younger Son.
They are all so vexatiously clever—
So vastly too winning and gay;
I have found it, believe me, for ever,
Younger Sons are always in the way.
If they happen to be in the fashion,
One can neither quite cut them, nor shun;
'Tis enough to put Job in a passion,
To be foiled by a Younger Son!

Wine's Reminiscences. Written by CHARLES LANCASTER; composed by W. KIRBY. Mori and Lavenu.

This is, we understand, a first effort by Mr. Charles Lancaster. Now it is an odd whim to send it for the ladies—for themselves, of course it is unsuitable. Some men of bad taste (*great*, we had almost written,) have such a zest for any thing of that sort which is new, that we doubt much whether our bare mention of it may not induce some of our fair subscribers to prevent their husbands from even seeing this number. Let a gentleman dinner-party be made up, on purpose to hear it. Let talent be directed to something more suitable to the dignity of our nature. Bottle-days are, we trust, being fast corked up for ever.

Drama, &c.

KING'S THEATRE.

This theatre opened on Saturday with good auspices. Bellini's "Straniera," which we believe was produced several years back for the *début* of the elder (Giuditta) Grisi, without gaining reputation either for composer or *débutante*. It is encumbered with a wild and improbable plot—and though many striking and deeply interesting situations spring out of it, they necessarily lose much of their effect from the inability of the audience to comprehend them. The scene is in Brittany, about the 13th century. *Alaida* (the *Stranger*), Madame Colleoni-Corti, is a queen in exile and disguise. *Ravestall* (Winter), her lover, is induced in her absence to offer his hand to *Isoletta* (Madame Seguin); and the piece begins with the preparation for the nuptials. He, however, seeks pretext for delay, and renews his acquaintance with *Alaida*, in whom he raises the hope of restoration to her former dignity. Their intercourse is broken in upon by *Valdeberg* (Cartagenova), brother of *Alaida*, whom *Arthur* mistakes for a rival, wounds, and throws into a lake. *Alaida*, distracted, reveals the secret to *Arthur*, who flies; and *Alaida*, being found with a bloody sword, is tried as a murderess, before a tribunal presided over by the *Prior* (Giubile) of the Knights of Malta. At a moment when her condemnation seems certain, *Arthur* appears, and declares himself the criminal: to make the matter clear, the murdered man (*Valdeberg*) also presents himself. The *Prior*, in the mean time, has discovered in *Alaida* the exiled Queen, who now urges on the celebration of the nuptials of *Arthur* with *Isoletta*, and remains alone before the porch of the cathedral while the ceremony is performing. *Arthur*, who is determined to retain his fidelity to *Alaida*, after having given his hand to *Isoletta*, stabs himself. At the same moment *Alaida* is discovered to be the exiled Queen, and she is about to be restored to her throne, but overcome at the fate of *Arthur*, she falls lifeless into the arms of her attendants. The opening choruses of male and female voices alternately, on the vigil of the nuptials of *Arthur* and *Isoletta*, are simple and elegant. The duets between *Arthur* and *Alaida* in the first act are rich, varied, and well contrasted in the two parts. The trio "Cedo, cedo! a te m'involo," when *Valdeberg* joins them, is also very effective; and the *aria di bravura* of *Alaida*, masterly. In the second act till the scene before the Cathedral, where *Alaida* remains alone, and the choruses from within relieve the expression of her agony at the sacrifice she has imposed on her feelings, the music is comparatively dull.

Between the acts, Rossini's overture to "William Tell" was performed with enthu-

siasm. The opera itself is the very best by this composer, and ought to be known here.

"Le Rossignol," a new and very pretty ballet, in one act, by Nadaud, followed the opera; the principal part in which was sustained by Madame St. Romain, a new performer, from Prussia, Wurtemberg, and St. Petersburg. She is just what the English like, a good actress—not a mere dancer—arch, pretty and intelligent. The male *débutante*, M. Coustou, from Lisbon, is also a clever performer. The curtain dropped at a reasonable hour, and a numerous audience departed in the best humour possible. The house has undergone no alteration since last season, but the season promises well for the spirited manager.

DRURY-LANE.

Herold's Opera of "Zampa" was produced at this theatre on the 22nd ult. The drama is taken from a very ancient romance, which has before been made available for dramatic and other purposes. It is the story of a man, who having placed a ring upon the finger of a marble statue, is afterwards claimed by the marble as its wedded spouse. Mr. Lewes's ballad, on the same subject, will be remembered by our readers. The scene is laid in Sicily, on the sea-coast. The music was very pleasing throughout, and the drama promises to have a long run. The novelties of the month have been, "Henriquez," one of Miss Joanna Baillie's beautiful dramas: it was produced on the 20th ult., but met with no very decided success, being more suitable to the closet than the stage; and we recommend its perusal to our readers; and "Chevy Chase." The author has drawn upon the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," and the legend of the "Hermit of Warkworth," as well as upon the ballad of "Chevy Chase," for materials for his drama. It is, however, a mere spectacle, but certainly a very splendid one, depending principally upon scenic effects, costumes, &c. Among the scenes, the views of the terrace of Raby Castle, of Warkworth Castle, and Coquet Island, and the chapel in the latter castle, were admirable for their beauty, and the skill with which they have been painted. The arrival of the *Earl of Northumberland* and his suite in nine large vessels, which are worked with remarkable accuracy and effect, presented a curious and novel scene. The fight in "Chevy Chase" is given with great spirit. The fight changed, by a rapid and well-executed movement, to a faucial edifice, dedicated to the fairy muse, and surrounded with pictures taken from subjects of romance. The acting of Mr. Wieland, as a *Goblin Imp*, deserves great praise. The piece, on its first representation, was far too long; it has since undergone judicious

curtailment, and promises to have a very long run.

This theatre re-opens on Easter Monday with "Gustavus," the "Jewess," and "Chevy Chase." The "Corsair" will also be performed in the course of Easter week.

COVENT GARDEN.

Two novelties were produced at this theatre on the 12th ult., a *rifacimento* of Herold's opera of "Zampa," and a new military operatic drama, entitled "The Fate of War, or Adventures in a Camp."

Of the last we speak first, as very few words will suffice, it having "descended to the tomb of all the Capulets;" yet it did not depart this life without a struggle. The plot of the first piece is a close imitation of the French piece, whence it owes its origin, the recommendation of which is the music, which is pretty and light. We hope for better things from the management of Covent Garden.

On the 10th ult., Miss Helen Faucit took the part of *Juliet* for the first time. She was quite as successful as in any of her former characters. We have seen many *Juliet's*, and only one, or at most two, better. Mr. C. Kemble played *Mercutio*, a character which he has so often and so well sustained; and the tragedy was given out for repetition, amidst warm applause, on the Monday following.

We remark with satisfaction that we have, during the past month, seen this theatre with such company as, in days of yore, graced the theatres royal.

On the 4th ult., the supporters of that excellent institution, the Covent Garden Theatrical Fund, dined together at the Freemasons' Hall; the Earl of Lichfield presided on the occasion. Several distinguished persons were present, and the subscriptions announced as collected during the evening amounted to 950l.

On Easter Monday a new drama, of which report speaks very highly, called "Zazezozu, or the Pacha's Dream," will be produced. The music is selected from several of the best native and foreign composers.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

A new burletta, called "Forty and Fifty," we believe from the pen of Mr. H. Bayly, has been produced here. It is partly a translation from the French. *Damon Lilywhite* (Liston) is about to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of his birth-day, and the twenty-fifth of his marriage. The scene opens with a connubial duet by husband and wife, who exchange vows of eternal affection, and so forth. This is interrupted by an intimation from the lady, that she has invited to dinner a *Mr. Altamont* (Vining), whom she describes to be a lover of her niece, *Clementina* (Miss Malcolm); but whom *Lilywhite* suspects to be enamoured of his wife, and prevails upon her to promise that he shall not enter the house. *Lilywhite* then retires; immediately

after a window is thrown up, and *Altamont* enters. He cannot be prevailed upon to retreat, but follows *Mrs. Lilywhite* into an inner room, where he is surprised by *Lilywhite*, kneeling at the feet of his wife. The husband vows vengeance; but an explanation is entered into; and by the production of a portrait, *Altamont* is proved, to *Mrs. Lilywhite's* horror, to be in O'Connell relationship to her faithless spouse. It is needless to repeat what follows. The house was full to an overflow, and the piece very favourably received.

QUEEN'S.

This house closed last week abruptly. A *superabundance* of money is the cause assigned by the friends of the manager.

SURREY.

An oratorio, or rather a musical entertainment, was performed at this house on Tuesday last: it was supported by some names of high standing, and was, altogether, very successful.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

This theatre will be opened on Easter Monday, as a joint stock concern, by a talented company; among whom are M^s. Nisbett and her sisters. We wish them better success than on a former similar occasion.

NEW STRAND THEATRE.

It appears that the Lord Chamberlain has granted Mr. Rayner a license for this theatre, and the performances are announced to commence on Easter Monday.

ADELPHI THEATRE.

The Lenten entertainments at this theatre were rendered extremely amusing by the joint talents of Mrs. Fitzwilliam, Webster, Elton, Goldsmid, &c. The performance, for several evenings, commenced with the "Gallery of Shakspeare," in which were introduced a series of *tableaux vivans*, illustrative of passages from the works of the bard. "Webster's Wallet" came next, and is deserving of praise. His song "The Coal-black Rose," a real nigger song, was very good. The *tableau* of "Chevy Chase" was but so so. Mrs. Fitzwilliam has sustained several characters with great ability, and has added not a little to her fame.

Royal Society of Musicians.—The ninety-eighth anniversary was held on the 3d ult., in Freemasons' Hall; Earl Howe in the chair: supported by Lord Burghersh, and upwards of 250 amateurs, besides a crowded concourse of beautiful women in the galleries above. Moschelles performed an extemporaneous fantasia on the piano. It was stated that one of the objects of the Society's bounty, now seventy-eight years of age, had been a pensioner forty years, and had received 1,322l. 15s. from their funds. After the dinner, *Non Nobis Domine* was sung, which was followed by "the health of his Majesty," who is an annual subscriber of twelve guineas. The proceedings gave much satisfaction to the numerous and talented company.

SUFFOLK-STREET GALLERY OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

This gallery was open for the thirteenth season, on Saturday the 19th ult., to private, and on the 21st, to public view. In one word, we have not often seen a *tout ensemble* more satisfactory; and as the effort is by our own countrymen, more gratifying to our feelings. Whatever the galleries abroad may produce as of old, let any one who has recently seen the annual exhibition of living artists at the gate of the Piazza del Popolo, at Rome, and we need not blush for our countrymen. Some say the best are not sent there; we certainly can say that the *worst* make their appearance; for never were we more disappointed: not so with the Suffolk-street collection, and for the following reasons.

Here, however, we would beg leave to state, that when we use the expressions "not natural," "face not sufficiently softened down," "too much colour," "pale as death," &c., as applicable to portraits, we only mean that bearing in our mind's eye a standard of value, or "correct" notion of beauty, delicacy, or accuracy of form, we mean to signify a departure from that measure of perfection. For instance, we have just quitted the gallery, we meet one damsel, a winning black-eyed brunette; another with visage wan as death. Now, on canvass, the former, as an English woman, bears the character of foreign extraction; and the latter, as the subject for a picture, would at first sight seem unfit: each would not seem to be natural or national; that is, what nature would, or rather should be, if fell disease had not supplanted nature herself, or foreign admixture varied the complexions and characters with the caste of countenance of many individuals. With this prelude, we mean to excuse ourselves for imputing inaccuracy to an artist who gives "a likeness" which does not exactly agree with what a stranger would create in his own fancy as suitable. The same may be said with respect to many other classes of paintings, and their peculiarities—that we have, perhaps, never seen the places represented; or if we have, not at the time, and under the "peculiar" circumstances, when any particular picture was taken. With this apology for ourselves and our humble judgment, we proceed as fancy and circumstances led us onwards. We may, however, again retrace our steps: some modest flower may have been overlooked in our necessarily hurried course; and if such be the case, we will crop its beauty, but not injure its being, and next month present it in due form to our readers.

No. 1, designated as "A Water-mill at Reading," by A. Priest; presents all the material of a good and diversified subject, of which the artist has made the most.

No. 7, is a talented scene "near Loch Katrine," by Miss A. G. Nasmyth. There is a harshness in the upper part of the back ground facing the entrance of the light, on the edges of the mountains and scenery, which, concealed by the land from view, makes, to our mind, the picture look infinitely better. (Picture sold)

No. 8, "The Interior of a Peasant's Cottage, Finland," by A. G. Vickers (sold): very clever.

No. 10, "A Composition Evening Scene," by J. C. Cowley; yet very true to nature.

No. 11, "Ancient Jerusalem, during the approach of the Miraculous Darkness," by W. Linton; a magnificent conception; unlike Martin's in its *superhuman* character, but in our judgment far more suitable to worldly capacities.

No. 12, "Wat Tyler, in 1381," by J. and G. Fogg. This picture conveys the notion of something terrible; but the blacksmith looks more fury than noble. We know not the intention of his right leg being upon the body of the felled tax-collector. We confess we do not like it there.

No. 16, "In the Shepherd's Fields, Hampstead-heath," by L. J. Wood, presents a moment of time rarely caught in this country; and still more so, in such a situation.

No. 23, "A Lane Scene, near Tooting Common," by E. Child, nicely finished.

No. 24, "A Pike," by G. Hilditch. This reminded us of a large solitary skate which we once saw on the beach of the southern coast of Cornwall, of huge dimensions, which the fishermen said was in their nets the night before, and they thought their last hour was come, for the bait was *at the mercy* of some huge monster of the deep. It was an awn fish.

No. 38, "Pastorella," by J. Boden. We neither like it nor dislike it, and yet it is pleasing (sold).

No. 41, "Douglas, Esq.," by J. Lonsdale: very pleasing and clever, but not quite equal to No. 59. (a portrait of Thos. Field Savory, Esq.) by the same; that is in every respect what a picture ought to be.

No. 42, "The Daughter reading to her aged Parents," by E. Prentis, is very natural, and very clever (sold).

No. 50, "Ullwater, from the River Airy, Gowbarrow Park, Cumberland," by T. C. Holland. Take a peep at this lovely scene, at a short distance; examine it when almost close to the canvass, and the longer you

look at it, the greater satisfaction and pleasure you will receive.

No. 51. "Portrait of Lady Goodricke," by E. Y. Hurlstone. We involuntarily exclaimed, "Lovely, noble art! that could *thus* transfer substance as in life to canvass: who, though he might not in envy desire to rob the artist of his power, would not have delighted in bestowing his time in so pleasing a service." The whole design is elegant, and the execution strikingly effective.

No. 53. "Mrs. Milnes Gaskell," by Mrs. James Robertson. This is well-drawn; pretty hands and eyes, nice hair, but the flesh colour not sufficiently subdued; yet we have not the honour of knowing the original, to give us the right of passing such minute judgment upon this picture.

No. 72. "The Trysting-place," by Mrs. M'lan. Prettily located.

No. 77. "Portraits of the Earl of Egremont and Miss Caroline Wyndham," by G. Clint. An amiable looking nobleman, and a promising little girl.

No. 78. "Gossiping," by T. Clater (sold). A natural old couple, very well done.

No. 79. "A Painter's Studio," by R. T. Lonsdale (sold). We look in vain for the blazing fire or light to sanction such brilliant red which every where predominates in this, nevertheless, well-executed picture. It was, however, bad policy in a painter to exhibit an attendant in such pitiful taking when merely in the presence of a master, who is not stated to be either prince or tyrant. Is this the early discipline of the school, when seeking a patron?

No. 87. "A Fisher's Boy 'spinning a yarn' to his Courrades," by T. Hartley, possesses merit.

No. 92. "A Sylvan Repose," by the Rev. T. J. Judkin. Very good.

No. 98. "Loch Catherine," with a party landing from Glen Arklet and Loch Lomond, by T. C. Holland. Clever and well-chosen.

No. 104. "Portrait of Miss Morlaunt," by J. G. Middleton. Well executed; but the figure is draped *most unbecomingly*.

No. 106. "Portrait of a Lady," by J. Holmes. A very fine painting. The flesh is good; and the varied and ornamental back ground, &c. very handsome and complete.

No. 109. "The Mower," by W. Fisk: encourage him and his master in their well-executed toil.

No. 113. "Home-Brewed," by H. Pidding. A clever composition. The background and the back figures (the man and the maid) are particularly clever.

No. 117. A lovely "Portrait of (the talented) Miss Fanny Corbux," by Mrs. L. Goodman, late Miss Salaman.

No. 119. "Matlock Vale, Derbyshire, with a view of the High Tor, taken from the

Heights at Matlock, Bath," by L. J. Wood: a true mountain peep of distant country.

No. 128. "Fouille au Pot; or, Sop in the Pan," by Madame Meunier (sold): very clever. The boy is a nice little fellow.

No. 137. "J. Nollekens, Esq.," by J. Lonsdale: well done; and the old gentleman's family can never lose sight of him.

No. 144. "Portrait of a Lady," by Mrs. James Robertson; in every respect very pretty: the hand is also pretty; but there is something of the fault about the flesh, which we have pointed out in No. 53.

No. 149. "Christ raising the Widow's Son," by B. R. Haydon: striking and good; but the principal figure, viz. Christ, seems to be, owing to its position, a presence (except as the author of the miracle) not needed in the picture itself. It wants unity with the general design; and this is still more the case with the uplifted hands, there does not indeed exist that sympathetic (position) interest which is so absolutely necessary.

No. 150. "A Winter Piece, with Dutch Peasants Skating," by J. E. Haddon: humorous and spirited.

No. 161. "Morning," by J. G. Middleton, will give satisfaction.

No. 168. "Portrait of Mr. C. Davis, his Majesty's Huntsman," the property of the Right Hon. the Earl of Chesterfield, by R. B. Davis, very cleverly executed.

No. 173. "Fishermen's Cottages on the Suffolk Coast," by H. Bright (sold); he was very lucky.

No. 175. "View of Landown Bay, from Shanklin, Isle of Wight," by A. Vickers (sold). A little thing.

No. 177. "The Infant St. John," by J. Holmes. Highly characteristic.

No. 181. "Port St. Mary, on the Garonne, between Bordeaux and Toulouse." Well mellowed, soft, and good. The time well-chosen—moonlight.

No. 184. "Thomas Davis Bayly, Esq., Barrister at Law," nobly done by J. Unwin, and a most gentlemanly-looking subject.

No. 185. "A Peasant Girl of Frescati, near Rome," by E. Y. Hurlstone. Picture to yourselves a whole peasantry costumed after this manner! This is spirited and good; the colouring bright, as if she were dressed in her newest holiday suit. At Frescati the women are very handsome, and in that district are the most beautiful women of Italy.

No. 198. "A Lake Scene," by V. G. Audubon: very nicely done.

No. 201. "Chateau de Versailles," by G. Hilditch, exhibits good talent: the subject is interesting, and we do not remember seeing it before.

No. 203. "Tomb of Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, in St. Alban's Abbey," by H. Hawkins: a work of merit.

No. 204. "Wreck of the George the Fourth Convict Ship," by H. E. Dawe: a

grand work, recording in this most lamentable event, one lucky escape of a poor woman with two children, one at either breast, and her own child between her knees when they were discovered in the wreck, after 48 hours' absence of the ship's company and passengers. We heartily wish some influential person would urge the recommendation we gave at the time of our report in the proper quarter, and cause the liberation from bondage of most, if not all of those who were preserved. We are sure the public would "sing praises" for such an act of mercy, for they conducted themselves most properly; and the friends of the parties should become sureties for their future good behaviour, with promises to employ them upon their return.

No. 205. "Peasant Boys of the Abruzzi Mountains," by F. Y. Hurlstone. "A GEM."

No. 206. "The Feline Poucher," by G. Stephens, is very clever.

No. 210. "Dover Cliffs," by A. Clint. This peculiar sky is well done, it is nice and soft.

No. 212. "A Water-Mill in Devonshire," by J. Wilson; clever.

No. 217. "Chapter-House of the Cathedral at Bordeaux," by D. Roberts (sold). Very pleasing.

No. 224. Another excellent picture by J. Lonsdale, "Charles Ballelt, Esq."

No. 229. "Return from Labour," a peasant on horseback, stock still on the road at evening time. It is like life in miniature.

No. 230. "Portraits of Twin Children," by J. Holmes. Two lovely innocents assuredly.

No. 231. "Beech Trees," by J. Boaden. At a little distance off, this picture looks lovely.

No. 234. "Mrs. Honey." A fine painting full of work, which must be looked at from across the room.

No. 235. "Hastings, Morning," by E. Child. There are in it good fishermen, good sky and water, so that it cannot be a very bad picture.

No. 240. "The Revenge," by A. W. Elmore. The fainting old man and the murderer's attendants, as well as the buildings, are good, and also colouring; but the principal figure, the murderer, is not natural; and that awful personage is as stiff as a poker, under such appalling circumstances, though, by-the-by, we forgot we were at Venice, in the olden time, when these things were as common as three farthings silver pieces now are for a shilling, that is in the hands of the privileged classes and those employed by them.

No. 242. "A Castle," by N. W., who should have put his name, and received the credit to which he is entitled.

Nos. 254, "Portraits of two Horses," by Fernely, jun.; 255, "Interior of a

House," by W. Mulready, jun.; 259, "Dead Game," by E. Cockin, are good.

No. 266. "Dead Game," by G. Stevens, particularly good; it looks quite fresh.

No. 268. "A Neapolitan Youth," by S. Hartley. The colours are so well harmonised, and the taste in selection so excellent, it is a PICTURE in every sense of the word.

No. 279. "The Monk," by B. E. Duppa, Highly characteristic.

No. 306. "The Gleaner," by Madame Mennier, possesses much merit.

No. 314. "Popino, the (beautiful) Roman Boy, as Eros," done at Rome, by F. Y. Hurlstone. Very striking and good.

No. 324. "Une Espièglerie," by Fanny Corbaux. A spirited picture of two young ladies.

No. 340. "Portraits of two young Ladies, well positioned in a handsome apartment," by F. Y. Hurlstone, who might, without injustice, be taken for the Misses Ricardo.

No. 344. "The Rialto Bridge, Venice," by Müller. This will depict what Venice was in her glory. There is a good deal of skill exhibited in the drawing and colouring; but to see it to perfection, you must look down upon it, and avoid beholding the clouds.

No. 354. "Portrait of Miles Stringer, Esq.," by F. Y. Hurlstone, well done.

No. 364. "A little Arabian Horse," by Madame Seeton, good. By-the-by, has the reader ever seen the small horses of India, which are only four inches high? we had one (which was stuffed) the other day.

No. 376. "A Priest in a Confessional Box," by E. Y. Green. An excellent performance.

No. 477. "Portrait of a Lady," by Mrs. Goodman, late Miss Saloman. Nicely executed.

No. 488. "Hoar Frost-Autumn; scene near Monmouth," by M. Muller. Exceedingly pretty, and true to nature.

No. 492. "Scene on the Dair," by F. W. Watts. Very natural.

No. 500. "Portrait of a Lady," by F. J. Meyer. The arm is worthy of notice.

No. 602. "Summer View of the Pier at Scarborough," taken on the spot, by F. B. V. Natural and soft.

No. 611. "Portraits of Masters Arthur and Reginald, and Miss Emily Hankey," by J. P. Davis, done in a light and tasteful style.

No. 688. "Portrait of Miss E. Phillips, Theatre Royal Haymarket," a tidy picture, nay more, well done, by Mr. Tidey.

Nos. 745 and 749. "Portraits of Ladies," by C. Durham.

No. 753. "The Masoco," by R. L. Gale. This should have been placed high up; it is not possible that a good effect can be produced, when the spectator is looking down upon the tops of mountains: we should like to see it raised up higher than

our heads; we think it has merit worth at least this experiment.

No. 771. "Miranda," Shakspeare Gallery, No. 1, "The Tempes;" by Fanny Corboux: her own sweet pencilling, though not so good as herself (we mean her picture).

No. 782. "Arona Lago Maggiore" (sold), by G. Barnard: lively, good, and truly characteristic.

No. 787. "Portraits of three Children, of the Hon. Granville D. Rider." Lovely little children, and done to no great disadvantage.

No. 799. "Bolton Abbey, Yorkshire," in twilight, by T. C. Hofland. At once Mr. Hofland's pencil may be recognised; but

this picture must be beheld at least half-way across the room, and then it will be much liked.

No. 817. "Mount Etna, from the Castle at Castro Giovanni, Sicily," by J. Bridges. All the country and the figures in the foreground are good; but there seems to be a harshness in the clouds, and Etna itself.

No. 833. "Convolvulus" (sold), by V. Bartholomew, clever and spirited. We will now cease, at least for the present, with this report, which embraces a review of more than ninety pictures, which number is indeed rather more than one-tenth part of the whole exhibition.

Miscellany.

Designs for the Houses of Parliament.—Mr. Beale, of Holborn, has proposed to publish in a large form the unsuccessful designs, and he has been recommended to add also the successful ones. If the terms are agreed to, each architect will have to execute his own work on stone, so that the whole would be completed simultaneously. Truly this will become a national work, and do some artists much good.

Captain Hall Robson, of Sunderland, by whose humane and skilful exertions the surviving crew, seventeen in number, of the Earl Kellie, from Quebec to London, laden with timber (a crew of twenty-eight men and a passenger), were taken from the wrecked Earl Kellie. Will no public favour or Royal distinction be showed down upon him?

Fire in a Palace.—Owing to negligence, on the 24th February, a fire took place in the vaults of the royal palace at Madrid, and consumed 2,000 pounds of wax, but without causing other damage.

Prince Charles of Naples, second brother of the queen-regent, who is travelling incognito, accompanied by an English lady, arrived at Madrid at the end of February, and was received on the 23d by the queen.

Two suspicious Boxes were lately directed to *Lady Brougham, &c.*, Cumberland, to be opened with the greatest care. Lord Brougham accordingly sent them back again to the coach-office, where they now remain. They were left by two suspicious-looking and strange men.

The hazards of the sea are numerous; besides dreadful shipwrecks, the *Sutherland*, which arrived at Liverpool on the 18th ult. having left Barbadoes on the 11th February, after two days' sailing, was fired at by a piratical schooner.

See Changes.—Dr. Maltby is to go to Durham; the income to be 8,000*l.* a-year, and the residue of the revenue to increase Queen Anne's Bounty. Dr. Allen succeeds Dr. Maltby in the see of Chichester, leaving a vacant stall in Westminster Cathedral. The see of Bristol merges in the contiguous sees; and Mr. Langley, the present head-master of Harrow school, will be the first bishop of Ripon, with a revenue before the excess is paid over to Queen Anne's Bounty, taken out of Durham see.

The Punishment of Whipping Females has just been prohibited by law in *Dominica* by an act of the Speaker, James Corlet, passed in the House of Assembly, dated Nov. 20, 1835.

Church Donations.—Mr. Christopher, Mr. M'William, and the Misses Becket, have subscribed 700*l.*, to enlarge church accommodation at Leeds, in aid of 10,000*l.* required for the purpose.

The Portuguese Church Establishment supported by the government at this period is 4,048 clergymen, at an expense of about 115,000*l.* per annum.

The Fire-King, Monsieur Chaubert, will be remembered in England. He is said to be now living in the Broadway, New York, where he keeps a large chemist's shop. He drives four horses in his carriage.

The Horticultural Society's Exhibitions this year are fixed for May 14, June 11, and July 9.

Convent Bells.—The government of Spain expects to gain by the sale of convent bells 2,600,000*l.*; which sum is said to have been offered.

Snow.—On the Wiltshire Downs the snow which fell on Friday, the 4th of March, was in many parts as high as the coach. The mails from Bath, Bristol, and Bridport were greatly delayed. The North Devon Telegraph from London to Bath, which ought to have arrived on Saturday, at eight o'clock in the morning, did not reach till nine at night; and the van which should have arrived at five a.m., on the Saturday, did not reach its destination till five o'clock the following morning.

An Appointment indeed!—The last of the 13 magistrates who were first sent out to Jamaica to aid in carrying into effect the new law, died, says a ministerial paper, before the last packet left the island! Thus the white men are released from this world's bondage, who went to set black men free.

The Hermit in London.—Died on the 22d ult. Felix Bryan Mac Donagh, Esq. Several of the productions of this individual have appeared in our pages (as well as in other periodicals), under the title of "The Hermit in London;" in praise of whose talents it would therefore be unbecoming in us to speak in terms which they deserved, and which we should be inclined to do.

Drd, on Sunday, the 21st of February, the Lord Bishop of Durham, ten years prelate of the diocese, at Auckland Castle, from slow fever, on a constitution worn out by labour, anxiety, and local maladies. Dr. W. Van Milderd was born, in London, in the year 1765, and educated at Merchant Tailors' school, and Queen's College, Oxford. In 1788, he was ordained deacon, on the curacy of Sherbourne and Lewknor, in Oxfordshire; and afterwards curate of Witham, Essex, where he married Miss Jane Douglas, who survives him. He held afterwards Bradden, in Northamptonshire; but in 1798, was removed to the rectory of St. Marylebone, London, until he was a bishop. In 1802 and 1803, he preached the lectures founded by the Right Hon. R. Boyle, and gained great popularity; and in 1812, was elected by the Benchers to the parish of Lincoln's Inn, and there came under the notice of Archbishop Sutton. In 1813, he was appointed, by Lord Liverpool, Regius Professor of, and warmly received by the University of Oxford. In 1819 he was made Bishop of Landaff; and in March, 1826, on the death of Dr. Shute Barrington, translated to the see of Durham. Of his lordship's writings, his Boyle's Lectures are pronounced to be lively, correct, and convincing against infidelity. His Bampton Lectures are professional, and admirably adapted for the clergy. His Life of Waterland, in ten

volumes, an eminent Cambridge divine, is reputed to be a finished composition, and needful for the student in theology, to whom is fully developed the controversy on the Trinity. In 1831, the sermons preached at Lincoln's Inn were published in two volumes, besides other single sermons on different public occasions. It is mentioned in the *Durham Advertiser*, which is highly creditable, that his lordship, in Parliament, did not mix himself up as a politician, but was ever prominent to protect the best interests of the Church, and that on one occasion, when his voice was feeble, the members crowded round him, when he warned them, solemnly and firmly, against disturbing those bulwarks which he deemed essential to the preservation of the Church. In one word, his lordship's see put him in possession of a princely income; his charities were, however, unbounded. He had a laudable ambition to acquire the good opinion of good men; and the world will acknowledge that he was in deed a good man, believing the faith he preached. It is said in the *Standard*, that the future income of his widow, will arise not from any portion saved from those princely revenues, but from a life policy! His lordship was interred in a vault in Durham Cathedral on the 1st ult., the first of Protestant bishops who has been buried there.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

BIRTHS.

On the 4th ult., at Fortuna Cottage, the lady of Sir George Young, Bart., of a daughter.—On the 6th ult., in Portman-square, the lady of R. W. H. Dare, Esq., M.P., of a son.—On the 4th ult., at Orielton, Pembroke-shire, Lady Owen, of a son.—On the 5th ult., at Stede-hill, Kent, the lady of J. Fraser, Esq., Secretary to the Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands, of a daughter.—On the 6th ult., at No. 11, Waterloo place, Mrs. Cochrane, of a daughter.—On the 9th ult., Mrs. G. Robins, of Bedford-street, Covent-garden, of a daughter.—On the 1st ult., at Bognor, the wife of the Rev. R. L. Brown, of a son.—On the 2nd ult., at Itchen Stoke, the lady of the Hon. F. Baring, of a daughter.—On the 20th ult., in New Bridge-street, the lady of Dr. Roberts, of a son.—On the 3rd ult., at King's Bromley, the Hon. Mrs. Newton Lane, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

On the 3rd ult., at Witton-le-Wear, T. D. Brown, Esq., to Isabella, eldest daughter of Sir W. Chaytor, Bart., of Witton Costler, Durham.—On the 8th ult., at Tickhill, Lieut.-Col. Hill, of the 7th Hussars, to Frances, eldest daughter of F. L. Savile, Esq., of Tickhill Castle.—On the 10th ult., Capt. G. Oakes, son of the late Lieut.-Gen. Sir H. Oakes, Bart., to Elizabeth Staples, only surviving daughter of the late R. Fisher, Esq., of Mitcham, Surrey.—On the 16th ult., at Rome, by special license, by his Eminence Cardinal Weld, officiating in his private chapel, J. Taaffe, Esq., of the county of Louth, in Ireland, to Adriana, Marchioness Gaboccine, of Fano, in the Papal States.—On the 1st ult., at Weymouth, the Rev. R. C. Phelps, Rector of Cucklington, Somersetshire, to Caroline Anne, second daughter of Sir H. Hoskyns, Bart., of Harewood, in the county of Hereford.—On the 3rd ult., at St. George's, Hanover square, by his Grace the Archbishop of York, the Rev. C. A. Thorlow, to Fanny Margaret, youngest daughter of Sir T. B. Lettbridge, Bart.—On the 6th of January last, in St. Lucia, Lieut. Cepple, 36th Regt., to Isabella, only daughter of Capt. Carmichael, Paymaster of the same Regt.—On the 5th

ult., at Dillon Park, by special license, George Wm. Hupe, Esq., eldest son of Gen. the Hon. Sir Alexander Hope, to Caroline Georgiana, youngest daughter of the Right Honourable Lord Montagu.—On the 5th ult., at St. Pancras-church, Henry Vallance, Esq., of Essex-street, Strand, to Emily Ann, eldest daughter of Thos. Carr, Esq., of Tavistock place, Russell-square.—On the 24th ult., at Lewisham-church, by the Rev. Samuel Smith, Henry Charles Chilton, Esq., to Fanny Harrison, youngest daughter of Paul Malin, Esq., of Sydenham.—On the 19th ult., at St. George's, Hanover-square, Mr. Harry Criddle, of Kennington, to Miss Alabaster, of Piccadilly.

DEATHS.

On the 8th ult., at Congham Lodge, Norfolk, Isabella, daughter of Capt. Sir F. Parry, R.N.—On the 6th ult., at East Sheems, M. Burgoyne, Esq., in his 96th year, second son of the late Sir R. Burgoyne, Bart., and his wife, the lady Frances Montagu.—On the 6th ult., Sarah, wife of E. Polhill, Esq., York place, Portman-square.—On the 9th ult., at Vittoria, in Spain, of typhus fever, Mr. J. V. Lewis, aged 25, Assistant Staff Surgeon, 3d Brigade British Legion, under the command of General Evans.—At the Moat-house, Stockwell, Surrey, in a deep decline, in the 44th year of her age, Elizabeth Ann, wife of Mr. Alderman Farebrother.—On the 20th Feb., at Shrove, Isle of Wight, in the 83rd year of his age, Sir Christopher Sweetland, universally respected and justly regretted.—At Pioneer Grove, in the 81st year of her age, Lady Milman, relict of the late Sir F. Milman, Bart.—On Sunday the 28th Feb., E. Beaumont, Esq., late Assistant Receiver-General of his Majesty's Customs, London, aged 69.—At Darrington, Devon, on the 28th Feb., the Rev. R. H. Froude, Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford, and eldest son of the venerated Archdeacon Froude.—On the 12th ult., at Milbourn, Reufrew, Harriett Jane Liddell, daughter of James Liddell, late of St. Petersburg, aged 20.—On the 12th ult., at Cupar Angus, Mr. David Thorne, the oldest inhabitant, aged 103 years.



1^{re} Marguerite, sculpt.

MARIE ANTOINETTE

Queen of France.

Born 1755

Beheaded 1793

An authentic portrait engraved exclusively for the Lady's Magazine and Museum

VOL. IX

N^o 42 of the series of ancient portraits

1836

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THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE
AND
MUSEUM

OF THE BELLES-LETTRES, FINE ARTS, MUSIC, DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c.

IMPROVED SERIES ENLARGED.

MAY, 1836.

UNDER THE DISTINGUISHED PATRONAGE OF
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

[Subscribers' Copies contain two Plates, illustrative of the Fashions, and one of 'the Series of ancient authentic Portraits:' the Magazine should be delivered on or before the 1st of each Month. Each volume is completed in six numbers, with an Index, so that the present half-yearly volume will contain Portraits of the Empress Catherine the Second; Marie Touchet; Madame de Sevigné; the Countess Grignan, her beautiful Daughter; the unfortunate Queen, Marie Antoinette; Renée de Chateaufort; with about 450 pages of letter-press, and twelve Engravings of the newest Parisian Fashions.]

MEMOIR OF MARIE ANTOINETTE, QUEEN OF FRANCE.

"All is not lost, while by our side
Some faithful lingerer fondly stays;
But life's dark waste so wild and wide,
Seems lessened to our gaze."—Miss HOLFORD.

There are four royal females against whom the tide of historical calumny and party-malice sats with peculiar virulence: these are, Joanna of Naples, Mary of Scotland,* Anna Boleyn,† and Marie Antoinette. Each were beautiful, and possessed fine talents: nor was that all, they owed a great part of their misfortunes to a charm of manners that captivated the heart of every man to whom they happened to speak. They had the power of inspiring violent passion, and this being always attended by malice in the other sex, they made as many enemies as they had lovers. This fascination of manner is seldom seen in any woman who has not a pride in conquest, and a dash of coquetry in her character. But the feminine pleasure of being admired, however innocently it may be indulged in by other ladies, is forbidden to queens, if we may judge by the sad fates

of the four loveliest ladies that ever wore a diadem. The beauty, the talents of the royal Mary, nay, even the crime of bearing the name of Stuart, might have been forgiven her by the cruel of her own sex, and the disappointed of the other; but the feminine fascinations with which she ensnared the hearts of all men cannot be pardoned her, and historians are as venomous against her as if they were all rejected lovers. This strange feeling pervades the histories of each of the princesses we have named. Anna Boleyn has been the most pitied and excused of the four, at least, by English historians, but with little justice, since her misfortunes were the result of her own act and deed: she voluntarily placed herself in the sad situation of "wearing a golden sorrow;" while the others were placed, by the unavoidable accident of birth, in circumstances of peril, out of which no human sagacity could have guided a woman scatheless. It was an impossibility for those unfortunate heiresses, Joanna of Naples and Mary of Scotland, to have

* Vide our memoir with portrait, published May, 1834;

† Ditto, ditto, Sept. 1833. The numbers may be had at the office.

governed—the one, the fierce Norman; the other, the Scottish barons over whom they were born to rule in times of transition, that would have tried the firmness of the most undaunted warrior that ever swayed the sceptre of either kingdom. It is cruel and unphilosophical to blame these unfortunate princesses for being involved in the stream of disastrous events, for which they were no more accountable, than is the feather, borne on the surface of a dark headlong flood, for the force of the current that hurries it along. The unhappy Antoinette could not in any way avoid the inexorable destiny that made her a daughter of the imperial house, and a bride to the heir of Bourbon, at an era when all sorts and conditions of the French people were rushing to revolution; yet in one instance was she more enviable than those whom we have named as her parallels in sorrow—she possessed what neither of them did, a faithful witness of her private life, a female friend, who had not only the courage to bear witness to the purity and integrity of her royal mistress, but ability to make it known throughout Europe.

Since the publication of the memoirs of Marie Antoinette by Madame Campan, calumny has been ashamed to raise its voice against the memory of the august sufferer. The most inveterate party-writer cannot invalidate the motives of Madame Campan; the favour in which that lady was held by Napoleon, and the coldness and neglect with which she was treated by the nearest relatives of her beloved queen, all circumstances bear with great power on the fact, that truth and unbought love prompted alone the pen of the faithful domestic of the most unfortunate of queens. The memoirs of Madame Campan are too widely known, and extensively circulated, to be much quoted here; the narrative, too, closes when the fiercest ordeal commenced. When Antoinette began to tread that dreadful path that was to convert the beautiful, and, perhaps, faulty woman into the much enduring saint, Madame Campan bore witness to her virtues and her errors as a queen, while royal power still remained; but the faithful Clery, journalizes her trials during the time that she was imprisoned with her royal husband. We shall then only draw from Madame Campan, such parts as are indispensable to illustrate character.

On the 2nd of November, 1775, a day of singular calamity, being the same on which occurred the great earthquake at Lisbon, was born Marie Antoinette Josephe Jeanne, archduchess of Austria, and youngest daughter of the empress-queen, Maria Theresa, and Francis, duke of Lorraine, the titular Emperor of Germany.

The little archduchess was the youngest and the most beautiful of a large and promising family; she was tenderly beloved by her father, who being but emperor-consort, spent much of his time with his children, while his wife was governing successfully her great hereditary patrimony. The character of the Emperor Francis was remarkably amiable. Antoinette lost this beloved father when she was but seven years of age: she always retained a tender remembrance of him, the more so because her mother was cold and, she thought, stern, the empress-queen being too much absorbed in affairs of state to pay much attention to her young family, whose education was left to the care of officials little qualified for that important office. If we can believe the biographical dictionaries and common-place memoirs of this queen, she was learned and accomplished, could answer harangues that were addressed to her in Latin, was a proficient in drawing, and a fine judge of literature and the arts. She was, however, of too candid a disposition to take credit for these acquirements. She lamented to Madame Campan what she called the quackery of her education, and the criminal indulgence of her governesses and tutors. Her sole accomplishment was a proficiency in the Italian language, which she spoke and wrote with grace and ease, and could translate and relish the most difficult Italian poetry. Her facility of learning was very great; and she declared that if all her instructors had had the ability and conscientious sense of duty of her Italian master, the celebrated Abbé Metastasio, she should have been a well-educated person. With the exception of the Italian belles-lettres, all information was a blank to her. Of history, even that of her own country, she was utterly ignorant. This was a dreadful omission in the education of a princess, who was called to share a throne. History and languages ought to be the *professional* education of a royal person, especially of one des-

tinged to reign; and all light fingers' end accomplishments, such as drawing, music, and ornamental handicrafts, ought only to be allowed as relaxation, or as the best means of acquiring an accurate critical judgment in the fine arts, for the purpose of affording encouragement to professors of real merit. Bitterly had Marie Antoinette cause to rue her want of literary taste and judgment. No part of her pleasures was founded on mental cultivation. She never sought in history for examples of royalty in difficult situations; she had no precedent, and she had no guides, excepting vivacious uncultivated talents, and an open frank temper. She offended the literati of the first talent in France, not only by her indifference to the most beautiful works, but by the patronage she gave to absurd scribblers, introduced to her by favourites, whose miserable compositions she patronised, probably without listening to them when they were read to her: thus the offence given to mighty genius was more aggravated than mere neglect, for there was the injury of undue preference. It was an awful thing, however unconsciously, to obtain the enmity of the great literary talent of France at the time immediately preceding the revolution: notwithstanding all the restrictions of the press, the literati had public opinion in their grasp; and they had already placed those resistless levers beneath the throne, that finally overthrew it. These observations, which we have drawn from the study of the life of this unfortunate princess, scarcely seem to have impressed any of her former biographers, as one of the principal causes of the virulent rancour and animosity with which the hapless Antoinette was pursued to the last hour of her disastrous existence. The mischief originated in a faulty and neglected education. Persons who possess the sweetest temper and most benevolent inclinations, find it difficult to correct the errors of early education, in the calm and leisure of private life; and how is it to be effected on a throne, and by a girl of fifteen?

It was in the year 1770 that the hapless Antoinette was married to the dauphin of France, grandson to Louis XV., and afterwards Louis XVI. The wicked old profligate, Louis XV., caused the young princess to sup with his infamous,

low-born mistress, Jeane Poisson, the Countess du Barry, the first day of her reception at court.

The dauphiness, then fifteen, beaming with freshness, appeared to all eyes more than beautiful. Her walk partook at once of the noble character of the princesses of her house, and of the graces of the French; her eyes were mild, and yet vivacious—her smile, lovely. Louis XV. was enchanted with the young dauphiness; all his conversation was about her graces, her vivacity, and the aptness of her repartees. She was yet more captivating to the royal family, when they beheld her divested of the splendour of the diamonds with which she had been adorned during the earliest days of her marriage. When clothed in a light dress of gauze, or taffeta, she was compared to the Venus di Medicis, and the Atalanta of the Marly gardens. Poets sang her charms; painters attempted to copy her features. An ingenious notion of an artist was rewarded by Louis XV.—the painter's fancy had led him to place the portrait of Marie Antoinette in the heart of a full-blown rose.

This beautiful girl captivated all hearts, excepting that of her husband, who, for some years, manifested an indifference to his lovely partner, that occasioned great surprise in his court. Louis was good, well-principled, and well-meaning; but slow and heavy in capacity, and ungraceful in person.

The dreadful disasters that befel the Parisian populace, in the rush of the crowds that went to witness the first appearance of the young dauphiness in public, have often been mentioned; 1200 persons were crushed by the fall of a temporary building; and many were precipitated from the Pont Royal into the Seine, and perished. The young dauphiness sent all the money she was worth to the families of the sufferers, and generously relinquished a tax which, according to ancient usage, was always gathered to supply the new queen, or dauphiness, if there was no queen, with a girdle. Many adverse omens have been collected regarding her first introduction in France, as indicative of her future disastrous fate. A belief in ghosts and apparitions, seems rational superstition in comparison with omens; and yet the

French memoirs of the infidel eighteenth century are full of them; and people would believe in a senseless omen, who rejected the gospel, with all its overpowering historical confirmations.

We are rather commenting on than narrating the well-known early part of the biography of Antoinette. The time at length arrived, when Louis XV. was called away from a life of horrible immorality. On the 10th of May, 1774, his earthly career terminated.

Louis XV. died a dreadful death with confluent small-pox. "The infection was appalling. Fifty persons became infected and died, from only having crossed the gallery near the king's apartment. It was settled that the dauphin, with the royal family, should leave the infected palace at Versailles the moment his grandfather ceased to breathe. The dauphin's equerries agreed with the people who were about the dying monarch, that a lighted taper should be placed in one of the windows of the royal chamber, and at the instant of the dissolution of Louis XV. it should be extinguished."

There is something very striking and symbolical in this mysterious signal-taper that was to announce the dissolution of one monarch, and the accession of the other, although the motive was worldly and unsentimental.

When the taper was extinguished, the body-guards, pages, and equerries, all made ready for departure.

The dauphin was with the dauphiness. They were expecting together the intelligence of the death of their grandfather. A dreadful noise, absolutely like thunder, was heard in the outer apartment; it was the crowd of courtiers who were deserting the dead sovereign's ante-chamber, to come to bow to the new power of Louis XVI. This extraordinary tumult informed Marie Antoinette and her husband that they were called to reign; and by a spontaneous movement, which deeply affected those around them, they threw themselves on their knees, exclaiming, while the tears streamed from their eyes—"O God! guide us, protect us; we are too young to govern!"

The Countess de Noailles entered, and was the first to salute Marie Antoinette as queen of France. She requested their majesties would condescend to quit the

inner apartments for the grand saloon, to receive the princes and all the great officers, who were desirous of offering their homage to their new sovereigns. Marie Antoinette received these first visits with her handkerchief to her eyes, and leaning on her husband. The royal carriages then drove up, the guards and officers got on horseback. The castle was deserted; every one hastened to flee from a contagion, to brave which no inducement now remained.

How natural in very early youth is the transition of feeling from tears to smiles. The young royal family—the new king—the queen then but nineteen; Louis XVIII. and his wife, and Charles X. and his wife, still younger, were all in the same coach. The solemn scene that had just passed before their eyes—the awful presentiment of the duties they were called to, had inclined them to grief and reflection; but this sadness, little calculated to last at their time of life, unless the affections were seriously touched, was dissipated, entirely by the queen's own confession, through the droll utterance of a word that the Countess d'Artois pronounced in her foreign accent. This occasioned a general burst of laughter, and from that moment they dried their tears.

The queen now enjoyed a double empire, that of regality and beauty—she was the queen of fashion, as well as the queen of France; and the sovereignty of fashion extends all over the civilized world, its throne being in Paris; and whoever rules fashion at Paris, makes laws for the female world throughout Europe and America.

She entered into pleasure with the utmost avidity, like every girl of nineteen, whose head was no better furnished with acquired wisdom: she placed all her delight in balls, plays, and masquerades: the most venomous calumnies were invented on account of her ardent pursuit of dissipation; particularly as there was a careless gaiety in her manners, and a constant endeavour to escape from the fetters of etiquette, which enraged the court of France. Notwithstanding the ridiculous burden of etiquette proverbial in petty German courts, her father, although head of the empire, lived in the bosom of his own family and people like private gentleman.

Antoinette had never been tormented with etiquette in her father's court, and she could not bear to submit to its galling imposition so soon as she had the power of throwing it off; and when it is called to mind that the royal family of France lived in sight of the public—for access was given to the lowest of their subjects to see them take every meal but that of breakfast, that they dressed and undressed, and died, as well as were born, surrounded by crowds—we can scarcely wonder that a delicate woman endeavoured to make some alteration in a mode of life, full of regulations, which were the relics of a semi-barbarous state of society, for a nation of savages. Yet, when Marie Antoinette complied with civilization, sufficiently to reform some part of this wretched order of things, there was an outcry raised, as if she wished for privacy because her deeds were evil. A few instances will show how galling was the yoke she in some measure removed.

The queen's toilet was a most tormenting system of etiquette. Her tirewomen put on the petticoat and handed the gown to her majesty, while it was the duty of the lady of honour in waiting to pour out the water for washing, and put on the other clothes. If a princess of the blood-royal happened to make her *entrée*, she took the duty of the lady of honour; and she had in her turn to resign it, if a nearer relative to the throne made her appearance. One winter's day, says Madame Campan, I held a garment unfolded ready for the queen to put on: the dame d'honneur came in, slipped off her gloves, and took it. A rustling was heard at the door, it was opened, and in came the Duchess d'Orleans, she took her gloves off, and claimed her office of waiting on her majesty; but as it would have been wrong in the lady of honour to hand the garment to her, she gave it to me, and I handed it to the princess. Another arrival: it was the queen's sister-in-law, and the Duchess d'Orleans had to resign the office to her, going the former round. All this while, the queen kept her arms crossed on her bosom and appeared to feel cold: Madame observed her uncomfortable situation, and merely laying down her handkerchief, without taking off her gloves, hastened to serve the queen, and in so doing knocked her majesty's cap off. The queen laughed

to conceal her impatience, but not till she had exclaimed several times to herself—"How disagreeable! how tiresome!"*

This etiquette, however inconvenient, was quite suitable to the royal dignity which expects to find servants in all classes of persons, beginning even with the brothers and sisters of the monarch. But all this tiresome routine was nothing in comparison with the outrages committed at the birth of the present dauphiness, the queen's eldest child, when the rush of the poissardes and market-women into the queen's bed-room was so tremendous, that they had like to have thrown down some high screens on the queen's bed, which would have killed her. The crowd pressed round the bed with such violence, that the queen fainted with the heat. Two chimney-sweeps actually climbed on these high tapestry screens to get a better sight of her majesty. The queen lay for dead, and the Princess de Lamballe was carried fainting through the crowd; but the more the king implored the crowd to give back, the closer they pressed forward; till at last the king, with an exertion of that prodigious muscular strength for which he was famous, forced open the windows that had been fastened down, while his brothers and the royal pages cleared the room of the inconsiderate crowd that had swarmed in, by seizing people by the collars, and thrusting them out of the room. The queen was bled in the foot, and with difficulty restored to life. Madame Campan justly says, when speaking of the joy this restoration gave her immediate friends and family.

"What should we not have felt, if, in the midst of our joyful delirium, a heavenly voice, unfolding the sacred degree of fate, had warned us. '*Bless not that human art which recalls her back to life; weep rather for her return to a world fatal and cruel to the object of your affections. Ah! let her leave it honoured, beloved, regretted! You can now weep over her grave—you can now cover it with flowers: the day will come when all the furies of the earth, after having pierced her heart with a thousand envenomed darts—after having engraven on her noble and enchanting features the premature marks of age, will deliver her over to an execution more cruel*'

* This is surely an excellent explanation, is it not the most consistent meaning of *tirewomen*?—Ed.

than that inflicted on the vilest criminals—will deprive her body of burial, and will precipitate you in the same gulf with herself, if you suffer the slightest demonstration of compassion to escape you."

It was not till 1778 that Marie Antoinette became a mother: some time after the country had despaired of her giving heirs to France. Her eldest child was the present exiled dauphiness, whose heritage of woe has only been surpassed by that of her beloved and beautiful mother.

On the 22nd of October, 1781, the queen gave birth to a dauphin, not the lovely and unfortunate child martyred in the revolution, but a happier brother, who was mercifully removed by Providence before the miseries of the royal house of France commenced. When the queen was confined of this infant, the rights of *entrée* were abolished, which made her chamber public to all the populace that could crowd in, and the most profound quiet reigned around her. The populace were, however, offended, and talked of a supposititious heir.

Just before the birth, her august mother, the Empress Marie Theresa,* died; and the grief the queen felt at the death of her parent was ill-constructed by the courtiers, a party of whom was constantly affirming that all the queen's affections were knit to Germany.

The king, who had for many years appeared to admire his beautiful consort less than any man in his dominions, had for the last three or four years manifested the most adoring fondness for her. The giddy taste for pleasure this young princess had shewed was adverse to the simple and retired habits of the king, but he always indulged her in her every wish. Her extravagance in dress has been often condemned; yet the very persons who strove to render her unpopular on this account, were the first to condemn her when she gave up the elaborate and studied style of dress she had affected in her first bloom of youth, and adopted the simple white muslin gown, straw hat, and white veil: that was the female costume of the latter years of the last century, and at the beginning of the present. It was Marie Antoinette who banished the hoop petticoats and magnificent

jewellery that had reigned supreme in female dress for almost the whole of three centuries. There are not wanting observers who trace the commencement of the French revolution to these alterations in costume and royal etiquette.

Her biographer, Montjoie, says, "The men caught the mania; the upper classes had long before given up feathers, tufts of ribbon, and laced-hats to their lacqueys: they now got rid of red heels and embroidery, and were pleased to walk about the streets in plain cloth, thick shoes, and knotty cudgels in their hands. It was thus that the nobility destroyed the respect that had always been paid to rank, and hastened the fatal reign of equality."

The strong passion the queen had for performing in plays, was another crime laid to her charge. Yet the royal and learned ladies in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, used to take parts in mask and interlude, without incurring such heavy blame. It is certainly more becoming the dignity of royalty, to witness theatrical representations than to share in them. The mania for acting was evidently an error of an active mind, whose tastes and intellectual pursuits had not been properly guided.

We have before alluded to the peculiar captivation of manner, whose influence was felt by every person who approached this royal beauty. Gay and sweet-tempered, the happy frankness of her disposition was often mistaken for inviting coquetry. She was graceful as well as beautiful, and altogether inspired with passion more than one wicked libertine.

The father of the present king of the French, the Duke d'Orleans, self-surnamed *Egalité*, it is well known, cherished a dark passion, whose effects were the most infernal hatred, for the wife of his cousin. The Duke de Lauzan, the handsomest peer of France, had been rejected with scorn, when he dared to make a declaration; and he, too, allied himself with Orleans, in pursuing her with political and personal hatred, even to death. The Baron de Besenval, another rejected lover, was one of her literary calumniators. We cannot deny that she was wrong, even to give these men an opportunity of being rejected. She could not comprehend the force of Lady Mary W. Montague's celebrated line, "He

* See our portrait and memoir, published June, 1835.

comes too near, who comes to be denied."

The taste for dress in which the queen indulged during the first years of her reign, as she advanced to maturity, gave way to a love of simplicity that was perhaps impolitic in such a court as France. The queen no longer wore any dresses, but muslin or white Florentine taffety. Her head-dress was merely a hat, the plainest were preferred; and her diamonds never quitted their caskets, except for about four days of high ceremonial in the year.

When the queen was five-and-twenty, she already began to be apprehensive lest she might make too frequent use of flowers and brilliant ornaments, which at that time were reserved exclusively for youth.

Mademoiselle Bertin, a favourite milliner at a time when her majesty was prouder of being the queen of fashion than the Queen of France, brought her a wreath for the head and neck, composed of roses; but the queen, in trying them, was fearful that the brightness of the flowers might be disadvantageous to her complexion. She was unquestionably too severe upon herself, as her beauty was then in full splendour. It is easy to imagine the concert of compliments given in reply to her majesty's doubts.

The queen one day approaching Madame Campan, begged her to give her honest warning, when the time arrived that flowers would be no longer becoming to her. "I shall do no such thing," replied the referee; "I have not read *Gil Blas* for nothing, and I find your majesty's order too like that which he received from the Archbishop of Granada."

"Go," said the queen, laughing, "you are less sincere than *Gil Blas*, and I should have been more liberal than the Archbishop of Granada."

The misfortunes of the Queen of France began with the fraud of the diamond necklace. Through the folly of the queen's jeweller, acted upon by the acquisitive propensity of a set of swindlers, the queen's name and respectability were compromised, and her innocence never fully cleared till the publication of Madame Campan's memoirs. The heads of the facts are these:—The royal jeweller, Boehmer, had speculated to a ruinous extent in purchasing jewels to form a grand necklace, which he tried in vain

to induce the queen to buy, at a time when she had assumed a very plain taste in dress, and had more jewels than she ever used. The king offered to present the necklace to her, but she positively refused it, on account of the poverty of the treasury. The jeweller was in despair, and made such a bewailing regarding his disappointment, that he tempted a set of thieves to swindle him out of the necklace by forging the queen's name, and pretending she wanted to buy it privately. To give it a colouring, they had drawn a profligate prince of the blood, Cardinal de Rohan, into their scheme. At last the jeweller applied to the queen to be paid his money, and the whole fraud then first came out. Popular prejudice ran very high against the queen, and every means was resorted to by the literati, who were actively preparing the revolution, to increase that prejudice. It was insinuated the queen had fraudulently obtained the jewels, to spend the money on her own private pleasures. Contemporary writers have greatly blamed her for suffering the matter to be subject to public inquiry; but it was, in fact, the only course an innocent queen could take. Had the matter been hushed up, enough would have remained open for scandal, and posterity would justly have said that she bore some part in a transaction that would not bear the light. If it is any pleasure to her spirit, now released from this mortal coil, to have her memory acquitted from any share in that vile transaction, it is now fully done.

Madame Campan, by the production of her accounts, has proved that the queen always kept within her income, never hedged of her husband, had never a debt, but possessed constantly a surplus, to distribute in munificent acts of charity: this is not the state of finances that induces dishonourable actions in either sovereign or subject.

In 1785, Marie Antoinette brought into the world a second son, Charles Louis, afterwards the hapless Louis XVII. Subsequently she became the mother of a princess, named Sophie, who died before she was weaned. The elder dauphin, after a fit of illness, was dreadfully deformed, and taken from the evil to come, in 1789, at the age of eight years. This decrepid child left his honours to his second brother, the Duke of Normandy, who was celebrated for his infantine

charms and blooming beauties; he was the darling of his mother's heart, who has been accused of indifference towards his sickly brother. If there was any partiality in the case, it was fearfully visited; for, oh! how many times must the agonised mother have wished this beautiful favourite to have been safely sheltered under the "marble hearse" of his more fortunate brother.

Now the revolution began to whirl forwards with furious rapidity; and every effort, on the part of the royal family, to check its career, only seemed to accelerate it. It is most singular that the circumstance which threw all parties into despair was the national debt: and how much does the English fundholder suppose this mighty debt amounted to? which forced a country, so rich in natural resources as France, into so horrible a revolution? Only forty millions of livres! How rejoiced would England be if the payment of the half-yearly interest of her national debt only amounted to such a sum—forty millions of tenpences! One honest firm minister, like Sully, would have set all to rights in six months. Louis sighed to become a patriotic monarch: like his ancestor, Henry IV., he was willing to adopt reform; but, alas! reform, to be successful, must begin individually at the base of the pyramid of state, and not at the head; and this virtuous-living sovereign and his family were only precipitated to earlier destruction by the corrupt grades of society that filled up the classes between them and the suffering people, when it was found the monarch was desirous that abuses should be rectified. A series of years of scarcity added to the artificial causes that hurried on the crisis of the revolution.

In 1788, the queen made great personal sacrifices for the relief of the starving populace, who showed their gratitude by rearing to her honour pyramids of snow, with flattering inscriptions in her praise; alas! the snow and the gratitude vanished together: a better emblem of French popularity could not be found.

About this time the queen began to interfere in politics: she opposed with all her might the States-General, who were, with the king, labouring to form a constitution on the model of that of England. We are not writing an apology for this unfortunate lady, and therefore, where we see error in her conduct we freely name it;

and this was the greatest error of her life. Her education had not qualified her to judge of legislation: a deep knowledge of history, finance, and statistics has, it is true, enabled such sovereigns as Elizabeth and Maria Theresa to govern vigorously; but their power was direct, and not effected through feminine influence acting on a husband's affection; always a most unpopular basis with the people. The worst of the matter was, that Marie Antoinette being utterly unable to judge of the future by the past, through downright ignorance of any historical events, was unable to foresee the effect that any measure being either granted or withheld would have on the fermenting public mind. Her judgment of character was wholly limited to the sphere of her own affections and amusements; and she was surrounded by needy, interested courtiers, who made no difference, in their representations of motives, between the reforming constitutionalist, the republican, and the anarchist; and all these classes were as busy working in the States-General as they are now in our own country. To the needy, unprincipled courtier, maintained on wrong, *all* were not equally hateful; for in his eyes the constitutionalists were the most injurious to *him*, as being the best principled and the best inclined to good government. To the utter ignorance of the queen, it was easy to bestow the character of anarchist on the honest constitutionalist. Hence the constant opposition to all rational reform in the States-General: the honest constitutionalist had to fight at once the upholders of ancient abuses and the anarchists; who, by means of their stormy orators, and the bitter misery of a starving, ill-governed people, gained ground every day. An ill-principled noble, of splendid talents, the Marquis de Mirabeau, led on the people against the throne, which, at the same time, he did not mean should fall.

The insurrections of the 14th of July, and that dreadful one when the *poissardes* of Paris headed the mob which went to carry away the royal family from Versailles, somewhat enlightened Marie Antoinette as to the true temper of times and parties. She entered into a treaty with Mirabeau, who had the madness to suppose that he could check the storm he had raised.

The Versailles insurrection, as affecting the personal character of the queen, by bringing out the high qualities of firmness, courage, and equanimity which she really possessed, must not be omitted here, although well known.

"The insurrection of the 5th and 6th of October, was directed particularly against the queen. I shudder now at the recollection of the *poissardes*, or rather furies, who wore white aprons, which, they screamed out, were intended to receive the bowels of Marie Antoinette, that they might make cockades of them.

"The queen went to bed at two in the morning, tired with her distressing day. She ordered her two women to go to bed; but the unfortunate princess was indebted for prolongation of her life to the feelings of attachment that prompted these ladies to disobey her.

"On leaving the queen's bed-chamber, the ladies called their *femmes de chambre*, and all the four remained sitting together against her majesty's door. About half-past four they heard horrible yells and discharges of fire-arms. Madame d'Aguié (Madame Campan's sister) flew to the place from whence the tumult proceeded. She opened the door that leads to the great guard-room, and beheld one of the body-guard holding his musket across the door, and attacked by a mob, who were striking at him; his face was covered with blood. He exclaimed—

"Save the queen, madame! they are come to assassinate her!"

"She hastily shut the door upon the unfortunate victim of duty, fastened it with the great bolt, and took the same precaution on leaving the next room. On reaching the queen's chamber, she cried out to her—

"Get up, madame! don't stay to dress yourself! fly to the king's apartment!"

"The terrified queen threw herself out of bed; they put a petticoat on her without tying it, and the two ladies fled with her to the bull's-eye. A door which led from the queen's toilet closet to that apartment had never before been fastened but on her side—what a dreadful moment!—it was found to be secured on the *other* side. They knocked with all their strength; a servant of one of the king's valets came and opened it; the queen entered the king's chamber, but he was gone; alarmed for her life, he had hastened to her chamber by another way. He found there some of the body-guards who had taken refuge. The king, unwilling to expose their lives, sent them to the bull's-eye. Madame de Tourzel had just taken the princess royal and the dauphin to the king's apartment, where they met the queen. She saw her

children and husband again! It was a scene of tenderness and despair."

A villanous scandal on Marie Antoinette has been put in the mouth of Napoleon by O'Meara relating to this scene, and Madame Campan was quoted as the author of it. Unfortunately for the libeller, the narrative of this faithful eye-witness was published simultaneously with O'Meara's journal; and his false evidence on this head served to discredit *all* his other assertions. The queen was surrounded by murderers, open and concealed. It was deposed that the Duke d'Orleans was seen at four in the morning, in a great-coat and slouched hat, on the marble staircase, pointing out with his hand the guard-room which led to the queen's apartment. Among all the other fermenting parties, was mixed this man's murderous schemes of usurpation: it is true, justice was done him by his friends the anarchists, but his family have now reaped the harvest he sedulously served. They are on the throne of the elder branch, which they are holding by means that the humane Louis XVI. shrunk from enforcing.

The national guard occupied all the court-yards of the chateau of Versailles. They called for the queen to appear in the balcony; she came forward with madame and the dauphin. There was a cry of *no children*. The unfortunate princess certainly was impressed with the notion, that a murderous blow was meant to be aimed at her, when she sent away her children, and with hands and eyes raised to Heaven, she presented herself again on the balcony like a self-devoted victim. A few voices shouted "To Paris!" The exclamation became general. The king wished that the National Assembly should be invited to sit at Versailles. Mirabeau opposed it.

The king and queen, the dauphin, Louis XVIII., his wife, the princess royal, Madame Elizabeth, and Madame de Tourzel, set off from Versailles in the same carriage. The royal suite and servants followed, a hundred deputies in carriages came after, and the bulk of the Parisian army closed the procession. Great God! what a procession!

The *poissardes* preceded, and surrounded the carriage of their majesties, crying, "We shall have no want of bread, —we have the baker—the baker's wife,

and the baker's boy with us!" In the midst of this troop of cannibals, the heads of the two murdered body-guards were carried on poles. The monsters conceived the horrible notion of forcing a wig-maker at Serres, which they passed through, to powder and put the bloody locks of these heads into full dress. The poor man died of horror directly after performing this dreadful work. The *poissardes* rode astride on the cannons; those nearest the king's carriage sung horrible songs, descriptive of the crimes they had committed, or seen others commit.

Waggons full of corn and flour, which had been brought into Versailles, formed a train, escorted by grenadiers of the national guard, and followed by women and ragamuffins, some armed with pikes, and others carrying long branches of poplar. At some distance this part of the procession had a most singular effect, it looked like a moving forest, amidst which shone pike-heads and gun-barrels. Behind his majesty's carriage were several of his faithful *garde-du-corps*, some on foot, some on horseback, most of them uncovered, all unarmed, and worn out with hunger and fatigue.

And this was the sad introduction to all the dire calamities that followed fast upon each other, and finally destroyed the hapless queen. Listen to an eyewitness, who saw how she bore this hard trial:—

"I witnessed this heart-rending spectacle; I saw the ominous procession. In the midst of all the tumult, clamour, and singing, interrupted by the frequent discharges of musketry round the royal carriage, which the hand of a burglar or murderer might have easily rendered fatal, I saw the queen preserving courageous tranquillity of soul, and an air of nobleness and inexpressible dignity, and my eyes were suffused with tears of admiration and grief."

Nothing could be more lovely than the little dauphin was at that time, with his blooming face and exquisite curls of fair hair; he was clever and vivacious, and for an infant his mind was highly cultivated. When the howling mob used to yell for the appearance of the queen, he would come into the balcony with her, fold his pretty hands and say, "*Graces graces, pour maman!*" His infantine innocence often obtained for his mother a momentary popularity among

the *poissardes*: for the most diabolical women have not always their hearts steeled against the love of little children.

This lovely little creature, then not five years old, had marked and comprehended the tumult at Versailles; and when, the day after their arrival at Paris, he heard the yells of an assembling mob, he threw himself into his mother's arms, crying out—"Mon Dieu, maman! Is to-day yesterday come again?"

He used to coax and caress the officers of the national guard, or the members of the commune, who came with deputations; and after doing his best to fascinate them with his infantine wiles, would run to his mother when they were gone, and whisper, "Was that right, mamma?" In November, 1790, the queen and her children were established at the Tuileries; the Princesse de Lamballe came to resume her place of superintendent of the royal household. The queen began to attend to the education of madame royale, who received all her lessons in her presence, while the queen was working at her tapestry-frame. In listening to her daughter's instruction, the queen showed her first taste for any thing like literature. During these lessons, the queen and Madame Elizabeth worked a beautiful carpet. The Empress Josephine admired this piece of work, and had it taken care of, that it might one day be sent to the Duchess d'Angoulême. It is now in the possession of Mademoiselle Dubuquois, tapestry-worker.

The year 1790 thus wore away, with the hope of better times. Could those who hoped have foreseen the times that were approaching, would they not have died with horror? The court occasionally abode at the palace of St. Cloud; and here it was that the negotiation with the demagogue Mirabeau was concluded. This man, so celebrated for his fascinating eloquence and horrible ugliness, was introduced to the queen in the gardens of St. Cloud.* The spot where the interview took place is still pointed out; it was in the most elevated part of the private grounds. Tradition declares, that the queen was dressed in a simple white muslin gown, and was attended by one of her ladies, as simply habited as

* See this embellishment, published July 1, 1832: copies can be had.

herself. She was at first started with the supernatural ugliness of her new ally: he began, however, to address her with that insinuating eloquence, which no mortal creature could resist: the queen became re-assured, and at parting, Mirabeau addressed her in these remarkable words—"Madame, the monarchy is saved!" He had indeed the self-vanity to suppose he could force back the mighty torrent he had set at liberty. This atlas of the revolution did not live long enough to be undeceived: death cut him suddenly short, before he had commenced his task of retracing his political career. His death plunged the royal party into despair, and the flight of Varennes was resolved upon.

Yet we ought not to apply the term *resolved*, to a tissue of irresolution and mismanagement.

Here the want of general knowledge and foresight in the hapless queen is again apparent: she insisted that she would not stir without an entirely new wardrobe being made up for herself and children. It was in vain that Madame Campan assured her, that the Queen of France would find linen and gowns every where: she adhered with feminine pertinacity to the preparation of the wardrobe. There was no crime in this unfortunate predilection for a well-arranged stock of clothes; but it was a short-sighted folly, and to be expected from one who had never reflected on or studied in her whole life, the results of a single person's experience save her own, and bitter were the personal lessons that are given us by experience. Next, the queen could not go without her silver toilet plate; and there was a clumsy contrivance resorted to, in order to have it packed up. She had honourably surrendered the crown jewels, to meet the exigencies of the state; but she had many valuable ones, her own personal property. With Madame Campan she locked herself in her dressing-room, to remove some of these jewels from the stomacher of a state-dress; but in the midst of packing them, the hour sounded which summoned her to the evening whist-party. The queen left the jewels half-packed, and a treacherous bed-chamber woman guessed the projected flight. The marvel is, how the king and his family ever got so far as Varennes.

In the preceding year, when there was

found so much secret opposition to the settling of the constitution, the States-General had respectfully entreated the queen to retire for a few months from France, till the new constitution was fixed. Happy it would have been for her if she had taken this advice.

The unfortunate flight to Varennes, is thus related by an eye-witness and sharer in the adventure:—a person no less in rank than the Duchess d'Angoulême. Here are the words in which she relates the preparations of the royal party:—

"My brother was awakened by my mother, and Madame de Tourzel brought him down to my mother's apartment, where I also came: there we found one of the body-guard who was to assist our departure. My mother came in and out several times to see us. They dressed my brother as a little girl; he looked beautiful, but he was so sleepy that he could not stand, and did not know what we were all about. I asked him what he thought we were going to do; he answered—'I suppose to act a play, since we have all got these odd dresses.'

"At half-past ten, when we were all ready, my mother herself conducted us to the carriage in the middle of the court, which was exposing herself to a great risk. Madame de Tourzel, my brother, and I, got into the carriage: M. de Fersen was the coachman. To deceive any who might wish to follow us, we drove about several streets, and at last turned into the little Carousal, close to the Tuileries. My brother was fast asleep, at the bottom of the carriage, under the dress of Madame de Tourzel. We saw M. de la Fayette go by, who had been to my father's *coucher*. There we remained waiting a full hour,—never was time so tedious. Madame de Tourzel was to travel under the name of Madame de Koff; my brother and I were to be her two daughters, under the names of Amelia and Aglae; my mother was to be Madame Rochel, our governess; and aunt Elizabeth a female companion, named Rosalie; and my father our valet de chambre, under the name of Durand.

"At last, after waiting a long hour, I observed a woman loitering about the carriage. I was afraid we should be discovered; but was made easy by seeing our coachman open the carriage door, and that the woman was my aunt: she had escaped with only one of her attendants. In stepping into the carriage she trod on my brother, who was lying at the bottom of it, and he had the courage not to cry out. My aunt told us that all was quiet, and that my father and mother would be with us pre-

sently : my father arrived very soon after, and then my mother."

The tedious hour thus described by the Duchess d'Angoulême, when they waited at the petit Corousal, was owing to an unfortunate mistake in the several appointments which made the queen an hour too late, and on that mistake the disasters of that calamitous expedition hung. One hour free, and they would have cleared the fatal border town of Varennes.

We follow the travellers by the narrative of Lacretelle :—

"At Bondy, the first stage from Paris, the fugitives exchanged the private carriage in which they left Paris for the travelling carriages which had been prepared for them. So great was the trepidation, that it never occurred to any person to dispatch a courier to the Marquis de Bouillé, who had arranged escorts and relays, to inform him of a delay occasioned by the obstinacy of Madame de Tourzel, who in spite of the extreme danger of so large a party, had insisted that she would not be parted from her charge, the dauphin. To this jealous punctilio of a weak, though faithful person, was the safety of the royal party sacrificed. They did not keep their appointments, and the relays were of course not ready when they came. At Montmirail one of the travelling carriages broke down, and thus a new delay of some hours ensued. At Chalons the king was recognised by a royalist, who faithfully kept the secret. The first anxiety that beset them was at Pont Somerville, upon not meeting the detachment of dragoons he expected, with which the commanding officer supposing the plan disconcerted, had fallen back from post to post. At St. Menchould the decisive blow was struck, for there the king was fully known by Drouet, the postmaster, a furious revolutionist, who recognised him by the portrait engraved on the assignats. He spread the alarm through the town, and dispatched a trusty postillion by a cross-road to inform the people of Varennes. The officer who commanded at St. Menchould had also recognised the king, and ordered his dragoons to mount and escort him to Clermont : the national guard prevented them from obeying. He dispatched, however, a faithful soldier to overtake the postillion, who, nevertheless, got to Varennes, and gave the alarm. In the mean time the king entered Clermont ; but such was the confusion of the whole party, that it did not occur to them to call out two squadrons of horse, which had been purposely stationed there, and were entirely faithful : they were commanded by Count Charles de Dumas, who was watching in despair for the arrival of his royal charge.

The party pursued their journey in dismay at not finding in readiness the persons and the relays agreed upon ; the alarm had reached Varennes as soon as themselves. It was in vain that the guards inquired after the expected horses, none were to be found. The king and queen wandered through the town from door to door, all night, to obtain information, but none could be got. Now might the queen have learnt, and she did learn, poor soul ! the folly of waiting for toilet-plate, new wardrobe, and all the silly etiquettes of Madame de Tourzel : the experience was too late to be salutary. By bribes, at last, they got their former postillions in motion : they proceeded no further than the bridge, which was barricaded, and the barricades commanded by Drouet and some determined jacobins. They presented their muskets at the royal carriage, with the intention of fring into it. The gallant Swede, Count Ferson, and the three faithful guards, drew out their concealed arms, and would have commenced a desperate combat, but the voice of the sovereign forbade them. The queen showed her passport for a Russian family. Drouet effected to examine it, and take it to the mayor to judge of its validity.

"This mayor's most appropriate name was Sauce ; he kept a tallow-chandler's shop. While the king was persuading Monsieur Sauce to let them pass, the queen, with the dauphin in her arms, sat down between two mighty piles of soap and candles in the shop, and pleaded her cause with Madame Sauce, to prevail on her dutiful husband, who referred all things to the mayoress, to save the life of his king and family. Madame Sauce listened with streaming eyes, but declared that her husband would be murdered, and all her family, and persisted in preferring the safety of Monsieur Sauce, and his petits messieurs of the house of Sauce, to that of the king : and who can blame her homely fidelity to the safety of her family ?

"Louis was now forced to quit Varennes, to return to the place where his fatal destiny was to be accomplished. While he was yet within hearing, M. de Bouillé came up and attacked the bridge with his faithful German regiment, but hearing the king was gone, and the garrisons and country rising, he desisted, and emigrated across the frontier. He had spent the night under the walls of Henay in great anxiety. Nothing could exceed the insults which the king and queen were forced to endure on their return. The three devoted guards were chained to the coach-box. The people roared for their destruction, at each village they passed through. The Count de Dampierre rushed through one of these mobs to kiss the hand of his un-

fortunate sovereign, and was murdered before their eyes.

"At length the deputies, to whose charge they were consigned, met them on the road to Paris with an army of national guards. These deputies were Latour, Petion, and the gallant, high-spirited leader of the constitutional party, the heroic Barnave.

"Barnave and Petion rode with the royal prisoners in their carriage. At some distance from Eprenay, a village priest ventured to approach the carriage; he was instantly knocked down, and was about to perish in sight of the royal family. Barnave almost threw himself out of the window. Calling to the mob—"Are we among tigers?" he exclaimed, "let the venerable old man depart unmolested." The old priest was saved. Madame Elizabeth, quite delighted with the generous emotion of Barnave, seized hold of the flap of his coat to prevent his falling out of the window. The queen, while speaking of this event, said that on this occasion the whimsical contrast of the saintly Elizabeth holding the animated plebeian Barnave by the skirts of his coat, struck her as not the least extraordinary circumstance in this strange scene. The princess completely won the heart of the ardent Barnave before he arrived at Paris. They had many consultations, which ended in Barnave doing his utmost to fix the king on the constitutional throne of France. He had succeeded to the popularity of Mirabeau, but was crushed in the attempt to wield this mighty weapon at will. His attempts to serve the king and his angelic sister were rewarded with death. Barnave was no apostate, he had laboured with the sincere desire to establish a constitutional monarchy in France, and died to uphold it: when the king, soon after his return from Varennes, accepted the constitution, the anarchists had then become too powerful to be controlled in their destructive career."

When this last friend perished, the hapless Marie Antoinette learnt too late the difference between a constitutionalist and an anarchist: a difference that some of our great and noble, at the present crisis in England, have yet to learn: may they purchase their experience cheaper than did this hapless queen! Had Antoinette thrown all her influence in the scale of those who were honestly labouring for the reform of real abuses, the destructive anarchists would have been checked in their encroachments, and the lives of all that were dear to her, and thousands of innocent people besides, might have been saved.

"On the 20th of June, 1792, there was

a fearful tumult in Paris; the mob were murderously disposed against the life of the queen; they broke into the Tuileries. Madame Elizabeth ran to her brother's apartments. When she reached the door, she heard the threats of death against the queen; they called for the head of the Austrian, and greeted with a savage yell the appearance of the prince's, whom they took for her. 'Ah! let them think I am the queen,' said this angelic girl, 'she may have time to escape!'

"The queen could not join her husband; she was in the council-chamber, where the notion had been suggested of placing her behind the great table at the approach of the howling mob. Preserving a noble and becoming demeanour in this dreadful situation, she held the dauphin before her seated upon the table. Her daughter was by her side; the Princess de Lamballe on the other. This friend had successfully escaped to England, when the queen set out for Varennes; but hearing of the disastrous return of the royal family, she had quitted her asylum, and came back to die, the victim of her fidelity. Madame de Tourzel and two other ladies were likewise with the queen. The poor little dauphin, as well as the king, was forced to wear an enormous red cap. The insurgents passed in files before the table, carrying the most atrocious symbols. 'There was one representing a gibbet, to which a dirty doll was suspended; the words '*Marie Antoinette, à la lanterne*,' were placarded beneath. Another was a board, to which a bullock's heart was affixed, with an inscription round it—'*Heart of Louis XVI.*'"

The shadow of the monarchy lasted but a few weeks after this celebrated and distressing scene.

The summer of 1792 was spent in tumults and carnage. On the 10th of August matters came to a crisis. The faithful Swiss guard were slaughtered; the king was deposed, and, with his family, carried prisoners to the deserted convent of the Feuillants, and thence transferred to the Temple. A coalition of the continental powers of Europe, with Austria at their head, was formed to rescue them, by the invasion of France; and this league was the excuse made by republican France for the destruction of the helpless prisoners.

After the hideous 10th of August, 1792, the faithful Cléry, who had with difficulty escaped the massacre of the king's devoted servants in the Tuileries, bent his way to the Temple, to offer his services as *valet de chambre* to the young dauphin, whose attendant he

had been from infancy. He was accepted by the council-general, and received with infinite delight by the illustrious prisoners. The next particular event that happened was the arrest of M. Hue, the devoted valet of the king, who had followed his royal master to the Temple. Cléry offered to fulfil his duties. This was on the 3rd of September.

"That day, while the royal family were dining, they were alarmed by the clamours of the populace. In great anxiety they rose from table, and repaired to the queen's chamber.

"Cléry went down to dine with Tison and his wife, two persons in the service of the Tower. The woman was afterwards noted for exhibiting an infamous accusation against the queen. They were placed as spies, not only on the royal family, but on the municipal officers who guarded them. Scarcely was Cléry seated with these persons when Tison's wife gave a violent scream, at the appearance of a head held up to the window on a pike. The murderers supposed this scream proceeded from her majesty, and it excited the most immoderate laughter among them. They imagined the queen was still at dinner. It was the bleeding head of the beautiful Princess de Lamballe, which even death could not disfigure, for her fine light hair, still curling, waved round the pike.

"M. Cléry ran instantly to the king, to hinder the queen from seeing this dreadful sight, which showed the fate of that beloved friend.

"And now a municipal officer entered, followed by four men, deputies from the mob, who wanted to force the royal family to show themselves at the window, that the populace might ascertain they were in safe keeping: the municipal officers who guarded them objected to this, upon which one of the deputies said to the queen, in a brutish manner—

"They want to keep you from seeing de Lamballe's head, which has been brought you, that you may see how the people revenge themselves on their tyrants. I advise you to show yourselves, if you would not have them come up here."

"The queen fainted away; M. Cléry flew to support her. Madame Elizabeth assisted in placing her in a chair, while the children, melting into tears, endeavoured, by their caresses, to bring her to herself. The wretch kept looking on. The king, in a firm voice said to him—"We are prepared for every thing; but you might have spared the feelings of the queen, and dispensed with informing her of this horrible occurrence."

"Their purpose being thus accomplished, he and his companions went away. The

queen reviving, mingled her tears with those of her children. All the sad family now removed to the chamber of Madame Elizabeth, where the yells of the savage mob were less heard. M. Cléry, looking through the blinds of the queen's bed-chamber, saw again the head of the princess. The person that carried it was mounted on the rubbish of some houses that had been pulled down, for the purpose of insulating the Temple prison. Another wretch stood behind him, with the heart of the ill-fated victim, covered with blood, on the point of a sabre. The rabble, rallying with an intention to force the Temple, was thus harangued by a municipal officer, named Dajon:—"The head of Antoinette does not belong to you: all the departments have their respective rights to it. France has confided these great culprits to the care of the city of Paris; and it is your part to assist in securing them till the national justice takes vengeance."

"It was more than an hour before the mob were persuaded to disperse. In the evening, they again attempted to rush into the Temple, with the body of the Princess de Lamballe, naked and bloody as it had been dragged from the Prison de la Force. Some of the municipal officers, after a great struggle with them, hung a tricolor ribbon across the gate, as a bar to their outrages.

"For six hours it was doubtful whether the royal family would be massacred or not. At eight in the evening the siege of the Temple was relaxed; but the massacres were continued for some days in Paris."

Here we must interpolate the text of M. Cléry with a quotation from a letter of the Duchesse de Angoulême, descriptive of the effect the horrid murder of the Princess de Lamballe had on her mother:—

"It was hardly over, when Petion, instead of exerting himself to stop the massacres, sent his secretary with a message to the king. This man was very ridiculous; he thought the queen was standing up out of respect to him; because, since this dreadful scene, she had remained standing and motionless, perfectly insensible of all that was going on. The drum continued to beat to arms all night; and the two princesses, who could not sleep, listened to the sobs of the queen, which never ceased."

Here is a curious view of the vanity of the secretary, which imagined that the form congealed by grief and horror, which stood statue-like before him, was immovable out of respect to him. How touching is the wretchedness of that night, during whose watches the sleepless princesses listened to the restless sobs of the queen.

We now return to M. Cléry. These horrors being followed by some days of tranquillity, the royal family resumed the uniform domestic life they had adopted on their first arrival at the Temple. The king usually rose at six in the morning; he shaved himself, and Cléry dressed his hair; he then went to his reading-room, being very small; the municipal officer remained on duty in his bed-room, with the door open, that he might always keep the king in sight. His majesty prayed on his knees for five or six minutes, and read till nine o'clock. In that interval, after preparing breakfast and putting the chamber to rights, Cléry knocked at the queen's chamber-door, who never opened it till he arrived. M. Cléry then dressed the dauphin, and arranged the queen's hair, and dressed the hair of the princesses, the queen's daughter, and Madame Elizabeth. At nine o'clock, the queen, the children, and Madame Elizabeth, went up to the king's chamber to breakfast. At ten, they all came down into the queen's apartment, where they passed the day.

His majesty employed himself in educating his son; he made him learn and recite passages from Corneille and Racine; gave him lessons in geography, and exercised him in colouring maps. He had so happy a memory, that on any map covered with a blank sheet of paper, he could point out the departments, districts, towns, and courses of the rivers.

The queen, on her part, employed herself in the education of her daughter; and these lessons lasted till eleven o'clock. The remaining hour till noon, was passed in needle-work, knitting, or tapestry-working. At noon, the queen and princesses retired to Madame Elizabeth's apartment to dress. At one o'clock, when the weather was fine, the royal family were conducted into the garden by four municipal officers, and a commander of the national guards. The only walk allowed them, was under the great chestnut trees. M. Cléry being permitted to attend on these occasions, he engaged the young prince at play; sometimes at foot-ball, at quoits, and other manly sports. At two, they returned to the Tower, where Cléry waited at dinner: at which time, Santerre, the brewer, commander of the national guards of Paris, came every day to the Temple, and minutely searched the apartments of the

royal prisoners. The king sometimes spoke to him, the queen never.

After dinner, the family withdrew to the queen's chamber, where they usually played at some game. At four, the king lay down for a short time; the family with books in their hands sitting round him, and keeping profound silence while he slept. On the king's waking, the conversation was resumed, and the king made Cléry sit by him, and give the prince his lesson in writing. The writing copies were sentences chosen by his majesty from celebrated authors. When the writing lesson was over, Cléry had a game of battledore and shuttlecock with his royal pupil.

In the evening the family sat round the table, while the queen read to them from history such extracts as were fitted to amuse and instruct children. Madame Elizabeth took the book in her turn, and in this manner they read till eight o'clock. M. Cléry then gave the dauphin his supper, while the rest of the family looked on; and the king took a pleasure in diverting his children, by making them guess riddles, from a collection of the *Mercures de France* he had found in the library. When Cléry had undressed the prince, the queen always heard him his prayers; in them he never forgot to beg God to protect the life of the Marchioness de Tourzel, his governess. The prince always said his prayers in a low voice, lest the municipal officer should hear. These spies were out of sight only a few minutes, just while the prince was put into bed. M. Cléry took this opportunity of acquainting the queen with all the intelligence he could gather. At nine, the king went to supper, while the queen and Madame Elizabeth took it by turns to sit by the dauphin; and as M. Cléry waited on them with what they chose from the supper-table, this afforded another opportunity of speaking to them without witnesses. After supper, the king went to take leave of the queen and his sister for the night, and kissed his children; then retiring to his turret library, he sat there reading till midnight. The queen and the princesses locked themselves in, and one of the odious officers watched all night in the little room that parted their chambers; the other guard followed his majesty.

These municipal officers had been se-

lected from those who were most active in the revolution of the 10th of August, and in the massacres of September 2nd and 3rd. One of them was that Siron, a shoemaker, who never quitted the Tower. This man always treated the royal family with the utmost insolence, and would frequently bawl out—"Cléry, ask Capet if he wants any thing, that I may not have the trouble of coming up twice?" The infamous name of this wretch is well known, as the person to whose unholy keeping the orphan dauphin was consigned; and who, by a system of barbarous cruelty, slowly destroyed the life and reason of the lovely child.

One of these gaolers wrote on the inside of the king's chamber-door, "*The guillotine is permanent, and ready for the tyrant, Louis XVI.*" The king read the words, and would not suffer them to be rubbed out.

One of the door-keepers, whose name was Rocher, had a hideous figure; he had long whiskers, wore a black hairy cap, a huge sabre, and a belt, to which hung a bunch of great keys. Whenever he saw the royal family coming to the door, he would pretend to search for the key, that he might make an ostentatious noise with the rest of the bunch, and keep the ladies waiting: he then drew the bolts with a great clatter; and running before them, fixed himself on one side of the last door, and with a long pipe in his mouth, puffed the fumes of his tobacco at each of the royal ladies as they passed. Some of the national guards were highly diverted with these indignities, and brought chairs, that they might sit and enjoy the sight; at the same time obstructing the narrow passage still more. While the royal family were walking, the engineers assembled in the garden to dance and sing. Their songs were always revolutionary, and they covered the walls with the most shameful scrawls in large letters: among these were written, "*Madame Veto shall swing!*" alluding to the queen's supposed influence over the king's veto. "We shall find a way to bring down the great hog's fat!" "The little wolves must be strangled!" Under a gallows with a figure hanging, was scrawled "Louis taking the air-bath." Under another, with the guillotine, "Louis spitting in a bag." Thus was the short airing allowed this wretched

family poisoned with similar ribaldry and insults, which the queen would have avoided by remaining within; but the air was necessary for the health of their children, whom she loved tenderly; and for them she endured the hardest suffering a high-spirited woman can feel, that of enduring, without complaining, the endless affronts offered by brutal men.

A few instances of attachment, however, occurred at times to soften the horrors of these persecutions. A sentinel on guard at the door of the queen's room one day, with a trembling voice, said to M. Cléry,

"You must not go out; I am ordered to keep you in sight." "You are mistaken in me," replied M. Cléry.—"What, sir, are you not the king?" "Don't you know him, then?"—"I never saw him in my life, monsieur, and I wish I could see him any where rather than here." "I will leave the door a-jar," said M. Cléry.—"Ah!" exclaimed the sentinel, when he next saw M. Cléry, "I have seen the king: how good he is—how fond of his children." He had seen him caressing them; and was so much overcome, he could not speak without tears. "No," continued he, striking his breast, "I will never believe he has done us so much harm."

Another sentinel made a sign that he had hidden something among the rubbish near which he was standing. Madame Elizabeth went up to him to give him an opportunity of speaking, but, through fear or respect, he did not utter a word; he trembled, and his eyes were full of tears. M. Cléry went to search among the rubbish for stones, pretending he wanted them to play at quoits with the dauphin; but the municipal officers coming up made him retire, forbidding him ever again to go so near the sentinels. This young man's intentions were never known.

At this time the royal family were in great want of clothes, insomuch that the princesses were employed in mending them every day; and Madame Elizabeth was often obliged to wait till the king had gone to bed, in order to have his to repair. The linen they brought to the Tower had been lent them by friends, some by the Countess of Sutherland, who found means to convey linen and other things for the use of the dauphin. The queen wished to write a letter to the countess, expressive of her thanks, and to return some of these articles; but her majesty was debarred from pen and ink, and the clothes she returned were stolen

by her gaolers, and never found their way to their right owner.

After many applications a little new linen was obtained, but the sempstress having marked it with crowns, the municipal officers insisted on the princesses picking the marks out, and they were forced to obey.

On the 26th September, M. Cléry had the painful task assigned him of informing the king that an apartment in the Great Tower was preparing for him, when he would be separated from his family.

On the 29th, all paper, ink, and pencils, were taken from the unhappy prisoners. After supper that day, the six officers who had made the search in the morning came in, and read a second decree from the commune, ordering the king's removal to the Great Tower.

His majesty was greatly agitated, and left his disconsolate family in the most agonising state of conjecture as to what this removal might portend; and here were the cruelest sufferings these royal unfortunates had yet experienced in the Temple.

M. Cléry attended his royal master to his apartment, which was not yet finished. A solitary bed was its only furniture. The painter and paper-hanger were still at work on it, leaving an insufferable scent.

At ten o'clock next morning his majesty expressed a wish that one of the officers would fetch him some books from the queen's apartment. As this man could not read, he desired M. Cléry to go with him. They found the queen, with her children and Madame Elizabeth, sitting together, weeping bitterly. On seeing M. Cléry, they asked him all at once a hundred questions about the king. Her majesty agonizingly urged her request to the officer to see her husband, were it but for a few minutes in the day. From weeping and sighing, they gave way at the close of this petition to the loud cry of bitter sorrow. This moved even the flinty-hearted officers, for one of them exclaimed, "Well, then, they *shall* dine together to-day, and we must be ruled by the commune to-morrow!"

Joy re-animated the disconsolate family at the very thought of again beholding the king. Even the municipal officers shed tears when they witnessed the pas-

sionately tender welcome with which he was received by his wife, sister, and children. Nothing more was heard of the decree of the commune, and his majesty had the comfort of his family not only at his meals, but at his walks.

On the 5th of October, their faithful Cléry was taken from them, on a charge of receiving a letter from a sentinel: after being in danger of his life before the revolutionary tribunal, by a sort of miracle he was acquitted, and restored to his former station about the king's person. He was received with the utmost joy by the royal family.

At this juncture, the queen took possession of the apartment prepared for her in the Great Tower; though being near to the king was a comfort to her, yet it was embittered by a new sorrow: the municipal officers saw how tenderly she loved her son—they took him from her without the least notice. Her affliction was inexpressible. The dauphin was placed with the king, and the care of him given to M. Cléry, whom the queen charged, in a pathetic manner, to be watchful over his life,

On the 2nd of December, a new set of officers superseded their old tyrants, who were now become somewhat humane and considerate. December 7th, an officer, at the head of a deputation from the commune, came to the king, and read a decree, ordering that the persons in confinement should be deprived of all scissors, razors, knives, instruments usually taken from *criminals*; and that the strictest search should be made for the same, as well on their persons as in their apartments. The reader's voice faltered, and it was easy to perceive he did his feelings violence. He has since shown by his conduct, that he only consented to come to the Temple, in the hopes of ameliorating the condition of the royal family, and to prevent an inimical person from acting brutally.

The king took out of his pockets a knife and a small morocco pocket-book, from which he gave the penknife and scissors. The officers searched every corner of the apartments, and carried off the razors, the curling-irons, the powder-scraper, instruments for the teeth, and many articles of gold and silver. They took away from the princesses their knitting-needles, and all the little articles they used for their embroidery.

The unhappy queen and princesses were the more sensible of the loss of the little instruments taken from them, as they were, in consequence, forced to give up all the feminine handy-works, which, till then, had served to beguile prison-hours.

At this time the king's coat became ragged, and as the Princess Elizabeth, his sister, was mending it, as she had no scissors, the king observed that she had to bite off the thread with her teeth. "What a reverse," said the king, looking tenderly upon her; "you were in want of nothing at your pretty house at Montreuil." "Ah! brother," she replied, "can I feel a regret of any kind, while I share your misfortunes?"

An epidemic catarrhal fever attacked all the prisoners except the queen, the king, the dauphin; and M. Cléry suffered severely with it. The king was permitted to consult his chief physician, M. Monnier: the old man wept passionately, when he saw the queen and his master in prison. M. Cléry mentions the amiable manner in which the dauphin attended on him during his illness, which was subsequent to that of the lovely child. The prince gave a thousand instances of precocious intellect and vivid feeling. If a municipal officer was more obliging than usual, he would run to his mother, and kissing her, whisper, "Mamma, it is a civil one to-day." With a delicate tact, that older persons might be glad to feel, he never alluded to any past misfortune to depress the spirits of his family. Once only, when he was noticed scanning the features of one of these gaolers with minute attention, the officer asked him whether he recollected him. The dauphin declined answering him; but when he was out of the room, he sidled up to his mother, and said, in a low voice, "It was on our journey from Varennes."

After their removal to the Great Tower, the royal family resumed the method of life they had established in their former prison. At nine o'clock the king and dauphin were summoned to breakfast, after which M. Cléry dressed the queen and princess's hair; and by her majesty's desire taught the princess royal to dress hair, whilst the king, queen, or Madame Elizabeth, amused themselves with dress. After dinner the dauphin and princess royal went into another room, to divert themselves with some childish play, as

battledore, or siam, which is a variety of nine-pins. Their aunt always accompanied them, and while they were noisy in their play, Cléry contrived to give Madame Elizabeth notice of whatever news he could learn. It was in this way that the tidings of the approaching trial of the king were communicated. Madame Elizabeth had from the first no hope that her brother would be spared, she knew the trial was a mere pretence to take his life, and so it proved: that trial is distinct matter of history. Suffice it here, that on the 20th of January the king received sentence of death. He was permitted to have a parting interview with his family, from whom he had been separated during his trial; we extract from Cléry his narrative of that most distressing parting:

"At half-past eight the door opened, the queen came first, leading her son by the hand, Madame Royale and Madame Elizabeth followed. They all threw themselves into the arms of the king. The king sat down, the queen was on his left hand, Madame Elizabeth on his right, Madame Royale stood before him, the dauphin between his knees, all leaning on him, weeping and pressing him in their embraces. This scene of sorrow lasted an hour and three quarters, during which nothing but sobs could be heard. At a quarter past ten the king rose first: the queen clung to his right arm, the dauphin got the same hand; Madame Royale had her arms round his body on the left; Madame Elizabeth had seized his hand. They advanced in this way to the entry of the door, breaking out into the most agonizing lamentations. 'I assure you,' said the king, 'that I will see you to-morrow at eight o'clock.' 'You promise,' said they altogether. 'Yes, I promise.' 'Why not at seven,' said the queen. 'Well—yes—at seven—farewell!' He pronounced farewell in so impressive a manner, that the sobs were renewed, and Madame Royale, his daughter, fainted at his feet. M. Cléry, who was waiting at the door, raised her up, and assisted her aunt to support her. The king once more tenderly embraced them all, and tore himself from their arms, and hurried to his chamber, where his confessor, M. Edgeworth de Firmont, was waiting for him."

We do not follow the father of this hapless family to the scaffold: the sad tale has been often told. About the time he had promised to be with his family he had ceased to exist: perhaps his disembodied spirit hovered near them.

Where Cléry leaves the sad narrative, the Duchess d'Angoulême again takes it up. The night before the execution of her father she thus describes:—

"The evening previous to that terrible day, the queen had scarcely strength enough to put her son to bed. She threw herself, dressed as she was, upon her own bed, where she was heard shivering with cold and grief all the night long. At a quarter-past six the door opened, the princesses believed they were sent for to see the king, but it was only the officers looking for a prayer-book for the king to use at mass. They did not, however, abandon the hope of seeing him, till the shouts of the infuriated populace told them it was all over.

"In the afternoon, the queen asked leave to see Cléry, who had remained with the king till his last moments, and who had probably some message for her. Her sister and daughter were anxious that she should receive this shock of seeing Cléry, in hopes of its occasioning a burst of grief, which might relieve her from that state of silent and choking agony in which they saw her.

"In fact, Cléry had been intrusted by his master with delivering to the queen a ring she had given him at her marriage, with a message that he never would have parted with it but with his life. He had given him a packet with the hair of all his family. The officers reported that Cléry was in a frightful state of despair at not being allowed to see the royal family. The queen made the request to see him to the commissioners of the commune; she also demanded mourning for her family. Cléry was detained a month in the Temple, and then released.

"The princesses had now a little more freedom, their guards believed they were about to be sent out of France: but nothing could calm the agony of the queen. No hope could touch her heart: life was indifferent to her, and she did not fear death. She would sometimes regard her sister and children with a look of pity that made us shudder."

The orphan of Louis XVI. here mentions that the sole request made by his forlorn widow was a mourning gown: she had it, and she wore it at her execution in the following autumn.

That she might not feel the alleviation of companionship with her family, her persecutors tore her from the Temple early in the spring of 1793, and placed her in the Conciergerie; once the receptacle for the vilest offenders in Paris, but long before hallowed by being the prison of the noble, the good, and innocent. Here her personal comforts were much

abridged. A month before her trial an armed force suddenly entered her chamber, at midnight, and forced her into a damp dungeon, where she had no bed, but straw. Her sufferings now were of that order, where deprivation of fire and food struggle for mastery over mental agony.

On the 13th of October she was carried before the revolutionary tribunal, and accused of squandering the public money, and of holding traitorous correspondence with the enemies of France. These charges could not be proved. It was then her miscreant accusers charged her with attempts to corrupt the morals of her own son! an infamous invention that roused her from the apathy with which she had hitherto listened to their proceedings. She turned, with an air of majesty, to the gallery in which the female spectators sat, and raising her hand exclaimed, "I appeal to all mothers present, whether any thing so odious is possible; and whether such an accusation will not bring eternal infamy on my accuser!"

The monsters who brought the queen to her trial, got up the accusation, not only against the queen, but the spotless Princess Elizabeth, of having systematically corrupted the dauphin. This was done by Hebert; and all he got by it was the cognomen of *infamous*, which is coupled, and will be coupled with his name for ever and ever, while the history of mankind lasts. The infamous Hebert then forced the hapless child to sign a declaration to that effect, and had the further cruelty to tell the poor infant what he signed. Ebbing, as the dauphin's intellects were, with the cruel treatment he had received, he had sensibility enough left to be conscious of this last blow; he existed some months longer. He was docile, obedient, and courteous; but from the moment he had signed that horrible paper he never spoke again. This deep, but not sullen sorrow, in this young oppressed child, gives the finishing touch to the dreary tragedy we are recording; and, perhaps, the majestic appeal that the queen made to the maternal hearts of all the women present, who heard the monstrous accusation brought against her, was not so pathetic as the unconquerable silence with which her poor child expressed at once his resentment and bitter grief.

Let no one blame this innocent child : we will consider for a moment the manner in which the republicans were destroying him, body and mind. Poor babe ! he was but eight years old ; he was left alone ; constantly in the horrors of solitary confinement, at that tender and playful age, he was locked and bolted in a great room, with no means of calling his persecutors but with a broken bell, which he never rang, so much he dreaded their presence, that he preferred wanting any thing and every thing to summoning them. His bed had not been stirred for six months, and he had not strength to make it himself : it was alive with bugs and worse creatures. His linen and his person were covered with them. Every kind of filth had been allowed to accumulate around him. His window, which was locked as well as grated, was never opened ; and the infectious smell of that horrid room was so dreadful, no one could bear it for a moment. He might, indeed, have washed himself, for he had a pitcher of water ; but, overwhelmed by the ill-treatment he had received, he had not the spirit to do any thing, and creeping illness deprived him of the power of the slightest exertion. He never asked for any thing, so great was his dread of Simon and his keepers. He passed his days without any kind of occupation. They did not even allow him a light in the evening. It is not surprising that he should have fallen into a frightful atrophy. The length of time he bore this persecution shows how strong his constitution must originally have been.

It required this explanation, to throw light on the various heart-rackings the royal widow suffered before "the wicked had ceased from troubling."

No innocence could prevail with her judges : on the last day of her trial she was condemned, and retired fatigued to her dungeon, after being detained eighteen hours before the tribunal, who ought, as they had prejudged her, to have been ashamed of detaining her as many minutes. On the following morning at eleven, she was summoned to ascend the cart that was to conduct her to the scaffold. No leave taking was permitted between the desolate widow and her more desolate orphans. In the intermediate time between sentence and death, she wrote a letter to the Princess Elizabeth,

which we have seen, but have not a copy at hand : in this letter, with a mother's anxiety, "she begs forgiveness for the seeming ingratitude of her poor boy to his aunt ; and implores her, if less disastrous times should restore him to her, not to love him the less, on account of an accusation which, at his tender years, the dauphin could not even understand."

We will first give the account of her execution, in the dry, unsympathizing extract of a French newspaper of the day. Newspapers and periodicals being the annals and chronicles of modern history.

"On Wednesday, October 16th, Marie Antoinette was conducted from the prison of the Conciergerie to the Place de la Revolution, beyond the garden of the Tuileries, where Louis had suffered before her.

"All the national guards in the several sections of Paris were under arms ; Henriot, the commander-in-chief, attended the queen. Nothing like sorrow or pity for her fate was shown by the people, who lined the streets through which she had to pass. On her arrival at the Place de la Revolution, she ascended the scaffold with seeming composure. She was accompanied by a priest, who discharged the office of confessor, and gave her absolution before she was fixed to the fatal machine. She was in a mourning dress, evidently not adjusted with much attention ; her hands were tied behind her back—her cheeks were streaked with pale and red—her eyes bent forward with an intense look on vacancy. Her body was bent forward by the machine, the axe was let down, and at once separated the head from the body. After the head was displayed by the executioner, three young women were observed dipping their handkerchiefs in the streaming blood of the deceased.

"Before she was sentenced, Fronson de Coudray and Chaveau de la Gaides, the pleaders who defended her, were put under arrest."

It is a great honour to the French bar, that in the worst days of the reign of terror, the grim tyrant Robespierre could not frighten advocates from their duty.

At the time of her death, Marie Antoinette was nearly thirty-eight years old. Sorrow had changed her hair to a silvery whiteness ; and her beautiful countenance, in which every feature beamed with benignity and love, had assumed an expression of settled melancholy. She had nearly lost the sight of one of her eyes,

from the hardships to which she was exposed in the dungeon of the Conciergerie. Her body was thrown into the churchyard of St. Madeline, and immediately consumed with quick-lime.

Such was the end of the loveliest queen in Europe, whom our eloquent Burke thus describes in the bloom of her charms:—

“It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I first saw the Queen of France, then Dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she scarcely seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in—glittering like the morning-star, full of life, splendour, and joy. Oh, what a revolution! and what a heart must I have, to contemplate without emotion that elevation and that fall! Little did I dream that I should live to see such disasters fall upon her in a nation of gallant men—in a nation of men of honour, and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand

swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone—that of sophisters, economists, and calculators, has succeeded, and the glory of Europe is extinguished for ever! Never, never more, shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission that dignified obedience, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations is gone! It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honour, which felt disgrace like a wound.”

Most of the persecutors of the hapless Marie Antoinette were in turn executed on the place where she suffered. Hebert, Henriot, Orleans, Danton, Robespierre, and all his colleagues, succeeded each other on the scaffold with wonderful rapidity; and it has been acutely observed, that the French revolution was its own judiciary and executioner.

BALLAD—“WE ARE PARTED FOR EVER.”

(Original.)

We are parted for ever! the words have been spoken,
Which sever'd the ties that once bound thee to me;
The spell of enchantment that held us is broken,
And darkness now hovers where sunshine should be.
Yet, go—thou art false, in the bright realms of pleasure,
The heart that has loved, may its passion disown;
Though I mourn for its loss, can I covet the treasure,
Which I am forbidden to cherish alone?
And yet, though we part, though in sorrow I leave thee,
I would not thy bosom should ever know guile;
Beware of the lures that are spread to deceive thee,
They lurk 'neath the ray of the flatterer's smile.
Should thy heart e'er be wrecked amid splendour and pleasure,
Oh! think not that sorrow and tears can atone—
Tho' I mourn'd for its loss—I'd not covet the treasure,
That I am forbidden to cherish alone.

J. E. CARPENTER.

A TALE OF THE BLACK FOREST.

(From the German.)

One Christmas evening, in the year 1819, a dozen students assembled to enjoy themselves at the Golden Eagle, one of the most frequented inns of Carlsruhe. I was one of the party: an immense bowl of *Vin du Rhin*, in which thick slices of toasted bread swam merrily about, was confided to my care, with the im-

portant office of filler-general of the rapidly emptied glasses of my jovial companions. The smoke of our pipes, mixed with the vapour which rose from our generous beverage, formed a sort of thick cloud which gradually enveloped us on every side, causing our figures to appear somewhat indistinctly and mistily.

The close attention we had been paying our noble beverage began to have effect upon our heads; and our conversation, almost as confused as the atmosphere around us, threatened to become very noisy, when the door opened, and our friend Wildherr, the artist, entered the room. As usual, he was pale, depressed, and thoughtful: nevertheless, we were all very glad to see him. "Ah! Wildherr, you are a good fellow for coming:" and rapping our glasses with our knives we summoned the landlord, who speedily brought in another bowl.

Wildherr seated himself at the table, replying to such of his friends who were near him by a silent pressure of the hand, but he did not speak. His eyes wandered, as it were, round the room, till they encountered those of Arnold Blumenhagen, who sat at the other end of the table, when he started so suddenly, that it was impossible for us to avoid remarking it.

"What makes you start in that way," said Arnold; "are you afraid of me?"

"What is the matter with me?" replied Wildherr with embarrassment, and turning his eyes another way. "Oh! nothing—nothing! Are you well, Arnold?"

"Diable!" exclaimed Arnold: "you speak with a formality little becoming a boon companion."

"Indeed, I did not mean to be formal," said Wildherr. "Pray do not misinterpret what I say: I am far from being in health, as you all know; you must overlook my wanderings."

In point of fact, for a long time past Wildherr had appeared to be weighed down by some fearful evil, or some secret trouble. Formerly, the very life and soul of our social parties: he was now not the same being. His depression of spirits increased daily: the expression of his countenance became more *sombre*, and his health more precarious. We all loved him; he was so generous, so brave, so full of high talent and noble thoughts: we were, therefore, quite unhappy in not being able to penetrate the cause of the black melancholy which was wasting his existence.

This evening, encouraged perhaps by the wine we had drunk, we united our endeavours in pressing him to tell us what it was that so weighed upon him. Arnold, especially, made so many en-

treaties, that he was at length unable to deny us. After he had moistened his lips with wine, which he had avoided for some months, Wildherr spoke as follows:—

"My dear friends, I feel almost tempted to thank you for having thus persuaded me to give you what will be a terrible recital. I shall experience relief when I have confided my secret to your friendship; besides, you can aid me with your advice. In any case, what I am about to relate, I confide to your honour and discretion.

"Towards the end of last spring, you remember, I set out on a pedestrian excursion, with the intention of sketching for publication the most remarkable scenery, and the very interesting ruins that still exist in the bosom of the Black Forest. I left Carlsruhe with a glad and lightsome heart, occupied with thoughts very different to those which have since oppressed me. It was the third day of my wanderings, about eleven o'clock in the forenoon; I had already sketched several landscapes: the weather was hot; I threw myself down behind some low brushwood, and took breath before I attempted to mount the hill upon which stand the ruins of the old castle of Adlersbourg—those noble remains of the middle ages. Soon afterwards I perceived four persons slowly clambering up the winding path which I had just quitted. The first was a man of about fifty years of age, still in his prime, whose fine upright figure gave him a still younger appearance. I have seldom seen so majestic a figure as that of this man. His forehead was open and lofty; his eyes blue and full of fire; his eyebrows and moustaches were black; and his hair was rather grey, but thick and curly. This *ensemble* gave his countenance a character of soldierly frankness, such as an artist would desire to paint. A little girl, about ten years old, walked by his side, fresh and lovely as the flowers of the eglantine which hung on every side. Another man, whose figure I could scarcely make out, but young and of elegant height, had on his arm a beautiful young lady. She was pale, but it was the paleness of a languor full of ravishing sweetness and softness. Her eyes, of velvet blackness, were crowned by brows as dark as ebony, and animated by an expression of voluptuousness, to which a tinge of melancholy added

a new attraction. I had become drowsy, and gazed with a sort of indolent pleasure at these travellers, who, like forest-spirits, glided in silence before me. The pathway wound forward through shrubs and brushwood to the top of the hill, and towards the middle of the ascent, passing under a thicket of briars and wild roses, made a circuit through a deep ravine. The two young persons soon got in advance of their elder companion, who was delayed every instant by the gambols of the little girl, and following the winding path without perceiving that, at the entrance of the ravine, an opening cut in the copse-wood offered a more direct and easier approach to the extremity of the one which they took. This latter road, however, notwithstanding it was more tedious, was much more agreeable than the other, which was more exposed and hotter; for the sun piercing the green dome of leaves above their heads only at distant intervals, they enjoyed a coolness which the more direct path would not have afforded them.

When they arrived at the middle of the ravine, exactly opposite the place where I was lying, the lady, for the purpose of recovering breath, seated herself on a projection of the rock which was covered with moss, and her companion placed himself by her side. They remained there some little time waiting for the other two, and seemed to enjoy the delicious perfume which was shed from the rose-trees and eglantines, and singing of the birds which hopped and chirped amongst the branches. Such a situation is rarely to be met with: I myself never breathed so pure an air as that sweet forest breeze! The lady took off her straw hat, and her black hair, somewhat deranged from its curls by the warm wind, was spread negligently over her shoulders, setting off the brilliant whiteness of her neck. Whenever the breeze raised the ringlets, she seemed to take pleasure in allowing them to be blown towards her companion, who, with eyes fixed upon her, appeared to be in ecstasy. The most passionate love shone in the looks of this charming woman. I could not forbear envying the lover of one so very beautiful. The other two did not follow the pathway into the ravine; for the little girl skipped into the opening which I mentioned, and pulled after her her grey-haired companion.

Whilst the merry child, singing all the time, was gathering a complete harvest of flowers, I observed with a sinking of my heart the stranger take the direct road. Every step he took brought him nearer the other two; and a deep presentiment convinced me, that a terrible scene was about to occur before my eyes. I held my breath, for fear of being discovered; and I saw with affright, that the young couple, carried away by the enchantment of their situation, had forgotten its danger,—their lips met! The old soldier had but a step or two to make to reach the end of the straight road, whence he could command a full view of the ravine. I would have given worlds to have been able to warn the imprudent pair, but before I could determine what step to adopt, the opportunity was gone. The moss upon which he walked deadened the sound of his footstep, and he came in silence behind the lovers. He stopped, as if struck by a thunderbolt! I saw his countenance turn livid pale, as he glanced upon them a look, the expression, the terrible expression of which I shall never forget. But his emotion passed like the lightning-flash. He raised his clenched hand, as if forming some horrible vow; and, as the sound of the kiss fell upon the ear, the bitterness of his smile chilled my very blood!"

"But, Arnold!" said Wildherr, suddenly breaking off his narration, "why do you look at me so wildly?"

"Your recital is so very dramatic," replied Arnold: "I could not restrain my emotion.—Go on!"

Wildherr proceeded. "The young girl now came up, with her hands full of flowers. The old soldier placed himself precipitately in her way, and made her go back with him, to regain the road at the head of the ravine. The child's sweet voice carolling a merry round, roused the lovers. The lady resumed her straw hat, lowered her veil over her beaming eyes, and leaning with affectionate emotion upon the arm of the youth, again began to ascend the hill."

Wildherr here paused for a moment. Arnold, taking advantage of this interruption of a recital which had fairly sobered us, immediately asked—

"Did you not say, Wildherr, that you did not see the figure of the young man?"

"I did not see it *then*, but afterwards

I did," replied Wildherr: "I even possess the means of knowing his name."

"How!" exclaimed Arnold, fixing upon Wildherr a look of fearful anxiety; "how can you know his name? It is impossible!"

We looked at each other with astonishment; but Wildherr, without paying any attention to these singular words, continued in a serious tone:—"What I am now about to tell you is very horrible. A true son of Suabia, I knew every corner and defile, however hidden or difficult, of the old Black Forest, and I had accustomed myself for a long time to clamber over the roughest rocks. Dragged on by a curiosity, to expiate which my life's repose is the sacrifice, I could not resist the desire to follow these travellers, between whom, methought, some deed of blood must happen. Having no doubt but that their object was to visit the ruins of the old castle, I arose gently, and springing up by a very difficult but very short path, I quickly got amongst the mouldering remains of the towers of Adlersbourg. One single building remains nearly perfect, at least on the exterior—it is the principal tower, whose blanched battlements still appear over the trees of the Forest. It is in the immense round hall, formed within this tower by the ground having become level over the fallen rubbish of the upper stories, that visitors of the ruins generally meet together. I entered it, and concealing myself in a deep recess in the wall, watched the arrival of the persons who interested me so intensely. Pillars, upon which were some traces of Gothic sculpture, and from which formerly sprung the arches supporting the first story, went round the hall, leaving between each a very deep vacancy. In one of these openings a well, or pit, of large diameter, presents a wide abyss: formed out of the rock it is of immense depth. Travellers frequently sound it; and I myself, some years ago, found more than fifteen fathoms of water there. The first time I visited it the storm raged without, and the water responded to it with a roar like that of the sea, following the progress of the tempest. At first the noise was feeble, like distant thunder; then, when the lightning flashed and the thunder re-sounded with a louder rolling, a fearful echo seemed to come from the very bot-

tom of the gulf. The waters dashed fiercely against the walls—the surge rushed madly, and unknown winds roared there. Frequently since that period, I have dreamed that some irresistible hand forced me to the brink of that pit. I heard the anger of the elements, whilst the fatal grasp held me suspended over the gulf: I struggled in vain against the iron hold of the phantom, which laughed wildly in my ears, and I have awoke in terror at the moment, when, as I fancied, I was plunged powerless and breathless into the abyss! But on this day heaven was calm, the air was fresh and pure, and the unknown waters were tranquil. The travellers approached. 'How delightfully cool it is here, colonel,' said the lady, on entering; 'let us sit down for a few minutes on one of these blocks.'

"The colonel, for such it appeared was the veteran's rank, made no reply, but, with a severe look, nodded assent. After resting a short time he proposed to guide them over the ruins. I imagined I perceived in his manner an agitation, which escaped the observation of his companions, and I shuddered at the expression of his countenance, whereon I read hatred and a thirst for revenge. 'George!' said the lady to the young man."

A heavy groan here interrupted Wildherr. We all looked towards Arnold, who seemed to have lost his senses. Wildherr rose up and regarded him steadfastly; but Arnold turned away his face.

"What an astonishing resemblance!" said Wildherr in a low tone of voice. "Arnold! I saw the figure of the young man when he turned round to reply to his companion—he resembled you! Speak! Do you know him? You have light hair, and I know that he is dead, or I should say that it was yourself I saw!——"

Arnold made no answer, but arose, and staggering to the street door, was gone before any of us thought of stopping him, so great was our stupefaction. Wildherr fell into his chair, and regarded us with a wandering stare. "Shall I go on?" said he at last, with a feeble voice. "The lady requested the arm of him whom she called George, whose whole appearance so much resembled Arnold. The colonel, with a look of abstraction, pointed out to their admiration the remains of

the splendid paintings with which the walls are still covered;—but it was evident that some secret thought oppressed him. I could guess what that thought was, for it required no great skill to discover in these travellers two lovers and a deceived husband—it *was worse*! After a few minutes they approached the pit—the young people with curiosity, the colonel with a fearfully sinister expression of countenance. I can scarcely go on. ‘Behold,’ said the colonel, ‘a gulf which recalls many tragical recollections. See, Eleanora, is it not still grand?’ As he spoke he seized her, without resistance, round the waist, for she suspected nothing, and raised her on the very edge of the stone-work that surrounded the pit. ‘See!’ The lady looked in. ‘Heavens, colonel, how dismal it is! It makes me quite afraid; all sorts of indescribable noises appear to rise from the gulf. Oh! George, suppose any one fell in.’ ‘*There would be no return,*’ said the colonel, gravely, still holding her suspended over the abyss. I remained panting from very fright. An inexplicable fatality—a power unknown—fixed me to the buttress which supported me: I would have rushed forward,—I could not move! I would have uttered a cry,—my tongue clave to my mouth! I was condemned to witness, without the power to prevent! ‘Are you curious, madam?’ said the colonel. ‘Would you like to know the history of this pit, eh? I will tell you.’ The bitterness of his smile was appalling! ‘For goodness sake!’ exclaimed the lady, ‘do not leave me here; my head begins to turn.’ She really now began to tremble. ‘Do not be so silly, fear nothing; you see I hold you fast. Cast your eyes downwards whilst I tell you the story!’ ‘*Father!*’ exclaimed George, ‘do not alarm her!’ ‘Why need she be afraid, sir?’ ‘Oh! my dear husband, it is unkind of you.’ ‘Nonsense! madam, listen to me. A former lord of Aldersbourg—Hildebrand I think it was—married a lady, noble as she was beautiful, by whom he had two sons. He had the misfortune to lose her after a fifteen years’ union of the happiest kind; and the hundred times greater misfortune, a second time to marry a young and lovely woman. For some time he was happy; she bore him a daughter. At length one of this lord’s sons returned from the army. An in-

cestuous flame——. You tremble, madam! An incestuous flame burnt on the hearth of the old Hildebrand. Deceived in his trusting—horribly betrayed in the affections of those so dear to him—what think you, madam, what did he?—Speak!’ ‘Oh! God! have mercy upon me!’ said the lady, who was now as pallid as death. ‘Father! father!’ exclaimed George. ‘What! speak, madam, what think you he did? He had the miserable beings bound, and with his own hand threw them into this pit! He was avenged!’ ‘I am lost!—lost! George!’ shrieked the lady.

“It was too late! George rushed forward, but it was over! A cry, one only, but a most fearful cry, struck him motionless!—Then I heard her body whistling through the air, and striking against the sides of the pit, with a dull reverberation, and at last a terrible shock!

“My sight failed me; and I lost all consciousness, at the instant, that the colonel had seized George with a grasp of iron. I should have fallen into the castle-ditch, but the loop-hole was too narrow for my body to pass through it. The young girl was at her father’s feet, crying—‘Mamma! Mamma!’ I saw no more!

“I was recalled to consciousness by a dreadful cry. I looked round—George *was not there*! The colonel—his clothes all disordered and torn, as after a desperate struggle—was carrying the young girl in his arms; and was rushing from the ruins. I darted after him, to stop the wretched man; but a *portfeuille*, which I picked up near the pit, delayed me some few moments, which were sufficient to make any attempt to pursue him vain. When I reached the gate, I could only see that the colonel descended the hill very rapidly, and threw himself into a carriage, which no doubt had conveyed him there; and disappeared in a cloud of dust, gilded by the rays of the sun.”

Wildherr ceased to speak. We, too, were too much agitated to break silence. Carl Hautelman was the first who did so—“You have mentioned a *portfeuille*, Wildherr, have you opened it?”

“No. I am aware that in it are the names of the actors of this tragedy, but still I have not yet been able to muster sufficient resolution to even look at it. What ought I to do? The horrible scene I witnessed ever haunts my thoughts;

I ever hear the cries of the victims. Advise me:—Ought I not to discover and deliver up the murderer?"

"There is no doubt," said I, "that, under any other circumstances, it would be your duty to denounce such a crime; but in this case, it must be confessed, there was something to excuse the wretched colonel's deed. But in any case, before we take any decisive step, would it not be better to find out what interest our friend Arnold can have in the events you have just related? Where is the *portfeuille*?"

"At home. Shall I fetch it? I will act just as you advise."

At the moment, when I was about to accompany Wildherr to his home, a servant rushed into the room, in a state of deadly alarm. "Ah! sirs," he cried, "such a dreadful event! my master is dead! M. Arnold has killed himself!—Behold!" The poor fellow put a letter, addressed to Wildherr, into his hands; he had found it on his master's table. It

was as follows:—"I believed that the secret of blood and death was between Heaven and myself; but Wildherr, since fate has made you master of it, learn all.—The colonel was my *father*; the wretched lady was my *mother-in-law*; and the young man, George Blumenhagen, was my *brother*. My little sister, the girl you saw, is now *mad*! My father, during one of the paroxysms of a raging fever, having revealed to me the catastrophe which you witnessed, put an end to his existence in a manner which I follow, to deliver myself from life, now utterly insupportable! Adieu."

We hurried with all haste to Arnold's lodgings, to see if it were possible to save him. The evil was remediless—the unfortunate youth had blown his brains out, and was dead!

Wildherr, too, never was able to shake off the melancholy malady that wasted him: he has been dead these six years, having destroyed, without opening it, the *portfeuille* of George Blumenhagen!

SONG.

THE SWEET GENNESEE.

O'er the wilds of the west, the last sunbeams were streaming,

And sad was my heart on a far foreign shore:

A star o'er my own native island was beaming,

That island, alas! I could ne'er visit more.

How bright was the scene, but I mark'd not its splendour;

My spirit was far, far away o'er the sea;

And I sank in remembrance, too fond and too tender,

Oh! sad were my thoughts by the sweet Genesee.

The gay blooming sumach, the vine and the myrtle,

Above me in wreaths of wild beauty were spread;

And soft was the soul-breathing note of the turtle,

And sweetly the zephyr sigh'd over my head.

A thousand bright wings of rich plumage were glowing,

And sweet tho' the strain of the minstrel might be,

I heard not their notes, for my heart was o'erflowing

With grief, in my exile by sweet Genesee.

But bright as the beam on the fair river streaming,

Was the glance which dispell'd from my eyelid the tear:

And sweet as the music we hear in our dreaming,

Was the voice of Louisa, which thrill'd in my ear.

As the vapours retire from the charms of the morning,

So vanish my sorrows, Louisa, from thee;

A world of new beauties the wild wood adorning,

O! how would I part from the fair Genesee.

Too fleeting our raptures, too soon I departed,—

Repose was denied to a wand'rer like me:

And now thro' the world I may roam broken-hearted,

And sigh for Louisa and sweet Genesee.

WALTER CLIFTON.

THE MELANGE :

OR,

A Collection of MS. Papers, found among the Effects of a Young Collegian, defunct: comprising Tours, Essays, Anecdotes, and the Letters of a Modern Abelard, &c. &c. &c.

EDITED BY H. R. S.

“ Dans l'art d'intéresser consiste l'art d'écrire.”

It is a pleasurable duty to cater for the public amusement and instruction. Information, in the present age, is sought at every source, and by every method. It is, therefore, with a view of adding to the diversity of the numerous channels already flowing with knowledge and philosophy, that the following papers are published.

No. I.—THE STUDENT'S RAMBLES IN SEARCH OF THE PICTURESQUE.

St. Bees, Cumberland.

With this romantic design I arose one cloudy morning, in the spring of the year 18—, rather earlier than usual; and probably, from its gloomy aspect, should have been diverted from my intention, had not my hack-steed been engaged on the previous day, which, added to an innate dislike to submit to disappointment, induced me to hazard the chances of a wet jacket. This determination, too, was further confirmed by the sudden appearance of a bright horizon towards the “windy quarter,” betokening a general “clearing up;” and, as the result turned out, my weather-wise predictions were not without foundation.

Thus resolved, and bent “unknown regions to explore,” I mounted my patient palfrey, and, after paying sundry and divers *reconnaissances*, quite irrelevant to my present expedition, quickly directed her ambling paces into the winding road, leading to the wild, mostly unvisited, solitary, but very picturesque lake of Ennerdale. Amongst a variety of interesting objects, which, at every curve of the road, presented food for mental reflection and admiration, was the pretty river Enn, whose gurgling waters, running parallel with many parts of the verdant hedge-bound track, gave a lively *coup d'œil* to the whole surrounding scenery.

This river, or rather rivulet, takes its rise at the northern end of the lake which I was in quest of, and continues its meandering course till it disembogues itself into the sea, near a small place on that part of the coast called Bragston. Like most of the small rivers thereabout, it abounds in trout, and furnishes, in the season, ample sport to the angler.

But my attention was principally arrested, in approaching the valley wherein lay the dark, deep, smooth waters of the lake at the foot of a rustic bridge, by the

charming effect this “trout stream” gave to an avenue of Scotch firs, just beginning to shoot forth their pristine foliage to greet the arrival of enlivening spring. After contemplating this sweetly romantic spot for some minutes, with thoughts only to be conceived by congenial minds, I hastily urged my little galloway forward, and, buried in cogitations, as the reader will conclude, of course profound and varied, awoke not from my trance till the beast instinctively halted at the stable-door of a dreary-looking farm-house on the borders of the lake. Here I was speedily attended by a blithe-looking lassie, who, having first bestowed every requisite attendance upon my weary steed, and graced the manger with a bounteous feed of corn, directed me into the rugged pathway that led to the humble and only cot, ‘yclept a *boat-house*.

As I approached the lake, and surveyed its gloomy waters with the circumjacent fells, as the mountain ranges are called in that country, I could not help contrasting in my mind the diminutiveness of the *tout ensemble* with the descriptions I had read of similar scenery in Switzerland. But national predilections soon flew to allay the keen, self-inflicted smart of ridicule which such an unfair comparison had suggested;* and I strolled on, happy in the idea that, though collaterally small, this was the natural production of my own pater-land. Indeed, a tourist whom I subsequently met at Derwent-Water, and who had lately returned from Helvetia, assured me that *our* lakes, with their beautiful scenery, being *unique* of their kind, were to him as much the subject of his admiration, in a lesser degree, as

* We remember, in a ramble through Switzerland, being asked by the natives if we had any mountains in England, as theirs seemed to strike us with such astonishment and wonder.—Ed.

the grander and more stupendous scenery of the Alps: therefore, a comparison was ridiculous, because the character of each *locale* is perfectly distinct. In this self-satisfied mood, then, I reached the perspective *boat-house*, which was constructed on the margin of the lake; and, while the good sybil of this humble abode was preparing some homely refreshment (for I have always observed that we modern knight-errants cannot exist, as the heroes and heroines of chivalry did of yore, upon sentiment and glory), I launched forth in the rude skiff, to enjoy the coolness of the waters.

The towering and rugged cliffs on the opposite side shed a gloomy aspect over this water; and the bosom of its dark and fathomless pool being ruffled by a boisterous south-west wind, which rushed down the precipitous steep at the farther extremity, rendered the navigation to a stranger highly dangerous. But my nature, ever venturesome and enterprising, urged me to row on, not heeding obstacles which might have appalled a less daring temperament.

The force of the current, however, obliged me to desist; and, after tugging with the ill-contrived paddles till my fingers were blistered, and my physical strength well nigh exhausted, I, in the nautical phrase, "lay to," allowing my ungainly bark to follow the course in which unruly Boreas chose to impel her.

The whole spot is dreary in the extreme; a fit retreat for the recluse and the anchorite, and possessing no attraction to the *ordinary* traveller, except its excellent fishing. The lake abounds with every variety of the finny tribe that is peculiar to those celebrated natural reservoirs.

I was peculiarly impressed, at the moment, by the following incident. Stretching across the lake, which is little more than a mile in width, while intensely gazing on the receding shore, I perceived what appeared to be one side of the fell *on fire*. The sight was magnificent, and although, as a Southern, I was puzzled to account for such an apparent phenomenon, I could not help regretting that "night had not spread her ebon mantle o'er the horizon," to give the spectacle that grand effect which darkness would have supplied. I afterwards discovered it to be a custom in those parts to burn the wins, or furze, to prepare the soil for a more

profitable herbage.* But I could not resist the thought—O sacrilege! to despoil the beauteous face of nature thus: yet what will not man do for the sake of filthy lucre? Such was my ejaculation, when I beheld the devastating hand of the boor continue to apply a lighted ember to the driest roots of the devoted furze. Resuming my melancholy reverie, I ran over, in my "mind's eye," the spot most preferable for a *cell*—yes, gentle reader, a *cell*—for such was my morbid fancy; and, though I had not yet seen any other of the lakes, I decided, from report, that this was most adapted for retirement and study: yet I do not mean that ascetic seclusion from the world which superinduces a cynical and churlish hatred of mankind, but that philosophic and rational secession from the "toils and turmoils of life," which is, in my apprehension, the real and unsophisticated pleasure of existence.

The reader may suppose that, after having ridden several miles since breakfast, and otherwise fatigued myself, I was by this time very naturally roused from my musings by the impertinent calls of hunger, which compelled me briskly to disembark, and make a craving retreat to the fisherman's hut. Here I found every thing necessary to replenish an empty stomach, neatly arranged; and upon eggs and bacon, most voluptuous gourmand! your humble tale-teller sat down, *sans ceremonie*, and made a hearty dinner, if the term may be given to so frugal a repast. There is one circumstance, for your information, that I could get no better for love or money; neither did I carry with me a "sumpter mule:" and therefore contentment, with a good appetite, was my only resource.

Having discussed a due proportion of my wholesome, though homely, fare, and disbursed the ancient hostess with current coin and mutual thanks, I bid farewell to the lonely dale; and vaulting on the back of my renovated palfrey, speedily retraced my flowery route, finding all things on my return exactly as I left them in the morn, except that then old Bega's

* It is the custom in Switzerland, at the end of the feeding season, when the cattle have consumed all the herbage, to exhibit large fires on the tops and sides of the mountains, to acquaint the country people that they must take home their cattle. To a stranger, these midnight mountain fires have a striking and interesting appearance.—Ed.

abbey walls were gilded by the rays of a glowing sun, which now had sunk behind the western hills, yielding to Cynthia's pale orb, whose soft and tender light stole calmly o'er the tranquil scene.

CHAPTER II.

In the summer of the succeeding year I was invited by a friend, a young clergyman, to come and spend a week or two with him at his Alpine cot, near Loweswater. I gladly accepted his invitation, for he was a man of my own turn of mind, and his little parsonage was, I knew, situated in one of the most romantic glens of that most romantic region. Joined to these considerations, he was possessed of much talent and information—indeed, he was a poet; and it was, therefore, with alacrity and real pleasure that I made my way into his company. He had been visiting the retirement where I was pursuing my studies; and, on his quitting, I took the opportunity of availing myself of his guidance, to pilot me to his rural dwelling. After leaving Whitehaven, we rode for about twelve miles through a country possessing little interest, till we approached the vicinity of Cockermouth, where the road suddenly curving with rather a sharp angle, gave us a fine prospect of the fells, rising one above another, the summits of the furthest ridge appearing to close in with the edge of the horizon. A few miles cantering brought us into Cockermouth, a clean airy town, the chief attraction of which, *to me*, was a heap of castellated ruins on the left, as you enter from Whitehaven; but the day being far advanced, we had not time for any topographical survey, and therefore, abandoning our steeds at an inn, we commenced pursuing our route towards Loweswater on foot. Indeed, that is the only mode, if you wish to participate *fully* in the enjoyment afforded to the pedestrian from the surrounding scenery, whilst wending his way along the valley. For five miles we rambled along, unconscious of the gathering dews of a midsummer's night-fall; and still fresh, and our spirits not at all flagged, we arrived at my friend's domicile. I shall never forget the rapture I felt on surveying its situation. The house was humble enough, certainly, in its structure—but, *then its situation!* Embosomed in woods, it peeped out of a small but well-stocked orchard. On one

side was the lane by which we had advanced, winding, with gentle ascents and descents here and there, through hedges decked by the wild rose and honeysuckle, which grew in profusion. On the other side, the ground sloped down in pasture-meadows to the margin of a rapid mountain stream, which flowed lower down the valley. The rear was protected from the north-west winds by a steep acclivity, tufted thickly with wood, from portions of which some of the prettiest views imaginable were to be seen. The view in front was completely intercepted by a sudden turn of the lane lower down. After taking this hasty survey of my friend's abode while dinner was preparing, my reader may justly conclude that my appetite enabled me to do more than equal justice to the hospitable cheer within. In the science of gastronomy I am but a poor proficient: all I can say is, that I know how to enjoy a *good dinner*; and I think the habitual flavour of my palate would enable me to detect a *good* from a *bad* bottle of wine. But I can lay no charge of deficiency in either against my worthy friend. His dinner was like himself, *little and good*, and his wine was a *bonne bouche*. I certainly went to bed in better health and spirits than I had enjoyed for previous months. The next day being Sunday, I accompanied my friend to his little unique mountain church, and heard an excellent sermon from him on the virtue of *contentment*. The singing, as in most of the northern churches, being congregational, was *particularly good*; and the extreme neatness of the building, and the primitive manners of the Christian flock, charmed me excessively. His residence being three miles from the Arcadian lane, we occupied the interval between the services by a stroll through the woods on the opposite side of the river. Some parts of this wood are cut through by very agreeable paths, fitted up with benches, the work of the proprietor of the adjoining inn; and the weather being fine, and the atmosphere warmed by the beams of a July sun, we sat and mused in a very philosophic mood. I shall never forget that afternoon. On the left gleamed through the foliage of the trees Crummock-Water, backed by stupendous cliffs and hills. Right before us stood the little rustic sanctuary, the clang of its solitary bell coming on the breeze to

summon us to afternoon service. The right was shut in by a mound of trees, and at our feet lay a gentle declivity, covered with underwood. My friend having looked at his watch, we quitted our seat, and soon overtook some of his honest-looking parishioners, on their way to unite with their brethren in prayer and thanksgiving to Him who made the sea, the land, the lofty hill, and the level plain.

The duties of the day finished, we returned to his retreat,—spent a calm and tranquil evening together, planning our week's tour, and retired early to rest, that we might prepare our limbs for the following morning's march. Somnus having refreshed our bodies by pleasing slumbers, the carolling of the birds awakened us to the splendour of a bright summer's morn in the heart of the mountains. Having partaken of a substantial breakfast, we left my friend's cot, and commenced our ramble to Keswick, which lay some miles on the other side of the fells to our left. I must not omit in recording these desultory and by-gone pleasures, our calling on our road on a lady in the adjoining parish to my friend's. You may fancy, reader, the mistress of the mansion we were about to enter, when my friend whispered in my ear, "*she was so particular a woman, that she would never on any account be known to attend any other but her own parish church.*" This was enough for me to expect a *rara avis*; and, accordingly, when I had the honour to be introduced to this leader of la Montagne *haut ton*, I was not disappointed. She was a woman about fifty, and traces of what she had been—a handsome woman, still lingered throughout her whole person. But she who pleased me most was her daughter! There was an air of pensive melancholy, which, joined to something that my friend had briefly told me about the *history* of their family—the major part of them being *insane*—interested my susceptible sensibilities exceedingly. Indeed, I have always entertained serious doubts of my own sanity at intervals; and this bland maiden of the dell fairly set me beside myself. I thought only of her and her hapless family for the *whole week afterwards*. She afforded a topic of conversation between me and le curé, the whole of the remaining way to Keswick. He, of course, bantered my romantic sympathy, but, ne-

vertheless, that did not alter my feelings. Yet, amid all these delicious reflections, I found time to remark the novelty and grandeur of the scenery through which we were traversing. After some hours' walking, we began to descend the steep declivity which leads directly down into the town of Keswick. The effect of the view here surpassed description. To our left was partly seen the waters of Bassenthwaite (which I think was the name), and the first object of attraction to me, was the modest looking villa of our poet-laureate, Southey, who constantly resides here. I saw nothing in the town except some museums of local geological and mineralogical specimens, which give it a tone different from any other country market town; and as our intention was to push forward the next morning, we delayed looking at the *lake* until our return.

I always prefer the coffee-room of an inn wherever I stop, because there is more variety of character and incident to be found there, than elsewhere; but verily my peculiarity was well nigh annihilated by the utter disgust I experienced at the upstart airs of some greasy cheesemonger, who had come down from London for the purpose of "*taking*," and who seemed as if he wished to monopolise the *whole establishment to himself*. Talking, too, of upstart people, reminds me of the divertissement I enjoyed the succeeding morning, on seeing a large party of grouse-shooters, chiefly composed of the firm of H— and Co., certain purse-proud sons of Belial, whose persons and manners had been a continual source of annoyance to me while residing in their neighbourhood.

* * * * *

What a magnet is a well-turned ankle, a pretty waist, and a smiling, good-natured face! My friend and I were just mounting our horses to take a morning's ride to Ambleside, when our progress was impeded by a whole cavalcade of belles and beaux, on their way to ascend Skiddaw. I gave one glance at *one* who returned it; and although I had been the whole morning conjuring my friend not to think of proposing to reach the summit of that huge mass of kindred clay, and although, too, our time was pressing, as he had to pay his respects to the bishop, who was then rusticiating on the banks of Grasmere, yet when

I beheld so much loveliness beckoning me to go one way, and duty, as it were, another, I wavered in my decision, forgetting the toils I indolently feared to encounter in the morning. But very simple things very often serve to shake our resolves. A turn of the road carried the party out of my sight, and my horse making a brisk start forward, put all wavering out of my head. I galloped on with my friend, and we amused ourselves in speculating upon whom they were, and whom they would think *we were*! Oh! vanity—vanity—all is vanity! Two hours' riding through the most enchanting scenery, brought us to the hermitage of the Bishop of Chester, now of London. It was the most rural, yet classical, seclusion conceivable. The place belonged to the far-famed and highly-gifted Professor Wilson, who had spared no expense, and displayed much taste, in the fitting it up. It was now occupied, for the summer months, by the most youthful, learned, and pious member of the episcopal bench. My friend having paid his respects, we trotted on to our destination. Reaching Ambleside in the afternoon, and having bespoken our dinner at the Salutation, a very excellent inn, we sallied out to see the *lions*. But I must not forget to notice a very neat new church, built by Lady F——, not far from the entrance into this pretty village. How different to one which we had passed some miles on our road before. This was so like a stable, and being situated directly facing a little road-side caravansary, I never should have recognised its *real* character, had not my friend pointed out the *rude belfry*, with its rusty, time-worn appendage. I thought of *Methodist conventicles, prebends stalls, and the greediness of certain priests of Leviathan*. Ah! poor church of England! and, ah! thy still poorer ministers! I mean those who *really* and *in truth* are *thy ministers*; not the fat round parson, with good capon lined, but him who hath to pass off *rich* with *forty pounds a year*, and perhaps a *wife* and *six or seven children* to support! Out upon it! I wished then I was the *king*, and I thought I could have made a *better defender of the faith*! But pardon me, sire: I doubt not, if you *personally* knew the *evils* that blot your *dynasty*, and overwhelm your suffering labouring priesthood, your majesty would relieve

them. At the back of our hostel we went to witness the most beautiful cascade I had yet seen. To me, such a sight was strange. I had only read of them in books; but this lost none of its effect on me. I gazed on it for hours, though I dare say it was nothing but a pocket cascade compared to those I have had described abroad.

There is also here a choice collection of drawings in water-colours of the principal lakes and views in this and the adjoining county—Westmoreland. But what were these to nature's handy pencilling without? We took a hasty glance at Windermere, the sultan of lakes; and the sun being on his declination, we judged it prudent to retire to our inn, make a good dinner, and mount our horses, in order to reach Keswick again before night-fall.

In our hurry to get over the ground between Keswick and Ambleside, for certain ceremonious reasons, I had not leisure to direct my attention to particular objects. Yet, withal, I cannot but linger in memory's trance upon the banks of Rydal-Water, and the picturesque abode of Wordsworth the poet. Truly, none but a poet could appreciate* the intrinsic worth of such a spot for retirement and philosophy: none but a lunner of ardent feeling could value the features of such a landscape. I think we obtained the finest prospect by going a little out of our way, and ascending a mount on the edge of the old road, leading in a straight line from the slate-quarry, instead of proceeding by the border of the lake. Those of our readers who have visited that spot will recollect it from our description, though it be very imperfect. We also passed one or two other lakes or meres of minor importance; and my friend did not fail to point out a mound of stones by the road-side, as you approach towards Keswick, under which lay buried some ancient king of the Saxon heptarchy, and to which, of course, some marvellous legend was attached by the natives. But before I close our peregrinations this day, let me pause on the sublime effect which the frowning front of grim Hel-

* So we feel that none but the painter, the sculptor, musician, or artist, in his particular branch, can enjoy the full excellence (with all its occasional envyings) of works in his particular calling.—Ed.

vellyn gave to the scenery, as sable night drew her ebon veil over the face of the earth. Behind, darkness followed our horses' hoofs; and before, one ray of light darting from the mountain's lofty peak, just lighted us to our quarters.

I dreaded encountering the cheese-monger again in the coffee-room, and had half retreated from the door, when I was most agreeably surprised to find his place occupied by a stranger. One glance satisfied me that he was a *character*; but the mode of becoming acquainted with him I left to chance. An opportunity soon presented itself. My friend in ordering supper had, in asking my choice, mentioned *my name*. This seemed to have touched the tympanum of my new companion's ear, and he began to be loquacious. But first let me describe him, before I report progress.

He was, briefly, tall in stature, of muscular make, quaint in his demeanour, and bore about him marks which indicated somewhat within surpassing show. His dress was that of a pedestrian tourist; a black plaited hat, a short linen jacket, loose inexpressibles, and, to complete the whole, he carried a knapsack. I was more amused with the manners of the waiters towards *him*, and his perfect *sang froid* towards *them*. He would have nothing but *cold* meat, when they brought him perhaps a *roasted fowl* warm from the spit; and he would drink nothing but *small* beer, when they brought him *bottled porter*. To me he gave very *potent* reasons why he would not touch either *hot* meat or *strong* drink, because they only tended to ferment his blood, and relax his powers for walking. But to *them* his conduct was amazement; and had he not prefaced his demands by a hint that he was quite willing to pay the same, if his fancy was indulged, he would perhaps have disgusted those useful limbs of a *table d'hôte*. I said that my *name* introduced me to his notice. How much is there sometimes in a name? He had accidentally fallen into company with a gentleman and his family of the same name, the preceding summer, in Switzerland, while traversing the Alps; but I assured him that I had not the honour to be related to that family. However, the ice was broken, and we fell into conversation. I found him to be a man of some information, though of eccentric habits;

and from his discourse I gathered that he had been formerly of Oxford, since leaving which he had indulged his taste for a roving life, and had travelled on foot over the largest part of the continent. He was then on his way through the lakes and dales of canny Cumberland, to visit a friend with whom he had become acquainted in Switzerland, and who was then residing in the neighbourhood of Workington: thence he intended proceeding to the lakes of Killarney, in old Erin; and afterwards he would take a peep at the Highlands of Scotland, ere the winter came in. We wished each other good night, and as he was going part of our route the following morning, we begged to have the favour of his company. By the dawn we managed to find our coffee-room friend battling with a host of sharks, *alias* guides, who were all and each setting forth their several virtues with clamorous tongues; and after a mutual recognition, and much ado about nothing, we at length fixed upon a "devoted head," and bent our steps after him to the shore of Derwent-Water. We embarked in our conductor's skiff, and were soon ferried to the shore, which faces the track through Borrowdale. I puzzled my brains to give our boatman a classical name, and thought of the ferryman of the Styx, but it would not do. I have a wretched memory for names and numbers, which phrenologists have told me arises from my want of the latter organ. But to my story. After disembarking, we all walked to view another very remarkable cascade, Low-dawr, some yards from the shore, and situated at the rear of a small inn, through the neat little garden of which we were ushered by a blithe damsel, who seemed appointed to attend on travellers. This might do, I thought, perhaps in that simple, primitive region, but in the more civilised country of the south there would be danger of such temptation.

This waterfall differed little in my judgment from that at Ambleside, except that there the spectator looked *down* upon the eddying torrent, and here he looked *up*. Though I do not pretend to say but that, on a critical inspection, probably a vast variation might be traced. On quitting this spot, we parted with our short-lived fellow-traveller. He to trudge the valley of Borrowdale, and we to tempt the "*dangers of the deep*"

across the lake. But before we bade farewell for ever, I obtained this acknowledgment from him, "that every part of the lakes and fells which he had visited, were in miniature quite as beautiful and imposing as any he had seen in the territories of the Swiss." This lake is studded with two small islands, on which very picturesque edifices have been built and thick plantations reared. The shores of the lake are very tastefully set off by handsome villas, and the whole has an exceedingly luxuriant air. But there is too much art blended withal to please my taste: so much spoils the face of nature, and cloy the eye. I preferred the lonely, sterile vale of Newland's, through which we were half an hour afterwards strolling. In this truly retired spot, I and my friend completely lost our way, and had some stiff walking before we could regain the beaten road again. However, it afforded us a little adventure. We at last, having called sundry councils of observation, determined to push our forces to a solitary-looking farm-house, some short distance onward. It being hay-making time here in this late region, we found no one in the house but an old beldame, who was apparently preparing a repast for the labouring peasants. Soon afterwards they came in piping hot from the meadows, and we very thankfully partook of some milk and brown bread which was offered to us. These simple creatures are very hospitable and good-mannered, and when on departing I had my hand in my pocket to reward them for their civility, my friend beckoned me not, and subsequently assured me they would have *felt very indignant at such an offer*. We loitered along the fields in the vale, and sat to muse and contemplate on a rustic bridge thrown across a mountain rivulet, shaded from the sultry noon-day sun by a number of young larch and beech trees. I never felt more happy in my life than when leaning on the rail of that little bridge, looking at the tiny fish dogging each other up and down the pellucid stream, and listening to the merry birds and the hum of the cheerful peasants toiling in the adjacent close. But loitering here longer, said my friend, will not bring us to our journey's end: we therefore arose, girded up our loins, and prepared to depart. The rest of the road continued through a very dreary defile;

and the only object which I could cast my eye upon to relieve the tedium of our path, was a being with a huge piece of frame-work affixed to his shoulders, and who, my friend informed me, was a shepherd of some mountain flock, wending his way up an almost perpendicular barrier of rock and sand to procure peat. I watched him till my eyes ached, and nothing could exceed my astonishment when I beheld him on the summit many hundred feet above me, his form appearing like some spirit of the crag. An hour's sharp walking brought us to the lake and inn of Buttermere, so celebrated in song and story for its beautiful maid. Here we obtained a comparatively sumptuous dinner; the first course consisted of fish taken from the adjoining lake, and the whole was crowned with superior wine. I must not forget to record what was related to me on the spot in commendation of the *liberal* provision of the establishment for some of its clergy, that the *curate* was compelled for *subsistence* to return to the original calling of the apostles, and *rent the fishing of the lake*, while *his wife took in washing*, and *his daughter was a sempstress*! The chief priests of a Christian church who themselves enjoy thousands, and whose families live in luxury, if *acquainted* with this circumstance, would be, doubtless, the first to use a more appropriate distribution of church revenues. Would they, if aware of this, or believe what they taught, so act, as to pamper the "pride of life," and the lusts of the eye, and indulge in vanities and follies which they have *sworn* to abjure; while the poor curate who executes *all* their functions, acquires not a minimum proportion of those proceeds which were bequeathed solely to support the duties *he* performs upon a *vegetating pittance*: what an awful and solemn account must they not one day give at the judgment-seat of their Master, for such irreparable detriment done in paralyzing the *purposes of His religion*, to convert and enlighten the souls of men, by winning them to the gospel. The corruptions of the Jewish and Romish priesthood were punished by a New Dispensation, and a Protestant reformation: why should the church of England expect to escape a just retribution?

This digression, gentle reader, was forced upon me by the spontaneous in-

dignation which the *sight* and *knowledge* of *abuses* ever raises in the breast of men eager for the promotion of that "pure and undefiled religion," which our national establishment not only teaches, but which its heads profess to inculcate.

Bidding adieu to this sweetly retired haven of nature's choosing, we pursued our way homewards along the shores of Crummock-Water,—crossing it to visit an extraordinary fall of a perpendicular column of water from a lofty height of many fathoms. At some periods the mist created by the dashing spray is so dense and humid, that the traveller cannot penetrate to the foot of the fall; but the opportunity being then favourable, I

approached so close, as to be able to look upwards to the orifice above, through which the torrent had excavated a passage in the rocky-top of the fell. We tried by a circuitous track to reach the summit, but being up a very steep acclivity, literally covered with large masses of stone tumbled one upon another, from which it is necessary to leap and scramble like the chamois-hunter, we found it too fatiguing, and relinquished the effort. The day, too, was fast waning; and by the time we arrived at my friend's snuggery, from which we had been absent a week, night had closed in, revealing only the starry-spangled arch of heaven's high vault above.

RADICAL REASONINGS.

BY J. E. CARPENTER, AUTHOR OF "LAYS FOR LIGHT HEARTS."

What! not go out of town, love;
Oh! to that I can't agree;
Don't say you're short of money;
You'd a fortune, sir, with me:
You have promised me a tour, love,
And there's plenty to be seen;
Besides, we ought to go, love,
Just to say that we have been.

Don't talk about Boulogne, sir,
For 'tis now half English there,—
I would not cross the channel,
Such company to share:
I'll not put up with Paris,
Tho' I grant you that it's gay;
In short, I'll visit no place,
Whence we get back in a day.

Rome—I should like to see, love;
For I there have never been;
There'll be plenty of excitement
(I'm so partial to a scene):
And then we must endeavour
At the carnival to be;
As I'm partial to a frolic,
'Twould be such a treat to me.

Don't try to make excuses,
For your sophistry won't do!
I'm quite resolved on going,
So the question's not with you.
You have *promised* me a tour, sir,
And there's plenty to be seen;
Besides, we ought to go, sir,
Just to say that we *have* been.

MEDICAL REMINISCENCES.

A VILLAGE APOTHECARY.

No calling is more arduous, or mixed up with greater endurance, than that of a village apothecary. His fatigues, encounters, and hardships, far exceed those of the general heroes of romance, without his ever enjoying popular applause (which stimulates other men to great and constant exertion), or even the sympathy of the busy world, as a balm of comfort, whilst following him in heart through some, at least, of the very many heart-rending and affecting scenes which he is perpetually doomed to witness. When debarred from pursuing their usual round of pleasure, and stretched upon a bed of sickness, the rich, the powerful, and the noble, aye, and even the lowly in rank and fortune, may for a moment turn an eye of compassionate thought from their own sufferings, and the mortal aid which succours them, to that profession which heals them in the hour of pain, or restores them to the world and a lovely family, when disease seems to be fast carrying them onwards to a final resting place. Whatever compassion may be bestowed upon the actually ailing, whether in high station or low, and there is no lack of kindness in this respect, the important services of medical practitioners, generally, are but little estimated by the public. Looking at the early years of the medical student, the perseverance, diligence, and talent which is requisite, there should, indeed, be some golden—some diamond charm to chain him to his pursuit. When duly passed in his examinations, and starting in the world, he is compelled to give, besides considerable sums of money, a long drudgery of service; and, quite accomplished to practice the sanatory art, he solicits public support in permitting him to heal all the sick and diseased of some parochial infirmary, until the *higher* honour is bestowed upon him of some official post, without *fee or reward*, in a public hospital. What then can be thought of a calling possessing so few apparent attractions, accompanied with so much of real pain and travail. To a few of the many thousands who follow the medical calling, some lucky chance may open the door to great preferment and ample fortune: such is the situation of those who live in

large and populous cities. The village apothecary, whose toils are not less, but whose "at home" circuit ends with the untenanted fields which bound the parish in every direction, and whose other patients lie scattered over some ten or twenty miles of country, what the power which sustains him in the unwearied assiduity of his professional pursuit? Surely the real secret must lie in his own consciousness of being an instrument of good. Humble in his notions, limited in his prospects, never dreaming of more than moderate competence, he pursues his journey through life, envied by none, though generally respected by all. Whatever may be his engagements, which are unprofessional, he must instantly abandon them, where his services are wanted: alike, he must sally forth to rich or to poor, to the annual (perhaps triennial, or may be septennial) paymaster, and to the patient, who cannot pay at all; at the times of his meals, at the hours of his night-rest, off he must go, such is his calling; or a condemning world places upon his shoulders any accident which may happen, he must go to those who send for him, (whether they are really ill, or only fancy they are so,) though he himself be almost worn off his legs, and is really suffering dreadfully.—He must also attend to those who are brought to him; nor do his duties end only with the living, he *must obey the coroner*, and without a fee, and without reward, he must give the benefit of his knowledge to a public who can afford to pay, and satisfy a jury how the soul of the defunct chose to escape from its mortal case, whilst perhaps in his compulsory absence, the lives of half a dozen patients may have been in great jeopardy. Such, then, is one side of the picture; and amidst all his reverses, his spirit must be filled with exultations, when he calls to mind that *he alone* of all the inhabitants of the village is able by his superior knowledge and skill to afford succour in the time of sickness. The parson may surpass him in Greek, and the lawyer in argument; but in his own calling, the magnates of the village bow to his authority.—Whilst they are slum-

bering in warm beds, he is often wandering alone over solitary roads and barren hills:—then, notwithstanding his mental superiority to such absurdities, the traditional superstitions of the neighbourhood will sometimes occur to his mind, and harrow up his soul with supernatural fears; the creaking branch of a tree, the chains of a fettered horse, the fluttering wings of the owl or bat, oft occasion a tremor in his breast, in the uncertain gloom of night;—and when he passes the churchyard of some lone hamlet, with the shadows of the gravestones elongated in the moonbeams, an involuntary shudder will sometimes pass over him; and more than ordinary effort is needed for him to convince himself, that some unearthly spirit has not mounted behind his saddle, or, at least, is not closely following his horse's heels. I am speaking only of the life, with many years' experience of the duties of a village apothecary. I will conclude with the following characteristic sketch of—

A GIPSY'S TEST.

One stormy night in November, 178—; having been invited to taste the Christmas ale of a worthy neighbour, we engaged in profound philosophical discussion, which rivetted the attention of his excellent spouse, on the impossibility of a concussion of the comet, with our own planet, when I received an urgent summons to visit the child of a poor cottager, residing at a distance of rather more than five miles, as, by the messenger's account, it was an alarming case. I immediately ordered my pony and departed, intent in great measure in pursuing in my own mind the probable course of the comet. My road lay across a wide moor, which to a traveller would have presented a difficult and dangerous pass; but the tracks being well known both to myself and horse, we proceeded onward in perfect confidence, notwithstanding the darkness of the night. Just as I had reached the opposite side of the waste, I was startled to see a human figure hastily approaching; and apprehensive of his intentions, I spurred my beast, and escaped. I was glad enough to be beyond his reach; but, from some unknown cause, the individual uttered a cry of regret or disappointment, which the howling of the wind, and spattering of the rain, prevented me from clearly defining.

Having administered remedies to the cotter's child, I returned homewards, yet not without alarm, as when I again drew near the self-same spot—the scene of my recent adventure—I looked anxiously around, endeavouring to pierce through mysteries of the darkness, that I might escape the threatening danger. I, however, was the agitated thing, and I passed on without the appearance or probability of danger; pursuing, therefore, with renewed hope, the beaten tract which would have conducted me to my own home, and already anticipating the indulgence of a good nap until morning, my expectations were suddenly changed, by the appearance of an athletic figure close upon me, by whom I was commanded to stop. I trembled from head to foot, and bound by necessity, obeyed without resistance, by dropping the bridle on my horse's neck, and yielding to the will of my mysterious guide. We proceeded in an unbeaten track across the moor; the man, in answer to my questions of our destination, merely answering, that I would soon be satisfied that no harm was intended me. His utterance bore no resemblance to persons of the neighbourhood, but something foreign; a circumstance which added greatly to my previous disquietude. As we approached the eastern boundary of the moor, lights were seen to move, and it now became my conductor's evident intention to reach the quarter in which they appeared. Voices were now heard, and in a few short minutes more, he stopped at a low tent of considerable length. I was at this time aware that I was about entering a gipsy dwelling, and the cry of joy by which I was received, made it apparent that my arrival was neither unwelcome nor unexpected. Two of the tribe then led me into an inner apartment, which was more complete in its arrangements than that through which I had entered. The sight of a man stretched on a couch of straw, who was groaning from excessive pain, speedily announced that my professional services were required; and the anxious looks of the whole tribe, the tears, and cries of the women, and the species of mock state by which my now patient was surrounded, proved that he was father or chief of the company. In age he seemed to be beyond fifty years: a gay and joyous expression was visible in his countenance, in spite of the pain which,

from time to time, distorted his features. His eye was clear, bold, and sparkling; his manner kind, yet commanding; but there was *wherewithal*, a particularly good-natured, waggish smile on his face, when he apologised for the rough manner in which he had obtained my advice. His complaint was pleurisy; and by copious bleeding, and a few of the useful medicines with which a village apothecary is always provided, I gave him instant relief, and hopes of speedy recovery.

Having performed my task, I was about to solicit leave to depart, when it was respectfully announced that supper was prepared for me. Curiosity, awakened by a certain savoury smell from the outer apartment, well sustained by a good appetite, prompted me to accept of their hospitality. The savoury preparation consisted of a chicken stewed into a mess, which, I confess, was not a whit the less palatable from the probability of its having been furnished from the farm-yard of a wealthy miser in the neighbourhood, who has never been known to give voluntary assistance to any poor person, not even to

those on his own estate: who, moreover, has been many years indebted to me in the very trifling sum of five pounds three shillings and twopence, for medical attendance, during two long illnesses and many colds, for a period of six years; a circumstance to which I would not have alluded, had he possessed one spark of humanity. My patient continuing to breathe easily, I took my departure, amidst warm demonstrations of gratitude. Two gipsies directed me across the moor; and upon parting, contrived to slip into my hand a larger fee than falls often to the lot of a village apothecary.

The day had dawned, and as I advanced towards the village, I could not help considering what mistaken views we often take of our fellow-creatures who are in a different condition from ourselves; and, that the good and kind feelings of humanity are to be found in every class of society. I am not sure that my horse fell into the same reflections as his master, but from that day forward, he never crossed the moor without indicating a strong desire to visit the spot of the gipsies' tent.

THE FAITHFUL LOVER.

A glorious night! the summer moon is sweeping
 Along the azure sky,
 With fragrant dews each herb and flower is weeping,
 The breeze forgets to sigh.

The nightingale alone is sadly haunting
 The shadows of the grove,
 And they but linger while the bird is chaunting
 His low sweet strain of love.

O! not on night's cold ear that voice is dying,
 One faithful heart beats near,
 And softly whispers to his tender sighing,
 Love! weep not; I am here.

His cry is hush'd—O bird! thou hast the power
 To calm each fleeting pain;
 Thus ever come to charm the midnight hour,
 Then part—to meet again.

CAROLINE.

REMINISCENCES IN DOMESTIC LIFE.—No. IV.

[COMMUNICATED BY MRS. HOFLAND.]

There are few qualities in the human character more rare, than constancy of attachment to the first object which awakened passion, more especially in men. Even when woman continues hopeless,

affection either for the man who has deceived her, or for one who has been irremediably torn from her, it may be supposed that many circumstances have united to indispose her heart for a new

object, besides its own tenacious adherence to the old one. When the seal of sorrow has been put upon the features, and probably wasting sickness impaired the frame, the attractions of youth and even beauty are fled, and premature old maidish looks so strongly imparted, that in this very populous world of ours, it is hardly likely she will be tempted to resign the sentimental adherence to the "one loved name," which won her virgin affections. Besides, there is not a little spice of self-will in the composition of most women; and in many cases, if we changed the word constancy into that of obstinacy, we should be quite as near the truth, especially, when the object of her devotedness has been proved unworthy of her and her love.

On the contrary, if a man is compelled from prudence, or by disappointment, to resign the object of his passion, he either plunges into dissipation, is compelled to attend to business by circumstance, or seeks the consolations of friendship; and should a female listen with patient ear to the praises he lavishes upon another, and look with a pitying eye on the sorrows he endures, it will be no wonder if, in due time, he finds, "that friendship with woman is sister to love." Constancy must be nursed by hope, or secured by principle in early life; hope springs with love, and if it die first, we may augur that the stronger passion will yet follow. The constancy of married life is secured by the absence of hope, combined with the action of principle upon the mind, and the general habit of domestic life in its endearing ties and associations. Let no fair lady, however numerous may be her charms and pretensions, frown upon fidelity secured by conscience and kindness; for beauty "will grow familiar to the lover," and a new face will have its hour of fascination to the gay and imaginative: therefore, happy and praiseworthy is he who resists its influence; and in doing so a man obtains his reward, not only in self-approbation, but by the increased esteem and tenderness of the woman who can value his efforts and cherish his virtues.

If an affectionate female is so situated as to accept of a heart where the hand must be long delayed, let her well consider the nature of the bond ere she accepts it, or rather the nature of the man who makes it. Many men honestly pro-

mise, yet do not therefore perform, because they are ignorant of their own natures, and probably not less so of the world wherein they are placed. Vain men will rarely prove constant, for self-conceit will mislead them, and in seeking to gratify the ruling passion by awakening admiration, they may find their weapons turned on themselves: as men proceed in life, ambition and avarice become enemies to love, and induce many a man to repent an early engagement who may have the honour to keep it, but not, therefore, the self-government to make it happy. It is only the well-regulated mind—the warm, ingenuous heart, upright in action, and gentle by nature, which will prove in truth constant and confiding, loving and trusting.

In point of fact, an affianced pair so situated are in a very awkward predicament; and happy would it be for many, if they preferred conquering their passion in the first instance, to wearing out by time, patience, and assiduity, those circumstances which militate against their wishes; since it is a hundred to one that before the period arrives when they can marry, such an union will have ceased to become desirable to either the one or the other, and indifference on either part must cause unhappiness to both.

All my young lady readers may exclaim against me for such a judgment, for "*eternal love* exactly suits their taste;" and they can conceive no state more interesting than hers who can wait through long lingering years for the beloved one, toiling for lacs of rupees, whilst gaining only a liver complaint in the East Indies; the barrister whose briefs are brief in number, and whose years are accumulating; the curate expecting some preferment by the death of an old incumbent; or the doctor as soon as he shall get into sufficient practice, whilst starting with a dash he has spent more than his all, in his endeavours to establish a fame which the world denies him, and is heavily in debt. How melancholy then, and how worthy our commiseration is the lot of those ill-starred, thus deprived, who are in the May-day of life, and ought in the nature of things to share its flowers and sunshine. Depend upon it the rush of the torrent is less injurious than the slow dropping of that sorrow arising from hope deferred, from the fears and jealousies, the expectations

raised only to be blighted—the wear and tear of years of anxiety, mortification, and suspense.

If such a prospect be with any of you, pause long ere you embrace it, or rather be resolute and abandon it,—be just to yourselves, and therefore unjust to the man you love; for although he must share the affliction, be assured his sufferings will not exceed your own. On the other hand, if there is a probability that only two or three years need pass before you may enter on a happy union, wait not only patiently but cheerfully: your years are few, and time will improve you, and both parties be better for the trial. Those who have waited, and suffered for each other, are most likely to feel the full value of the boon they receive, in the possession of a friend esteemed not less than beloved, and endeared by many a delightful recollection of long-continued and unchangeable constancy.

In some cases, we find very gentle, and even yielding natures, accompanied by a tenaciousness of affection, which neither the allurements nor the buffetings of the world affect, and without hopes, or plans for the future, can exist as it were upon the past; and retiring into the recesses of memory for comfort (as into a tomb, sacred to the dead), relume the lamp of love, and live in its hallowed light. It may be truly said, such souls are not for this working-day world, nor can they be exactly held out as examples in an age of political economy and practical utility; nevertheless, they are objects of our honour and admiration; and in the romantic purity and constancy of their natures, we behold something more beautiful and hallowed than our own, and which we contemplate as allied to the celestial, whatever be the form or the situation it occupies on earth. Among the number, we may place those who, through a sense of duty, yield to the opinions and decision of their rulers, whether parents or guardians. They claim our admiration—they excite our warmest and most affectionate sympathy.

When Jane Luxmore was seventeen, Edward Marriott was fully convinced that she was not only the loveliest, but the best girl in the world; and when she lost her only parent, and was rendered dependent upon her relations, he found not only how much his judgment approved, but his heart loved her. Indeed, such was

her beauty and merit, that his father found no fault with his evident predilection; but as he was born only a few months before her, he spoke of both as children, who he trusted would be good, and wait until Edward was settled.

This father, a kind, but improvident man, lived up to a very handsome income obtained from a public office, but, nevertheless, brought up his son in the counting-house of a merchant; never considering that in order to make him more than a servant, he must produce a capital, either to arise from his own savings, or the portion his son might obtain with a wife. Being a very handsome youth, of good address and various accomplishments, the mother (who stemmed in vain her husband's passion for expense) sometimes desired such a mode of help for her Edward; but she loved him too fondly, and approved of the modest Jane too sincerely, to hint her wishes. Between two and three years every thing went on to her mind, every thing was promising, and Edward the most attached of sons and lovers, and likewise the most industrious young man in the circle of their acquaintance.

Just before his son became of age, Mr. Marriott, then in the very prime of life, met with an accidental death. His wife, to whom he had been a most affectionate husband, was utterly overwhelmed by the stroke, and was soon stretched upon a bed of sickness. Two young sisters were thus, together with their mother, thrown, not only for consolation, but future support, upon a brother, at present receiving nothing for himself.

Mr. Marriott died without a will; and as soon as it was possible for him to act, Edward lost no time in selling his furniture, paying his debts, which were but trifling, and removing his still weak and mourning mother into a decent, but far different habitation from that to which she had been accustomed. From the aunt with whom Jane resided, he received much valuable advice and assistance; and the full approbation, the sincere sympathy of her he loved, were cordials to his stricken and still aching bosom. His conduct met the praises it merited from the house he served; and on attaining his majority, they retained him with a salary deemed liberal at the time, and an understanding that at the end of three years it should be increased.

This was a great relief, a blessing which

the destitute only can estimate; and such might be termed the situation of the Marriotts, for although in their days of prosperity they had many friends who were grieved for their afflictions, they had no relations who might have felt bound to improve their circumstances. In this respect Jane's situation was better than Edward's; she had many relations, who each offered a home when she might want one, and it was likely that the single ones amongst them might *some time* leave her legacies; but as all were now in the prime of life, the time must be far distant.

Alas! to what time could Edward look for the fulfilment of his long-cherished hopes: his sisters were young, and must be educated, and, if possible, in such a manner as would enable them to provide for themselves: his mother's health had received a shock which would probably render her an invalid for life; and it was with the strictest management alone, that at the present time they could provide the necessaries of life. True, that at the end of three years he was to have increase of means: this he repeated to himself continually, and to the blushing Jane also named it at the end of the year in the presence of her aunt—"At the end of two years," said he, looking wistfully towards her, "I shall be able to——"

"To pay your way like an honest man, Edward, and to provide for three dependent females, not one of whom can by any possible means provide for herself at the end of twice three years. Consider a little, and you will perceive that you have had help this year, which you will probably not have in those which are to come; such as the clothes you are all wearing, the plate you have been selling, and presents."

Edward was silent: Jane burst into tears.

"No!" resumed the aunt, "I see no possibility of your marriage at the end of even three years, or ten years, if I did I would be the last to speak against it; for I know not only that you love each other, but are suited to each other, and neither will be likely to form another connexion soon."

"Another!" exclaimed each party; with astonishment on the part of Jane, and scorn on that of Edward.

"Well! well! don't be angry, I speak for your mutual good. When I say that Edward may look out for a wife and find

one, whom he can marry with propriety, for which purpose you, Jane, ought to give him that freedom he now despises; and surely he will see that it is better to give you the same"—"if you part, it must be at once and for ever. The sufferings of both will be great, but not equal to the long-protracted sufferings of waiting until love is exhausted, or marrying to suffer all the evils of poverty, and inflict them also upon the best of mothers and her helpless daughters."

Having said this, the good aunt left the apartment; for as the deed, if done, must be accomplished by themselves, it was but right that they should examine the cause before them in every possible point of view, and either yield together to their weakness, or together evince their strength.

Who shall tell the resolutions, the relentings, the endearments, and finally the agony of the four ensuing hours, for they ended in agreeing to that separation which they held to be an insurmountable misfortune to which they must submit, and which they believed time might soften but not conquer. In reply to the aunt's entreaty that the resignation might be full and complete, they acted without reservation, for youth seldom temporizes: the farewell "for ever" came from the lips of both, whilst the heart of each asserted that they were bound "for ever."

Conscious of the severity of the trial, Jane Luxmore's friend endeavoured to render it more endurable to them by removing entirely from London, and professing a determination to travel through Wales, before she fixed upon any place as a permanent abode. When Mrs. Marriott was informed of the sacrifice her son had so nobly made on her behalf, she roused her energies to the utmost, in order to amuse and soothe him. In silence, but with glistening eyes, he received every mark of sympathy; and when pressing her thin hand, and reading her smile of grateful welcome, there were times when his heart told him that for a mother so beloved no sacrifice could be too great.

Time passed, his expenses necessarily increased, as the elder Miss Luxmore had predicted they would, and his own observations on life shewed him the difficulty of supporting a young family on slender means, and the pain of beholding a beloved wife denied the indulgences to

which she was accustomed. Born to experience in their utmost power the ties of domestic love, every spare moment was given by him to the improvement of his sisters, for whom he felt the cares of a tender father; and though his heart would often wander after Jane, and desire earnestly to hear of her welfare, he yet found that these dear girls supplied to him the society his heart required—he could not bring himself to part with them; and another rise in the counting-house enabled the fondly-attached family to keep together, and soothe the infirmities of a mother rendered prematurely aged.

On the death or marriage of his beloved Jane, Miss Luxmore herself had promised to give him notice; but when, at the end of ten years, the death of this lady herself was announced as having taken place in the south of France, he became entirely at a loss on the subject, and it struck him forcibly that nothing less than the illness of her niece would have taken a woman of her habits into a foreign land, and it was not improbable that there she had buried her, and met her own death in consequence. He now thought of applying to some of her relations in the country; but, alas! what end could inquiry answer? his circumstances remained the same, and those he loved constituted a tie as dear and sacred as ever.

First one and then another of his sisters were married, and their friends prophesied that he would follow their example; nor were there wanting those who, knowing the excellence of his conduct, desired to place in his hands the happiness of well-portioned daughters and nieces. His new connexions necessarily enlarged his circle of acquaintance, and dependent as he still remained, bright eyes looked kindly on him, and considerate mothers did not shun his attendance—civil to all, he was attentive to none, save the invalid mother to whom he was now more necessary, and if possible more dear than ever.

This enviable woman (for despite of her many sorrows, who would not have compromised for such a son,) had the satisfaction to know that her Edward was received as a partner in the house he had so long, faithfully, and vigilantly served, about a month before her death, which did not occur until the twenty-fifth year

of her widowhood, so long was life in a twofold sense sustained by love.

Mr. Marriott (for I no longer ought to call him Edward) had been of late so little with either of his sisters, that when he was now urged to join the elder in an excursion to Tunbridge, he could not refuse, after being assured that her design of raising his spirits would not be accompanied by either arguments or inuendoes on the subject of matrimony.

The first time they took a turn on the parade, they entered a confectioner's shop just after a countryman, who said he was come for Miss Luxmore's parcel; and as the message was not immediately attended to, he added, in a louder tone, "I want the things for Miss Luxmore, of Thorn Cottage."

A sensation of surprise, joy, something undefinable, shot through the very heart of Edward; and he turned suddenly to the door to hide his confusion, for which none suspected a cause, and which was therefore wholly unnoticed. As the countryman passed him, he said, "I thought Miss Luxmore died in France!"

"That were old Miss Luxmore, she what were Miss Sarah; but this'n be her as was Miss Jane, not that she be young at all, onley very good."

The man bustled away, but not till he had told in what direction Thorn Cottage lay. The discovery was treasured as a secret, and dwelt on as a sweet one: Edward was absent, yet not pensive, the rest of that evening.

"Jane had said her heart would never know another love, and, behold! she had kept her word!"—"in the dawn of life, and at that period when maturity effaces the day-dreams of youth, she had alike been faithful to her heart's chosen:"—"it was for his good she had renounced him, but surely she knew that *now* it would be for his good to accept him."

"Still there was much to consider,—the lady in question might not be *his* Jane; many years had passed—true! he felt not their weight; but she might have pined in secret sorrow, and as life advanced, felt also the burthen dependence inflicts on all who are no longer youthful!"—"at all events he would inquire."

Seated in his neat tilbury early on the morrow, for eleven miles over the most beautiful part of beautiful Kent, our traveller, though gifted with a taste for the

picturesque, and a heart ever ready to rise from "nature up to nature's God," saw nothing—thought of nothing, but the object and end of his journey; and he happily tried to believe that poor Jane must be sadly altered, and told himself over and over, "that his own hair was streaked with a few white lines—the crow's-foot had been planted on his temple."

But Thorn Cottage was the first house in a long straggling village, and proved a handsome dwelling, with a garden before it in most excellent order; giving his reins to his servant in silence (for his heart beat as it had not done for many a year), he stepped forward, and almost felt relieved when informed that "Miss Luxmore had taken a drive with a friend who was staying there, but would be at home in half an hour or so."

As he put his card into the hand of the maid-servant, she said, "Won't you please to walk in, sir, for I'm sartain sure she'll be exact to her time."

There was a kind of smile in the utterance of the last words, which appeared to add, "Mississ is an old-maid," and half offended Mr. Marriott; nevertheless, he ordered his servant to the inn, entered a library parlour, which looked upon the road, and endeavoured to obtain the courage necessary for sustaining the most important interview life could have in store for him.

Every thing around him bespoke an elegant mind and genteel competence: some rare china on the mantel spoke of the visits to France. He approached to examine them, when two small, and now shabby, little vases caught his eye; well did he remember giving them to Jane in the very earliest part of their acquaintance, they were a foil to the purple and gold of their neighbour's; but surely their station here spake of tender memories and unchanged affections!

His reverie was interrupted; a plain neat carriage drove to the door, in which were seated two elderly ladies; one wore the weeds of a widow, the other had a veil over her face, which was further concealed by a green shade over the eyes: on descending the steps he saw that her figure was slight, and the delicate foot and ankle could alone have shown *this* must be Jane—"my *own* Jane," said Edward; yet he half feared her entrance.

Her presence was delayed longer than

the dismissal of bonnets and cloaks could call for, and when at length the door opened, the lady of the mansion appeared leaning on the arm of her friend—"surely loss of sight did not require her to be thus led?"

It was at least evident that he was instantly recognised, as with much trepidation of voice, she said, with that peculiar smile which had once dimpled a round, smooth face of brilliant fineness, "it is, indeed, Edward Marriott."

"I am glad to find you remember me, Miss Luxmore."

"You are very little altered, Mr. Marriott," was the reply, followed by a sigh, which seemed to add, "that is not my case:" a truth that admitted not of doubt, for, alas! she was thin to very leanness; and although her eyes were free from inflammation, the method she had erroneously adopted for their preservation gave the hue of sickness to her complexion, and the appearance of age considerably beyond the reality. Marriott, on the contrary, looked ten years younger than he was, and might be considered a handsomer man than she had ever known him. The more she became aware of this, the more did her manners become constrained, until he turned the conversation upon her late aunt, of whom he spoke in a tone of affection which rendered their interview pleasant, yet mournful; but it was not until Edward's servant had driven to the door, that she said, "You are in mourning, Mr. Marriott, but I apprehend not for any person in your family known to me?"

"I wear it for one who loved you sincerely—my mother! Like yourself, I have never married."

Miss Luxmore's pale complexion for a moment became scarlet: she was silent, too, from utter inability to reply; and her companion could only inquire, "if he were likely to take another stroll so far from Tunbridge?"

"I shall be here early to-morrow," was the agitated reply.

On the morrow Miss Luxmore took a place in Edward's open carriage, enjoyed the drive, listened with the deepest interest to his history of the past, and told her own "short unvarnished tale of long confinements with various invalid relations, to one alone of whom she had herself been attached, though she trusted she had done her duty to all, for they had

provided for her amply." All went well until Edward spoke of his own unceasing regard, and his power of offering the home hitherto claimed by those to whom both duty and affection bound him.

"You must marry, Edward; you ought to marry, for you are so domestic a man by nature and habit, that you will be lost without some female friend—but not to me,—oh! not to me."

"Yet you, dear Jane, are the only woman I have ever loved?"

"You loved me when I was young, and have preserved in your memory an image more worthy affection than I can be now. I thank you for your love—your constancy; but I cannot deceive myself, I am no longer a suitable wife for you; but as a friend, you will be dear and valuable to me."

As a friend, then, Edward visited her frequently, and every visit rendered the changes of time less important in his sight; perhaps they were less in fact: for Jane dressed well, played admirably, and wore an expression of happiness in her countenance despite of her resolve; the green shade was abandoned as summer advanced; and the smile which always greeted him, proved that if her lips were thin, her teeth were perfect; and "what was person, where such a mind as her's could be found?" Still one subject remained interdicted.

One day when he had departed, after

speaking of his mother and his past trials, it struck her that even now he was in one sense dependant, since his share of capital must be provided by his partners!—"But I can render him free," she exclaimed, "I have more than sufficient for both"—"should he speak again"—"I think"—"yes! I can have nothing to fear from a heart like his."

Edward's next visit secured his Jane for life; and never did a faithful bosom exult more in the prize.

Be it remembered that I am telling a true story, and flatter myself I have readers (even young ones) capable of sympathizing in the felicity enjoyed by persons so singularly situated; they will also be glad to learn that since her marriage, Mrs. Marriott has become so plump and fair, as entirely to exonerate her husband from the charge made by the misses he slighted, of having "married an old-maid for her fortune." It is certain, at least, that in his eye she is perfect, and not only beloved most tenderly, esteemed most sincerely, but even admired in those points, to which the most high-minded woman is rarely found indifferent; for warmly can he praise her beautiful form, her French *coiffure*, the plentiful yet elegant table she provides for his friends, and the modest yet superior conversation with which she graces it. In short, they are happy, and well do they deserve to be so.

LINES,

INTENDED TO BE INSCRIBED ON A MONUMENT ERECTED BY A LADY TO THE MEMORY OF HER HUSBAND, IN THE CHURCH OF ———.

Amidst this hallowed gloom, with heart-felt woe,
O'er him whose mouldering ashes rest below,
Connubial love this monumental stone
Ereets. The private virtues were his own:
Shunning the world's applause—ambition's strife—
He loved the pure and calm domestic life;
Son, husband, friend! and, to complete the whole,
Religion strengthened and adorned his soul!
Ah! what to friends who mourn him can impart
Comfort, and ease the heavy-laden heart?
—The living hope that they with him will share
Widely-participated pleasures where,
In a house not made with mortal hands,
The pure in heart, in congregated bands
And full societies, shall sit on high,
Glorious at the right hand of Deity.

E. DARBY, JUN.

London Fashionable Chit-Chat.

Queen's Drawing Room.—Adoption of Dresses of the Age of Louis XIV.—Costumes from the Historical Portraits in the "Lady's Magazine."—Montespan.—La Vallière.—Court Dresses.—Fancy Balls.—Annals.—Miss Sheridan—"Keepsake" and its noble deserters.—Snowdrops.—Princess Sophia.—English Gentlemen's Field Sports.—Swaffham.—Geological Lectures.—Secret of the Toilette.—Receipt for Dentifrice.—Hints for the Complexion.—Painted Ladies.

I charge myself with ingratitude, my ever dear Leontine, that I am indebted to you for many a delightful despatch from your gay empire of fashion, without the slightest effort on my part to amuse you in return, with all the doings of fashion, genius, and pleasure in our metropolis. We are not altogether so busied with railroads, steam-engines, and poor laws, that the London season has not its attractions. The London season has begun, and I am in it; and I promise to journalize, and perhaps for your diversion, all that is either gay, blue, or beautiful.

You have noticed the effect that the publication of the beauties of *La siècle de Louis XIV.*, in the "Lady's Magazine" last year, has had on the dresses of the English court at our gracious Queen's drawing-room; every other English beauty was attired as Madame de Montespan, the lovely La Vallière, the beauteous Fontanges, the magnificent Maintenon, or the enchanting Duchesse de Maine. I think the dress of Montespan was the reigning favourite; *certainly*, it is very beautiful. How superior are these noble historical costumes, to the rapid compositions of the last new modes. I think the British court are under personal obligations to the "Lady's Magazine," for affording them these models. No disparagement to your monthly intelligence, *ma belle*, but modern dress does look mean by the side of these costumes. You do not know how much I am amused, when I see a party of ladies and gentlemen looking over the plates of the "Lady's Magazine." The gentlemen affect to despise the monthly fashions; but they turn in triumph to the historical portraits. "There is outline—there is grandeur—there is grace and reality," they say, "combined with valuable information: what a contrast to modern fashion!" The ladies, though a little awed by this tirade, nevertheless, steal a loving look at the newest modes, and consult in little coteries about them; while the gentlemen are carried into historical discussions on the influence of Madame de Maintenon or Catherine II. in the destinies of their respective countries. To some ladies, these discussions are a high intellectual treat; though, if they be handsome women, their thoughts often stray to the more interesting subject, of which historical costume will best become their style of beauty the next court-day. Recollecting, also, that such court-dresses may be worn at the fancy-

balls of the season. Certainly, the most beautiful costume is that of last month, Madame de Sevigné's lovely daughter. I wonder our English aristocracy have not yet adopted the costumes of Francis I.; those of Chateaubriand, Queen Claude, Queen Elenore of Austria, and La Belle Paule, are as graceful as any.

So, *ma belle amie*, you are discontented with our annals, are you? and say that "Friendship's Offering" and "Forget-me-Not" are the only ones worth looking at. You ask me whether the English public have left off laughing, for there is no "Comic Offering" sent you? and you wish to know what Mrs. Norton has done with all the aristocratic contributors of the "Keepsake?" To the first question I have a very serious answer to give; the fair Sheridan was alarmingly indisposed last unhealthy autumn and winter, and therefore obliged for a time to relinquish the fatigues of editorship; the "Comic Offering" will, however, appear next season, as the *belle demoiselle* that governs it is now restored to health. As to the evanishing of the noble authors from the "Keepsake," I cannot enlighten you on that point to any certainty: all I know is, they are still shining in various spheres of literature and fashion; though it is evident they shine no more on the "Keepsake." Perhaps the noble contributors deserted in a phalanx with their friend, Mr. F. M. Reynolds. You have not seen the "Souvenir," nor have I; it was beautiful the year before.

I am rejoiced to find you have as disagreeable weather at Paris as we have had this year: rain, rain, rain, with an amiable diversity of duck-frosts. Oh! what figures the poor snow-drops look this year, with their white gowns dabbled with mud. There is one sight that always enrages me, which is, to see snow-drops in London, I have always a mind to wash their faces, and inform the Humane Society against their owners; for why should flowers be tortured more than animals? The snow-drops in the country this year are as dingy as if they lived in London.

You will be shocked to hear of the danger our Princess Sophia lately ran of sharing the miserable fate of the poor Marchioness of Salisbury. The accounts in the papers say, that it was wished by the royal family that this accident should be concealed from the public; this is a stupid mistake, for why should such intre-

pidity and presence of mind, forming so good an example of conduct in similar danger, be concealed? The princess shewed all the calm courage, at prospect of death, for which the house of Brunswick is justly celebrated.

My father took me into Norfolk, when he went to the last Swaffham coursing meeting. You remember how he laughed, when you, with your French *naïveté*, were trying to learn from him what noblemen did at the Swaffham meetings; and at last you came to the conclusion, that they made dogs run races! Ah! *ma pauvre Leontine*, what they do there, I do not know; for English gentlemen exclude ladies from their diversions, when they congregate at Swaffham and Newmarket, and they often quit those places in a perfect state of exasperation. I was left at an old hall, on the verge of the most dismal heath you ever beheld, a glorious sporting district, as my father and my brother called it. I consoled myself by reading all Horace Walpole's abuse of Norfolk, and its vile field-sports. My friend the hostess, in order to dissipate my *ennui*, took me to Norwich, to hear Professor Sedgwick's able geological lectures. I was exceedingly entertained, though, truly, geology is awfully blue; the deepest dye that any lady can take, excepting political economy: *n'importe*. I far preferred the professor's antediluvian monsters to those vile dogs and horses. I suspect the professor is in love with the memory of a *plesio saurus*: he compared this darling monster of his to the figure of a lady; I wonder whether he had ever looked at one? But notwithstanding this heresy, I was delighted with the easy and eloquent manner in which he communicated his vast stores of knowledge.

I have, my dear Leontine, a little secret of the toilet to communicate to you, which I learnt in the country last winter. My dentist, C—, having a little alarmed me regarding the noxious sills often combined with purchased dentifrices, I had used nothing for my teeth, since last summer, but a brush and water. I thought the enamel of my teeth somewhat dimmed by this discipline, and I consulted my great aunt, Lady L—. She is a real country

lady, and the happy collector of a monstrous folio full of receipts, and she gave me out of it, one that is really excellent. My Swiss maid, Madelon, "the true little dove that serveth me," whom you recommended as my *suivante*, was busy under my directions, a whole snowy morning in February, preparing this dentifrice. You are to take some cuttings of the vine in winter, and burn them to charcoal, and quench them in a basin of water, then dry them on a piece of paper before the fire, and when quite dry, let them be rolled between paper with a glass rolling pin, till reduced to the most impalpable powder.

When the teeth are brushed with this powder, the whiteness given is exquisite; but Lady L— told me not to use that, nor any other charcoal, oftener than once in a fortnight. The charcoal produced from the vine twigs is of the tenderest quality, and does not scratch the teeth. Lady L— gave me another receipt, good for the complexion. Don't be alarmed, *cara*, it is nothing in the contraband shape of paint or pearl-powders; of which, though you are *une belle Française*, you have a true English horror. My good relative would die rather than offer such a temptation to her great niece, because she considers all ladies who use rouge in the light of painted Jezebels; and, like Maude, in "Old Mortality," would "rather testify in the grass-market," than commit such an enormity: and I,—why really, I have too much taste as an artist, to give an opaque effect to a cheek which is, when painted by nature, semi-transparent. Ladies whorouge, forget that they apply to the outside of the skin the effect that nature gives to the inside; and hence the heavy, staring, doll-like look which art gives to the faces of those who use it. As to my receipt for the complexion, you shall have it in my next epistle: Madelon and I have not yet composed the preparation.

Adieu, my dear friend, the season has scarcely dawned upon us of the metropolis of the west, while yours is upon the wane. Now Easter is ended, my intelligence will be better worth receiving. Till then, fare thee well.—Thine ever,

G— Square. BEATRICE S—.

Paris Intelligence—The Court, News, and Fashions.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, APRIL 25, 1836.

Il paraît décidé *ma chère amie*, that the flat sleeves should supersede those that have been so long worn, especially en grande toilette. For ball or dinner dresses, none other is to be seen; and a few, but not a great

many, of our elegantes are adopting them also in morning costume.

Short Sleeves.—The sleeve on the top of the shoulder is perfectly tight: some are like the sleeve of a man's coat, quite plain for a short distance below the shoulder; and

others are plaited down tight, which has the same effect, but looks perhaps better; one or two *sabots* not very full, and then another plain piece fitting tight to the arm with either a quilling of narrow satin ribbon, or a blonde garniture, completes the sleeve, which must be tolerably short to be fashionable. Some of them are plain all the way down, and are fancifully ornamented with puffs of crape, gauze, blonde, or bows of ribbon.

Long Sleeves.—Although the long flat sleeves are infinitely less worn than the short ones, there is ten times more variety in them. I shall endeavour to describe a few of those that appear to me the prettiest. Some are plain at the shoulder, like those I have just told you of, with one or two *sabots* above the elbow, the remainder of the sleeve fitting tight to the arm; others are plain at the top, with one *sabot* above the elbow, the sleeve there as tight as possible to the arm at some distance below the elbow; another puff or *sabot*, not quite so large as that at top; the remainder of the sleeve to the wrist quite tight. Some are *à la François I.*, in from five to eight puffs the whole length of the sleeve, the top of the sleeve always plain; the puffs in silk dresses are separated by narrow bands of the same material as the dress; if the latter has a coloured *liseré* (piping), the *liserés* on the bands are of course to match. In white muslin dresses these bands may be in *entre deux* (insertion), or else they may be lined with coloured ribbon, to match the ecinture, neck ribbon, &c. &c. I have seen some of these sleeves with four or five puffs above the elbow, then a space left tight to the arm for a short distance both above and below the elbow, and then four or five smaller puffs; the sleeve finished by a very deep *poignet* or wristband. It is still said that these sleeves will not be much adopted in summer dresses, such as coloured muslins, &c.; they certainly answer better for silk than for any others.

Dresses.—Nearly all the new spring dresses are made *en redingotte*; those of silk with a plain corsage, with or without draperies, put on the former more general than the latter: the back either quite tight or with a little fullness at the lower part, in the centre of the back spreading *en éventail*, which gives much grace to the figure. These dresses open either in the centre of the front, or at the left side; they are edged all round with a narrow *liseré* of a different colour from the dress, and are tied down with bows of ribbon to match. The sleeves are either such as I have already described, or else full all the way down. *Pelérines* are still worn with these dresses, but they are not by any means as general as they have been. *Mousselines de laine*, *mousselines de soie*, and *foulard satins*, are very much worn, just now, as the weather is yet rather too cold for white and coloured muslins. I have seen several

rich figured silk dresses, which you know are almost always de mode, and look beautiful.

Hats.—The hats are still very large, the fronts *evassées*, and forming a very large round to the face; the fronts of the hats descend very low at the sides, the calottes (crowns) are plain at top, and the bavolets immensely full, and set on in gathers; but the bonnets that make *sureur* at present are drawn *capottes de poux de soie*. They are trimmed with foulard ribbons, and some with flowers both in the bonnet and beneath the front. Hats of *paille de riz* are again coming in this spring; they are mostly ornamented with feathers. Flowers are very much worn under the fronts of the bonnets; some coming down at the sides, some only at top over the brow, and others merely a small bouquet at the temples; the flowers preferred are hedges-roses, Provence roses, and daisies.

New Materials.—The newest materials for dresses are *poux de soie*, figured, striped, and cross-barred: these are frequently of two colours, or two shades of the same colour.

Plaid gros de Naples.—In large and small squares.

Gros des Indes.—A thick ribbed silk for walking dresses.

Gros de Mascara, broché or quadrillé.—A rich silk in the style of *gros de Naples broché*, all over in flowers.

Mousseline de laine, à dessins confus: these are generally coloured grounds with white flowers.

Tissu de poil de chèvre; a material in the style of *Cachemierienne*, with or without figured satin stripes.

La peau de chagrin.—A silk with very narrow stripes, and satin spots at distances.

Besides these, there are plain and watered *gros de Naples*; the latter seem to be coming in again, and the greatest possible variety in coloured muslins; but it is as yet rather premature to speak of muslins.

Mantelets, Shawls, and Scarfs, of taffetas or *gros d'Antwerp*, as it is now called, black, and trimmed all round with black lace, are becoming more and more fashionable every day. I have described them so frequently, that I need not do so again.

Lingerie.—In this department there are many *nouveautés*. We have shawls for the summer (half squares) of thin white muslin, embroidered in a rich border, with a sprig or bouquet in the corner at the back, and lined with pink, blue, or *paille* silk: they are trimmed on both sides with a deep white lace put on full, especially at the corner; the front or inner side is merely trimmed with a lace edging; a slope is taken out of the neck, and a large falling collar, embroidered, trimmed with lace, and lined with silk, is put on. These very elegant shawls are likely to become very prevalent this summer.

Mantelets of white muslin, or tulle lined with coloured silk, are also coming in. The



LE FOLLET
Courrier des Salons.

Boulevard St. Martin, 61.

*Chapeau en paille de rose des M^{mes} de M^{me} Rousseau. Leliane, place de la Bourse, 34.
 Robe en Mousseline anglaise de M^{me} Mouton. Rue St. Henri, 35.*



LE FOLLET
Courrier des Salons

Boulevard St. Martin, 61.

Expédition à domicile des M^{mes} de M^{lle} Follet, r. Montmartre, 133. Redingote en paille de rose cannelée - Robe de jeune fille en gros de nantes - Robe d'enfant et tablier de Batiste d'écru - Toilette des M^{mes} de M^{lle} H. Louches, rue Turbigo, 1.

lingeries have at present a great assortment of beautiful collars and pelerines, embroidered *en application*, on washing blonde and other very open tulle. The pelerines are round at back, and sloped off in front, where they fasten beneath the ceinture. The collars that are put on to the pelerines sit very flat, and are a good deal open in front. Ruffles are becoming very fashionable.

Short scarfs, made of gauze, or immensely wide ribbon, are worn round the neck. The ribbons worn as *pompadours* this year are narrow and short. **Pomposes**, round bows of ribbon, made up in the style of those put into baby's caps, are very much in vogue. They are worn with two long ends, to fasten pelerines or collars at the neck; and smaller ones are worn, one at each side, beneath the fronts of the bonnets.

Hair.—The long hair braided *en couronne*, and worn rather far back on the head; the front hair in smooth bands, or ringlets *à l'Anglaise*, or in one long thick ringlet at each side of the face, voilà les coiffures les plus comme il faut.

Flowers.—Those most in vogue are roses, the heliotrope, daisies, jessamine, lilac, and wallflowers.

Reticules.—The newest reticules are as small as possible, and so adapted as to be worn suspended to the ceinture in the style of the *châtelaines* of old. They are embroidered in tapestry-work on black or white silk canvass, are nearly square and perfectly flat, and are open at the top, so as to admit of the purse or handkerchief being put in, with the same facility as into an apron pocket; they are generally ornamented with rich tassels. In size, these reticules do not exceed from three to five inches in the square.

Colours.—For hats, the prevailing colours are blue, pink, paille, and white.

For Dresses.—Drab or dust colour, *écru* (the colour of unbleached cambric), lavender, and one or two shades of green, not very dark.

En voilà ma chère amie, assez de modes j'espère pour cette fois.

Mademoiselle de Trévise, daughter of the late Maréchal Mortier, is about to be married to the Comte de Gulin, colonel of one of the cavalry regiments.

Great preparations are making for the celebration of the king's fête on the jour de St. Philippe, the 1st of May; the court will quit Paris immediately after, and, it is said, that their Majesties will inhabit the palace of the great Trianon in the park of Versailles, for a time, previous to taking up their usual summer residence at Nemilly.

Her Majesty, Madame Adelaide, and the princesses, attended high mass at the church of St. Roch on Easter Sunday and Monday. The new grand historical museum at Versailles will not be opened on the 1st of May, as was announced some time since.

Lord and Lady Canterbury have taken a house here for three years, which is furnishing in the first style of magnificence. The Hon. William and Lady Barbara Ponsonby have engaged the splendid mansion of the Duc de Crillon, Place Louis XV., for the summer months. The Hon. Charles Compton and Lady Cavendish, and the Hon. Colonel Caradoc, are amongst the latest arrivals.

Me voilà au bout de mon papier, adieu ma belle, aime moi toujours, ton amie,
L. de F—.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PLATES.

(No. 9.) **WALKING DRESS**.—Hat of paille de riz, the front large, très *crasée*, and descending very low at the sides. The hat is trimmed with gauze ribbons (see plate); the ribbon, after encircling the crown, forms a large bow at the left side; a second, but smaller, bow is placed towards the right side, where it retains a bouquet of three ostrich feathers. The lining of the hat and the bavolet are to match the ribbon. Dress of English muslin, the corsage fitting tight to the bust (see plate), with three rows of insertion put in at the shoulder, and reaching in a slanting direction to the waist; the muslin is gathered between the rows of insertion. Sleeves plain at top (see plate), and formed into four puffs; the lower one a short distance above the elbow, where it fits tight to the arm; four smaller puffs are between the elbow and wrist. The waist of the dress is excessively long; the skirt long and full, and trimmed with two flounces, *festonnés* at the edges, and headed with two rows of insertion. Hair en bandeaux lisses; frill of washing blonde quilled to the top of the dress; white kid gloves, silk stockings, shades of black drap de soie. The dress of the sitting figure is of poux de soie; scarf of gros d'Antwerp, trimmed all round with black lace. Hat of paille de riz.

(No. 10.) **Capotte à coulisses** of pink poux de soie, ornamented with foulard ribbons, and a veil put on at the edge of the front of *tulle illusion*; dress of gros de Naples, cross-barred in a very small pattern. The corsage is made *en chélie*, with a reverse or pelerine to turn over (see plate); the revers is round at back, and sloped off towards the front, where it crosses a little above the waist. The skirt of the dress, which is very full and long, opens in front; the side which wraps over the other is rounded at bottom; the whole of the dress is edged with a *liséré* to match, and is fastened down the front with bows of ribbon. Sleeves à double sabot at top, and fitting tight to the arm from the elbow down (see plate); embroidered collar and habit shirt of washing blonde; hair in plain bands; white gloves; black shoes.

CHILD'S DRESS.—*Capotte à coulisses* of poux de soie, lavender silk frock; the corsage high (à l'enfant), with regular fulcrums,

from the top of the neck to the waist; sleeves full all the way down; pelerine to match the dress, and falling collar. White muslin trousers, trimmed with two worked frills; brodequins to match the dress; white gloves: hair à la Chinoise.

SECOND CHILD'S DRESS. — Frock and trousers of Scotch cambric. The corsage full, and trimmed at the neck with a double frill of the same, *festonné* at the edge, and

small plaited (see plate); sleeves full all the way down. Apron of Scotch cambric, with an insertion let in all round. The two side breadths of the apron are merely fastened to the front one at the waist, and are held together at the sides with three bows of ribbon placed at distances (see plate): this make is the most fashionable at present for aprons. Hair divided on the brow, and curled at the back of the neck. Grey brodequins.

STANZAS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STRAY FLOWERS," "ORACLE OF FLOWERS," &c.

'Tis strange that joy and sorrow blend
So often on this earth:
Our happiest days to grief will tend,
Our gloomiest hours to mirth!

Joy never is so near to grief,
As at its brightest hour:
Autumn throws gold upon the leaf,
For winter's reckless power.

Even our very hopes have fears,
To lure their steps astray:
Our smiles are all akin to tears,
"Life is an April day!"

Love links its flowery fetters round
The fondly trusting heart;
Those chains by Fate's rude hand unbound,
With all their beauty part!

'Tis ever thus our joy and grief,
In the same garland twine;
As night-shade weaves its poisoned leaf
Around the eglantine!

HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY'S THIRD DRAWING-ROOM.

The Queen held a third drawing-room at St. James's, on the 21st ult. A guard of honour of the Life Guards, with their band in state uniforms, were on duty in the large Court-yard of the palace, and the King's guard of the Foot Guards were on duty in the Colour Court-yard of the palace, the band playing alternately with the Life Guards during the afternoon.

It is impossible to conceive the immense multitudes of pedestrians and equestrians, gaily dressed and splendidly decked out, who were moving in every direction. The "treasures" of the east flocked towards the west; the pathways were crammed to suffocation; the broadest of our streets were stopped up by carriages. The air was neither mild nor balmy, and rather cutting wind prevailed abroad, yet there was a cheerfulness in the atmosphere, and a sort of attraction in the occasion, which gave to the west of London a look of grandeur, magnificence, and gaiety, which we have seldom seen equalled.

Sir Frederick Roe, chief magistrate of Bow-street, and a numerous party of the new police, commanded by their officers, were in attendance.

Before the drawing-room, Baron de Moncorvo, envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary from the Queen of Portugal, had an audience of her Majesty at the Queen's house. His Excellency was introduced by Earl Howe, her Majesty's Lord Chamberlain, and conducted by Sir Robert Chester, master of the ceremonies.

His Majesty's honourable corps of Gentlemen at Arms, with Sir George Pocock, standard-bearer of the corps, were on duty in the presence chamber, the portrait gallery, and at the principal doors in the state-rooms reserved for the royal family.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, accompanied by his Serene Highness the Prince of Leiningen, and attended by Lady Flora Hastings, Sir John Conroy, and Sir George

Anson, came in state to the drawing-room, escorted by a party of Life Guards. Her royal highness entered the palace by the Colour-court, where she was received with the usual honours by the King's guard. Her royal highness's dress on this occasion, as usual, was composed entirely of articles of British manufacture.

The Duchess of Gloucester was attended by Lady G. Bathurst and Sir Samuel Higgins.

Their Royal Highnesses the Duke of Cumberland, the Princess Augusta, and the Duchess of Gloucester, and their Serene Highnesses Prince Ernest of Philippstahl and Prince Edward of Carolath, were present at the drawing-room.

The following ladies of officers of her Majesty's household were in attendance:—Countess Mayo (in waiting), Marchioness of Ely and Countess of Brownlow, ladies of the bed-chamber; Miss Hudson (in waiting), Mademoiselle D'Este, Misses Bagot, Mitchell, Eden, and Hope Johnstone, maids of honour; Lady Caroline Wood and Lady Bedingfield, bed-chamber women; Earl Howe, Lord Chamberlain; Earl of Denbigh, master of the horse; Hon. Mr. Ashley, vice-chamberlain; Captain Pechell, equerry; Captain Vincent, Mr. Murray, Lieut.-Colonel Jones, Captain Curzon, and Mr. Mellish, gentlemen ushers; and the Hon. C. De Salis, page of honour.

At the *entrée* drawing-room, Mr. Wilkins, envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary from the United States of America at the court of St. Petersburg, was presented to the Queen by Mr. Vail, charge d'affaires of the United States.

Mr. Philip Friell, A. D. C., and the Moolvee Mahommed Ismael Khan, ambassadors from the King of Oude, were presented to her Majesty by the Right Hon. Sir John C. Hobhouse.

The Baron de Nolcken, officer in the Guards of his Majesty the King of Sweden and Norway, was presented to the Queen by Count Bjornstjorn, the Swedish minister.

Mr. R. Blackmore, hon. corps of Gentlemen at Arms, was presented to the Queen by Lord Foley.

The drawing-room was attended by the Russian ambassador and Countess Pozzo di Borgo, the French ambassador, the Neapolitan minister and Countess Ludolf; the Prussian minister, Wirtemberg, Hanoverian, Buenos Ayrean ministers; the Danish minister and Baroness Blome; the Portuguese minister, the Grecian minister and Madame Tricoupi; the Bavarian minister and Baroness Cetto; Noory Effendi, Ottoman minister, and M. Salame, his Majesty's oriental interpreter; the Netherlands and Saxon ministers; the Marquis de Barbacena, on a special mission from Brazil; M. de Hummelauer, the Austrian charge d'affairs, the United States charge d'affairs and Mrs. Vail; Mr. Wallex, Belgian charge d'affaires Count Sekendorff, secretary to the Prussian Legation; Mr. Lichtenberg, privy councillor of the Hanoverian Legation; Count Plessen, secretary to the Danish Legation; Chevalier de Ribeiro, secretary to the Portuguese Legation; Count de Grammont, secretary of the French Embassy; Talat Effendi, first secretary, and M. Vagorides, interpreter of the Turkish Legation; Baron Lebzelter, attache

to the Austrian Embassy; the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Chamberlain, the Groom of the Stole, the Master of the Horse, Lord Hill, gold stick in waiting; the Captain of the honourable corps of Gentlemen at Arms, the Captain of the Yeomen of the Guards, the Master of the King's Buckhounds, the Deputy Great Chamberlain, the Master of the Robes, the Paymaster of the Forces, the Treasurer of the Household, the Clerk Marshal; Lord Frederick Fitzclarence, equerry to the King; the Master of the Ceremonies; Rev. Dr. Blomberg, clerk of the closet; Sir Matthew Tierney, Bart., physician to the King; the Attorney-General; Earl Cadogan and Hon. Captain Poulett, naval aides-de-camp to the King; Earl Aboyne, Lord Saltoun, Lord Downs; Colonel Sir John Harvey, Sir Robert H. Dick, Sir Adolphus Dalrymple, and Elphinstone, aides-de-camp to the King; Lieut.-Colonel Cavendish, silver stick in waiting; Major Hyde, assistant master and marshal of the ceremonies; Master Graves, page of honour; Captain Courtenay Boyle, R.N., and Colonel Fowle, grooms of the privy-chamber; Lieut.-Colonel Sir Frederick Smith, gentleman usher to the King; and the following—

Dukes—Wellington, Sutherland, Beaufort, Leinster.

Marquises—Anglesey, Bute, Lansdown, Tweeddale.

Earls—Burlington, Grey, Aboyne, Kinnoull, Minto, Lonsdale, Rosslyn, Sheffield, Radnor, Sandwich, Brownlow, Winterton, Stanhope, Galloway.

Viscounts—Newry, Ashbrook, Melbourne, Howick, Sidney, Fincastle, Glandine, Cantilupe, Hood, Alford, Ferrard, Loftus, Maynard, Palmerston.

Lords—King, De Tabley, Dunsany, Byron, Glenelg, Morpeth, Henniker, Castlereagh, G. Somerset, G. Loftus, Howard, Heytesbury, G. Paget, Fitzalan, F. Beauclerk, A. Paget, Bingham, J. Stuart, W. Lennox, Bridport, Redesdale.

Archbishop—Armagh.

Bishops—Down and Connor, Rochester.

The following were presented to the Queen:—Countess of Burlington, by Mrs. Cavendish; Lady Paul, on her marriage, by the Countess of Verulam; Duchess of Beaufort, by Lady Harriet Mitchell; Lady Stratheden, on being created a Peeress, by Lady Cawdor; Lady Fletcher, on her marriage, by Lady M. Monck; Hon. Mrs. Bligh, on her marriage, by the Marchioness of Lansdowne; Lady Arbuthnot, by Lady Christie; Hon. Mrs. Rous, on her marriage, by the Countess of Stradbroke; Hon. Mrs. Every, by the Dowager Lady Blackett; Miss W. Curtis, by her mother, Lady Curtis; Miss M. Hawkins, by her aunt, Lady H. Whitehead; Mrs. F. Kelly, by Lady Mackenzie, of Kilcoy; Mrs. J. Birch, by Mrs. W. Canning; Mrs. H. Coape, on her marriage, by the Hon. Lady King; Mrs. H. Tuffnell, by Lady Byron; Miss J. Erskine, by her mother, Mrs. Erskine; Miss G. Erskine, by her mother, Mrs. Erskine; Miss Johnson, by Lady M. Wynyard; Miss Prince, by her mother, Mrs. H. C. Hoare; Miss Coape, by the Hon. Lady King; Miss C. Coape, by the Hon. Lady King; Miss Napier, by her mother, Lady Paul; Lady S. Tower, on her marriage, by Countess Brownlow; Countess of Kilmorey, by Lady Anna Maria Cust; Lady Mackenzie, of Kilcoy, by the Hon. Mrs. S. Mackenzie; Countess of

interton, by Lucy Countess of Winterton; Mrs. Colyear Dawkins, on taking the name of Colyear, by Lady Campbell; Mrs. W. D'Urban, by Lady Y. Buller; Mrs. Wedderburn, on her marriage, by Lady Dunsany; Mrs. C. Wyndham, on her marriage, by the Countess of Denbigh; Mrs. Palmer, on her marriage, by Mrs. Gore Browne; Mrs. Barton, by Lady Montford; Mrs. Long, by the Marchioness of Lansdowne; Mrs. Affleck, on her marriage, by the Hon. Mrs. P. Bouverie; Mrs. Francis Grant, by Lady Elizabeth Drummond; Mrs. Nassau Sutton, by Lady Manners; Mrs. Lambert, by Mrs. Williams Wynn; Miss Malcolm, by her Grace the Duchess of Northumberland; Miss Portal, by her mother, Mrs. J. Portal; Miss E. St. John, by the Hon. Mrs. F. St. John; Miss Prendergast, by her mother, Mrs. J. L. Prendergast; Miss H. Oliver, by the Countess of Winterton; Mrs. H. Lambton, by the Countess of Listowel; Mrs. Palmer, by Lady Christie; Miss Wauchope, by Mrs. Wauchope; Miss A. Meade, by the Hon. Mrs. Meade; Mrs. A. Caldwell, by Lady Hampson; Miss Methuen, by Mrs. Methuen; Mrs. Sutton, and Miss I. Sutton, by Mrs. A. Sutton; Miss Tibbits, by the Hon. Mrs. Stopford; Miss M. Bouverie, by the Hon. Mrs. P. Bouverie; Miss G. Bagot; Miss H. Beauclerk.

Lord Templemore and Lieut.-Colonel Taylor were the lord and groom in waiting on the King.

The following is a description of the ladies' dresses:—

HER MAJESTY.

White satin body, sleeves, and front of the skirt splendidly ornamented with diamonds and blonde; train, rich blue satin, brocaded silver, with handsome silver border, lined with white satin. (The whole English manufacture.) Head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

H. R. H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

White satin, richly embroidered in silver, body and sleeves ornamented with diamonds and blonde; train pale blue satin, with rich silver border, and lined with white gros de Naples. (The whole British manufacture.) Head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

H. R. H. THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER.

Magnificent dentelle de soie, beautifully embroidered in bouquets, flounces of blonde, looped up with agraffes of diamonds in festoons; train pale grey broche satin, lined with rich white satin; garniture composed of double row of blonde ribbon, and dentelle de soie; corsage superbly trimmed with diamonds; mantille and sabots fine blonde. Head-dress, feathers and diamonds, necklace and earrings en suite.

H. R. H. THE PRINCESS AUGUSTA.

White crape embroidered in silver en tablier, border over rich white satin; corsage trimmed with blonde and diamonds, and blonde sabots; train blue and silver blonde, lined with white gros de Naples, trimmed with superb lama rouleaux; head-dress, silver lama toque, blonde lappets and diamond ornaments.

DUCHESSES.

BEAUFORT: Most magnificent black crape elegantly embroidered in silk, the body trimmed with Chantilly lace; sleeves in the style of the reign of Charles IX., trimmed with lace; train splendid black velvet, à la Reine Adélaïde, the velvet a relief, on satin, handsomely trimmed with jet, and lined with rich satin.

Head-dress, ostrich feathers, ornaments of jet, and lappets of Chantilly lace. NORTHUMBERLAND: Rich white silk, richly embroidered in gold; body and sleeves splendidly ornamented with diamonds and blonde; train, splendid white Irish tabinet, richly brocaded in gold, and trimmed with gold band and fringe, lined with white silk. Head-dress, diamonds, feathers, and blonde lappets. GORDON: Court costume (sicle de Louis XIV.), a train of Royal purple satin, trimmed with gold lama, and festooned with gold bullion tassels; Brussels point mantille and sabots; rich white satin petticoat, with gold lama flounce. Head-dress, a toque, with Brussels point lappets; ornaments, sapphires and onyx. DOWAGER OF RICHMOND: White satin, embroidered with gold; puce Irish poplin train, with broad gold trimming. Head-dress, diamonds and ostrich feathers.

MARCHIONESS.

HASTINGS: Superb black figured satin, front elegantly trimmed à la Norma, with rich black blonde and bows of ribbon; corsage, with deep fall of blonde; sleeves à la Charles IX.; train, black Genoa velvet, lined with satin. Head-dress, toque of blonde, ostrich feathers, and diamonds; blonde lappets.

COUNTESSES.

ASHBURNHAM: Court costume (sicle de Louis XIV.), train rich black satin, festooned with tassels of jet; petticoat crape, over satin, jet ornaments. Head-dress, black feathers, and lappets. BURLINGTON: Court costume (sicle de Louis XIV.), train of rich blue velvet; blonde mantille and sabot; petticoat blonde, over satin. Head-dress, feathers and lappets; ornaments, diamonds and pearls. BROWLOW: Court costume (sicle de Louis XIV.), train light green velours des Indes, richly embroidered in bouquets of silver, lined with white satin; body and sleeves ornamented with silver and rich Chantilly blonde; blonde chérusée; dress white tulle, embroidered in silver, a bouquets, en tablier. Head-dress, plume of feathers, blonde lappets, and diamonds. CADOGAN: Beautiful white satin, richly brocaded in gold; body and sleeves splendidly ornamented with diamonds and blonde; train rich blue satin, lined with white gros de Naples, richly trimmed with rosettes of gold ribbon and blonde. Head-dress, diamonds, feathers, and blonde lappets. WINTERTON: White crape, over white satin, trimmed with gauze ribbon and flowers; body trimmed with point lace, point lace ruffles and lappets; train watered gros de Naples, trimmed with gauze ribbon and satin. Head-dress, diamonds and pearls. MAYO: Superb white satin dress, blonde flounce, body and sleeves à la Louis XIV., trimmed with rich blonde lace; splendid manteau of white gros de Naples, embroidered in silver, lined with white satin. Head-dress, feathers, diamonds, blonde lace lappets. KILMOREY: Rich white satin, trimmed with blonde and pearls, en forme de guirlande; manteau de satin faconne vert pale, lined with rich white satin, and garniture de fantaisie; corsage and sleeves à la Louis XIV. Head-dress, feathers, blonde lappets, and diamonds. SHEFFIELD: Elegant white crape, over rich satin, tastefully ornamented with fleur en plume, sleeves costume of Louis XIV., trimmed with beautiful blonde;

train very rich blue satin, lined with white silk. Head-dress, blonde lappets, feathers, and diamonds. KINNOUL: White crape dress, richly embroidered with silver, over white satin; train superb brocaded satin, lined with satin, trimmed with blonde; body and sleeves same as train, mantille and sabots of blonde. Head-dress, diamond comb, plume of ostrich feathers, and blonde lappets; ornaments, diamonds and pearls.

VISCONTESSES.

STORMONT: Tulle blonde volant, lined with white satin, trimmed with ribbons; satin train, cherry-coloured, embroidered in white, and trimmed with Malines lace and ribbons; mantille, sabots, lappets of Malines, and diamonds. Head-dress, elegant feathers. MAYNARD: Rich white satin, trimmed with blonde lace; train of embroidered silk. Head-dress, feathers and lappets, necklace and earrings of diamonds.

BARONESSES.

DIMSDALE: White brocaded satin, rich blonde flounce, border of pearls; body and sleeves ornamented with pearls and blonde; train superb pink and white satin, trimmed with blonde and pearls. Head-dress, feathers and magnificent baudou and butterfly of diamonds; necklace and earrings en suite. DE BLOME: White crape over rich gros de Naples slip; manteau white crape and gros de Naples; corsage a pointe. Head-dress, ostrich plume, lappets, and diamonds.

HONOURABLE LADY.

KING: Silk gauze, figured, trimmed with satin ribbons and flowers; train blue satin, richly figured in white; sleeves a la Mars; mantille, sabots, and lappets, French blonde; suit of superb turquoises. Head-dress, ornamented with feathers and flowers.

LADIES.

H. PAULITT: Pompadour satin, with satin train, embroidered in cherry-coloured silk, trimmed with blonde and ribbons; mantille and sabots of French blonde; diamond suit. Head-dress and resille ornamented with feathers. S. NEEDHAM: Beautiful embroidered white crape, en tablier, over white satin; splendid manteau of rich figured satin paille, lined with white satin; garniture de rucho et noués de ruban; corsage and sleeves elegantly trimmed with blonde, a la Marie Stuart. Head-dress, feathers, blonde lappets, and diamonds. F. LAY: Rich white satin; train beautiful arbre de Negre satin, train lined with white, and trimmed with garniture of tulle and ribbon; body and sleeves costume Louis XIV., richly trimmed with blonde. Head-dress, blonde lappets, feathers, and amethysts. SUTFIELD: Superb dress Chantilly blonde, with deep flounce of rich blonde; body a la Huguenot, elegantly trimmed with blonde; sleeves style of Charles the Ninth's reign, with rich sabots of blonde; train rich white figured satin, elegantly trimmed with blonde and satin, and lined with rich satin. Head-dress, ostrich feathers and diamonds; lappets of blonde. G. and A. SOMERSET: Robes de crape blanc, trimmed with net and white flowers on each side; bodies trimmed a la jardiniere, sleeves plat a la Huguenot; train de gros de Tours, in white, trimmed with puffings of net and roses of white ribbon. Head-dresses, feathers, and lappets of blonde. ANASTHON: Court

costume Louis XIV., a rich white satin dress, garin en velan; train pale green Pompadour silk, lined, and trimmed with ribbon; corsage trimmed with blonde and diamonds. Head-dress, feathers, lappets, and diamonds. CAMPBELL: White watered silk, trimmed en tablier; corsage a point, and sleeves trimmed with blonde; blonde sabots; train cerise brocaded silk, lined with white, trimmed with ruches and gauze ribbon. Head-dress, feathers, corbuncles, and gold ornaments; blonde lappets. C. and J. ST. MAUR: Tulle, embroidered with silver, over white satin; bodies and sleeves ornamented with blonde and ribbon; trains rich white satin, lined with white silk, trimmed with blonde ribbon and silver. Head-dresses, feathers and diamonds. MATILDA WYNNARD: Rich white satin petticoat, trimmed with deep volan of blonde; train violet and green brocaded satin, ornamented with blonde; bodies and sleeves siecle Louis XIV. Head-dress, gold lama toque, feathers, lappets, and diamonds. E. SYDNEY: Dress white Brussels net, over rich white satin slip, elegantly trimmed with point lace and ribbon; train blue veleur epingle, trimmed with point lace. Head-dress, diamonds, feathers, and point lappets. CURTIS: Court costume (siecle Louis XIV.), a train rich sky-blue velours des Indes, richly trimmed with bouffants of blonde and ribbons; body and sleeves ornamented with Chantilly blonde; dress white crape, embroidered in silk, over white satin. Head-dress, plume of feathers, blonde lappets, and diamonds. MARY MONCK: Court costume (siecle Louis XIV.), train rich silver grey satin, brocaded in white, body and sleeves elegantly trimmed with Chantilly blonde; dress of rich white satin, trimmed with tulle ribbons and blonde. Head-dress, plume of feathers, blonde lappets, and brilliants. S. TOWER: Court costume (siecle Louis XIV.), train rich white brocaded satin, elegantly trimmed with tulle and tassels of pearls; body and sleeves ornamented with Chantilly blonde; dress white blonde a colonnes, over white satin. Head-dress, plume of feathers, blonde lappets, and brilliants. MIDDLETON: Court costume (siecle Louis XIV.), train rich pink satin, brocaded in bouquets of white lilac, trimmed with bouffants of tulle and ribbons; body and sleeves trimmed with Chantilly blonde; dress white crape, elegantly trimmed with blonde tulle, and bouquets of white lilac. Head-dress, feathers, blonde lappets, and brilliants. BURLEY PHILLIPS: Train rich figured blue silk, a la Norma, trimmed with bandlets of ribbon, looped in a new style, lined with satin; dress of tulle illusion, trimmed with mountants of blue pringtems, looped with bows of white ribbon; body drapery a point; manches trimmed with rich blonde. Head-dress, ostrich feathers and diamonds; lappets of blonde. SELINA KEN: Yellow crape, elegantly trimmed; body a la Norma, with superb fall of blonde on body and sleeves; sleeves a la Charles IX.; train superb satin, couleur blue, rich pattern, with elegant trimming of bouffant of tulle and ribbon. Head-dress, feathers and diamonds; lappets of blonde. SELINA and ADELAIDE HASTINGS: Tulle, over white satin, trimmed with mountant of green flowers; body a la Norma, trimmed with fall of blonde; sleeves a la Charles IX.; trains

green figured satin, trimmed with satin. Head-dresses, ostrich feathers and pearls; lappets of blonde. HOLYOAKE GOODRICK: White tulle, over white satin, tastefully trimmed with ribbons and net; train splendid pink satin, brocade with silver, bandanomey trimmed with blonde and ribbons. Head-dress, splendid blonde lappets, feathers, and diamonds. ST. JOHN: Superb brocade white satin, richly ornamented with amethysts; train rich amethyst satin, full trimmed with fine blonde. Head-dress, feathers, lappets, and diamonds; ornaments, diamonds and amethysts. CROFT: Superb embroidered tulle, over rich white satin, trimmed with flowers and ribbons; corsage and manche a la Louis XIV., richly trimmed with Chantilly; mantua of handsome lilac and white figured satin, lined with gros de Naples, trimmed with ribbon. Head-dress, feathers and diamonds, with Chantilly lappets. DE TABLE: Magnificent Court dress, siecle Charles I., white velvet, richly embroidered in silver; superb white satin, elegantly ornamented with dentelle de soie. Head-dress, rich ostrich plume, lappets and diamonds. ELIZABETH HOWARD: Elegant white crape ornee, a la Marie Stuart, over rich satin slip; manteau de moire bleu, richly ornamented with silver and dentelle de soie. Head-dress, ostrich feathers, lappets, turquoises, and diamonds. M'KENZIE (of Kilcoy): Elegant blonde petticoat, over rich white satin; splendid mantua of mais brocade satin, lined with white poul de soie, and ornamented with blonde tulle and ribbons; sleeves and corsage en point, to correspond; mantilla and sabots of rich blonde lace. Head-dress, ostrich feathers, blonde lappets, and diamonds; superb ornaments of sapphires, diamonds, and pearls. PAUL: White satin petticoat, elegantly embroidered in bouquets of flowers; mantua of rich brown brocade satin, lined with white, and tastefully ornamented with ribbons; bodice and sleeves siecle Louis XIV., richly trimmed with blonde. Head-dress, feathers, diamonds, and blonde lappets. M. and K. ASHURNHAM: Court costumes (siecle Louis XIV.), train blue gros d'Orient; blonde mantilla and sabots; tulle petticoats, over satin, festooned with bouquets of geranium. Head-dresses, feathers and lappets. TIERNEY: Court costume (siecle Louis XIV.), train mais satin; blonde mantilla and sabots; rich white satin petticoat, trimmed with blonde and nœuds of mais satin ribbon. Head-dress, feathers and lappets; ornaments, diamonds and pearls. BYRON: Court costume (siecle Louis XIV.), rich gold brocade dress; mauve satin train, trimmed with gold lama. Head-dress, feathers and lappets; ornaments, amethysts and diamonds.

DOWAGER LADIES.

FLOYD: Court costume (siecle Louis XIV.), train rich pale green brocade satin; body and sleeves trimmed with Chantilly blonde; dress green crape, over satin, trimmed with bouffants of tulle and ribbons. Head-dress, feathers, blonde lappets, pearls and brilliants. CADDON: Train superb terry lilac velvet, richly trimmed with ribbon; body and sleeves to correspond, handsomely trimmed with deep blonde; blonde sabots; skirt richly embroidered white satin, trimmed with blonde. Head-dress, ostrich feathers and diamonds, lappets of blonde.

HONOURABLE MISTRESSES.

GENERAL MEADE: Splendid lace blonde, over rich white satin; body and sleeves richly trimmed with blonde, sleeves a la Huguenot; train superb lilac and white satin, with elegant trimming of rubie and ribbons, lined with rich satin. Head-dress, feathers, lappets of blonde, with diamonds intermixed. CAVENDISH: Court costume (siecle Louis XIV.), train rich pensee velvet; blonde mantilla and sabots; rich white satin petticoat, trimmed with blonde and nœuds of ribbon. Head-dress, feathers and lappets; ornaments, diamonds and pearls. CHARLES WYNHAM: Court costume (siecle Louis XIV.), white damasse satin train; blonde mantilla and sabots; tulle petticoat, over satin; trimmed on tablier with blonde and peach blossoms. Head-dress, feathers and lappets; ornaments, diamonds. ST. JOHN: White crape, over rich white satin, tastefully trimmed with ribbon; train and corsage of violet satin, richly ornamented with fine blonde; ornaments, diamonds. Head-dress, feathers, lappets, and diamonds. STEWART M'KENZIE: Rich lilac poul de soie train, lined with white satin, and tastefully trimmed with rubie of tulle and ribbon; petticoat ornamented en tablier to correspond; Mantilla and sabots of elegant blonde lace. Head-dress, feathers and diamonds; ornaments, rubies and pearls. HENRY ARNDILL: Rich white satin, sleeves antique, trimmed with fine Chantilly blonde; crape dress, over white satin, tastefully ornamented with white japonicas. Head-dress, blonde lappets, feathers and diamonds. BLIGH: Court costume (siecle Louis XIV.), composed of a train of rich white velours epingle, body and sleeves ornamented with Chantilly blonde; dress of rich white figured satin, elegantly trimmed with blonde and ribbons. Head-dress, plume of feathers, blonde lappets, and brilliants.

HONOURABLE MISSES.

CHARLOTTE ADDINGTON: Splendid white brocade satin petticoat, elegantly ornamented with bouquets of flowers, ribbon, and blonde; train and corsage rich light lavender embossed satin, tastefully trimmed with blonde and flowers. Head-dress, cameos and feathers. ST. JOHN: Tulle illusion, superbly ornamented with pearls, over white satin; train very rich mais satin, ornamented with pearls and fine blonde. Head-dress, feathers and lappets; ornaments, pearls. MITFORD: Court costume (siecle de Louis XIV.), rich pink satin train; blonde mantilla and sabots; tulle petticoat, over satin, trimmed with roses. Head-dress, feathers and lappets.

MISTRESSES.

GENERAL BARTON: Magnificent silver lama dress, over white satin; bodice and sleeves antique, trimmed with fine blonde; robe of figured pink satin, trimmed with silver lama; cordelier and ornaments for sleeves of the same. Head-dress, blonde lappets, feathers, and diamonds. COLONEL RAVENSHAW: Rich white satin petticoat, trimmed en tablier, with rich blonde and foulard ribbon; elegant figured green satin, train lined with white satin, trimmed with rich blonde; corsage a pointe, ornamented with diamonds. Head-dress, blonde lappets, feathers, and diamonds. COLONEL CALDWELL: Rich white satin petti-

coat, elegantly trimmed with blonde and geranium bouquets, manteau silver and white brocaded satin, tastefully ornamented with blonde and acauda de ribbon; bodice and sleeves du siecle de Louis XIV., richly trimmed to correspond. Head-dress, pearl resille, feathers, lappets, pearls and diamonds. CAPTAIN BATHURST: White crape petticoat, embroidered with silver, over white satin; corsage a pointe, with blonde mantille, pink nœuds and sabots; pink satin manteau, lined with white, garnio de blonde et de cygne. Head-dress, feathers, blonde lappets and diamond ornaments. CHARTERTON: White French blonde, over rich white satin; train amaranthus velvet, embroidered in gold wheat-ears. Head-dress, white feathers, lappets and diamonds. COLYER DAWKINS: White satin petticoat, trimmed with blonde, lilac ribbon and pearls; body and train superb French blonde lilac satin, trimmed with lace, ribbon and pearls, lined with white satin; body and sleeves trimmed with blonde. Head-dress, feathers, blonde lappets, diamonds, and pearls. WEDDERBURN: White tulle, over rich satin slip, ornamented with flowers, and dentelle de soie; superb blue figured satin train, ornamented to correspond. Head-dress, ostrich plume, lappets, and diamonds. H. COFFEY: French blonde dress, lined with white satin; Irish poplin train; figured blonde mantille; sabots and lappets of blonde; suite of fine pearls and diamonds; head-dress, ornamented with feathers. DENANY: Superb white figured satin, handsomely trimmed with blonde; body a la Huguenot; sleeves in the reign of Charles IX., with sabots of blonde; a train of rich figured white and lilac poplin, handsomely trimmed with bows of ribbon; head-dress, ostrich feathers and diamonds, and lappets of blonde. TURNELL: Handsome pink crape dress, elegantly trimmed with a deep flounce of blonde, rouleau of satin and pearls; body a la Norma; sleeves reign Charles IX.; train de satin, feuille a rose, garnie en apérales de blonde et satin, lined with rich silk; head-dress, ostrich feathers and diamonds, lappets of blonde. PORTAL: Superb white figured satin, body elegantly trimmed with deep fall of blonde, a la Norma; sleeves Charles IX. train rich lilac satin with a white figure, handsomely trimmed with ribbon, and lined with rich silk; head-dress, ostrich feathers and diamonds, lappets of blonde. LAMBERT: White crape, over satin, embroidered in wreaths of satin flowers; body a la Sevigne, looped with diamonds, and blonde mantille; train green velvet, richly worked in gold lama: head-dress, feathers, and diamond tiara. WATCHORE: Most splendid satin, embroidered all over in bouquets; body a la Norma, with blonde, falling on the sleeves in three rows; sleeves a la Huguenot, with sabots of blonde; train Brazilian satin, trimmed with satin and blonde, lined with satin; head-dress, ostrich feathers, diamonds, and blonde lappets. BOYCE: White silk dress, handsomely trimmed; body a la Norma, with fall of blonde; sleeves Charles IX.; grey terry velvet train, with trimming; head-dress, feathers and diamonds, lappets of blonde. BLACKBURN: Rich embroidered crape, over rich satin slip; rich Irish poplin train, lined with satin, tastefully trimmed with blonde and ribbons; head-

dress, blonde lappets, feathers, and diamonds. G. BROWN: Black moire silk, ornamented with ribbons; train, body, and sleeves, a la Louis XIV.; rich brocaded black satin, profusely trimmed with black Chantilly blonde; head-dress, feathers and diamond combs; diamond necklace, &c. PALMER: Rich figured white satin, elegantly trimmed with ribbon; corsage and sleeves a la Louis XIV.; rich light green silk train, lined with white satin, ornamented with bouquets of lilies of the valley and puffings of tulle; head-dress, feathers and diamonds; necklace and earrings of the same. MITCHELL: Magnificent Court-dress (siecle Charles I.) of Brussels lace, over superb satin slip, looped with bouquets of roses and silver wheat; rich etoffe manteau, ornamented to correspond; head-dress, rich ostrich plume, lappets, diamonds, tiara necklace, and earrings. W. D'URBAN: White crape, over rich satin slip; corsage a point, ornamented with dentelle de soie, and bouquets of lilies and jasmines; white satin manteau, trimmed to correspond; head-dress, ostrich plume, lappets, and diamonds. HARCOURT: Court costume, siecle Louis XIV.; yellow terry velvet train, elegantly trimmed with tulle, and bouquets of lilac flowers; body and sleeves ornamented with Chantilly blonde; yellow crape dress, trimmed with flowers to correspond with the train; head-dress, plume of feathers, blonde lappets and brilliants. PRENDERGAST: Crape blanc robe, richly embroidered in silk; body and sleeves handsomely trimmed with blonde; rich figured lilac and white satin train, trimmed with bouffant of net and coquille of ribbons, lined with silk; head-dress, feathers, diamonds, blonde lappets. J. W. BIRCH: White figured satin petticoat, with volans of Chantilly blonde lace; rich citron and white satin robe broche, lined with white gros de Naples, and trimmed all round with blonde; sabots and mantille of superb Chantilly blonde lace; head-dress, ostrich feathers, blonde lappets, diamonds, and pearls. MARSHALL: Rich white figured satin, with handsome cordelier; beautiful sapphire brocaded satin train lined with white, trimmed with tulle and ribbon; body and sleeves a la Louis XIV., trimmed with rich Chantilly blonde; head-dress, gold lama, blonde lappets, feathers, and splendid diamond ornaments. LOXO: Beautiful green and white Pompadour silk, corsage and sleeves in the costume of Louis XIV., ornamented with rich blonde: rich green satin train, lined with white, and trimmed round with a garniture of tulle and ribbon; head-dress, blonde lappets, feathers, and pearls. EDWARD BULLER: Court costume, siecle de Louis XIV.; rich green poul de soie brocaded cerise train; body and sleeves richly ornamented with blonde; dress of rich white satin; head-dress, plume of feathers, blonde lappets and brilliants. NASSAU SUTTON: White satin trimmed with blonde and ribbon; figured lavender satin train and bodice, lined with white satin, trimmed with rich blonde; head-dress, gold, feathers, and blonde lappets; ornaments, yellow topaz. PALMER: Superb dress of French blonde, over rich white satin petticoat; cerulean blue tabinet, manteau a la Reine, bordered with rich Roman pearls and blonde; festoons with large agraffes,

tassels and cordelier of pearls; manche composed of the finest blonde and pearls, manteau of the same materials; head-dress, feathers, and a most magnificent display of brilliants. C. W. WYNN: Rich white satin dress, embroidered in colours; manches a l'engagente; ruffles and mantille of French blonde; train of dove-coloured satin, trimmed with blonde; head-dress, beret and plume, with diamond ornaments. H. C. HOARE: Rich white satin dress, profusely trimmed with Brussels lace and pearls; pink satin train, lined with white silk and trimmed with cygne; head-dress, plume and Brussels lappets, with diamond ornaments. METHUEN: White embroidered crape Court dress, over white satin slip; Court train of lilac damas satin, lined with satin, trimmed with blonde; body and sleeves damas satin, a la Louis XIV.; mantille a la Berthe; head-dress, white ostrich feathers, pearls, and diamonds. AYLECK: Court costume siecle de Louis XIV.; rich pink and white brocade satin train, elegantly trimmed with bouffants of tulle, pearls, and ribbons, body and sleeves ornamented with blonde; white satin dress, trimmed to correspond with the train; head-dress, plume of feathers, blonde lappets, and brilliants.

MISSES.

BARHAM: Rich white satin; corsage a pointe, ornamented with dentelle de soie; superb pink satin manteau, with rich satin garniture; head-dress, ostrich plume, lappets, and diamonds. DORMER: White tulle blonde, over rich gros de Naples slip, ornamented with blue bouquets and silver wheat; rich blue gros de Naples train, ornamented; head-dress, ostrich plume, lappets, turquoises, and diamonds. TAYLOR: Rich figured train of green satin, elegantly trimmed round with rouleau of the same, edged with blonde; corsage siecle de Louis XIV., and ruffles; elegant figured tulle dress, over rich white satin, tastefully ornamented with pink roses and lilies of the valley, with wreaths of ribbon; head-dress, feathers, lappets, silver ornaments, and pearls. KIR: Tulle dress, over rich satin, trimmed with moutants of pink flowers; corsage a la Norma, with blonde sleeves a la Charles IX.; rich pink figured satin train, with handsome trimming of bouffant of satin; head-dress, feathers and pearls; blonde lappets. COATES: White satin train trimmed with ribbons; mantille and sabots of rich French blonde; suit in fine pearls; head-dress, feathers and lappets. BLACKBURN: Rich embroidered crape dresses, over white satin slip; rich figured Irish poplin trains, lined with silk, and beautifully trimmed with blonde and ribbons; head-dresses, blonde lappets, feathers, and diamonds. PORTAL: Very handsome Grecian net dress, over white satin, trimmed with puffing of net and pink flowers; body a la Norma, with fall of blonde, and sabots of blonde; train of white figured satin, trimmed bouffants of tulle and rosettes of ribbon; head-dress, ostrich feathers and pearls, and lappets of blonde. MARSHALLS: White crape dresses, over satin slips, trimmed with blue flowers; body a la Huguenot, trimmed with blonde; sleeves a la Norma, sabots of blonde; trains of poult de soie, with trimming of bouffants of tulle and ribbon, lined with silk; head-dresses, ostrich feathers and pearls. PERCY: Rich white silk dresses, trimmed with pearls; rich blue satin trains, lined with silk, beautifully trimmed with blonde ribbons and pearls; head-dresses, blonde lappets, feathers, and diamonds. H. OLIVER: White satin dress, trimmed with blonde; rich pink satin train, trimmed with ribbon and fine blonde; head-dress, feathers, lappets, and diamonds. NAPIER: Tulle de Cambrai, elegantly trimmed with roses, over white satin petticoat; rich white poult de soie manteau, garnie en tulle et roses; bodice and sleeves du siecle de Louis XIV. to correspond; head-dress, feathers, pearls, and blonde lappets. TIERNEYS: Court costumes (siecle de Louis XIV.), rich white satin trains; blonde mantille and sabots; tulle petticoats, over satin, trimmed en tablier with blonde and roses; head-dresses, feathers and lappets; ornaments, pearls. DALMAC: Court costume (siecle de Louis XIV.), rich white satin train, trimmed with silver lama; blonde mantille and sabots; petticoat of crape, over satin, trimmed en tablier with blonde, and mauves en veleur et diamonds mimosa; head-dress, feathers and lappets; ornaments, diamonds. MALCOLM: Court costume (siecle de Louis XIV.), rich blue glace gros de Naples train: blonde mantille and sabots; tulle petticoat, over satin, trimmed en tablier, with blush roses; head-dress, feathers and lappets; ornaments, diamonds. PRENDERGAST: Robe de crape, trimmed on each side with bows of ribbon and openings in crape; body with folds of crape, and sleeves handsomely trimmed in a new style with blonde; rich white satin train, handsomely decorated with bouffants of tulle and satin, richly lined with satin; head-dress, feathers, pearls, and lappets of blonde. A. and C. MEADE: Elegant tulle dresses, over rich satin slips; bodies a pointe, with ornaments of flowers covered in net; sleeves with flowers and net, a la Louis XI., front of the skirts trimmed with puffings of net and pink flowers; trains of gros des Indes in white, trimmed with puffings of net and pink flowers, handsomely lined; head-dresses, feathers and pearls, lappets of blonde. JOHNSTON: Rich white watered gros de Naples train, elegantly trimmed in festoons; ruche of blonde, white flowers, and ribbons; blonde dress, over a rich white satin, elegantly trimmed with blonde and satin; head-dress, ostrich feathers. SUTTON: Court costume (siecle de Louis XIV.), rich white satin train; body and sleeves ornamented with Chantilly blonde; white tulle Grecque dress, over white satin, elegantly trimmed with ruches and ribbons; head-dress, plume of feathers, blonde lappets, &c. J. SUTTON: Court costume (siecle de Louis XIV.), rich white satin train; body and sleeves ornamented with Chantilly blonde; white tulle Grecque dress, over white satin, elegantly trimmed with ruches and ribbons. Head-dress, plume of feathers, blonde lappets, &c. WILHELMINA CURTIS: Court costume a la Madame la Valliere, pale poux de soie, elegant garnie with ruche de tulle blonde, and satin of the same colour; jupe of white tulle over satin; mantille and sabots of Chantilly blonde lace. Head-dress, diamonds and ostrich plume. FIZZYGRAM: White satin dress; pink train and corsage, costume a la Valliere, tastefully trimmed, with a torsade mantille and sabots of

blonde lace. Head-dress, plume of ostrich feathers and diamonds. WOOD: Court costume (aiecle de Louis XIV.), rich white watered silk train, body and sleeves ornamented with blonde; dress of white crape, elegantly trimmed with tulle and ribbons. Head-dress, plume of feathers, blonde lappets, and brilliants. CAMPBELL: White crape dress, over rich satin slip, trimmed with roses, blonde collarlet; pink silk broche train, lined and trimmed to correspond. Head-dress, feathers, crysophras, and blonde lappets. GEORGIANA ERSKINE: White crape over rich white satin (a la Louis XIV.), body and sleeves tastefully ornamented with blonde and ribbon; superb white satin train, lined with rich silk. Head-dress, feathers and blonde lappets; ornaments, chrysolites. JOSEPHINE ERSKINE: White crape over rich white satin (a la Louis XIV.), body and sleeves tastefully ornamented with blonde and ribbon; superb white satin train, lined with rich silk. Head-dress, feathers and blonde lappets; ornaments, pearls. PRINCE:

Blonde over white satin, tastefully trimmed with violets and French blonde; mantille and ruffles of blonde; train of white satin gros d'Orleans, trimmed with satin and lined with white silk. Head-dress, blonde lappets and plume, with pearl ornaments. HAMILTON: White tulle over rich white satin slip, ornamented with blue bouquets and rich dentelle de soie; train of superb sky-blue satin, with satin garniture. Head-dress, ostrich feathers, lappets, turquoises, and diamonds. STORRORD: Rich blonde over superb satin slip; white figured etoffe manteau, elegantly ornamented with roses and rich dentelle de soi. Head-dress, ostrich feathers, lappets, pearls, and diamonds. WAUCHOPE: Rich embroidered white crape, over satin slip, elegantly trimmed with flowers and pearls; body a la Huguenot, trimmed with flowers a la jardiniere; sleeves a la Charles IX.; white velvet train, a la Reine Adelaide, in relief, elegantly trimmed with puffings of net and roses of ribbon. Head-dress, feathers and pearls, blonde lappets.

Literature, &c.

The Empress: a Novel. By G. BENNETT, author of "The Albanians." In 2 vols. From some singular whim Mr. Bennett has entitled this classic tale a novel; wherefore we cannot imagine; for it is vain to refer to the original etymology of the words "novel" and "romance;" authors should be content to class their productions according to the general acceptance of the present day. As far as concerns the reading public, this is a very slight fault, or none at all; but as it concerns the interest of the author and publishers, it is a very grave mistake; and the strange anomaly of "The Empress, a novel," would certainly have really injured a work of less merit. If a lady wishes to read a novel, perhaps she is not well pleased to find an historical romance in her hand; and if she sends for a good historical romance, the librarian who might have recommended "The Empress" would demur on seeing "novel" on the title-page.

The empress is, Agrippina, the second wife of the Emperor Claudius; her character is touched with the pencil of a master. The graceful decorum of a Roman matron, and the virtuous order she keeps in her own palace, is curiously contrasted with her political criminality. Her feelings in regard to her son Domitius, afterwards Nero, are defined with great genius and knowledge of human nature. Lollia Paulina, Callistus, Silanus, and Britannicus, are all interesting, in their turns, to the reader. Acceronia, the favourite of Agrippina, is a beautiful creation; her fate excites the deepest sympathy. The poisoning wretch Locusta as much belongs to history as Agrippina herself; there are passages of power and poetry connected

with her: we do not, however, approve of the scene in which she taunts Narcissus when starving in the dungeon—it is not original; and what is worse, it is heavy, with long narrative dialogue. Of all persons Mr. Bennett, owing to his connexion with the stage, ought to have been aware how injurious this style is. Long speeches kill any drama; and when the personages of historical romance speak, the laws of the drama ought to be predominant for the time being. In this matter Mr. Bennett errs with a large company of contemporaries: but, to do him justice, many passages occur that are composed with great animation and spirit. Britannicus and Nero, when they speak, always arrest the reader's attention; and the dialogue between Agrippina and Claudius, which finally causes the emperor's death, is admirably executed. The most skilful delineation is in the gradual encroachment of wickedness over the somewhat elegant and accomplished Domitius Nero. We can imagine him just as the author has depicted him, when under the tutelage of Burrhus and Seneca, and the sway of his mother. The language and style of this work is tasteful and correct; sometimes the thoughts are poetic, but the phraseology never becomes turgid. The interest is perhaps a little too much divided in the course of the two volumes; and we lose sight of many persons for whom the author has powerfully awakened our sympathy. It is true that human life withered as suddenly as a flower, in those days of horror; still the romance writer that has not as much wholeness of purpose as the dramatist, is not yet acquainted with his *metier*. The reader's mind is somewhat distracted

by following the fates of so many personages. Nevertheless, we are fully of opinion that Mr. Bennett possesses high requisites for success in imaginative writing; he has invention, taste, language, conception of distinct and original character, and great stores of information; and when, by means of study and observation, he has attained the knowledge of the manner of employing these good gifts to the best advantage, we shall see him produce a work that will very powerfully attract public attention. As a specimen of his abilities, we quote from the scene where the vain and ambitious Lollia Paulina, who has been disappointed of being empress, because the mad Caligula chose to divorce her, comes to consult Locusta on the best means of supplanting Agrippina in the affections of the emperor, her husband :—

“Dry withered bones were strewed about the ground; idols of various kinds were ranged in solemn groups, dividing the cavern into several compartments. In the centre of the place was a circle formed of strange characters, in the middle of which lay a human head, the flesh of which, acted upon by the surrounding damps, had changed into disgusting life, and, in the shape of worms, preyed on itself. A ray of moonlight, piercing through a fissure in the roof, threw a solemn light upon the figure of Locusta, as she stood gazing on the unsightly spectacle. She cast her eyes around, and addressed the marble figures which stretched along the cavern, as though they were endowed with hearing and perception—

“Ye silent witnesses of my revenge, midnight again has brought me to your shades—hail!”

“The last word was uttered in a tone so loud and shrill, that, as if the spirits of the departed, whose stone sarcophaguses were strewed about, inhabited the place, a hundred echoes repeated the word.

“‘I thank ye for your welcome,’ continued she, as the last response died away in a distant passage; ‘again I break upon your quietude, and require your aid.’

“A gust of wind, which ruffled the garments of Locusta, and the loud sound that shook the vault as the door closed, announced the arrival of the lovely Lollia Paulina, whose charms were a formidable barrier to surmount, when Agrippina took the heart of Claudius as by storm; for she too sought the emperor’s hand in marriage; and, disappointed in her wishes, her hatred for her rival knew no bounds, to revenge herself upon whom she had demanded this midnight interview. A feeling of terror crept over her as she descended the long flight of steps, guided by the dwarf Anaxicrates: but, when the massive door closed upon her entrance, and she viewed the dismal spot to which she had been conducted, a low cry of alarm burst from her lips, which swelled into a shriek; when apparently a number of voices, in quick succession, saluted her by name, and bade her welcome. She would have turned to fly, but the grasp of the dwarf was upon her.

Locusta was standing in that part of the cavern where the moonlight fell strongest, and her tall meagre figure, drawn to its full height, had something unearthly in its appearance, that tended in no small degree to increase the terrors of her high-born visitor.

“‘Approach, lady, and fear nothing,’ said she; ‘although this dwelling is not so fair as that you have just left, and the odour it exhales is less fragrant than the perfumes to which you are accustomed, it is the spot where you are destined to obtain the knowledge you seek. We have nothing to fear from treachery in these vaults. The dead alone are witnesses of our conversation, and they commune not with the living, unless it be with beings like myself, who, by their potent spells, can bring the departed spirit back to its mortal dwelling.’

“As she spoke, the last ray of the descending moon disappeared, and they were left in darkness; but, in a few minutes, the mystic characters that formed a circle round the head became so bright, that they illuminated the cavern for several yards round.

“‘Now, tell me, daughter of an illustrious line, your motives for this visit!’

“After a few minutes employed in rallying her spirits, Lollia replied—‘I little expected, when I desired to meet thee privately, that such a place as this would be prepared for my reception; but I am here, and, unless my brain turns with terror, I will explain my business. Agrippina—

“‘I’ll spare you a recital of the past. The instruments you employed have failed in their attempts to bias the heart of Claudius. The God refused his aid to your conspiracy, and the Chaldean seers have deceived you in their promises. Your rival has been successful, and now you come to me, the last resource that presents itself, to aid your ambitious hopes. Am I not right?’

“‘By what mysterious agency you learnt these circumstances I am utterly at a loss to conjecture.’

“‘Hem! there is a spirit in this spacious hall, whose information is sometimes valuable. You require the removal of the empress, and it is a wish worthy the widow of Caius. Look upon this foul and featureless mass,’ said she, pointing to the head in the centre of the circle, which, by degrees, assumed its living shape, becoming complete at the conclusion of her address to Lollia; ‘who would believe that round this worm-worn brow the badge of royalty once proudly twined? or would think that in those hollow cavities, in the far depths of which a glimmering light once more appears, the eye of majesty flashed forth its angry lightning? or ever dream the skull you first beheld could thus resume its former functions, and strike conviction to your soul, that it was once your husband’s?’

“A shriek of horror burst from the lips of Lollia, as she uttered the name of Caligula.”

Our readers will allow that this incident is imagined in a truly poetic spirit. The notion of the head of the terrific Caligula rising from its mouldering form as the sorceress described, and glaring, with complete features, on his divorced wife, is boldly original—it would tell well on the

stage: indeed, the person who imagined it must have no inconsiderable talent for the practical part of dramatic effect. We take leave of him, impressed with a conviction of his abilities; and, at the same time, earnestly recommending him, in the choice of his stories, to consider the possibility of concentration of interest, though this purpose, in the historical stream of events relating to the adventures of Agrippina, could scarcely have been attained. We all know that Silanus, Octavia, and Britannicus, must one by one fulfil their wretched destinies, and depart from the narrative before the tragedy closes with the destruction of Agrippina, who is consequently left nearly alone in the scene. Authors will complain of our rigidity, but in truth the historical romance writer, if he wishes to concentrate his powers with thrilling effect, cannot do better than follow the three unities of the drama as closely as practicable.

Gems from American Poets. C. Tilt.

We are ourselves collectors of American poetry, and therefore feel a particular interest in the gatherings of a gleaner in the same rich field. In this collection we find many of our favourites. Altogether it is a volume of bright imaginings, and we can affirm with justice that it is an ornament to the English language. We have long remembered Bryant and Mrs. Sigourney, Hannah Gould, and Lucretia Davidson, among our gifted children of song. Percival and Willis we knew not until this collection introduced us to productions that will ever make us own them as true poets, and our readers will say the same, when they read the following extracts:—

TO THE EAGLE.
(By Percival.)

Bird of the broad and sweeping wing,
Thy home is high in heaven,
Where wide the storms their banners fling,
And the tempest clouds are driven.
Thy throne is on the mountain-top;
Thy fields, the boundless air;
And hoary peaks, that proudly prop
The skies, thy dwellings are.
Thou sittest like a thing of light,
Amid the noontide blaze;
The midway sun is clear and bright;
It cannot dim thy gaze.
Thy pinions, to the rushing blast,
O'er the bursting billow, spread,
Where the vessel plunges, hurry past,
Like an angel of the dead.
Thou art perched aloft on the beetling crag,
And the waves are white below,
And on, with a haste that cannot lag,
They rush in an endless flow.
Again thou hast plumed thy wing for flight,
To lands beyond the sea;
And away, like a spirit wreathed in light,
Thou hurriest, wild and free.

2 Y.—VOL. VIII.—MAY.

Thou hurriest over the myriad waves,
And thou leavest them all behind;
Thou sweepst that place of unknown graves,
Fleet as the tempest wind.
When the night-storm gathers dim and dark,
With a shrill and boding scream,
Thou rushest by the foundering bark,
Quick as a passing dream.

Lord of the boundless realm of air,
In thy imperial name,
The hearts of the bold and ardent dare
The dangerous path of fame.
Beneath the shade of thy golden wings,
The Roman legions bore,
From the river of Egypt's cloudy springs,
Their pride, to the polar shore.

* * * * *

THE BURIAL OF ARNOLD.

(By N. P. Willis.)

Ye've gathered to your place of prayer
With slow and measured tread:
Your ranks are full, your mates all there—
But the soul of one has fled.
He was the proudest in his strength,
The manliest of ye all;
Why lies he at that fearful length,
And ye around his pall?

Ye reckon it in days, since he
Strode up that foot-worn isle,
With his dark eye flashing gloriously,
And his lip wreathed with a smile.
O, had it been but told you, then,
To mark whose lamp was dim,
From out yon rank of fresh-lipped men,
Would ye have singled him?

Whose was the sinewy arm, which flung
Defiance to the ring?
Whose laugh of victory loudest rung—
Yet not for glorying?
Whose heart, in generous deed and thought,
No rivalry might brook,
And yet distinction claiming not?
There lies he—go and look!

On now—his requiem is done,
The last deep prayer is said—
On to his burial, comrades on—
With the noblest of the dead!
Slow—for it presses heavily—
It is a man ye bear!
Slow, for our thoughts dwell wearily
On the noble sleeper there.

Tread lightly, comrades!—we have laid
His dark locks on his brow—
Like life—save deeper light and shade:
We'll not disturb them now.
Tread lightly—for 'tis beautiful,
That blue veined eye-lids sleep,
Hiding the eye death left so dull—
Its slumber we will keep.

Rest now!—his journeying is done—
Your feet are on his sod—
Death's chain is on your champion—
He waiteth here his God!
Ay—turn and weep—'tis manliness
To be heart-broken here—
For the grave of earth's best nobleness
Is watered by the tear.

The hymn of "the Moravian Nuns" is likewise in a fine strain of poetry.

HYMN OF THE MORAVIAN NUNS AT THE CONSECRATION OF PULASKI'S BANNER.

The standard of Count Pulaski, the noble Pole who fell in the attack upon Savannah, during the American revolution, was of crimson silk, embroidered by the Moravian nuns of Bethlehem in Pennsylvania.

When the dying flame of day
Through the chancel shot its ray,
Far the glimmering tapers shed
Faint light on the cowed head,
And the censer burning swung,
Where before the altar hung
That proud banner, which, with prayer,
Had been consecrated there;
And the nuns' sweet hymn was heard the
while,

Sung low in the dim mysterious aisle.

Take thy banner. May it wave
Proudly o'er the good and brave,
When the battle's distant wail
Breaks the Sabbath of our vale,—
When the clarion's music thrills
To the hearts of these lone hills,—
When the spear in conflicts shakes,
And the strong lance shivering breaks.

Take thy banner;—and, beneath
The war-cloud's encircling wreath,
Guard it—till our homes are free—
Guard it—God will prosper thee!
In the dark and trying hour,
In the breaking forth of power,
In the rush of steeds and men,
His right hand will shield thee then.

Take thy banner. But when night
Closes round the ghastly fight,
If the vanquished warrior bow,
Spare him;—by our holy vow,
By our prayers and many tears,
By the mercy that endears,
Spare him—be our love hath shared—
Spare him—as thou wouldst be spared.

Take thy banner;—and if e'er
Thou shouldst press the soldier's bier,
And the muffled drum should beat
To the tread of mournful feet,
Then this crimson flag shall be
Martial cloak and shroud for thee.

And the warrior took that banner proud,
And it was his martial cloak and shroud.

Lowenstein, King of the Forests.—A Tale, in 2 vols. By JANE ROBERTS, Author of "Two Years at Sea." Whittaker and Co.

"Lowenstein" is evidently the emanation of a tender and gentle spirit, and we doubt not will prove very pleasing to readers of that disposition who generally prefer, we observe, tranquil sensations to violent excitement usually aimed at by romance writers of the present day. The plan of the story is original; the sentiments are pure and moral; the language is polished, and certainly the work must claim the praise of correct and polished phraseology. The story is truly feminine.

There is much of gentle beauty in the following passage, which is a good specimen of the sweetly serious strain in which the whole is penned:—

"Summer now brought forth her promise; autumn followed, faded into winter, and a second spring renewed its beauty, and beheld the lovely Ernestine reposing on a couch, watching her anxious, but still happy husband; for he continued to think she would be restored to him.

"One day, she had been speaking of her children, and some little pastime and gaiety of theirs, when she continued, in a graver tone—

"But be assured, dear Lowenstein, the soul is never satisfied; its aspirations are progressive, so that when it has grasped all that earth can give, it looks to heaven, for there only can it know repose. Therefore it is, that it never ceases to weary the poor body that encumbers it with its continual longings.

"After a momentary pause, she again resumed,—'I take myself as an example of what I have said; I am wearied and tired, and yet of what have I to complain?—and why is it? Has not my bliss been complete?—my cup been full? Oh!' she continued, as she passed her hand over her beautiful brow, 'how overflowing full! And now, my soul struggles to be free, and torments this shattered frame of mine, till, like a tired child, it will gently lie it down, and fall asleep.'

"Lowenstein's quick perception felt all that this conversation was intended to convey; but he replied cheerfully, by saying,—

"You know, dearest Ernestine, your mother always told you that you were too active; that you did too much; and that you would wear yourself out before your time. The truth is, you have overtired yourself, and all that you require is repose, which I shall take care you shall have; for I shall carry you from the couch to the garden, and from the garden to the couch, till you are quite rested, and then, you know, you will be well."

"Yes, love," she replied, "when I am quite rested, I shall be well; but I fear that will never be, till I repose on the bosom of my mother earth."

1. *China: an Historical and Descriptive Account of China.* By HUGH MURRAY, F.R.S.E.; JOHN CRAWFORD, Esq.; PETER GORDON, Esq.; Captain T. LYNN; W. WALLACE, F.R.S.E.; and GILBERT BURNETT, Esq.—*Edinburgh Cabinet Cyclopædia*, No. 18. Oliver and Boyd.

2. *The Present Position of the British Trade with China.* By JAMES MATHESON, Esq. Smith, Elder, and Co.

Our Edinburgh friends, Oliver and Boyd, have forwarded us a most important volume of their "*Edinburgh Cabinet Cyclopædia*;" it is the commencing one of a series of three, in which will be condensed all information relative to the vast empire of China. They will contain an abstract of its history, commencing at a

credible era; its statistics, its natural history, embracing geology, botany, and zoology; narratives of missions and embassies, ancient and modern; likewise the commercial relations with Great Britain. The mystery that the jealousy of this singular people has always spread around their internal state, enhances, at the same time, the difficulty of the task, and the curiosity of the public regarding the Chinese empire. The volumes are in excellent hands; the different departments of science are divided, and given to professors of well-known ability. This arrangement produced the happiest result in the "Encyclopædia of Geography," a standard work, often commended in our pages; and we are happy to see the names of Hugh Murray and William Wallace again on the title-page of the present volume, with other associates, whose names promise excellence. Among these is that of the lamented Gilbert Burnett, late of King's College, from whose pen the botanical department is furnished, now, alas! a posthumous work. His portion, however, is not contained in the present volume. We look for it with anxious anticipation.

The present volume is replete with entertaining matter of the national history of China, and abstracts of the missions and embassies. When we consider the secluded and depressed state in which Chinese females have ever been kept, it is a matter of curiosity to find that the reins of empire have occasionally been snatched by the daring hand of one of these immured beauties. Even in China, the ladies will find that their sex contrived, now and then, to indulge their feminine passion of ruling the lords of the creation. Witness the adventures of the Empress Ou-heou:—

"Kao-tsong, the next sovereign, was not destitute of good qualities, though one fatal error involved his family and affairs in the deepest calamity. Ou-chi, called afterwards Ou-heou, a young lady of singular beauty and talents, had been received into the palace of Tai-tsung as one of his wives; but after his death, according to custom, she was immured in a convent. The young king, however, having caught an accidental glance of her person, conceived a passion for her, which the practice of polygamy renders less revolting to oriental ideas than to ours. With the consent of his consort, he took her into his palace, and from that time Ou-heou meditated the design of raising herself to the supreme power. Having prepared her mind for every crime by which she could accomplish her desires, her first aim was to supplant the empress. Historians do not hesitate to charge her with putting to death her own infant, in such circumstances as to make suspicion of the guilt fall upon the royal spouse. Kao-tsong, now disregarding the prudent advice of his wisest ministers, raised his favourite to the summit of her ambition. She was not yet satisfied, but confined

her degraded rival and Siao-chi, the first among those who held the title of queen, in a remote apartment. Learning that the emperor had held an interview with them, and shown signs of returning kindness, she caused their feet and hands to be cut off, adding other cruelties, which deprived them of life in a few days; while he was so infatuated, that he took no step to punish these frightful enormities. She now governed him almost entirely in all important measures; and at a later period, when his vigour of mind had decayed, she took upon her to administer public affairs, without even pretending to consult him. A eunuch and a Tao-tse magician were her constant advisers. His majesty was at length disgusted, and with the concurrence of his principal ministers, determined to deprive her of all power. But she had no sooner become acquainted with this resolution, than she assailed him at once so fiercely and artfully, that the weak prince had not the courage to persevere, but allowed his counsellors to be thrown into prison, and put to death. Thenceforth her sway was uncontrolled, while her influence at court was such, that, on the death of Kao-tsong, she set aside the legitimate heir. She not only directed the course of business, but performed in person many high duties, appropriate only to the supreme ruler; while, by changing the name of the dynasty to Tchou, she showed evidently her intention of terminating that of Tang, and placing her own family on the throne. The reverence, however, still cherished for the race of Tai-tsung, rendered this scheme extremely unpopular. Extensive conspiracies were formed, which, however, by her vigilance, she at once discovered and frustrated. She laboured to quench the spirit of resistance in torrents of blood. Particular encouragement was given to private informations; and as many sought to gratify by such means their own resentments, some of the most faithful servants of the state fell victims to her policy. At length Fou-you-y, a favourite, and a minister of undoubted fidelity, was seized with such a panic, that he went deranged, and committed suicide, in order, as he avowed, to escape the disgraceful death which now appeared inevitable. This tragical event opened the eyes of Ou-heou to the falsehood of the charges upon which she had shed so much blood; but her repentance seemed only to impel her into a new career of cruelty. She denounced the severest punishment on those whose secret intelligence had proved not strictly conformable to truth; and on this ground, in one day, she executed 850 persons. Notwithstanding the accumulated odium thus contracted, the vigour of her character, the excellent arrangements made by Tai-tsung in every branch of the administration, and the habits of submission to which the people were accustomed, enabled her to rule thirteen years with little opposition. The empire, mean time, was partially distracted by wars with the Tartars, which, however, generally terminated in their defeat. But as she grew old and somewhat infirm, the tide of public discontent became still stronger, and manifested itself most decidedly against her project of raising her own family to the throne. She found it necessary to bring forward Tchong-tsong, the rightful heir, and declare him her

successor. She even placed an army at his command; but the troops flocked round their legitimate prince so ardently, and in such numbers, that she became alarmed, and retracted this step. At length, being seized with a dangerous illness, she was abandoned by almost every adherent, and felt herself obliged to allow him to assume the imperial dignity. Some historians consider her administration an interruption of the Tang dynasty, while others regard Tchong-tseng as the real sovereign during the whole of this period."

A good modern map, and thirty-six useful wood-cuts, by Jackson, are the embellishments of the present volume.

2. We think that Mr. Matheson's pamphlet breathes a very bellicose spirit against the poor Chinamen—no less than instigating our countrymen to knock all their crockery pagodas about their ears with our cannon; if the Chinaman will not sell us his tea without calling us names, and cheating us, and, worse than all, telling us he would rather be without our custom. Oh! the mercantile insult! Why, Mr. Matheson would likewise set us to smash all the poor pagan's tea-pots, and cups, and saucers, to teach him how to behave to his betters. In fact, that worthy nation, with pig's eyes and pigtails, who eat spiders and caterpillars to save meat, are much in the right to keep the Frankish robber out of their nests as long as they can. It will not be for long, for the march of conquest tends strikingly to the east of Hindostan. Burmah has fallen; and the *moon-eyes*, as the Chinese call us, are near enough to their border to excite their jealousy. When we consider the atheism of the higher classes, and the devil-worship of the lower Chinese, we cannot help wishing all that Mr. Matheson desires may be accomplished, though from very different motives. We consider that European domination has been an inestimable benefit to human nature in the east. Trade leads the way for the purposes of its own selfishness; but religion and just laws follow through the opening made by the enterprising spirit of mercantile conquest—such as that of our India Company. Mr. Matheson's pamphlet is well written, and likely to effect its purpose.

Gin, the Skeleton Spirit and Demon of Depravity. Hatchard and Sons.

This is "a voice from the poison palaces, addressed to the two Houses of Parliament." We have seldom read an appeal which has pleased us better. Well would it be if the author "could prevail on some of the members of the Legislature, to make a personal inspection of these hourly-increasing horrors, which hurry human beings in countless masses to their untimely graves"—"to be convinced of the moral obligation they owe

mankind to put down these hydra-headed monsters, which rear their carcasses in liveries of dazzling and appalling splendour, as if in mockery of the rags they house." The writer proposes that the sale of gin in small quantities should be prohibited altogether, or else a very heavy license duty imposed on such retailers. We prefer the latter plan. On the other hand, the author proposes to remove the duties on tea and coffee, and thus turn the demand for drink to more sober establishments, reading-rooms, &c. &c. The author mentions, that on a Sabbath morn a guinea a minute is taken at one particular house on the average. After shewing the result of gin-drinking, speaking of our prisons and our mad-houses, the author thus powerfully concludes:—

"Can it be that ye are ignorant of the cause of crime, and the dreadful deeds which tread upon the heels of drunkenness; or are ye callous to the better feelings of human nature! A thousand records of your well-spent labours rise up in judgment against so base a thought; and charity would fain suppose the former, but that the police reports daily go forth upon the wings of the metropolitan press to give the lie to such a plausible interpretation. For the sad effects of drunkenness, let the magistracy of England be appealed to, and you will find in their evidence food enough for reflection.

"Would ye desire to know some only of the immediate results which spring therefrom, pursue the method which alone can furnish them, and before a committee of your members, examine at length the coroners of the three kingdoms.

"The remoter results of this deadly sin may be arrived at by a conference with the governors and directors of our gaols and our prisons, our houses of correction, our magdalen, and our penitentiaries; for they could throw a light upon the subject far too frightful to contemplate with contentment; and if sought after, can possibly be wanting to confirm the pestilential curse, the hospitals may furnish it.

"Hearken to the evidence of our mad-house keepers, and the proprietors of private lunatic establishments. Confirm it by the frightful and fatal facts that could be furnished by the faculty alone; and many a deed of blood will stain your journals, of souls once comparatively free from sin, that have gone down to their graves unknown and unlamented.

"Collate these testimonies, unite these records, gather these authorities, assemble these living proofs, collect these hosts of witnesses, summon before you these competent judges, and be not ashamed to learn that which it is only mercy to suppose you are ignorant of; then rivet together all these links of one irresistible chain, and give to them their lawful weight. In the other scale, place the interests of the gin-spinner (that caterer to crime), and the single, solitary item cut from the budget, and you will see how soon the latter shall reach the beam.

"There is another surer test by which your judgments may be piloted, if ye will permit the alchemist to play his part in this tragedy of real

life, and Apothecaries' Hall to display its talent in the exhibition of the poisoned and deadly drug.

"Do this, my lords and gentlemen, if ye will not all, but let a tithe be gathered of the concurring condemnations, and it will cease to be flung at us as a national reproach, that in the British senate, with upwards of one thousand souls, whom Providence has selected to protect our properties and persons, not one individual could be found to brave the battle for a nation's good !

"It is in vain to erect prisons, useless to increase the horrors of transportation, idle to multiply our churches, ridiculous to amend the penal code ;—so long as the same causes be permitted to remain, the same results must flow. The prison cells will ever find occupants, as now ; the pages of the Newgate calendar will go on increasing ; Death will count his usual returns of "killed ;" the Australian districts will continue to be peopled in the same ratio as hitherto, and the workhouses will not be deprived of their average supply ; beastiality and blackguardism will take their usual rapid strides, and the numberless millions enlisted under the banners of civilization will have their ranks thinned as heretofore, if all be permitted to progress as now.

"Confident that Parliament yet possesses patriots, an attempt has been made to enlist your feelings, and attract your immediate attention on a matter so intimately and dearly connected with humanity ; and if the subject matter of the pamphlet find but a ready passport to your approbation, and produce an echo in the rectitude of your minds, the first object of the writer is attained.

"While your valuable and important time is at work with the machinery of rail-road bills, common enclosures, or turnpike trusts, condescend, my lords and gentlemen, sometimes to think that the salvation of so many thousand souls is involved in the question, and that their lives and dearest interests are in your keeping ; at the same time, remembering that two of the Lower House left their labours, and quitted this world with an enviable reputation—the one by his successful protection of the dumb creations of our Heavenly Father, and the other, by the bursting of those bonds and manacles of iron which the same cause as the present (gain) sought to bind for ever human beings to. May they reap their reward in heaven !"

Yet, this highly-gifted author condemns the government for thus enriching the treasury, and in the real spirit of Christian feeling. How then can he, or his publishers, venture to condemn this thirst for *gain* ? His is professedly a Christian work ; and for his pamphlet of twelve pages, whereof our extract is three, he or they have the assurance to affix the price of one shilling ! O Religion, how you cloak knaves, we cannot say fools (to their own interests) ; could not this writer have been a little less anxious for *gain* in doing so good a work ; however good, then, the purpose, we turn in disgust from such canting hypocrites.

History of England. Continuation by the Rev. T. S. HUGHES, B. D. Vol. 19. A. J. Valpy.

The present is certainly the most interesting and absorbing of all Mr. Hughes's volumes, containing as it does the detail of the struggle in the Peninsula of the British army under the command of the Duke of Wellington. Mr. Hughes has the great advantage of reference to the spirited narratives of Colonel Napier and several other British heroes who wield the pen as well as the sword. Yet we own, in compiling the history of this period, we think Mr. Hughes has been somewhat led out of his former philosophical spirit by the ardour of these soldiers. He heedlessly repeats their vituperation on the Spaniards for pusillanimity, when these charges are contradicted by the mere detail of events. Soldiers are not liberal or calm reasoners on human nature, or its springs of action : if they were they would, perhaps, never draw their swords, excepting in defensive warfare. When Mr. Hughes repeats the assertion of one of our British heroes, "that Palafox was the most contemptible wretch that ever usurped the name of a hero," he should have remembered that the glorious defence of Saragossa spoke for itself, and therefore the assertion perhaps sprung from the feeling "that two of a trade seldom agree." The misfortune of Palafox, by all accounts, was, that he commanded an army that had not yet learnt its business. It is the proper occupation of an historian to detect and set right these prejudices, which deform the sober page of history, more than the fiery narration of a warrior-author, who, peradventure, has personally suffered through some untoward event connected with the inexperience of the Spanish hero and his raw recruits. Here is a passage that exemplifies the want of moral perception in the use of the word pusillanimity, of which we complain :—

"Soon afterwards, the army of the Duke del Parque, consisting of 50,000 men, which had the audacity to threaten the sixth corps, was dispersed by Kellerman at Alba de Tormes ; and though about 20,000 of them were rallied by their commander in the mountains behind Tamames, they were without artillery ; and very few had preserved their muskets : such also was their distress for provisions, that when the British arrived on the northern frontier two months afterwards, the peasantry still spoke with horror of the sufferings of that famished soldiery : they died in vast numbers ; yet the mass neither dispersed nor murmured ; for the patience of the Spaniards under suffering equalled their pusillanimity on the field of battle."

Soldiers may call beaten men cowards, but an historian ought to have known that cowards could not have acted thus.

The men evidently did not know the mechanical trade of soldiers. We feel all due affection for the gallant army of our native heroes engaged in that awful struggle, but we think our historian scarcely makes sufficient allowance for the miseries of the Spanish people, and for the throes and agonies of a country convulsed at once with civil war and the presence of two strange armies; and when we find that, after the storming of Badajos, the British soldiers committed tremendous cruelties, not on the opposing French soldiers, but on the wretched citizens whose allies they were, the proverb must have risen to the memories of the Spaniards, of "defend me from my friends." Indeed, to a calm, unprejudiced mind, the whole history of that war is a tissue of horrors that we think no result can justify. From among other details, more truly awful, because they narrate the sufferings of the living, we extract this adventure with the dead:—

"The first operation of the besiegers was the attack of a strong advanced post, in the convent of St. Bartolomé; but after 2500 shot and 450 shells had been fired, it was found necessary to dislodge the enemy with the bayonet; and the victorious party, pursuing the flying garrison to the foot of the glacis, suffered severely on its return. A fire from the town was kept up against this post for twenty-four hours; and the dead which strewed the intermediate ground lay there unburied during the siege; so jealous was each party of an approach to their works: during the night, two batteries were erected to take the defences of the city in reverse; a difficult work in loose sand, where the fire of the enemy was so sharp and precise, that four sentinels were killed successively through one loop-hole. The only eminence from whence artillery could be brought to bear directly on the town, though still about 100 feet below it, was above the convent, and almost adjoining its walls: here a battery was erected; the covered way to it passed through the convent, and the battery itself was constructed in a burial-ground: a more ghastly circumstance can seldom have occurred in war; for coffins and corpses in all stages of decay were exposed, when the soil was thrown up against the fire from the town, and were used indeed in the defences: when a shell burst there, it brought down the living and the dead together. As one of our officers was giving his orders, a shot struck the edge of the trenches above him, and two coffins slipped down on him with the sand: the coffins broke in their fall; the bodies rolled with him to some distance; and when he recovered, he saw that they had been women of some rank; for they were richly attired in black velvet, and their long hair hung about their shoulders and livid faces. The soldiers, in the scarcity of firewood, being nothing nice, broke up coffins for fuel to dress their food, leaving the bodies exposed; and, till the hot sun had dried up these poor insulted remains of humanity, the stench was as dreadful as the sight."

Agnes Serle.

"Agnes Serle" is an instance, very common in the present day, of a novel containing good points and some characteristics of genius, which is utterly marred by the folly of imitating the worst passages of foregoing publications. Gipsies and gipsy predictions have been introduced into modern fiction, till we should think they would be nauseated by writers as they are by readers. Strange, indeed, that any lady can be found in the present day with so little tact as to hazard the condemnation of her literary labours by introducing such worn-out trash. We regret the gipsy machinery in "Agnes Serle," because we find merit in some of its domestic scenes. The characters of Frankland, Lady Susan, Lord Tarleton, Walter Serle, and Lewis Arnton, are well drawn. How long, how often are we to remonstrate on the silly and *fade* practice of introducing the violent, the impossible, and the vulgarly supernatural, into tales cast in modern times. A lady in the nineteenth century *never* jumps before a pistol in the middle of a duel, and dies according to the very letter of a gipsy's prediction on the very spot pointed out by the sybil. All this is fustian romance in the worst taste. The authoress who wrote "Agnes Serle," can, however, do better; for the scenes between Agnes and her father are good, and delicately worked up. Every part pertaining to the novel, and not connected with romance, pleases and interests the reader. We must however disapprove of the digressions; they are egotistical, and spoil the reality of the scene, as such interpolations ever do.

The timidity of Agnes' character is rather asserted than actual, her conduct is inconsistent with shrinking fearfulness. If she had been so very timid, she could not have repelled so coolly the attacks of the worldly Mrs. Delville; neither could she have *battered* Beauvoir so adroitly with compliments: a proceeding, by-the-by, that requires ten times greater confidence in a woman, than to support a self-possessed and serene demeanour at a first introduction into company. Mrs. Delville's story is a miserable blot in the construction of the novel. Divest Agnes of every thing relating to the supernatural; forget the fustian silliness of her departure; divorce her from her gipsies and fortune-telling, and only consider her story in relation to her father's character, De Beauvoir, and Lewis Arnton, and the reader must be powerfully interested in her. How singular it is, that authors should prefer the strut and bounce of melo-dramatic romance, to the useful and moral domestic novel: for the composition of which valuable but neglected style of writing, the authoress of "Agnes Serle" has decided talents, if she knew what to do with them.

Architectural Magazine. No. 26, for April. Longman and Co.

A paper by E. B. Lamb, Esq., "Design for a Suburban Villa, with two acres of ground," may answer the purposes of some of our building-disposed readers; we do not pretend to investigate its merits, being ourselves at present satisfactorily housed; but the whole seems to be by letter-press and wood-cuts elaborately detailed.

The reviews are of interesting works, particularly "the Historical Essay on Architecture," by the late Thomas Hope.

We looked rather anxiously for editorial remarks on the plans for the Houses of Parliament, and were as much disappointed at finding much general comment, yet that particular mention was deferred, till the following month (May). We have then, in this instance, got a month in advance of the worthy conductor.

Magazine of Health. No. 3. Tilt.

This number commences a treatise "on the digestive organs;" beginning even with the duties of the teeth, in properly preparing the substances for the stomach. The next paper is on the *predisponent* causes of consumption. The writer gives this excellent advice, that whatever the *predisponent* cause, whether from parents of consumptive habits, or from habits of the sufferer's own, as late going to bed, &c., wait not till the disease has exhibited its imperishable marks on the constitution, "do all you can to establish and strengthen your physical powers." In support of this, he quotes Dr. Clark, that to do any certain good you must be beforehand with it, and not wait until tubercles are formed. The author adds, that as vermin were sent to promote cleanliness, so "consumption was sent to promote a mode of life consistent with the laws that are incorporated with our physical organization, and which cannot be disobeyed with injury to its healthfulness."

EDUCATIONAL LITERATURE.

1. *Sketches of Natural History.* By MARY HOWITT. Third Thousand. E. Wilson.
2. *The Story without End.* Translated by S. AUSTIN. E. Wilson.
3. *L'Echo de Paris.* By M. A. P. LE PAGE, Professor of French in London. E. Wilson.
4. *A Catechism of Elocution.* By W. ROBERTS, Teacher of Elocution. Oliver and Boyd.
5. *Sacred History.* By J. STEPHENSON. Mason.
6. *The Solar Eclipse, or the Two Almanacks.* By ROSINA MARIA ZORNLIN. Ridgway.

We have lately received a charming little volume, written by the Howitts, and published by Effingham Wilson. It is got up

in the same pretty style as the "Story without End." Very attractive it will be, we doubt not, to children of all capacities; for, though highly instructive, it is written in a vivacious and joyous spirit that is peculiarly pleasing to young people. There is no little poetic merit in its pages, united with the inestimable advantage of simplicity. In some of Mary Howitt's annual poetry, her simplicity, at times, seems to us studied: in this little book it is genuine, and even combined with sublimity—as in "The Sea," the "Bold Adventurous Coot," and the "Giant Mastodon:" these poems will delight the young mind, and store it at the same time with ideas. "The Squirrel's Fleet," which is, by the way, written by W. H., is a great favourite of ours, and will be with all readers, great and small. "The Purple Crocus" is a gem, as lovely as the flower itself. The frontispiece, representing the kingfisher and its haunts, is a first-rate specimen of wood-cutting. The other cuts are pretty and appropriate. We cannot help noticing a novel feature in the publication of this little book. Instead of the announcement of the number of editions on the title-page, we find the more important words, third thousand. Whether this is a trait of the plain dealing of the *friends* William and Mary, or a new regulation of the publisher, we cannot say; however it may be, it is a good guide to the public as to the sale of a book.

2. "The Story without End." This delightful little volume possesses much of beauty and refined poetic moral.

3. "L'Echo de Paris." Among many publications of elementary works on the French language, we think "L'Echo de Paris" stands unrivalled in easiness of phraseology. It has caught that naïve and idiomatic grace which is so fascinating from the lips of a Parisienne. Every difficulty and disaster that attends the ordinary routine of life, we think, in this pretty volume, finds voluble utterance in easy French: in particular were we charmed at finding that distresses of our own, though we often suffer from the personal familiarities of odious household cùrs, had found a tongue in "L'Echo de Paris;" and for the aid of those ladies who would find it a comfort to scold the tiresome creatures in good French, we extract these words as a specimen of the work: "Oh, le vilain chien comme il m'arrange avec ses pattes! a bas! allez coucher! a la niche! renvoyez-le donc, ma petite Julie, je vous en prie! le voilà qui gratte ses puces auprès ma chaise à présent!"

We have, as well as this Parisienne, an unconquerable antipathy of *being arranged by any creature's paws*, especially by those of an impertinent spoil lap-dog.

The little wood-cuts are comic illustra-

tions of French proverbs, put as vignettes at the ends of sections. One of these cuts, page 90, had better have been omitted.

4. The "Catechism on Elocution" is a capital specimen of the useful elementary books published by Oliver and Boyd. It is an admirable assistant to the attainment to that rare and fascinating accomplishment, the art of reading well. The student is led on imperceptibly, by well-chosen examples, to avoid false emphasis, and use the true. The voice is guided by waved lines drawn beneath sentences: these indicate when the voice is to rise, fall, or be sustained. We do not know which to admire the most, the simplicity or the utility of this arrangement.

In one instance, and in one alone, is our taste offended; this is in page 43, where the teacher recommends the reader to assume not only the intonations but the transitions of countenance suitable to the characters of malignant persons, when they are supposed to be speakers. This, we are aware, is a disputed point: our opinion is, that such expression of countenance ought to be limited to the stage, and that such advice would lead the student for the bar, the pulpit, or even as a private reader, into the acquisition of a variety of grimaces. We think violent passions ought to be expressed by the voice alone: the countenance of a sensible person will naturally go with the tenor of the passage reciting; but it ought to be left free, and no assumed contortions recommended to be practised.

In other respects the book has our warmest approval; it is simple, cheap, and excellently calculated to improve any persons who wish privately to polish their style of reading: it is likewise admirable for the use of schools.

5. "Sacred History." The Biblical Examiner would have been a better title for this good juvenile book, than any combination of words on its lengthy title-page: nevertheless, its contents are valuable to the parent and teacher; it is a good assistant, enabling any instructor to ascertain whether a child has fixed its attention on the chapter it has been reading. First, the heads of the scriptural passage are considered; then the moral improvement to be drawn from it: a series of questions are then proposed, and the exercise finishes with instructions on the meaning of the Hebrew names of persons or places, geographical explanations of the latter; and, lastly, the meanings of some of the English words are given. In many instances, we think this last feature unnecessary, and rather in the style of filling-up stuff. The child who does not know the meaning of such words as throw, rage, truly, rash, hateful, &c., is scarcely capable of reading the historical portions of scripture. Mean-

time, words like vicarious, covenant, idolatry, &c., may be the better for explanation. However, if a fault, it is an error on the right side. In all other respects the book is of sterling worth, and we advise all mothers to possess themselves of it.

6. "The Solar Eclipse." This talented little book makes its appearance at a truly fortunate season. On the 15th of May the comet is to appear, and every body will be anxious to be made acquainted with the peculiarities of the subject, and that portion shall therefore form our extract. This valuable juvenile treatise opens with a family discourse on comets, and gives just praise to the telescope, bringing almost darkness into light, by opening our eyes or expanding our view to things far beyond the reach of our visual orb. We have taken largely, but we have only made a long extract of a work of neither small pretensions nor little size, which is, nevertheless, only one shilling in price.

"H. On what day of the week is the 15th of May, papa?"

Mr. W. It falls on Sunday, in the year 1836.

H. At what time does the eclipse begin?

Mr. W. At London it begins at nine minutes before two; the middle of the eclipse, or the greatest darkness, will be at eighteen or nineteen minutes after three, and the eclipse will end at twenty-one minutes before five.

Ch. Does it begin at the same time at Edinburgh?

Mr. W. Not quite: it begins there a little earlier; that is, twenty-seven minutes before two; and the annular appearance will commence at about three minutes before three.

Ch. At what time does it begin in the west of England?

Mr. W. At Falmouth, and that line of country, the eclipse begins at twenty-one minutes after one, and the middle will be at seven minutes before three.

H. Which part of the sun will be darkened first, papa?

Mr. W. You will understand this best by referring to the diagram I have given you: fig. 3 is a representation of the beginning of the eclipse.

E. But I am afraid I shall not be able to see it.

Mr. W. Why not, Emma?

E. Because I cannot bear to look at the sun: my eyes are quite dazzled if I attempt it even for a moment.

Mr. W. I must provide a piece of coloured glass, and then you may be able to look without injuring your eyes.

Ch. Is it of importance to have the glass of any particular colour?

Mr. W. Green glass is decidedly the best; that being the only colour which effectually intercepts the most powerful rays of the sun.

Ch. I should think a hazy day, with the sun just visible, would be the most favourable for seeing the eclipse.

Mr. W. To those who only observe it with the naked eye, and have no further object than to see the moon pass before the sun, perhaps it might be; but, in the present instance (at least in some places), even unscientific observers might lose much, if the sky were not clear and cloudless.

Ch. What could they lose, papa?

Mr. W. In those places where sufficient darkness prevails, the planets Jupiter and Venus will be visible, about five degrees asunder.

Ch. Oh, will they? how very curious. In what part of the heavens will they be situated?

Mr. W. Nearly due south, and at a considerable altitude, or height.

Ch. How very remarkable it would be to behold the planet Venus on the meridian, which we are accustomed to see only as a morning or evening star.

Mr. W. Yes, it would be extremely interesting. Some of the fixed stars also may be visible.

E. Some of the stars, papa? are there any stars above us during the day?

Mr. W. Yes, Emma; the same stars are above us in summer by day as in winter by night; and were the darkness sufficiently great during the eclipse, you might actually see the stars with which you have become acquainted, whilst looking for Halley's comet.

H. May Castor and Pollux be visible?

Mr. W. Possibly they may be seen; they will be situated a little to the east of south.

E. And the Great Bear, too?

Mr. W. It will be only the very brightest stars that we have any chance of beholding. Lyra will be nearly due north, and very little above the horizon. Arcturus will also be near the horizon, rather north of east. Regulus will be to the south-east, and at a greater altitude. Aldebaran will perhaps be too near the sun (to the south of which it will be situated) to be seen; and Sirius will be on the meridian, or due south.

E. How very much I should like to see the stars by day! I can scarcely believe it possible that they may be visible. Besides, they are so bright and sparkling at night, I do not know why they should not always be seen, if they are really there.

Mr. W. The brilliancy of the sun is so great that it quite overpowers their infinitely more distant, and consequently feebler, light; for the light of Sirius, the brightest of all the fixed stars, is, compared with the sun, as one to twenty millions.

E. Then I am not surprised that we do not see the stars by day.

Ch. Will not the eclipse on the 15th of May, be annular in some places?

Mr. W. Yes, it will be annular at Edinburgh; and it will also be annular, or nearly so, in that part of England which lies to the north of a line passing from Ravensham, in Cumberland, by Northallerton, in Yorkshire; and in that part of Scotland which lies to the south of a line passing from Muckearn, on the western coast of Scotland, and Dundee, on the eastern coast.

H. It will not then be annular at London!

Mr. W. No, it will be a large eclipse, but not annular, in London and its vicinity.

Ch. How many digits will be eclipsed at London?

Mr. W. Rather more than ten.

Ch. It will, therefore, want nearly two digits to make it annular: I wish it were annular here I should like to travel to Edinburgh to see it at that place.

(For Notices of Works not here reviewed, see page at back of Contents.)

H. And perhaps, when you arrived there, it might be a cloudy day, and you not able to catch a glimpse of it.

Ch. How long will the annular appearance last, papa?

Mr. W. For about four minutes.

Ch. Only four minutes! then indeed, Harriet, I might have a bad chance of seeing it.

H. What appearance will the eclipse present in London, papa?

Mr. W. I will show you, as far as I can, upon paper; fig. 1. represents the eclipse as it will appear in the neighbourhood of London; and fig. 2. gives the appearance of an annular eclipse.*

E. I suppose that the white part is what will remain visible of the sun, is it not?

Ch. Yes, it will be all swallowed up except that little piece."

[The "Edinburgh Cabinet Journal," of Nov. 21st, 1835, contains the history of Halley's Comet, &c., if any of our readers desire to gain further information on the subject.]

Perils in the Woods: a Tale. By the author of "The Children's Fire-side," &c. E. Wilson.

We have been well amused by the perusal of this volume, which is, in fact, very entertaining; and that part of it which describes the invasion of the settlement by the Indians, rises to the energetic and terrific, and bears a very powerful interest; nevertheless, we are forced to say that we should not enter this work in our list of educational books, for we think that the writer would be more successful in any other department of literature. We do not complain of lack of talent, but of a want of proper feeling of the duties of an instructor of juvenile minds. There is detailed in its pages a coarseness of customs and of phraseology, not only of American life in the woods, but in the home routine of the listeners and tellers of the tale in England, which is any thing but desirable to introduce to such imitative little beings, as children always are. We do not think the useful occupations of Mr. Pemberton and his family are vulgar, it is the intermediate dialogue to which we have strong objections.

The style of a standard juvenile work, ought to unite simplicity, refinement, and a captivating interest. Our author seems to think that a coarse jocular dialogue, garnished with slang phrases, is easy, and simple writing, fit for the instruction of children: he is deceived.

Education.—Bring up children to tell the truth, you will thereby make sincere men; render them compassionate, they will become brave without being cruel: tastes change, but principles are permanent.—*Mad. Campan.*

When a mother ornaments her child with rich embroideries and laces, she acts neither for the happiness of the present nor that of the future, but merely gratifies her own vanity.—*Mad. Campan.*

* We must refer to the author's book for these.

Fine Arts.

Illustrations of the New Testament. Part VI. Churton.

Let the author of "Gin" condemnations, reviewed in this number, look at the very excellent and cheap work of Mr. Churton's, which contains eight engravings and letter-press for one shilling! Again, we repeat, we hope to see this publication in every family up stairs, and down stairs. Each number becomes more interesting. This contains "The Crucifixion." "Judas betraying Christ." "Simeon blessing Christ," a very indifferent performance—the worst in the book, engraved by G. Thomson, painted by Westall. "The Woman taken in Adultery." "The Opening of the 6th Seal." "Joseph fleeing into Egypt." "The Parable of the Ten Virgins." Most of the above are executed with surprising talent.

Heath's Drawing-room Portfolio. Contain- ing six large and beautiful engravings, in a handsome case. Tilt.

The above title gives but a just character of this collection. The engravings are, "The Countess of Blessington," drawn by A. Chalon, engraved by H. T. Ryall: quite a lady at her ease, with her beautiful hand suspended over an arm-chair. "The Sisters," drawn by J. Hayter, engraved by J. Thomson; as sweet a composition as art could well devise. "The Secret Discovered," (the portrait is surely that of a lady,) drawn by Miss Louisa Sharpe, engraved by H. Robinson: full of soft work; but we have yet to forget the "two lovely sisters." "The Bride of Abydos," drawn by H. Andrews, engraved by H. T. Ryall: in every respect suitable to the subject, and truly characteristic. "La Valliere," drawn by E. T. Parris, engraved by H. Robinson, and printed by M'Queen, exhibits this amiable and lovely woman, if possible, in more than all her usual beauty, whilst forgetting things terrestrial, and with heart and soul carrying her thoughts on high. "The Enraged Antiquary," drawn by W. Jenkins, engraved by T. A. Dean: this seems to us to be almost one of the very earliest impressions. The whole work is very delicate and beautiful. The faces

of the peeping children (one of whom, by-the-bye, has stolen some other person's fingers, for it is a man's hand,) are remarkably clever. Like Wilkie's "Rent Day," it is probable this may become a general favourite. In a word, the portfolio is very pleasing, and would be an ornamental source of delight in any drawing-room.

Stanfield's Coast Scenery. Parts 7 and 8. Smith, Elder, and Co.

No. 7 contains, "Broadstairs, Dover Pier," beautifully executed by Appelton; "Boulogne, with a Wreck on the Coast;" and "Boulogne Old Pier," in itself almost reality. No. 8 contains, "Ramsgate from the Tower," which is ably shewn; and there is much freshness in these portions of the work, whilst the working-men very properly are not over handsome. "The Roque de Guel, Guernsey;" a part we are glad to see depicted, since we know it not. A very lovely view of "Brading Harbour, Isle of Wight," by E. Finden, which, in selection and execution, must please every body; and "St. Michael's Mount, Normandy," engraved by Freebairn, which is very creditable and highly interesting, as well from its locality as the associations to which it instantly gives rise. Appropriate letter-press accompanies the plates.

Studies of Heads. Tilt.

Miss Louisa Corboux has exhibited her much admired talent, in this first number, drawn on stone. The designs are said to be from nature. The size of the sheet is 4to. There are four plates: one, of a pleasant, innocent-looking cottage girl; two of intelligent children,—a boy and a girl; and one of a damsel in sad affliction. The notion is good, and thus executed, likely to be attractive to the public.

Daniel's Panorama, Pall Mall.

We have before noticed this exhibition, and we need not again describe it: we can however invite those who have not yet seen the mode of catching and taming wild elephants to do so, before the view is changed, which will, we understand, shortly be.

Drama, &c.

KING'S THEATRE.

This place of public resort has been more than usually attended during the past month: we have not, however, space to enter into particulars; neither is it very important, since we could only now tell the great majority of the fashionable world what they know already.

DRURY-LANE.

The pieces of last month, with the occasional performance of one of our standard dramas, have been the entertainments at this house during the present. The managers might have calculated upon empty benches, if they had possessed a grain of common sense, when the "Jewess," which

was so long the second piece, was actually performed first. We rejoice that the public is becoming tired of mere spectacle. Madame Malibran is announced to appear here on Monday, May 2.

COVENT-GARDEN.

An English version of Casimer Delavigne's "Don Juan d'Austrie," has been produced here. An outline of the plot would occupy more space than we can conveniently spare. It must suffice to say that the adaptation is very good, and that the play was well received. "Zazezizozu" has been the staple piece of the month; in which the singing of Miss Romer is truly charming. The dresses, scenery, &c. are very splendid, and we doubt not but it has been a decided hit. We regret that any such disagreements, as have sprung up between the manager and the performers, in consequence of the suspension of performances on the occasion of the *City Association* dining in the theatre, should have arisen: it has, on some occasions, threatened to mar the amusements of the evening. A new piece was produced here on Tuesday last, by Mr. Power.

HAYMARKET.

This theatre opened on Monday for the season with two novelties—second price, and a ballet. The first was well advised; we hardly know what to say to the latter. The entertainments commenced with Sheridan's comedy of "The Rivals." The representation was very creditable. The ballet was called "Zulema." There were some pretty dresses, some pretty music, and some pretty

faces, and it went off very successfully. A new farce, in one act, has been announced.

ENGLISH OPERA-HOUSE.

At this theatre, which appears, as it certainly deserves, to flourish, a version of M. Scribe's opera, "The Huguenots," has been produced: the best portions of Meyerbeer's music are omitted, and some substituted by Mr. Tully. The adapter has not in the least departed from the original in the structure of his plot, which, we should suppose, is too well known to need recapitulation here. The piece was moderately applauded, though we must say, no sound of disapprobation was heard.

QUEEN'S.

This theatre is opened on the 20th ult. by a commonwealth of actors. Great exertions have been made to insure success, and we hope it will be so for the sake of those engaged in the speculation.

NEW STRAND THEATRE.

This theatre is at length opened for the season, under the joint direction of Mr. W. J. Hammond, and Mr. Jerrold, the well-known and successful dramatist. Three new pieces and one old, formed the bill of fare for the evening. The first, "Come to Town," was from the pen of Mr. Leman Rede. It was a trifle of some spirit and humour, but too long for a one-act piece. "The Painter of Ghent," by Mr. Jerrold, followed. The third novelty was "P. L.; or 30, Strand." The house was well filled; and if unbounded approbation be a symptom of success, the managers may calculate on reaping a rich harvest.

DESIGNS FOR THE NEW HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

(Continued from page 258.)

In continuing our remarks upon this interesting and national exhibition, we beg to remind our readers of the apology we offered in our last number, and, with the same plea in our favour, continue to hazard our own opinions upon so important a subject, where tastes may differ, and do so widely, and in which, as with a manual, our book may be quoted as text against, or may be, for us. We have mentioned below at what period of our inspection the four successful plans were exposed for view; viz. Thursday, the 28th of April; and it will be seen that we have hazarded some opinions in our progress.

Lapidge.—In again looking at this design, we cannot but remark, that the view in Old Palace-yard pleases us very much indeed. There is sufficient of ornament, and much of beauty. The river-front is in every respect unique, appropriate, and pretty, but there is a lack of minor official accommodation, and, as we said before, a sad shutting out of the river peep in New Palace-yard.

R. W. Pain, has giant elevations, emulous to reach heaven. Were we to approve of this, and cause it to be adopted, we should indeed be liable to all the pains and penalties of killing at least some few hundreds of the members in getting to the upper room. It is almost the least suitable design we have yet seen.

Lamb.—The east elevation presents an ornamental simplicity; the west, complex ornament; and is too tame for such a public work.

Knowles.—This gentleman has executed his design most beautifully; and with much skill and talent exhibits many hundreds of persons, in order to give perspective effect to his work. We like exceedingly his fine open terrace next the river. In order to render his designs perfect, the newly-erected towers of Westminster Hall should be pulled down, to correspond with those which are to be contiguous to it in New Palace-yard. The Peers' entrance is facing the river nearer the bridge side, and the Commons

also, but at the end of the building. We have before commended this separation, but are of opinion that the allotted situations should be reversed, both on account of the lords not sitting so late, nor being visited by so many persons. In the centre very appropriately is the grand entrance. His plan has great elevation, and it is the conception of a lofty mind exerting itself for a grand purpose, and not raised brickwork, as in that which we have just condemned. This design will engage much attention and gain great fame for its author.

Bunning.—This gentleman makes the steps to the river terminate at the bridge end, and by the side of it, parallel with the bridge, commences his work, wholly shutting out all ordinary foot communication towards the river, except by a narrow carriage-way. This grand centre vies in ornament with the cathedral of Milan, carrying on its shoulders the dome of St. Peter's! Altering this useless portion, the river front is not so very inappropriate. In New Palace-yard, beyond the entrance to Westminster-hall, his work is uniform, and, stopping at the archway, without the addition of other building nearer the bridge, we might not much quarrel with him. We should say, let the whole glissade a half change to the right.

S. C. Brees and J. Griffiths.—It would puzzle a conjuror to describe the nature of the ornamental work for the Peers' entrance, King's entrance, and Princes' entrance: taking then away this architectural monstrosity, the river-front is light and elegant; but it is useless to dwell upon a thing incapable of execution.

Bryce finishes well on the river side of Westminster-hall, but wholly encloses the space towards the river. Next the river his building abuts without terrace-walk or carriage-drive. He is all windows, and all towering towers; the like of which are wholly unknown to us, and, for purposes of utility, are never likely to be.

Morgan shuts out the river peep from New Palace-yard, after Mr. Bunning's manner. Towards the river he has towering masses of capped brickwork, with an elevated terrace: unluckily for the artist, clouds portentous of storm hang over his ill-fated design, and the Thames is more than usually turbulent, which gives to his design a sombre hue, which we think very likely sealed its fate with the commissioners. The old Palace-yard erections are not at all unsuitable.

Hakewell has newly fronted and entirely changed the corner building on the right of Westminster-hall; a thing we have before recommended. He has done it well, and made a line of gallery which is very appropriate. At first sight, we had at once condemned this—New Palace-yard is left open. We should not be much surprised to hazard an opinion, that Mr. Barry's plan is not

greatly dissimilar to this portion. Thus far is good. He continues a passage-way all round the building. The river front does not please us, it wants dignity of appearance, though it is somewhat imposing. In Old Palace-yard almost every portion is inconsistent.

Third Room.—T. Willson. We know not why so many designs exhibit such lofty elevation in Old Palace-yard. The site has no pretence for the display of dignity. We give a guess that Mr. Barry's is the reverse of this. We apply the same remark to the river front. The view next the bridge is open, and, in that respect only, pleases us. Mr. Willson's object evidently is unity of design with that to which his is to be added, and he has, in this manner, fettered his talent.

Lee.—Mr. Lee has taken great pains, and bestowed much attention upon the execution of his work. His river-front is strictly in accordance with that of the late St. Stephen's Chapel. This may do to a small extent; but on a great scale, even architectural beauty may be killed by being diamonded all over. The artist has mistaken the public purpose of a place of business, utility combining beauty of appearance.

Alderson.—This gentleman leaves the opening from New Palace-yard free, making a large angle from the bridge-stairs. The buildings do not project beyond the line of Westminster-hall entrance. The King's entrance is from the west, or in Old Palace-yard. Then, as elsewhere, there is a mass of lofty buildings. In Mr. Barry, we shall look for elegance and simplicity. Mr. Alderson's river-front would exhibit these lofty towers, more than twice the height of the towers at the entrance of Westminster-hall.

Forster and Oakley.—In New Palace-yard this design is finished uniformly with the existing buildings; next the river is a blank wall, and pathway, terminating with a similar line of residences nearer the bridge, in lieu of the existing buildings: this is well conceived.

Clarke, in Old Palace-yard, puzzles us with ornament; in new Palace-yard his design is neat and consistent, leaving a large open space towards the river. The mistake appears to be the ornament which *surmounts* the several buildings, and the ornament which is part of it. To the former *his* attention is directed.

Cumberledge, in New Palace-yard, approaches nearly to a consistent building towards the river; and there is a wide space left towards the bridge. The river-front wants dignity: his work is low, but surmounted by towers out of all proportion, and without regard to number: he has an open way towards the river. In Old Palace-yard he is rather successful: he makes one line of building at right angles with the public street, and a separate building to-

wards Abingdon-street, which leaves an open space to the river. There is nothing inconsistent in this arrangement.

Walton rises in much magnificence. He takes in nearly the whole of New Palace-yard towards the river. His river-front is superb, and his Old Palace-yard too elegant and expensive in such a situation: it is very beautiful. How far the detail corresponds with the design, we know not; but we must be led to think that he, in some unaccountable way, must have marred his own talent as a designer.

Wood terminates Westminster-hall with iron-railing and stone pillars, as far as the water steps; the way is through an arch to a line of plain buildings. In Old Palace-yard, he entirely changes its appearance, and terminates his plan with a wall and archway towards Abingdon-street. He has a carriage-way along the river: the two houses terminate in this direction. We do not know how to make much of this.

Mott has not sufficiently progressed to enable us to report upon his intended design: he only gives something of a perfect sketch of the Thames front, which is rather palace-like, than otherwise.

Rhind gives in masonry, what "Rhine-land-fiction" would give in song. It is grand; but 'tis like a magic city of by-gone ages, when men of talent had nought to do but to build for some despotic fancy. As regards the portion in New Palace-yard, it has no want of elegance; and for a commanding situation, would have a commanding aspect as a Speaker's house. His river-front abuts upon the water-side, with three places of landing in communication with the building. This is good talent, which may be some day brought into usefulness. We do not know that we should quarrel with his Old Palace-yard peep; it is his interior and river-front which is so wanting in utility.

Turner takes entirely a new plan: beyond Westminster-hall, in New Palace-yard, he erects consistent and retiring houses; to the left, next the river, a very handsome edifice, connected by an inner nest of rooms; near the bridge is another nearly similar building. He gives to the whole a dignified appearance. There is good taste, also, in the building facing the river; but he has neither terrace nor footway, the line of buildings projecting but little beyond the bridge steps. In Old Palace-yard he is also original: he has greatly enlarged this space, and part of the Hall is seen, a handsome building erected, and an iron railing adjoining the houses next to Abingdon-street, that leaves the river open, which is a very great improvement. There is great merit in this design.

Savage introduces on the left of Westminster-hall, next the river, lofty buildings, with an arch-way as high as the fourth story,

cut out of the building. The entrance is by an ordinary arch into a court-yard, and at a short distance there is another arch, leading to a kind of square. A circular tower, like that of the Inner Temple, runs by, and higher than the ceiling of Westminster-hall. Towards the river it looks like a design for a prison; there is a terrace-way, and in the centre, as well as right and left, steps to the water. All the houses of the bridge in New Palace-yard are cleared away. In Old Palace-yard is a lofty range of houses as far as Abingdon-street. There is nothing taking to the eye in this.

We have just been examining the successful designs, but continue to give a few of the unsuccessful as long as time will permit.

Mott is not very far different in the form of his river-front to Barry, but far less expensive, and more simple.

Gregor erects a kind of castle screen in New Palace-yard, with two broad archways, through one of which the King is to pass. The committee-rooms are on the right of Westminster-hall. In a word, there is taste and talent in the river-front particularly, combining utility with ornament. Old Palace-yard has also a moderate alteration and adaptation, also in the line of Parliament-street. We are, then, far from condemning this for its looks; in some parts it is really elegant; the alterations of the existing frontages are highly judicious. He is an economical man.

French. — We do not particularly like his river-front. We need not fatigue our readers by reasons wherefore.

Harrison wholly encloses New Palace-yard, next the river, except by a corridor to an open foot and carriage way from the Speaker's residence, which stands apart towards Westminster-bridge. We like that notion, but we wish for more open space towards Westminster-bridge. There is something unique in his river-front. He gives an amazing not inappropriate line of building.

Desvignes is open towards the river. He contrasts Old Palace-yard having a ground floor range at right angles with the entrance of Westminster-hall. His principal building has one lofty spire—like the so called "extinguisher" church in Regent-street, Portland-place; towards the river the appearance certainly looks handsome. Immense labour has been bestowed upon the detail, but the artist has devoted little time to do himself "exhibition" justice.

Wyatt is original in his river-front; the Speaker's stable court is next the bridge, and has a very mean appearance from the river side; the whole view of the river is shut out.

Sambell, in his river-front, has a handsome line of buildings.

Kilpin shews a talented mind; his design may be available for some other purpose, by which we do not mean to say it is unsuitable for this. We are far from disliking it,

Walker shuts in the river view, but his style is chaste; his river-front has great merit, his Old Palace-yard is very good.

Taylor is *magnificent*, it is well a nation is the paymaster; he is, to give him his due, a man evidently of enterprising merit.

Harper possesses variety, which is not suitable to any taste.

Fairbank, with his title of Forest of Lebanon, exhibits a forest of building: he has, in other words, ornamented the castle of St. Angelo; he has done much more than was wanted.

Poynter differs from all the rest; he has a simple building facing the river: he is nearly open in New Palace-yard towards the river.

We now turn to the four designs to whose owners the four premiums were awarded.

The first premium, Mr. Barry.—This design commences with a screen-work, or entirely new front from Westminster-hall entrance down to Abingdon-street, making the building parallel with the river. It is, we believe, florid Gothic, and it abounds like sand upon the sea-shore, with ornament. We believe one of the commissioners, Mr. Edward Hanbury Tracy, is the same who, at his own cost, spent a fortune, some one or two hundred thousand pounds, in his own seat near Cheltenham, in erections in similar style. We have seen, and been all over, the elegant, beautiful, and extraordinary building, which is, in like manner, ornamented at all points with animals and human beings; and such fanciful things are here avoided, because that which an individual might do, a caterer for the public dare not attempt. Whether Mr. Barry has ever visited this spot, or whether, by intuitive sagacity, or prudent foresight, knowing the taste of one, at least, of his judges, he has done that which has gained him justly the prize, though it might be that his taste was, in some measure, led, as the tastes of all might have been, to designing in that style which has so long engaged one and the principal commissioner, he run a good chance, with some talent, of being an accepted favourite. Another commissioner, the Hon. Mr. Liddell, is far from unknown in the *private* circles of *public* composition, when he carried on underground (undermining) operations in the Ne-Paul war, to be permitted *gratuitously* to erect the 100,000*l.* church for the General Cemetery Company, which he, or rather his friends, wished to smuggle through, when it had been determined that there should be public competition for the purpose. It is certainly no harm for a gentleman to offer his services gratuitously; but, if report be true, it was any thing but courteous to try to force upon a committee plans and services which the majority did not think worth accepting; and strange it is, that he who is now (that is, here was) judge over Mr. Ken-

dall's father's designs, in which the son very successfully laboured, was himself beaten by that very individual, and Mr. Kendall received the premium of 100 guineas; and although there was great hurry and contrivance to get the former chosen and executed, yet there was no hurry at all, neither is there, to get Mr. Kendall's, the successful plan, adopted. So much for favouritism in that instance! And it was curious to observe how Sir John Dean Paul, Bart., of the Company, introduced his relative, this hon. commissioner, "*All I can say of him is, that he thinks himself a very clever fellow. He offers to do it for nothing; you can give him a gratuity of some shares instead.*" We have not the honour of knowing the other commissioners. Our business is now with their opinions. Beyond Westminster-hall, and from the river towards Westminster-bridge (two sides of a square), are noble Gothic erections, corresponding with the to-be-altered buildings at this end of Westminster-hall. Here are the official residences, and at the very extremity, near the bridge, is a lofty tower, where is the state dining-room. Mr. Barry has noted down a space he could gain at the rear of Abingdon-street: if so, we should be extremely glad to have as much open space on the New Palace-yard site towards the river. His entrance for the Commons is in New Palace-yard, and nearer at home for the members generally—a thing we have mentioned to be very desirable. He has also a covered passage-way around the whole building, with open Gothic entrances at every few steps, which is very desirable. In Old Palace-yard, the design strikes the beholder with astonishment. It is chaste and beautiful, though abounding in ornament; but that ornament belongs to it. The King's entrance is towards the Abingdon-street side, under an immense tower, in which are niches for those things of by-gone ages, which do not suit our climate, finely chiselled figures of marble. We had condemned this as being nothing useful, however beautiful on paper; but we see it is intended to contain public records. The dining-hall, already mentioned, to correspond with this in height, is about half the size in other respects.

Mr. Barry has no general river-side foot-way, but a terrace 580 feet long, twenty-six wide, accessible from within, and by water, but built up at either end. We again regret this, as ultimately a public road might be made from the bridge by the Houses of Parliament, and beyond it. We really think, if ever this very expensive plan is likely to be carried into effect, they had better pull down almost all but Westminster-hall, and some law courts; for what can be worse than—first, to have the doors of our court open into Westminster-hall, the atmosphere of which is not particularly

good, or else into a passage generally crammed to suffocation. In this design, then, too much is to be spent upon exterior. Two millions might be better expended, and about a fourth on the Houses of Parliament. Attend a little to what is wanted. Let not the very extreme of penury, want, and starvation, which is to be seen a few yards beyond the Houses of Parliament in every direction, make us the ridicule and laughing-stock of foreigners, and a shame to ourselves. Again, we say, reserve a little; make something like a tolerably proper way from the Houses of Parliament even as far as Vauxhall-bridge, and some squares with almshouses for aged women, and God will bless your labour; but do not squander thus, whilst so much is wanting. Drive from Oxford-street by St. Giles's into Holborn; pray think of the barbarous state of this great public thoroughfare; see to your streets from north to south, entering into Fleet-street to Holborn and the Strand, and you will find plenty of useful employment for some capital, and for some time. But, to conclude with Mr. Barry's design: the stairs at Westminster-bridge are greatly enlarged, and the buildings terminate, like Venetian houses, in the water. Although very pleasing, we do not designate the river-front as very striking. We have just seen a drawing, entitled "A Peep of Old Palace-yard, with the first view of the King's Tower, and the projecting Abbey by Poets'-corner," which exhibits very delightful variety of design. We cheerfully accord to Mr. Barry the satisfactory possession of his well-merited reward.

Second premium, Mr. Buckle.—We are so totally disgusted with the absence of even the slightest pretension in this design, that we are content to leave ourselves and our critical fame in the hands of the public. We should like this question to be put not in secret conclave, in a court of their own, but in a court of common sense. *Do you now think and believe, seeing the several designs in open day, and to the best advantage, that this is really the second best design, or that there are not some twenty or thirty others, which, if not quite as good, would have been equally entitled to the fifth prize?* We wish there were a "sentiment" card-box placed somewhere for visitors' opinions; one hundred carts could not remove the "paper" testimonials in favour of our opinion, and a wheelbarrow would, we are sure, be more than sufficient to take away

the whole which friends might be disposed to leave in favour of the decision of the commissioners. To say nothing more at present of others, let any one compare this and Mr. Hopper's together: they must, indeed, have *hopped* over that with a vengeance, to have *Buckled* too, so warmly with his successful rival.

It is said the prizes were awarded and paid, without reference having been made at all to either House of Parliament!

No. 3. Mr. Raillon continues a uniform line of building beyond Westminster-hall towards the river, which is happily left open, with the exception of a low octangular building for a police station. It is simple, and could be done at little expense. In Old Palace-yard the arrangement is very good, consistent, and pleasing, without unnecessary expense.—There are broad stairs towards the river, and a free passage for carriages along. We do not, however, like the river front—its ups and downs, tower-toppings, and a mixture of irregularities without meaning. We speak, however, of outward appearance.

No. 4. Mr. Hamilton's is almost the least finished design, it being little more than outline. The space towards the river is enclosed: the steps to the water are contracted, and there is a shut-in carriage-way along the river. The river-front differs very little from usual habitation buildings, except in lofty obelisk-capped towers. He has a covered way to Parliament-stairs, which run by the inner side of the public stairs. A stable-yard by the side, and offices. We like the terrace arrangement very much. There are committee-rooms, dining-rooms, and tea-rooms opening thereon. In the plan itself, there was so little to strike attention, that we peeped a little at the internal arrangement, which seems to be remarkably good and distinct, on which account we suppose it was accepted. It would never have done to have accepted five superior designs. The chances would have been against the chosen one, the field is now so far undisputed: for none of the other three have one feature of rivalry or competitorship in their looks!!!

We may perhaps see, next month, how we would have awarded the prizes; and would accept sealed tenders, delivered free from the public, at our Office, 15, Carey-street, which so marked, addressed to the Editor, shall not be opened until we have decided: we speak only of external elegance.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

BIRTHS.

On the 27th of Feb., the lady of Sir W. Coles Medleycott, Bart., of Milborne Port, of a daughter.—On the 29th of Feb., at Holderness House, the Marchioness of Londonderry, of a son.—On the 28th of Feb., Lady de Tabley, of a daughter, still-born.—On the 3rd of March, at King's Bromley, the Hon. Mrs. Newton Lane, of a son.—On the 4th of March,

at Formosa-cottage, the lady of Sir George Young, Bart., of a daughter.—On the 5th of March, in Portman-square, the lady of R. W. Hall Dare, Esq. M. P., of a son, still-born.—On the 4th of March, at Orlitou, Pembrokeshire, Lady Owen, of a son.—On the 12th of March, at East Sheen, the Lady Charlotte Penrhyn, of a son, still-born.—On the 14th of March, in South-street, Grosvenor-square,

the Lady Harriet Corry, of a son.—On the 20th of March, at the Dowager Lady Arundels, in Dover-street, the Hon. Mrs. Neave, of a son.—On the 23rd of March, at her mother's, the Viscountess Glentworth, Clifton, the Hon. Lady Gray, lady of the Rev. Hen. Gray, Almondsbury, Gloucestershire, of a daughter.—On the 26th of March, in Lower Brook-street, the Viscountess Holmesdale, of a son and heir.—On the 11th ult., in Harley-street, the lady of Captain Berkley Maxwell, R.N., of a daughter.—On the 9th ult., at Southrepps, the lady of the Rev. John Dolphin, of a daughter.—On the 7th ult., in Guildford-street, Russell-square, Mrs. Edward English, of a son.—On the 13th ult., in Grosvenor-place, Lady Graham, of a son.—On the 14th ult., at Reading, the lady of the Rev. Francis Valpy, of a daughter.—On the 14th ult., in Upper Bedford-place, the lady of E. A. Chaplin, Esq., of a daughter.—On the 12th ult., the Lady Caroline Calcraft, of a son.—On the 18th ult., in Wilton-crescent, the lady of J. T. Horne, Esq., of a daughter.—On the 30th of March, at Towcester, the Lady Jane Ham, of a daughter.—On the 1st ult., at Wilton-crescent, the Lady Vernon, of a son.—On the 2nd ult., at Walthamstow, the lady of the Hon. George Murray, of a daughter.—On the 18th ult., in Harley-street, the lady of Denis Le Marchant, Esq., of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

On the 12th ult., at Trinity Church, Marylebone, Edward North, eldest son of Thomas Fowell Buxton, Esq., M.P., to Catherine, second daughter of Samuel Gurney, Esq., of Upton, Essex.—On the 12th ult., at St. Margaret's, Lottibury, by the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Lincoln, John Banks Hollingworth, D.D., Archdeacon of Huntingdon, to Mary Ann Tabor, third daughter of John Tabor, Esq., of Finsbury-square.—On the 12th ult., at Staground, John Greene, Esq., solicitor, Bury St. Edmund's, to Margaretta, eldest daughter of the Rev. Henry Yeats Smythies, vicar of Staground-cum Farcet, Huntingdonshire.—On the 5th ult., at Tuxford, Buchan Warren Wright, Esq., surgeon, Madras army, to Sarah, youngest daughter of the late Sir J. Woollaston White, Bart., of Wallingwells, Nottinghamshire.—On the 5th ult., at St. Paul's, Bedford, John Humphrey, Esq., M.P., to Annie Maria Jane, second daughter of the late James Dyson, Esq., and niece of Colonel J. F. Dyson, of the Bombay establishment.—On the 11th ult., at St. Mary's, Bryanston-square, William Huntley Campbell, Esq., Captain 20th Regiment, to Frances Maria Sophia, only daughter of Colonel Pemberton, of Trumpington, Cambridgeshire.—On the 6th ult., at Vienna, Chapman Stanfield Marshall, Esq., of London, eldest son of Sir Chapman Marshall, Knight, to Josephine Juliana, youngest daughter of Matthias Joseph Welzer, Esq., of the former capital.—On the 5th ult., at Kensington, Henry Barrow, Esq., only son of Captain Richard Barrow, of Oriel place, Cheltenham, grandson of the late Sir Thomas Parkyns, Bart., to Frances Arabella, daughter of the late Thomas Tibbs, Esq.—On the 5th ult., at Segrave, in the county of Leicester, George Dixon, Esq., of Carlisle, to Mary, youngest daughter of the late Rev. Jonathan Boucher, Vicar of Epsom, in the county of Surrey.—On the 10th ult., at St. Mary's, Islington, the Rev. B. Hemming, of Broadway, in the county of Worcester, to Caroline, youngest daughter of Mr. Beesley, Worcester.—On the 18th ult., at Walcot Church, Bath, John Hall Murray, Esq., of Green-park-buildings, to Juliet Ann, eldest daughter of John Rowlett, Esq., of Grosvenor-place, Bath.—On the 19th ult., at Brighton, T. W. C. Murdock, Esq., son of T. Murdock, Esq., of Portland-place, to Isabella Anne, second daughter of the late Robert Lukin, Esq., of the War-office.—On the 20th ult., at St. John's, Hampstead, Lawrence Tyler, Esq., Captain in his Majesty's 77th Regiment, to Amelia, daughter of the late Hon. John Byng, and first cousin to the present Viscount Torrington. After the ceremony the

bride and bridegroom partook of a splendid dejeuner, at Mrs. Blackwood's, at Rosslyn Lodge, Hampstead, together with the Countess of Galloway, Lady C. Stewart, the Rev. J. Byng, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Tyler, Mr. G. Tyler, Sir R. Dallas, the Hon. Lady and Miss Blackwood, the Hon. Mr. Hobhouse, the Hon. Miss Graves, the Misses Capel, Capt. Tinne, 8th Hussars, &c. &c. The happy pair then departed for Henly-on-Thames, on their way to Wales.—On the 1st of March, at Woodford Church, by the Rev. George Thornton, Capt. Wm. Thornton, of the Grenadier Guards, to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of Thomas Rigne, Esq., of Woodford, Essex.—On the 3rd of March, at St. Mary's Church, Bryanston-square, Charles Hulse, Esq., second son of Sir Charles Hulse, Bart., to Georgiana, youngest daughter of Lieut-General Buller, of Pelym and Lannath, in the county of Cornwall.—On the 5th of March, at Ditton-park, by special licence, George Wm. Hope, Esq., eldest son of Gen. the Hon. Sir Alexander Hope, to Caroline Georgiana Montagu, youngest daughter of the Right Hon. Lord Montagu.

DEATHS.

On the 1st ult., at St. Leonard's, the Hon. Mrs. Martin, wife of Captain William Hanshawe Martin, Royal Navy, youngest daughter of the Right Hon. Lord Wynford.—On the 3rd ult., at Brighton, of a rapid decline, in her 16th year, Susan, eldest daughter of Mr. Serjeant Goulburn, M.P.—On the 3rd ult., in Bedford-row, the infant son of Charles Morgan, Esq., surgeon.—On the 3rd ult., after a few days' illness, in the 29th year of his age, the Rev. Robert H. Flower, A.M., Curate of St. Giles's, and fourth son of William Flower, Esq., Upper Bedford-place.—On the 15th ult., at his house, Jenner's-hill, Cheshunt, Sir Joseph Esdaile, Knight, aged 83, many years silver sick in waiting to his late Majesty George III.—On the 12th ult., in Queen-square, Bath, the Rev. Penkstan Arundel French, M.A., of Perry-hill, Sydenham, Kent, rector of Odcombe and Thorn Falcon, Somerset, aged 73.—On the 10th ult., at Ditton-park, the Hon. Henry W. C. Home, second son of Lord Douglas, aged ten months.—On the 11th ult., Mr. Henry Bowyer Sampson, of the Stock-Exchange, aged 28.—On the 16th of December last, of fever, at Shiraz, in Persia, on his way to India, Captain David Ruddell, of the Bengal establishment.—On the 12th ult., at his house in Sussex-place, Regent's-park, after a long illness, Nathaniel Gostling, Esq., in the 79th year of his age.—At Oakhill, Somersetshire, the Hon. Mrs. Tuson, widow of the Rev. James Tuson, rector of Binegar, daughter of the Hon. and Rev. Lord Francis Seymour, late Dean of Wells, and niece of his Grace the late Duke of Somerset.—On the 17th ult., of consumption, at his residence, the Little Hermitage, near Rochester, James Hulkes, Esq., in his 32nd year; he was the surviving son of James Hulkes, Esq., formerly M. P. for the city of Rochester.—On the 5th ult., at her house in Chapel-street, Mayfair, Louisa, last surviving daughter of the late Sir Charles Rich, Bart., of Shirley-house, Southampton.—On the 4th ult., at Ely-house, Dover-street, the Bishop of Ely, in the 77th year of his age.—On the 25th ult., at Glen Stuart, North Britain, in her 93rd year, Dame Grace Douglas Johnstone, of Lockerby, relict of Sir William Douglas, of Kelhead, Bart., and mother of the Marquis of Queensbury.—On Good Friday, at Walkhampton Vicarage, Devon, in her 40th year, Elizabeth, wife of the Rev. Daniel Alexander.—On the 2nd ult., at Edmonton, the Rev. John Coates, aged 71, late librarian at Dr. Williams's library, Redcross-street.—On the 12th ult., at York-terrace, Regent's-park, of malignant scarlet fever, Frederic, youngest son of T. Saunders, Esq., a child of great loveliness and promise.

Immortal bud of mortal birth,
To thee brief date was given;
For thou wert deemed too fair for earth,
And called to bloom in heaven.



LA MARQUISE DE VERNEUIL

Born 1579

Died 1655

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JUNE, 1836.

UNDER THE DISTINGUISHED PATRONAGE OF
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

[For Explanatory Notices of the arrangement of the Plates, the Reader will be so good as refer to the 1st page of the Magazine, above that portion entitled "The Contents."]

MEMOIR OF MADAME DE VERNEUIL.

(Illustrated by an original whole-length portrait, from the collection of the King of France, beautifully coloured.)

It is utterly impossible for the gravest and most sedate readers of history to refrain from laughing, when they consider the torment this good-for-nothing woman was, not only to the great Henri Quatre, but to his grave prime minister, the Duc de Sully. Henri had every right to be punished by the very persons who were the cause of his offending so grievously against morality: no one can pity him, if he had been plagued twice as much; but poor Sully, who was a perfect pattern of propriety in his own conduct, did not deserve to be perpetually troubled as he was with some unmanageable vixen or other, whose unreasonable vagaries and rapacious demands his careless master ever left him to contend with. Henri gave way in every thing that was asked, always providing they obtained it from Sully; and Sully had to stand as the barrier against all the extravagance and audacious whims of these women, while his master was highly amused by the contest.

Of all these ladies, Sully's greatest plague was Catherine Henriette de Bal-

zac d'Entragues. This damsel had been well educated for her vocation, as she was the daughter of the celebrated Marie Touchet,* the mistress of Charles IX. After the death of the king, Marie Touchet married the Count de Balzac, and this lady was her daughter by her husband; therefore, Mademoiselle d'Entragues had the experience of her mother's instructions in the difficult arts of court intrigue, and all the finesse requisite to rule a royal lover. Her half-brother was Henry, Count of Auvergne, illegitimate son of Charles IX., a turbulent, haughty prince, a born enemy to Henry IV., and suspected of aiming at the throne of France. He was constantly agitating the court by his intrigues, both before and after the king's passion for his sister; which, to do him justice, was always regarded by him as a great disgrace.

After the death of the fair Gabrielle, Mademoiselle d'Entragues, who had previously made some impression on the heart of Henry, succeeded that lady in the king's affections: the divorce was

* See this portrait and memoir, Feb. 1, 1836.

then pending between Henry and Marguerite de Valois;* and, as there is not the slightest doubt that, if the fair Gabrielle† had not died at this critical time, Henry would have made her his wife, the ambitious Henriette took it into her head that she would play the part of queen of France, and, as the king's passion was very violent for her, that she would reject all his offers that were not connected with matrimony. Had Henriette been a virtuous woman, she had every right only to listen to honourable terms; and, what is more, she would have gained the hand as well as the heart of the king, instead of which her friends and herself entered into the most odious negotiation as the price of virtue. Sully can alone do justice to this harpy, and we now quote his words:—

“Who could have foreseen the uneasiness this new passion was to give him? But it was Henry's fate that the same weakness which obscured his glory, should likewise destroy the tranquillity of his life. The lady was no novice; although sensible of the pleasure of being beloved by a great king, yet ambition was her predominant passion; and she flattered herself that she might make so good a use of her charms as to oblige her lover to make her his queen. She seemed in no haste to comply with his wishes; pride, reserve, and interest, were employed in their turns, and she demanded no less than one hundred thousand crowns as the price of her favours. And perceiving that she had increased Henry's passion by an obstacle, in my opinion much more likely to destroy it, since *his majesty was obliged to tear this sum from me by violence*, she no longer despaired of any thing, and had recourse to other artifices, and alleged the restraint her relations kept her in, and the fear of their resentment. Here we must join in a quotation from the memoirs of the Duc de Bassonpierre, who says that her mother was very condescending in managing the affair, and that it was this woman who drew the king to Malesherbes, to a house she had there; but the Count Balzac d'Entragues, her father, and her brother, the Count d'Auvergne, were very indignant; they quarrelled with the Count de Lude, whom Henry employed in his messages, and carried Henriette off to the castle of Marcousis, where, nevertheless, the king followed her, and would see her.

“Then (says Sully) the lady, taking a favourable opportunity, declared they must part for ever, without the king would give her a promise, under his own hand, to marry

her in a year's time. It was not on her own account, she said (accompanying this strange request with an air of modesty), that she asked for this promise; to her a verbal one had been sufficient, or, indeed, she should have required none of the kind, being sensible that her birth did not allow her to pretend to that honour, but that she would have occasion for that writing, to serve as an excuse for her fault to her relations; and, observing the king still hesitating, she had the address to hint that, in reality, she should look upon this promise as of very little value, knowing well that the king was not to be summoned into a court of justice like his subjects. What a striking example of the tyranny of love. Henry was not so dull but that he plainly perceived this girl endeavoured to deceive him, not to mention those reasons he had to believe that she was far from a vestal, or those intrigues against the state of which her father, her mother, her brother, and even herself, had been convicted; their political misdeeds had drawn on them, not long before, an order to quit Paris, that I myself had lately enforced by the king's commands; and yet this very monarch was weak enough to yield to this woman's demands, and grant her request.”

All these moralizings of Sully's, and the circumstance of the money being *torn* from his frugal keeping by force, are full enough of character, yet not to compare to the rich scene that followed:—

“One morning when he was preparing to go to the chase, he called me to his gallery at Fontainebleau, and put this shameful paper into my hands. It is a piece of justice which I owe to the king, as the reader may see I do not palliate his faults, to acknowledge that, in the greatest excesses to which he was hurried by his passions, he always submitted to a candid confession of them, and to consult with those persons whom he knew were most likely to oppose his designs. This is an instance of rectitude and greatness of soul rarely to be found among princes. While I was reading this paper, every word of which was like the stab of a poniard, Henry sometimes turned aside to hide his confusion, and sometimes endeavoured to gain over his confidant, by condemning and excusing himself by turns, but my thoughts were wholly employed upon the fatal writing. The clause of marrying a mistress, provided she bore him a son in the space of a year (for it was couched in these terms), appeared indeed ridiculous, and plainly of no effect; but nothing could relieve my anxiety, on account of the shame and contempt my king must necessarily incur by a promise which sooner or later would infallibly make a dreadful confusion. I was also afraid of the consequences of such a step in the present conjuncture, whilst the divorce was pending:

* See this Portrait and Memoir, Jan. 1, 1835.

† See this Portrait and Memoir, Dec. 1, 1835.

and this thought rendered me silent and motionless.

"Henry, seeing that I returned him the paper coldly, but with a visible agitation of mind, said to me—

"Come, come, speak freely, and do not assume all this reserve."

"I could not immediately find words to express my thoughts, nor need I here assign reasons for my perplexity, which may easily be imagined by those who know what it is to be the confidant of a king, on occasions where there is a necessity of combating his wilfulness. Henry again assured me that I might say and do what I pleased without offending him, which was but a just amends, he laughingly added, for having just forced from me three hundred thousand livres. I obliged him to repeat this assurance several times, and even to seal it with a kind of oath; and then, no longer hesitating to discover my opinion, I took the promise out of the king's hands, and tore it to pieces without uttering a word.

"Morbieu!" said Henry, astonished at the boldness of this action, 'what are you about? I think you are mad!'

"I am mad, I acknowledge, sire," replied I; 'and would to God I were the only madman in France!'

"My resolution was taken, and I was prepared to suffer every thing rather than, by a pernicious deference and respect, to betray my duty and veracity, therefore, notwithstanding the rage I saw impressed upon my sovereign's countenance, while he collected together out of my hands the torn pieces of the writing, to serve as a model for another, I took advantage of that interval to represent to him in a forcible manner all the objections that naturally presented themselves. The king, angry as he was, listened till I had done speaking, but, overcome by his passion, he would not give way; all he could do, by way of commanding himself, was, not to banish from his presence a confidant too sincere. He went out of the gallery without saying a single word to me, and returned to his closet, whither he ordered Lomenie to bring him a standish and paper; he came out again in half a quarter of an hour, which he had employed in writing a new promise. I was at the foot of the stairs when he descended; he passed by without seeming to see me, and went to Malesherbes to hunt, where he stayed two days.

"I was of opinion that this incident ought to put no stop to the affair of the divorce, nor hinder another wife being sought for the king, but rather that it should hasten both. His majesty's agents, therefore, made the first overture of a marriage between Henry and the Princess Marie de Medicis, daughter to the Grand Duke of Florence, and the Archduchess Jane of Austria. She had for her portion six hundred thousand crowns, besides invaluable jewels.

"The king suffered us to proceed in this business; and his chancellor, Villeroi, the constable, and I were to treat with the person the grand duke sent to Paris: we were resolved not to sleep on the business; and the grand duke's cuvoy, Joannini, no sooner arrived, than the articles were drawn and signed by us all.

"I was pitched upon to break the news to the king, who did not expect the business to be so suddenly concluded. He asked me, carelessly, from whence I came? and when I replied—

"We come, sire, from marrying you:' this prince remained for a quarter of an hour, as if struck by a thunder-bolt. He afterwards began to pace up and down the room hastily, so violently agitated that he could not utter a word. I doubted not that all my former representations were now taking a proper effect. At length, recovering himself like one that had formed his resolution, he said, rubbing his hands together,—

"*De par dieu*, be it so; there is no remedy. If, for the good of my kingdom, I must marry, I must."

Notwithstanding the dispatch used by Sully and the king's faithful ministers to get up this contract, the marriage of Henry and Marie de Medicis was not concluded till a year after. Meantime, Mademoiselle d'Éntragues followed her royal lover to the campaign in Savoy, to Sully's infinite indignation; and he says, that, had not Providence interfered for the good of France, that mischievous contract which she held might have unsettled the succession. He adds, in the second volume of his memoirs, "that she was so frightened by the thunder during a storm, that she was put to bed of a dead son. The king was informed of this accident at Moulins, whither he had by that time advanced, whence he sent many a melancholy look to the place where he had left his mistress; but he got the better of this weakness by reflection, and joined his troops at Lyons."

He gave this lady the marquise of Verneuil, and from that time she was called Madame de Verneuil. A few days after, the king's marriage with Marie de Medicis was solemnized.

A great deal of blame has been cast on this queen for the unhappy life led by her and Henry. It is true that Marie de Medicis was not a woman of a strong mind; she had abilities, but was of a restless, indecisive, worrying cast of character; and steady dulness is much better than such a temperament, both for herself and others. It was not

likely that the union with her and Henry should be a happy one : she found herself married in the very bloom of her youth and splendid beauty to a man old enough to be her father, and as wild in his passions as if he were a youth of two-and-twenty : she was insulted by his preference for an insolent rival, who never ceased scheming some mortification for the beautiful young queen, and scarcely gave place to her in her own court ; and, though Marie became the mother of a dauphin, and a promising young family, Madame de Verneuil did not scruple to talk of her pre-contract, and insinuate that her children had the better right to the succession. The worst of the matter was, that it was still in the memory of man how the young sons of Edward IV. had been set aside, under just such another plea of their father's pre-engagement with the Lady Elinor Butler. All these things must have given pain to Marie de Medicis ; and we can hardly expect her to have been very strongly attached to Henry, who, hero as he was, was a faithless husband to her.

Madame de Verneuil fascinated the king by her lively manners and sprightly turn of wit in conversation ; she could do whatever she pleased with him, and make him forgive every species of outrage : a saucy smile, a lively repartee, or a spirited quarrel, finished with a few crocodile tears, which she scarcely pretended were real ones, were sufficient to overthrow Sully's gravest remonstrances, and most serious proofs of her treachery and that of her family. Sully seems to think she had a peculiar pleasure in traversing and tormenting him : no doubt she had.

This lady was deeply concerned in Biron's rash plot against the king ; her brother, the Count d'Auvergne, was condemned to death at this crisis ; her father to banishment, and she herself placed under arrest. After the execution of Biron, every one thought that the life of Henry of Auvergne would be sacrificed without delay ; yet, in this extremity, she retained her hold on the king's love : soon after, she was declared innocent, her father was pardoned, her brother's punishment commuted for imprisonment in the Bastille, and she was soon in higher favour than ever. Her brother soon after entered into another conspiracy while he was in the Bastille, but his sister bore him

out without punishment, though it was the third plot for which she had obtained his pardon. She was, however, forced to sacrifice the marriage promise, which was got out of her hands by Sully, after an infinity of negotiations and difficulties.

She was the mother of two of the king's children, who survived him : Henry, Bishop of Metz ; and Gabriel, who espoused the Duc d'Eproun.

We find through the whole of Sully's Memoirs, that this lady kept the court in a continual fever of agitation, she was always embroiling the king with the queen, and her favourites, the Concini's ; and then Sully had to set matters to rights, and reconcile the angry parties, which he declares was more trouble than governing France. At last, towards the close of Henry's reign, when every one supposed her influence was over, the king heard she had a new lover, and by his transports of jealousy, betrayed that he still loved her. This is Sully's account of the investigation :—

“ He likewise desired my advice, as to the manner in which he should avoid a quarrel with the queen, on an occasion when Concini became a competitor with Madame de Verneuil, for a favour which that lady had obtained a promise for two years before. ‘ I love,’ said he in his letter, ‘ Madame de Verneuil better than Concini.’ This, indeed, was not to be doubted ; but at the same time he was obliged to act with great circumspection to the queen.

“ This gave rise to a court intrigue, that afforded great pleasure to several persons : I cannot better explain it than by the following letter the king writ me from Fontainebleau :—

“ ‘ Although I have parted with Madame de Verneuil on very bad terms, (*concerning the Concini matter.*) yet I cannot help having some curiosity to know, if there be any foundation for the report prevailing here, that the Prince de Joinville visits her ; learn the truth of it, and give me notice in a letter, which I will burn as you must do this (*Sully did not burn this, is evident*). It is she that detains him so long, they say ; you know well it is not from want of money.’

“ The report was indeed true, the Prince de Joinville had suffered himself to be captivated by the charms of the marchioness, who, as it was said, did not let him despair. For a long time nothing was talked of but their intimacy, and the very passionate letters they wrote to each other ; at last, it was confidently reported that he wanted to marry her. If matters had really gone so far between the two lovers, Madame de Verneuil was the dupe : for promises, oaths, secrets, and letters,

all, in a very little time, ended in a rupture: the fault lay with Madame de Villars, who appeared too beautiful in the eyes of Joinville to leave his heart faithful to its first choice."

Madame de Villars, proud of her alliance with the royal blood, did not appear so easy a conquest as her rival had been, she treated him at first with great distance and reserve. Joinville, repulsed and in despair, extorted from her the confession of the cause of her rigour, which she told him, was the correspondence he had had, and still continued, with a lady so beautiful and witty as Madame de Verneuil. Joinville defended himself, but she alleged their interviews and letters, and one in particular more passionate and tender than the rest. On such an occasion, it seems it is the custom to make to the beloved lady a sacrifice of the letters of the forsaken fair one. Joinville resisted as long as he was able, but, at last, put into the hands of Madame de Villars that pretended letter. I say pretended, because it was far from certain that it ever came from Madame de Verneuil. Be this as it may, for the use that Madame de Villars meant to make of the letter, it was indifferent to her whether it was forged or not.

This woman had an inveterate hatred to the Marchioness de Verneuil, the moment she got hold of the letter she flew with it to the king. It was not difficult with such a proof to force belief, and she made such an artful use of it, that this prince, hitherto ignorant, or willing to seem so, of the greatest part of this intrigue, came, says Sully, "instantly to me with a heart full of grief and rage, and related to me I do not know how many proofs of her guilt, though I thought them far from convincing. I told the king, for it was necessary to treat this matter methodically (*this is a curious trait in Sully's character*), that he ought to hear what Madame de Verneuil could say for herself before he condemned her."

"Oh! heavens, hear her!" cried Henry: 'she has such wit and power of expression that if I listen to her, she will persuade me that I have been to blame, and that she is injured; yet I will speak too, and prove her perfidy to her face!'

Away he went, breathing nothing but vengeance. Joinville's intrigues with the Spanish government seemed to him not half so criminal.

"The Marchioness de Verneuil, long accustomed to manage these sort of jealous transports, was not much alarmed; and maintained to the king that Joinville had been wicked enough to forge this letter. Henry, softened by a circumstance that had not entered into his head before, became nearly satisfied, when she proposed to him to submit to my judgment whether the hand-writing was hers or not. The king was sensible there would be no collusion between us; she not having an excess of affection for me, nor I too much esteem for her. Accordingly the papers were put into my hands, and a day fixed for the decision of this cause, which was to be determined at the house of the marchioness. I went thither in the morning, and was introduced into her closet, where she waited for her accuser and her judge in an elegant undress that bespoke great negligence."

It must have been a rich treat to have witnessed the inflexible and stately Sully proceeding to examine all the proofs of this intrigue, *methodically*, as he declares it ought to be done; and it is very ill-natured of him to tantalize his readers' curiosity as he does, for he takes in a sudden fit of state secrecy, and declines giving us the end of the scene, which mixed, as it would have been, with all the little, dry, droll traits that are so exquisitely interblended in the dear old man's memoirs, would have made this forgery trial a comic romance of reality. However, we must quote as much as he gives us:—

"I had already begun to question her, (*what alone, Sully?*) when Henry came in with Montbazon. I am not permitted to relate the rest, for the king would not suffer any of those that came in with him to be present at this conference; however, they heard us talk very loud, and heard the marchioness weep. The king went from her apartment into another, and desiring all that were present to withdraw, took me to the most distant windows to examine the papers more exactly. This was not done so calmly, but that those that were without might hear us discourse with great warmth, and that I often went backwards and forwards between the lady's closet and the room where the king stood. The conclusion of the scene was, that the king went away entirely satisfied with his mistress. As for Joinville, it was happy for him that Henry with whom he had to deal, it was and the more so, as he engaged immediately after in an intrigue with Madame de Moret."

This last-named baggage was another of the good-for-nothing women, in whose

company Henry sullied his glory, and destroyed his domestic happiness: she was likewise one of Sully's especial torments, being a witty and vituperant vixen, who, with her rival, Madame de Verneuil, gave poor Sully more trouble to manage, than the whole realm of France.

There was a feeling of innate goodness in the heart of Henry, that ever makes him beloved by the reader, notwithstanding his follies; though these vile women made a complete fool of him, he never suffered them to injure his faithful servants, or those he knew were doing their duty, as the following anecdote will show, related by Saural:—

"One day when Father Gonthier was preaching at the church of St. Gervase, he was justly scandalised at the irreverence with which he saw the Marchioness de Verneuil behave, who with the other ladies around her talked, jested, and endeavoured to set his majesty laughing. Upon which the priest paused in his sermon, and fixing his eyes on the king, thus exhorted him:—Sire, will you never leave off coming accompanied by a seraglio to hear the word of God, and of giving so unedifying an example in this holy place!"

"All the ladies immediately entreated the king to send Father Gonthier to the Bastille for his uncompromising boldness; but the king not only declared he had done his duty, but went to hear him preach the next day, and stopping him as he went into the pulpit, told him he had nothing to fear, and that his reproof was a proper one, only he hoped the next time he would administer it in private."

The king's reconciliation with Madame de Verneuil, after his jealousy of the Prince de Joinville, took place only a few months before his assassination. Madame de Verneuil was accused by a woman of the name of Coman, of having sent letters by her to Ravillac, the regicide. She was put under arrest, and examined by the council, but not the slightest proof appeared against her; indeed, it was certainly more to her interest to have the king alive than dead, unless we may suppose that her affection for her half brother, the Count of Auvergne, then a prisoner in the Bastille, had more influence with her, than the state and affluence in which she and her children lived at the court of France. Ravillac was evidently an insane fanatic, who had no accomplices; and his assassination of Henry the Great, was similar in motive to the various mad people that

attempted the life of our late sovereign George the Third.

Seven years after the assassination of Henry, the queen-regent, Marie de Medicis, having occasion for the assistance of the Count d'Auvergne, liberated him from the Bastille, and restored him to all his honours, and even had all the particulars of his trial and crime erased from the state records; she was at the same time reconciled to his sister, saying, when they came to court, "See how time alters all feelings, it changes passionate love into deadly hatred, and mortal enmities into warm friendship." This speech, which is the only wise one ascribed to Marie de Medicis, is recorded by Perefixe in his memoirs of Henri le Grand.

This lady was born in the year 1579: her life was not a long one; she died, in exile, at the age of fifty-four. Her mother, the celebrated Marie Touchet, Countess of Balzac, must have survived her five years. Henriette de Verneuil was never equal to her mother in beauty, she was not even regularly handsome; it was the sprightly play of her features, her air of youth and vivacity, her wit, fire and brilliancy of eyes and complexion, which made her charms so dazzling, that the most finished beauties were not looked at in her presence.

DESCRIPTION OF PORTRAIT.

This sprightly and mischievous beauty, like all her contemporaries, is disguised with the wheel fardingale and cushioned head. Her hair is creped and drawn on the crown, where it is confined with a wreath of roses of red ribbon; it is the rival in ugliness to the Chinese style lately in vogue. The ruff is of prodigious altitude, square, and stiffened with wire, till it nearly reaches the back of the head, it is edged round with rich points of lace, open in front, therefore not so ungraceful as the round Elizabethan ruff. The waist is stiff, long, and pointed, and, like the dress, made of scarlet velvet. The sleeves have wadded slashed epaulettes, from which depend full sleeves of scarlet velvet, opened in a slash from the shoulder to the wrist, to show beneath white satin worked with gold flowers; this is rather an elegant fashion: at the wrists are lace points. The fardingale is whole in the skirt, bordered with four rows of

gold-coloured binding. Down the front is a cordeliere ornament of saltier crosslets of rich topazes set in gold, at equal distances, on gold-coloured bands: this passes under the wheel of the fardingale, and is continued up the corsage in lozenge-shaped topazes, through loops of pearls that hang from a picture case, set with diamonds,

probably containing a miniature of Henry: this clumsy ornament is surmounted by a purple and gold breast bow. The neck-lace is a throat row of pearls; the fan, black crape and gold, the sticks set with jewels; the gloves white leather, worked with gold.

NADIR SHAH :
An Oriental Sketch.

BY G. R. CARTER.

Rear thy proud and towery brow !
Queen of cities—Ispahan !
Mighty Nadir greets thee now,
Leading on the battled van.
Throw thy portals open wide,
Bid thy sacred altars flame ;
Nadir claims his eastern bride,
Whose imperial dower is fame.
Hark ! the sounds of revelry
Mingle in thy stately halls ;
And the voice of minstrelsy,
Like a torrent swells and falls.
Lo ! within his chariot track,
Autumn's richest vines lie strown ;
And the people's loud acclaim,
Peals to Persia's star alone.
Chief of conquer'd dynasties !—
Hindoostan, and Timoor's land ;
Mothers of a haughty race,—
Bow beneath thy sceptred hand.
What avails the Bramin's pray'r,
Breath'd with life's departing breath !
Nadir gives the fatal word !
Nadir waves the sword of death !
Rapid as the mountain flood,
Bursting on a desert shore,
Banded ranks of man and steel,
Down the gorge impetuous pour.
Frowning rock, and deep ravine,
Fail their progress to arrest ;
Onward rolls the tide of war,
To the empires of the west.
Meteor of a stormy sky !
Though before thee cities blaze !
Gathering tempests shall obscure
All the twilight of thy days !
What avail thy splendid deeds,
Or the lands which thou hast won ;
While the life-blood on thy hand,
Claimeth vengeance on thy son ?

Note.—For the last five years of his life, Nadir exercised the most dreadful cruelties:—he blinded his brave son, Riza Kooli; massacred his subjects by thousands,—and was at length assassinated by his own officers.

LA BELLA GIULIETTA:

A STORY OF PIEDMONT.

On the summit of Mont Blanc, on a glittering throne of burnished snow, the chilling genius of frost holds despotic sway, and yet within the eye's range the sunny valleys of Piedmont burst upon the astonished eye like the work of an enchanter. No dream can realize the splendour of the scene.* Seated amongst clouds, the vision is carried down an almost interminable slope, to rest at last upon a green and luxuriant plain beneath, teeming with life, verdure, and beauty. From this spot, after having received the hospitality and benediction of the good monks, who tenant the convent on the French side of the mountains, I started one morning at day break, accompanied by my guide, and after some hours' good walking, was able to quit my path of snow for welcome earth; and by the assistance of mules, and the *diligence*, the next evening found myself safe and sound in Turin.

Those who have once visited this beautiful city, will well remember a solitary cabaret, which stands in a quiet nook of the road, leading through green meadows to the adjacent village of —, over the door of which stands the rather elongated and national patronymic, GIOVANNI BATTISTA CARMAGNOLA! The romantic wanderer, the tourist, or wearied traveller, will here find a remedy for all the ills of a dusty journey, under the burning influence of an Italian summer's sun. He will here have cooling wine from the adjacent mountains administered to him by the dark-eyed daughter of the host, the kindness of whose smiles brightens the cup as she presents it. The shady retirement of the garden may quiet his fevered brow, and foster his imaginings, by presenting a view, wide, luxuriant, and peaceful; should he be poetical, he is upon the soil of Dante and Ariosto;—if he be in love, there is *Orlando Innamorato*, in Signor Carmagnola's library;—if in debt, by its side, stands *Orlando Furioso*, both ready for his perusal; or should he, like most travellers, be very ravenously disposed,

a large assortment of what in England would be called barn-door fowl, awaits his bidding for stew or fricasee, for spits are here unknown: nor will the intelligent hospitality of a sun-burnt, sedate old man, smoking his cigar even with an air of pomposity at the door, at all diminish his confidence as to the how and the what may be found within.

In some former peregrinations through the provinces of Piedmont, owing to uncourteous demeanour, wretched attendance, and worse provisions of the inns, I was fully able to appreciate the comforts of unpretending attention, wholesome food, and perfect security. Often, after a long and wearisome ramble, the penalty of a circuitous route has been incurred, for the satisfaction of a halt or night's repose at this sheltered hostelry, where I was sure of meeting the three advantages above-named, and of also exchanging a word or two in my mother tongue with the mistress of the place, a little old Frenchwoman, who smattered broken English, vulgar Italian, and excellent French, with a vivacity exceedingly agreeable, when put in juxtaposition with her helpmate's gravity. It was upon an occasion of this kind, and having a long prosy manuscript to pore over, that I determined to rest there one night. My visits had been so frequent, that my appearance was hailed by a friendly welcome from the good people of the establishment, and as I rode up to the door, the whole domestic group might be seen advancing with a kindness mingled with courtesy to me! me: the girl simpering and blushing out her joy at sight of a young man from the capital; the mother jiggling about me effusively; and the old man doffing his cap with an extra whiff, in perfect complimentary homeliness.

With what vastly different notions men think upon the same subject. How varied are the hues which circumstances assume, to suit the opinions of the million. The philosopher, the poet, the sentimentalist, might in this spot have embodied all their creations and theories; while the eye of fashion would have turned away (the novelty of romance over), sick with the monotony: for who, that has been mixed up in all the circumstance of arduous, pains-taking life, could

* We might have been disposed to have omitted this introduction of our author, but the picture is such as could only be drawn, and can indeed be only fully appreciated by one who has been an eye-witness.—Ed.

tolerate the peaceful indolence, the unexcited lassitude, belonging to the rustic state of these contented and far happier beings. For myself, without being of any particular temperament in this respect, I only felt the confusion of business, and a town life very pleasantly exchanged for my present situation. How long the perturbed spirit of man would have reposed in me, an ignorance of my own mechanism forbade me knowing. Certain it is, the glowing landscape, the yellow fields, the evening harmony of warmth and rest and beauty, lost nothing by my not being accustomed to them.

The night was so charming, that I loitered in the garden long after vespers had chimed from a neighbouring convent. Light by light grew dim in each narrow window. Sleep had closed over the isolated, though perhaps ardent, hearts that tenanted those quiet chambers, consecrated to external piety, and, perhaps, internal bitterness. The thoughts springing therefrom, and fostered by the stillness of a scene, holy in every breath, and sanctified by the spirit of contemplation, sank me deep in musing and reverie. Few are there obtuse or worldly enough, never to have known the influences of "soothing night" on the turbulent action of their every-day mind.

Irresistible is the form of peace, when arrayed with the auxiliaries of religious tranquillity, pure atmosphere, and a heaven, deep and sparkled. Who shall misname this *romance*? Who shall sneer at the sentiment which makes a man or woman thoughtful under these influences, and call it sickly? Stepping into an arbour, and letting my head fall on my hands, I might have been thought asleep; my appearance seemed to be so impervious to all outward consciousness.

In this situation, and while every thing was so hushed that I could hear my own breathing, a whisper came upon my ear. At first, I could only distinguish tones, and they were those of the host's daughter. A meeting, said I, inwardly; and was about to forego my situation as eaves-dropper, when a response followed—so gentle, soft, and pathetic, that I knew the object of her conference must be a woman; and somewhat inquisitive to discover what could bring two maidens so secretly together at that hour of the night, I shrunk back deeper into the recess of the arbour, and listened attentively.

"Oh, Isidora!" said the stranger; "strong as my heart is, it quails beneath the fear—the consequences of to-morrow!"

"Doth not the Virgin succour thee?" answered Isidora. "Doth not the unconsciousness of *his* innocence uphold thee? Wherefore did we invoke the assistance of the Madonna yesterday? Hope, my friend: rely sincerely on our blessed saint, who sees into the truth and wisdom of all things."

"I do most utterly!" replied the first, clasping her hands devotedly with the exclamation. "But yet, Isidora, all things concur so wilfully: *that* man's death—Jerome's dislike—the night—the weapon—the quarrel; how—how can innocence struggle against them all?"

"Be of good heart," continued the girl of the inn; "to-morrow will end suspense; and I shall dance with you in joy and security, before the next evening bells chime! Come, come—you an *Italian* girl, and shrink in the hour of danger! I tell you the trial will restore him to you, and likewise to the confidence and welcome of all our neighbours."

"He never lost either," said her companion, proudly; "every one knows and feels him to be *guiltless*; think of his character among the villagers; think how many years he has lived respected and loved in the hamlet. Oh, Isidora! *you* know all this; *you* can feel the cruelty of the charge brought against him."

"I do: my father—every one knows the injustice of his situation; and all are convinced his virtues will outlive his present ill fate. Now, go home—be quiet—wait patiently; depend upon it, this time to-morrow we shall be dancing a merry roundelay." With these words, the two girls parted; and I heard the fleet steps of mine host's daughter trip lightly up the long garden walk; a latch was carefully uplifted, and presently the light in her chamber told me she had stolen unperceived to-bed.

My curiosity, I will confess, was somewhat excited by the occurrence which had just ended; and though I dared not venture upon inquiry, yet, as the host let me in, a sort of irresistible inclination seized me, to enter upon a vague, desultory conversation, in the hope of learning some particulars relative to the affair in question. My Piedmontese wor-

thy, however, was a man not to be won into loquacity. Generally serious, and disinclined to communication, his modicum of good fellowship was not at all enhanced by the drowsiness of the hour, which a tremendous yawn, which his good breeding did not attempt to conceal, told me was very influential at that time. Knocking the ashes from his nearly extinguished cigar, he deliberately consigned the remnant to a small box kept for the purpose, and setting down my candle wished me *buona notte*, and left me to my reflections.

A morning bright, fresh, and sunny, broke upon the slumbers that had been dreamless and intense. I arose early, and flinging open the casement, gazed out upon a rich soft landscape, the dewiness of which had scarcely given way to the early sun's rays. Nothing can be more opposite than the effects of morning, mid-day, and evening, in this climate. The air at sunset pants along, sullen, thick, and sultry. Twilight approaches to fan the atmosphere into a delicious coolness. The flowers revive, and a soft and luxurious quiet harmonizes the extremes of meridian splendour with the sombre hue of night. Morning alone retains a character for itself. Every thing is redolent of new and sparkling life. A respite from mid-day heat seems to have renewed the delicacy of all the details of nature; her features are buoyant, and hope inspiring; the very air that floats by upon her wing, bears with it a renovating charm—wafting new energy into one's pursuits, and transforming the weariness of common nature for a time into something ardent and delightful as her own.

I had scarcely arranged my books and papers before the open window, ere the daughter of the host tapped at the door, and unclosing it, at the same time began to make preparations for my breakfast. "So early," said I, turning round, and observing her hat and scarf on, as if for walking.

"It is early, sir; but a little business calls us out this morning, and my father begs you will excuse taking your meal before your usual time." So saying, with a flurried and anxious air, she left the apartment.

"They are going to the trial," said I to myself very sagaciously. "Nothing can be plainer; why should not I go too:—

yes! I'll follow them;" and, without tasting a morsel of breakfast, I started up, and began putting myself in walking order. Quite dressed, I had gained the door, when a thought struck me that my errand was little better than a wild-goose one. The when, the where, and the what, were unknown to me. Moreover, I was impertinently pushing myself into an affair I had nothing to do with; nay, I must positively follow their very footsteps, if I would know any thing of the matter. This was conclusive; so slamming the door in anger at my own folly, I sat down at the table, and out of mere spite at the victory a little consideration had gained over inquisitiveness, ate and drank up all the good cheer which had been placed before me.

If the intervening hours had any wings at all, they were "leadens" ones, as the poets say. Two or three times the little French hostess waited on me herself, and though, over head and ears in the red tape technicalities of my tautological manuscript which I had meanwhile taken up, I perceived that her manner was more abstracted and important than usual. Day at last wore onwards. Sick with the monotony of my pursuit, I flung aside all the official appurtenances about me, and jumping out of the casement, which was scarcely more than two feet from the ground, soon found myself wandering under an avenue of trees that skirted the meadows. From this place, I could command an almost uninterrupted view of the convent, the village, and all the various intersections of lanes, corn-fields, and gardens that clothed the plain before me.

I had not been long gazing over this pleasant scene, when I saw a group, or rather mob, of persons emerge from a turning in the distance, and wend their way through the lanes towards the village. As there was no probability of their coming near enough to where I was to allow me to fall in with them and satisfy my curiosity, I bent my steps forward with the intention of meeting them. A shout triumphant and long fell on my ear; and as I neared the throng, it became evident that the mass was actuated by some new impulse of joy, or, that they had met to celebrate some event successful in its termination. There was an air of triumph diffused among the villagers, which grew obstreperous as I approached,

and a lusty hurra now and then from half a dozen peasants, whose straw hats were garlanded with flowers, seemed to produce an infectious influence over the crowd, for it was instantly caught up by half a hundred other voices; men's, women's, and children's, whose various testimonials united to produce the most joyous, though dissonant, yell I had ever heard. The first person that took my attention was mine host, Giovanni Battista, whose grave face was set out in more smiling condescension than I had thought it capable of expressing. Next to him came his handsome daughter, looking a thousand unutterable pleasures from her deep black eyes. Her arm was wreathed affectionately round the trembling figure of a girl, younger and slighter than herself; who, in turn, supported the decaying, though dignified, form of a very old man. In the dissimilarity of this centre group of figures, round which a circle had been respectfully left by the peasantry, there was something more picturesque and interesting than can be imagined. A striking contrast of look and gesture seemed to illustrate the different gradations of thankfulness and piety which might be supposed to influence the ages, sex, and condition of the parties. The principal of the group was the aged man himself, on whose brow time had, with unerring hand, marked the length of his existence in faithful and conspicuous characters. His frame might have been once colossal, but the fineness of its proportions, which seemed to have decayed rather beneath the pressure of worldly calamity, than of the healthy and green old age that gave a settled freshness to his cheek, and mocked the withered brightness of an eye, dim, resigned, and grateful. To a look of pious thoughtfulness, was added a gleam of newly-awakened hope; and as he leant in weakness on his daughter, it appeared as if his mind had given a moiety of imbecility to his exterior.

There is something very beautiful in affection between a widowed father and his daughter. The difference of sexes, perhaps, is a great reason why paternal sentiment should receive a *refined* existence; and the distance between their hopes, wishes, and opinions, produces a result free from little discords, and nearer to purity than any thing on the earth besides. The very wants of a father

throw him more on the kindness and love of a daughter than a son. There can be no waste of regard, because they are always placed in relative situations to demand and receive. *His* necessities increase with *her* power of administering to them. Thus the link strengthens as it dilates, and at last becomes an undying charm in the domestic circle of existence.

The form of the young girl on which the old man leant, possessed quite as much expression as that of her parent. It was as opposite to the other maiden's as can well be conceived. The full proportions of the host's daughter, her flashing countenance and buoyant eye, spoke the warmth, passion, and fire of her climate. Her step, her language, her sentiments were all fervour. In fact, she was sunny as the land of her birth, and perhaps she had some of its dangerous intensity as well. Some people would have considered her perfection. For *me*, she sparkled too much, her eyes' gaze was as intense as the focus of a burning-glass. In fact, I think I was a little afraid of her. Her companion was much less in stature, had more quiet loveliness of face, and looked, as she supported her father, the most perfect picture of benign grace and womanly tenderness I had ever beheld. Over these diversified characteristics, my worthy host diffused a sober unity; and though possessing nothing in common with the rest, yet, like yeast in bread, he seemed to amalgamate the whole.

Not caring to mingle with the crowd, I fell back, and taking a short route to the cabaret, arrived there about a quarter of an hour before the master. I could see the Frenchwoman's anxiety was passing beyond all bounds. She was half inclined, two or three times, to inquire if I had heard any thing in my perambulations, and went fidgetting about the door and windows with a perturbation very easily accounted for. At last, with a despairing shake of the head, I heard her mutter, "Ah, poor Jerome!"

"What of poor Jerome?" said I.

"One does not like to have a *friend* executed. Oh! dear, dear, when will they come back, and let me know the worst?"

"I think *I* can tell you that, madam. If I am not mistaken, the *worst* is, that your friend Jerome, surrounded by a

crowd of persons, is coming through the lanes yonder: your husband on one side, and a young woman on the other."

The little hostess clasped her hands, turned red and pale, and exclaiming "Thank God!" sank on a wooden bench at the door.

I inquired who the old man Jerome was; and when she could recover herself, she began with half French, half *Patois*, to inform me that Jerome was a wealthy peasant, a widower, and brother to a most pious monk of the Benedictines; but she talked so fast, and so *à la Piedmontese*, that I could not understand a word besides, and was therefore very impertinently about to beg she would give me a more deliberate account, when suddenly she fell to telling her beads, and ejaculating a hurried *paternoster*, flew out to meet her helpmate, who just then appeared in the lane opposite.

The sedative qualities of the worthy man seemed to have foregone some of their vigilance, in the gladness of the event which had taken place. He bowed courteously on entering the door, and asked if I had been at the trial? I told him I was perfectly ignorant of all the circumstances, until, a few minutes before his arrival, accidentally meeting the party on their return, I had heard some vague reports.

"Ah!" he replied, "my friend's case will show you the injustice of trusting to circumstantial evidence. Nothing but a miracle saved him, although he is as innocent as the Virgin."

"What was he accused of?" I inquired.

"*Murder!*" replied my host, devoutly crossing himself; "the murder of the overseer on his farm, a dissolute young man, whom the good Jerome took in for charity."

"And was the terrible charge wholly unjust?" I asked.

The host's keen eye shot an angry glance at me for my query. "Sir," said he emphatically, "understand that Jerome Paoli is above the breath of calumny: his brother is a Benedictine monk, not more famed for wisdom than Jerome for piety. He is counsellor of the village, and moreover was presented with a golden crucifix, by the lady abbess of yonder convent, as a testimony of his virtues."

"Is the real murderer found out, then?" said I.

"No, signor," replied Giovanni Battista Carnagnola.

"The reasons, then, for the deed have not, of course, been discovered?"

"They are yet a matter of supposition," added my taciturn informant, politely leaving me alone.

My only chance of learning any more about this interesting affair, remained with the mother and daughter. The latter, however, inherited some of her father's dignified reserve; it was, therefore, only from the loquacity of the good-humoured hostess I could hope to gain a ray of further information.

"My dear inadam," said I (Frenchwomen are particularly sensitive to politeness), "perhaps you will favour me with a little intelligence regarding this accused person, Jerome?"

"What do you think of his daughter," said she, with an arch laugh; "is it not a beautiful creature?"

"My view of her was very slight; though enough to convince me her form and face had some pretensions."

"Pretensions! good Lord! how cold you Englishmen are: and yet I should not say so, for there is one from your misty nation—there is *one*—and one of rank and wealth, too—who would sacrifice all and every thing for her!"

"An English lover, eh? What says her father to such heretical presumption?"

"Ah, sir, it is true he is very excellent, and no less so that he is very harsh. I thought we were stout Catholics in France, but old Jerome would sacrifice every blessed comfort of youth and life to his piety. I will tell you a secret—*La bella Giulietta is vowed to the Virgin*. The old man, her father, thinks to insure his daughter's happiness; but I am very much mistaken if I could not find a better way of doing it."

"And is the poor girl herself resigned to religious seclusion?" I inquired.

"No, no," answered the Frenchwoman, shaking her head compassionately, "the maiden is not more inclined to forego the ties and pleasures of this world than other young people. Well, I don't account myself sinful in the least, when I say I pity her from my heart."

"Is there no way of rescuing her from such a doom? It is surely a cruel and unjust sentence, which cuts off from the world any thing so young and lovely as she is."

"It is most likely, signor, that *two* innocent young people will be made wretched for ever by this sentence of her father's. The old man has had the affair whispered in his ear; and so there's no doubt Giulietta will be taken to the neighbouring convent in a very few weeks."

"What is the lover about," I exclaimed, "that he does not carry her off?"

"Would *you* assist him?" asked the hostess, with a sharp look from her inquisitive eyes.

"With all my soul!"

"Carry her off, indeed!" ejaculated Signora Carnagnola; "no, no! though the beautiful Giulietta loves the world and her lover too, yet her father and her religion are not forgotten; and so she submits, though with a very bad grace."

"Poor and innocent girl," I exclaimed, "what a cold and heartless fate is thine! How mistaken and unnatural the means by which your parent would propitiate Heaven."

"Sir, sir," interrupted the little Frenchwoman, a tear half sparkling in her eye, "recollect I am an excellent Papist. *Unnatural!*—no, it is only *unkind*;" and with a deeply-suppressed sigh she left the apartment, ostensibly to procure me a glass of wine and water, though in reality, I believe, to peep into the dormitory of her spouse, and convince herself she had not been overheard.

On my hostess's return I drew her to the window, and with some anxiety of tone and deportment pressed her to point out some means of averting the young girl's fate. She put her finger on her lip, "Ask me no more questions," said she, "I may have ruined myself already."

"Well—but of Jerome;—you have not told me the causes that impeached him so dangerously."

"Why, it's only this, sir. The old man had an *overseer*, who happened very unfortunately to ask his leave to marry Giulietta: Jerome disliked him ever afterwards for his presumption, and ordered him to quit his premises. The man did so, though not without a vow that sooner or later the girl should be his. From this hour Giulietta, who disliked and feared him, knew no rest; he annoyed her by day and by night, threatened the old man, and swore no earthly power should baffle him. A few evenings after this, Jerome went as usual to walk through his fields, and stayed till the

twilight came on, for Giulietta was at vespers, and he always disliked going home when she was absent. At last, however, it grew late; the dews were thickening, and he made his way for the cottage, thinking that his daughter had perhaps got there before him. At the end of the garden there is a summer-house, where Giulietta and her father, with perhaps a young friend or two, used to sit and amuse themselves in the bright moonlight nights. As Jerome passed this place he heard a sigh or moan, and looking in, beheld the overseer laying on his face surrounded by rivulets of blood, and still grasping a huge clasp-knife.

"Poor Jerome, feeble and thunder-struck, stood fixed to the spot. Horrified at the dreadful spectacle before him, unable to drag his shaking limbs from the place, no human being within call, every thing dead, silent, and darkening, he fell fainting against the arbour. While in this state, some labourers passing by perceived him. The whole thing was over the village and through the city in a very few hours. Jerome was conveyed to bed: every circumstance seemed to strengthen suspicion against him; and next morning, before day-break, half-a-dozen officers of the Hall of Justice seized the poor old man, and conveyed him to prison. This morning he took his trial: every circumstance bore witness against him. The body of the man found upon his premises—his known antipathy—the absence of any other reason for his death—and the situation in which both were discovered, were circumstances not to be disbelieved; and the president of the court was about to pronounce him *guilty*, when, at the critical moment, a letter was put into his hands by a stranger, who immediately afterwards disappeared. The writer stated, that Jerome was *innocent*; that he, the writer, was the slayer of the man:—in corroboration of which, he affirmed, that a pistol-wound would be found in the region of the dead man's heart, as well as the one which was visible in the head, and which appeared to have been the sole cause of his death. Upon this the president commanded search to be made, and the body having been again inspected, it was discovered that a pistol-ball had penetrated his side, as the letter stated, which in the previous examination had been overlooked. You know the rest, signor; Jerome was immediately

acquitted. But the poor old man has received a shock, that, people say, he will never get the better of."

The various motives which induced me to immure myself for a longer period in this secluded spot than I at first designed, I shall not now attempt to describe. Left to pursue my own unfettered inclinations, naturally wandering and adventurous, it may not be a matter of surprise that without being influenced by any feeling save an inquisitive sort of interest, awakened out of the incidents already related, I lingered in my host's dwelling, rambled and studied, acquainted myself with the solitary and rural habits of the peasantry, and otherwise pursued my various inclinations, with the happy freedom of a young man, independent and unrestrained.

The taciturn master of the little hostelry began marvellously to unbend from his wonted rigidity. I believe he got a hint by some means or other from my pocket-book, or a loose letter that might have escaped, of my possessing more pretensions to birth and fortune than he at first had given me credit for. Be it as it may, my comforts were more assiduously looked after; his bow waxed an inch lower than before, and the appellation *Signor* was awarded me more frequently than he was wont: to all which changes of fortune I may add, that the *best* bed in the house resigned itself to my accommodation.

Perceiving I now began to be a person of some importance, I asked Carmagnola one morning, if he would introduce me to his friend Jerome.

"He is a man unused to strangers," responded the landlord. To which I replied, that I had a particular desire to see a person so renowned for piety and learning, and one, too, that had laboured under such a persecution. Giovanni Battista, after some demur, at last consented; and we set forward in the quiet of the evening towards Jerome's dwelling. Our way lay through hedges rows covered with white blossoms, which perfumed the narrow lanes we had occasion to pass. Every thing was as placid and serene, as if human footsteps had never disturbed its almost primeval stillness. The birds were chanting a lay among themselves so querulous and glad-some, that a universal thanksgiving seemed to burst from the bushes, filling the air

on all sides with a song of gladness. Here and there, we heard the grasshopper and cricket chiming in with their tickling sound, and myriads of insects kept dancing on high in a wheeling circle, while a rich though dying sunset glowed over all the scene.

I was so absorbed in the surrounding tranquillity, that it was not until my host had opened a low green gate, and pointed to a very pretty and respectable tenement at the further end of the garden, that I became aware of my proximity to Jerome's dwelling. It could scarcely be called a cottage, still less a house of pretension to any thing beyond rural affluence. But the exterior presented neatness and beauty of arrangement, far exceeding that of any other in the village. The parterres exhibited choice flowers, and to a look of rustic comfort were united symptoms of good taste and even of elegance.

Without any of that inhospitable and constrained civility which tells you at once your visit is unwelcome, Jerome greeted us with an urbanity that might have well become more dignified personages. Old as he was, yet it might easily be observed, that the courtesies of the world were still familiar to him; and that his long life had not been wholly spent in the retirement in which I found him. With that nameless ease by which well-bred people imperceptibly draw strangers into conversation, but a few minutes had elapsed ere Jerome and myself were in a spirited dialogue. Signor Carmagnola, whether from respect to me or the old man I cannot tell, spoke not a word, but seating himself somewhat aloof, took a book from the shelf, and left us to enjoy our own *tête-à-tête*.

I found Jerome exhibited less of the self-denying and rigid Catholic in his sentiments and feelings than I expected. The slight points of theology which were necessarily touched upon, in the course of conversation, showed him more a moralizer than a fanatic; but of this there was little judging. The difference in our faiths made us both tender of entering heedlessly on religious subjects; which I did not regret, for the matters of the world were discussed with an eloquence which left me no cause to wish he had chosen any other topic.

An hour might have passed when a shadow suddenly darkened the window.

The old man lifted his palsied head wistfully up. "Ah! 'tis Giulietta," said he, with a light playing about his eyes, "we shall now have some excellent coffee." My back was towards the window, and the master of the cabaret had risen up and greeted her entrance, before she perceived that a third person was in the apartment. I also arose; and Giulietta turning round, was about to return my salutation, when she started, and a flush, between astonishment and confusion, crimsoned her from neck to brow; then retiring a step or two, she bowed gracefully to me, and with an uneven gait, left the room.

"My daughter is quite a rustic," said Jerome, after a pause; "she is so unused to strange faces, that the sight flurries her. Sit down, my friend."

I did so, and we had scarcely renewed our conversation before Giulietta re-entered. She had thrown aside her hat, and, with a slight scarf wound, becomingly round her fine head and shoulders, the drapery of which, though intended to envelope the figure, added indescribable grace to it, presented one of the most interesting combinations that simplicity of attire and beauty of form could effect. I had lived the greater part of my life in those circles where fashion and loveliness outvie each other; but never till this moment had I seen the elegance of nature hold such utter supremacy over art. Giulietta's face was studiously averted from mine; but, as she advanced towards her father, I perceived there was a slight tremor on her lip, and an ashy paleness in her countenance.

"Good child, get us some refreshment," said Jerome; "you have been tardy in your walk from vespers."

"I have," replied Giulietta, under her breath.

"Wherefore?" asked the old man.

"I know not, father, except that the evening was fair, and I inclined to wander."

Old people are generally very obtuse in their conceptions of young persons' manners. This may be accounted for, first, because they have nothing in common with them; and secondly, because doating confidence is the most easily deceived. I looked full at the young girl as she uttered her last sentence, and drew a conclusion very different from her father's.

During the whole time I stayed, Giulietta betrayed great perplexity of manner. When she thought I was deeply engaged, a full and searching glance seemed to investigate the lineaments of my features. That over, she passed her hand in momentary consideration across her brow; from thence it reached her lip, and then sunk in a listless sort of embarrassment, at which I was not much pleased, feeling myself the occasion of it. Nevertheless, some hours had passed before I took leave of my new acquaintances. Jerome pressed me to visit him again; and the daughter, as she shot another inquiring glance at my face and form, bade me good night with a gentle seriousness that gave to her perfect features an expression few would wish to have seen exchanged for one of ardour or joy.

The stars were up and bright, long before I closed my eyes. My new friends—the circumstances attached to them—the singular character and kindness of old Jerome to me—his beautiful daughter—all these thoughts, mixed up with so many other things, kept my brain interested and bewildered. At last I fell into a profound sleep, and little dreamt of what awaited me on my next visit.

I was supine enough to allow three or four days to elapse before I again called on my new friends. Although the difference in our worldly conditions might have made some people smile at my preserving a ceremony apparently unnecessary, yet I had heard and seen enough of Jerome to know that he gave and expected the distinctions due to good manners.

Evening was the time when the old man walked, read, or otherwise had leisure enough to receive his friends. Accordingly, I prepared again to visit him at an hour similar to the one in which he first saw me. On my unlatching the gate, I heard an unusual murmur within the dwelling, which being at the end of the garden, rendered the sounds that issued from it indistinct and confused. A sense of intrusion made me pause, ere I had measured half-a-dozen steps up the walk; but the voices grew louder: there was a scuffle and crash, as if the furniture of the room was being interposed between disputants.

"Help! help!" exclaimed a voice, which I knew to be Jerome's. Then there was a struggle, a sigh, and a heavy fall.

I rushed up the garden; the door was ajar, and the first objects that met my sight, were, the old man on the floor, and a huge fellow holding a bludgeon in one hand, and a large knife, already bloody, in the other, leaning over him in the act of giving a final blow. The assassin's back was towards me. Jerome's eyes were partly closed.

"Confess!" thundered out the murderer; this moment is thy last!"

The words had hardly escaped before I flung my arms round him, and he lay prostrate by his victim, with my foot on his throat. The grin of disappointed revenge which sat on his swarthy features, as, for a moment, he contemplated me, I shall never forget. Making a sudden effort, he hurled me from him, and drawing his poniard made a thrust at me, which, had I not leapt aside, must have been fatal. Jerome endeavoured to rise and assist me. I sprang again on the assassin, who, however, eluded my grasp, and vaulting over a table that had been thrown down in the confusion, rushed out at the door.

My first care was directed to Jerome, who, overcome by alarm, sudden rescue, and astonishment at my unexpected interference, lay still upon the ground. I assisted him to rise, and discovered that the blood was occasioned by a slight wound in the head, received from being thrown with violent force against the wainscotting. "My excellent young friend," said he, grasping my hand, while with his own he endeavoured to smooth away some of the white hairs which lay, dabbled by the trickling blood, on his ashy cheek.

"My excellent young friend, to thee I owe my life. Hast thou received injury in thy generous endeavour? See, see, how my hand trembles. I am not much hurt, but the miscreant sorely bruised me."

"Where is your daughter?" said I, placing him in a chair; "you are now almost too feeble to be left alone."

"Giulietta always goes to vespers. 'Tis merciful the poor child was not here, else had she died with affright, if not by Juan's hand."

"You know the villain, then?"

"He is the father of the young man who was found slain on my premises, and whom he supposes I murdered. Gracious Heaven! what a charge."

"Then he is actuated by revenge, I suppose. Was he not satisfied with your acquittal?"

"No," answered Jerome, crossing himself; "he swears his son's blood is on my head, and that I shall make atonement for it. But the Omnipotent reserved me a deliverer in you, my kind friend; name but the boon, young gentleman, the sacrifice that Jerome Paoli can make to thee, and though on the threshold of the grave, it shall be done."

Overwhelmed by the old man's gratitude, I begged him to think of nothing but the means of recovering himself from his alarm, and the injuries he had sustained. I could see his nearly worn-out frame was shook almost beyond the power of remedy, and having administered what renovating means the house afforded, cleansed and bound up his wounds, I placed him on a bed, and was about to take my post at his side when Giulietta entered. The girl, upon seeing her father, screamed, and clung to a beam which supported the roof of the apartment. She was powerfully affected. A nervous debility seemed to have seized her, and as I related the particulars of the affair, her whole frame trembled.

On my concluding, she drew me to the bedside, and placing her father's hand in mine, wept over them tears of abundant gratefulness; then drying her cheek, she kissed the old man, and exclaimed in a voice of the deepest self-reproach—"Ah, father, 'tis quite time Giulietta sought the consolation within the convent walls. The ills I have occasioned you are too much for my poor spirit. Get well—get well, my dear father, and your daughter will be obedient to your wishes without a regret. Worldly happiness," she continued, looking deeply upon the earth, "is now out of my reach for ever."

A smile of pious satisfaction lit up the old man's face, while the girl looked as if she had made a vow which consumed every earthly hope. I then unwillingly took my leave, promising to return on the morrow.

The next morning I arose with the lark, and made my way for the dwelling of Jerome, with an anxious, though self-satisfied, heart. The air was impregnated with fresh odours, and a joyfulness and brilliancy diffused themselves over the whole aspect of my friend's garden and domestic arrangements, contrast-

ing strongly with the emaciated and aged inmate of the place. I could not help moralizing upon the gradual decay of all earthly things, as I strode with rapid step through the maze of fragrant flowers up to his door. All was still as death. The business-like air which at that hour usually pervaded the place, was exchanged for an almost prophetic quiet, so intense, that my own footsteps seemed an unholy disturbance.

"The old man sleeps," thought I; "I will wander about the fields till some signs of the family's being up become visible."

Thinking thus, I was about to retrace my steps, when the mild voice of Giulietta came upon my ear from within. She was talking to some one, and her tones, deeper than usual, seemed almost inarticulate with emotion. "Captain Somerville," I heard her say, urge me no further: I have awoke from my weakness, and my determination is now beyond even the power of *your* persuasion to alter."

At the name of *Somerville*, I stood literally transfixed to the spot:—another moment, and I was bewildered.

"Giulietta," replied a voice, scarcely less tender than her own, "your father may die. What consolation will you then find in the shelter of yon ruined walls, for the wreck of my happiness and a personal sacrifice greater even than *you* can fulfil with sincerity."

I heard no more. Rushing to the door, I flew into the apartment; and the next moment, the stranger and myself were locked in each other's arms. We were brothers!

"Charles!" I exclaimed, unloosing myself at last; "it is five years since we met, and *now* that it should be under *this* roof!"

A flush covered my brother's face, and turning to Giulietta, he said—"Be not alarmed, love; the friend this gentleman has been to your father, he will be to *us*."

Jerome's daughter blushed from brow to bosom, and an animation sparkled in her eyes, which said the unity between her father's friend and her lover was by no means displeasing to her.

The embarrassment of the interview between us prevented every thing like explanation, and with a head dizzy, and an uneven step, I ascended the stairs to Jerome's chamber. The door opened

softly to my touch, and I trod so gently into a room sacred to the fleeting sighs of expiring life, that the invalid did not hear me—see me, he could not, for the curtains were drawn round his bed with that cautious gloomy exclusion of light and air, which is one among the many habits that gives to death or sickness unnecessary awe, and tends to invest it with extraneous fears. The window was partly open, and through it stole the summer's breath mingled with the sweetness of the jessamine and other flowers that clustered round it. All external things looked bright and cheerful. The smiling sun shone into the apartment. Inanimate nature seemed to have renewed its tenure of existence; every thing spoke of life, and health, and beauty—yet death was there.

I found the sand of the old man's sojourn upon earth fast running out. He was propped up in bed; a missal, roseary, and crucifix, were before him; from which holy relics he was endeavouring to extract a consolation, that the pious resignation of his eye told me his virtuous and peaceful existence required not. I took his hand; a cold and chilling damp usurped the warm moisture of life. The seal of death was stamped on all his features, and a fleeting pulse—now heavy, now weak—proclaimed the ebbing blood to be narrowing in its channel.

"You see, my friend, that I am much worse," said the old man, in a voice tremulous and exhausted: "the late occurrences united, have robbed my few years of their strength; but I go not hopelessly.—(Here he bowed his head reverently.) Giulietta is the only tie that death will break, and she is too excellent to be feared for. Young gentleman," he continued, after a pause to regain breath, "a departing spirit bids me confide in thee. Listen; much as it would comfort me to know that my daughter had consigned herself to the cloisters, yet I would not in my dying hour bind her to an engagement that might sever all her young and worldly hopes. Giulietta loves *whom*, I know not; further, than that nothing worthless could touch her heart. In the day of my strength, and pride of my knowledge, I had resolved to marry her to the church; but as life wanes, I feel the value of leaving her to her own pure and virtuous wishes. You, sir, can yet add another obligation to my

heart. Giulietta is young—you may advise;—Giulietta is fair—you may counsel her."

"If, my venerable friend," said I, "you feel yourself quitting this world, you must not leave it in ignorance of aught which I can communicate to soothe you. Giulietta loves,—I must now tell you, *whom*: the knowledge is but this moment mine to give you. Giulietta loves—and resigns—my brother! Believe me, sir, if I am in any way worthy your regard, *he* is equally so. Our natal hour was mutual; and fortune made us reciprocal inheritors of her bounty."

"I die happy," said Jerome, as the film of death hovered over his tearless eye, and pressing my hand fervently, he gave an inquiring glance at the door. Understanding his wishes, I left the room for a moment, and returned with Charles and Giulietta. The old man fixed a look of ineffable kindness on the pair, as they kneeled at the bed-side. His wasting fingers locked themselves in mine—the others clasped their united hands. In this way he breathed his benediction on them—in this way he died!

Turn we now to a happier mood. How welcome is the gale that wafts a traveller back again to his own shores. How buoyant, how springy are his sensations. The heart dances with the waves,—the pulses keep time with the rocking

of the bark. These, and much more than these, were our's, as Giulietta, a young bride, my brother and myself, stood, six months afterwards, on the deck of the good ship "The Hope," bound from Gibraltar to "merry old England." We had previously learnt from my brother that *he* was the cause of the overseer's death, and the writer of the letter to the judge, which procured Jerome's acquittal. It appeared that the man had unexpectedly encountered him in the summer-house in Paoli's garden; where, urged by revenge, and a desire to rid himself of a rival, he had endeavoured to stab him; but was prevented accomplishing his object, by my brother's well-directed pistols. Fearing he had no chance of justice in a foreign land, where he was totally unknown, except by the very person whose acquaintance would have been a ground for suspicion, he preferred availing himself of the chances of secrecy and concealment; with what success, the reader has just been acquainted. On our arrival in England, the marriage ceremony, which had been previously performed according to the Romish ritual, was re-solemnized in London, where the beautiful daughter of Jerome Paoli was afterwards introduced to his friends by the title her charms and virtues had procured for her in her native village,—*LA BELLA GIULIETTA*.

LAY OF THE LAST SPINSTER.

BY J. E. CARPENTER, AUTHOR OF "LAYS FOR LIGHT HEARTS," &c.

Farewell to all the parties, the season's nearly closed,
And many of its beauties are married to their beaux;
But though I hear them call'd by the endearing name of "*wife*,"
Though the partner of an evening's the partner of a life—
I covet not their pleasures, I do not even sigh,
I never thought it prudent to be courted on the sly;
Besides 'tis so unpleasant to be hurried thus away,
In the middle of a whisper, to the "*ladies' moulinet*."
Yes, they are married many! and I am single yet!
But partners in dances, they are such a fickle set;
They flirt to ev'ry beauty, with spirits light and gay,
But only strive to lure their gentlest sympathies away.
Then passing to another, with a look, a tone, or smile,
Again the truant rev'ler tries the spirit to beguile;
And, oh! 'mid the excitement of the varying quadrille,
When hands are pressed unconsciously, how can the heart be still?
Oh! why am I neglected? 'tis really very hard,
When others go to Greta, who danced the *galopade*!
Why doom'd in "single blessedness" for ever to remain,
While those wear Hymen's *fetters*, who have danced the "*ladies' chain*."

I waltz as well as they do—then why am I forgot,
Are all my pirouettes in vain—and useless my gavotte?
I boast as much of beauty as those with whom I mix,
Or can it be because I am the youngest girl of six!

And then as to accomplishments, I'm sure mine are not weak,
I play upon five instruments—four languages I speak.
My sisters—some are married, the others they have beaux;
Then wherefore is it that I am less fortunate than those?
Oh! this must be the reason, in solitude I sigh,
Because I have objected to be courted on the sly;
To those who come in future I'll never more be rude,
For twenty-nine too late is, to be playing off the prude.

REMINISCENCES IN DOMESTIC LIFE.—No. VI.

[COMMUNICATED BY MRS. HOFLAND.]

COURTSHIPS AND MARRIAGES.

As we proceed onward in existence, it is surprising how much our opinions vary on the same circumstances, from those which we formed in early life; yet the change has been imbibed so insensibly, that nothing is more common than to hear people say, "I always thought so,"—"Such have been my sentiments ever since I was born,"—when, in point of fact, some twenty years before, they were diametrically opposite.

Who amongst us have not known young ladies, who thought the cruelty of parents in matters of the heart, the most hateful of all tyranny; yet, when arrived at a period when they have the same power, under the same circumstances, do they not frequently exercise it more despotically? yet will they tell you (and with reason), that their love for their offspring is the cause of their severity: but along with this love has most probably arisen, ambition of avarice, a passion for worldly honours, a selfish grasping of worldly goods, and a full assurance that their daughter requires the same kind of splendour for her happiness, which they now require for their own. If it is difficult to put old heads on young shoulders, so is it to put young feelings into selfish hearts. I would not advocate imprudence, as the world is constituted; even the young must condescend to think, or else cease to eat—"lips though blooming, must still be fed;" and to venture on marrying, when neither party can provide means of living, is a species of madness. Nevertheless, there is a medium which might be adopted, in order to give both

affection and prudence their due share in the compact. Formerly, people married because they loved each other; they set out in the world humbly; trusting that either by industry, economy, or both united, they should hereafter obtain a more extensive establishment; and being all the world to each other, were quite content with narrow means and abridged amusements. Every expense relinquished for the sake of the beloved one, was a cordial to that heart which made the sacrifice; and every little indulgence they could with propriety adopt, was rendered the more pleasurable, because partaken together, and in one sense contributed by both, since the wife who *saves*, is equivalent to the husband who *gains*. People who come together from pure attachment, and with good resolution, who see their duty, and determine to pursue it, and find a present reward in the daily intercourse enjoyed with that beloved one whose voice is the heart's music, may cut a less splendid figure than their neighbours—may give fewer parties, wear plainer clothes, go seldomer to watering-places; but surely youth may be happy without these things? they are the treats and toys of more advanced existence. In autumn, only, nature puts on her more showy vestments; red and yellow are suitable in September, but gentle green is the colour for spring; each has its opinions, why not also its plan of happiness? When the gentle offices of love, the natural flow of animal spirits, and the activity of imagination are sufficient to felicity, why should we be anxious to

secure, before they are required, the artificial aids of wealth and splendour? If we can marry our daughters to well-conducted men, with good prospects, and unquestionable preference of a tender nature, let it suffice—they will be happy enough for poor mortals, and not a whit the less so for a few trilling difficulties.

But it is a very different affair with those who have passed their spring-time of flowers and sunshine, and are accustomed to enjoy certain comforts, exact certain observances, and cut a certain figure in the world. It is very possible that they may have not only a warm friendship, but a positive passion for each other; and under its influence, fancy themselves as capable of finding love in a cottage, as the young ones about them: nay, more, they may suppose that their experience will enable them to conquer difficulties, preserve appearances, and in case of the worst, turn the laugh against their acquaintance, and excite envy in lieu of ridicule:—alas! they are all in the wrong. The demands of habit are terrible rivals to love; and no one ought to expect obedience beyond a certain period; if not planted early, it will never grow freely.

When Captain Riddle took Miss Marsham from the mansion of her great relation to his own flower-embosomed dwelling, and in presenting his two fine boys to her, appeared to awaken for them the kindest feelings of a heart capable of maternal tenderness; all their neighbours were talking of the suitableness of the match, and the happiness of the parties. "It would be so pleasant for her to have a house of her own: for though her uncle, Sir Richard, was a good man, he took a deal of pleasing, and dependance was too hard to bear at six-and-thirty, and she was that at the least." "Then she would be such good company to the captain, whose sons must now go out in the world,"—"and he was such a charming man, and still so handsome, that, though not rich, she must be happy, vastly happy!"

And so she was, for dependance is disagreeable, though a thing most women can bear when they have known no other lot—indeed, women are, in one shape or other, always dependant, and it is folly in them to complain of the condition of their nature; but she was also fond of the man who had chosen her, proud of the high esteem in which the neighbourhood held

him, and grateful to him for having distinguished her: every thing was *couleur de rose*; her new home a paradise; and her happy self a graceful Eve, calculated to fill it with dignity and love.

But in a few weeks, poor woman! the smallness of the rooms, "so very different from those of the park she had quitted," made their inconveniences felt; and two servant-maids were a poor succedaneum for the footman, butler, groom, and long *et cetera* of serving damsels. True, they were exclusively her own; "but what did that signify? her uncle never allowed the servants to slight her commands, and these were of such an inferior grade, they could not know their duty."

She was excessively fond of walking when the captain first presented himself as a lover; indeed, the confinement of a carriage was hateful, since she was tied to hearing the complaints of an invalid during her whole drive, but some way she was soon overdone with a ramble after she became settled, and there was no possibility of taking proper exercise in so small a garden—the captain entered with the utmost kindness into this deficiency, he procured a pony chaise, and drove her through every smooth path he could find; she could never thank him sufficiently; and every thing went well, till they happened one day to meet a splendid carriage filled with her old friends.

"For God's sake, dear Captain Riddle, drive us somewhere out of sight!"

"I cannot, without placing you in danger of an overthrow."

"Never mind, I will risk my life rather than be seen in this wretched vehicle."

"Ah!" thought the captain, "in what really wretched vehicles has my Emma rode during our long marches, and laughed at her appearance"—"ever after the sufferings she endured in many a wearisome route, when at last I met her all was forgotten, but she *loved me*"—"love conquers inconveniences."

A woman who marries a widower must be subject to unfavourable comparisons, and should therefore guard against awakening such recollections as lead to them—the captain's temper was ruffled, although a remarkably good one; and from this time the lady sighed, and assured herself that "men were all alike, and had all their tempers"—"poor uncle was very tiresome at times, and it appeared Captain Riddle had his peculiarities also."

The boys came home from school, they were fine warm-hearted fellows, and determined to love the new mother who had given them fruit at the park, and begged them holidays; and cold indeed must the heart be which does not bask in the sunshine of such unmingled affection. "Those young rogues are my rivals, I perceive, dear Mary," said the captain, whilst his eyes glistened with delightful tears, and were answered by looks of genuine sensibility, for his lady had a heart capable of fully appreciating his feelings; but within a very short time she was weary of her existence, for in a small house every sound is heard; and the shouting joyous voices of two school-boys, rousing papa to share their sports, or his own in reply, either reproving or contributing, was a continual annoyance. Then the dirty feet on the carpet, the fishing-tackle, and bows and arrows, littering the rooms. The rude treatment given to her work-box in seeking silk and tape, the disturbance offered to a pet cat, or perhaps the injury received by a beautiful plant, were continually repeated troubles; and although fair faces blushed deeply, and tremulous tongues begged pardon, and with equally humility and sincerity promised amendment, and received full forgiveness, for she loved them both for their father's sake and their own, yet the life she led was a miserable one, for there was no peace for one habituated to quietness—no neatness in the house of one who had never seen a spot upon any thing around her. She could not have complained to their father for the world; still less could she have borne to see them punished, but yet she felt jealous of his preference—"had he loved her properly, surely he would have prevented her from these daily vexations; but his affections were buried with his wife."

She forgot that his whole life had accustomed him to look lightly on inevitable troubles of this nature, and that to him these spirit-stirring scenes were delightful; they renewed youth and health—they were the life of life.

The boys departed; the captain was naturally affected, and to a certain point melancholy. "He loves them the best," said his wife; and she too sunk into an attitude of sorrow.

"I thank you, my love, for your participation of my feelings," said the captain; "yet the boys have been sad

plagues to you"—"I have, perhaps, indulged them too much, since I lost their dear mother"—"but you will understand my feelings by-and-by, when you are yourself a mother."

At this moment, she felt as if she could do all, bear all, for his sake; but her health was now extremely delicate: fears for the result of her confinement were awakened, and the very tenderness of her husband added to her alarm. She had been harassed by trifles, and she became alarmed by trifles; not because she was naturally of a weak mind, but because circumstances had rendered her a woman of weak nerves. The relation whose caprices and diseases had, in fact, destroyed her energies, and laid the foundation of latent infirmities, was yet deeply attached to her; and in this case so far rewarded her long services, as to pronounce her expected offspring his heir. This declaration awoke her gratitude to him—her joy, for her husband's sake: she then became so anxious to live, that she insured death in the desire.

The sands of life had long run low with Sir Richard; but it now became his pleasure, despite of the remonstrances of his medical friends, to drive every day to the dwelling of his niece. He said, "seeing *her* was the comfort of his life;" but, in point of fact, it was the sight of the captain's face, and the hearing of his cheerful voice, which communicated the good he received. It is not less true, that although the voice was cheerful, the heart was heavy of the master of the dwelling. His wife's ailments and faucies—the memory of her habits, and the expectation of her fortune, had induced him to incur expenses his narrow income and his strict integrity alike forbade; and the evident state of her health, which he understood far better than she did, added to his uneasiness; so that, from this two-fold cause, he was thoroughly an unhappy man.

Five months elapsed, and again came the holidays. The boys on reaching home gave a loud hurra, at a period far earlier than they were expected. It so happened that Sir Richard, though very weak, had just paid his expected visit. The startling sound caused him to fall on the ground in an apoplectic fit, apparently dead—indeed, he was really dead within half an hour.

During that period, Mrs. Riddle be-

came frightfully agitated—alarmingly ill. Her husband's experience suggested the nature of her malady, and his tenderness, so far as possible, provided the only consolation she was capable of receiving. But she was not then doomed to be the parent of a living offspring. During a few hours of ease, she gave all that wealth which had so suddenly become her own, to the only man who had distinguished *her*—whom *she* had sincerely loved, yet, nevertheless, failed to make happy.

She now saw clearly, that it is only in early life that the mind is pliable, and capable of receiving the bias required by circumstance ; therefore, if people remain

single for a given time, and then venture on matrimony, their union has no chance of happiness, unless there is similarity of situation with that they leave. There may be union of hearts, but there should also be a union of circumstances.

A new lord dwells in the beautiful park bequeathed by the once fair and elegant mistress, but his locks are grey, his eyes are dim, and the firm step which has led gallant souls to victory or death, are slow or faltering. Many honour him, all love him ; but his lonely heart tells him, that in spite of the wealth he may bequeath to his son, but never can enjoy himself, that his choice of a wife was not a wise one.

SONG OF THE CURFEW.

From the distant tower it speaks
Of the Norman's iron sway,
And the Saxon hears its thrilling tone,
Which warns him to obey.
That fatal tone—its echo smote
Our Saxon sires with awe,
And many a spirit quail'd beneath
The stern usurper's law.
It told of gentle blood,
Like a mountain-torrent pour'd,
For Freedom's hallow'd sanctuaries,
Beneath the Norman sword ;
Of eyes that once were bright,
But wax'd with weeping dim,
And Slaughter's crime-polluted cup
Empurpled to the brim !
Sad stories were disclosed
By the curfew's sullen roar ;
Of priest and altar darkly stain'd
With many a victim's gore ;—
The homes of peace o'erwhelm'd
With Desolation's flood ;
And vast possessions laid extinct,
To make a Boldrewood.
On Time's oblivious tide
Those days have glided past ;
And in the hoary fane of Caën,
The conqueror sleeps at last.
No more the curfew brings dismay,
In its slow and solemn chime ;
But wins reluctant Memory back,
To deeds of the olden time.

G. R. C.

SKETCHES OF THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE PEASANTRY IN THE DEPARTMENTS OF FRANCE.—No. 1.

A WEDDING AT BOURG-EN-BRESSE.

An old college friend invited me to pass last autumn with him at Arbigny, a small village about a league distant from Pont-de-Vaux.* The situation of his estate was picturesque and rural in the extreme, but to my taste far too secluded. The inmates of the castle consisted of my friend, his wife, and two ladies on a visit. The country has no great charms for me; and the monotonous life we led, caused my time to hang heavily on my hands, so that I soon sighed for the society and brilliant reunions of our gay city of Paris. As a pastime, I bethought me of making love. Two were married, but the prettiest was free from incumbrance, and might have been an agreeable companion, had she not had an intolerable habit of laughing, which was wearisome beyond measure: it had become a passion, a sort of mania with her; at breakfast, dinner, riding, walking, the most insignificant gesture, or unmeaning word; the simple "utterance of good night," or "good morning;" the accidental flitting of a bird; the spring of the grasshopper across her path, whatever happened, created violent and frequent fits of laughter. Whilst standing one morning at my chamber window, I saw a young girl enter the castle-yard carrying a pitcher, to fill it at a well situated in an adjacent meadow. She was a brunette of about twenty, with piercing black eyes, and a complexion in which the piony certainly preponderated over the lily and the rose, and a figure as broad as she was long. Her picturesque costume of blue cloth was ornamented with crimson ribbons fringed with silver; and her tiny hat with its floating ribbons was placed over one ear, as if it had fallen there by accident. Although I could neither fancy her a Ruth nor a Rachel, still in a country where the women wear their waists just beneath their shoulder-bones, and shade with these baby hats their enormous faces, which are as broad as pumpkins, I thought her sufficiently charming to enable me to pass an hour agreeably.

One morning I approached my little

* In the department of Ain, at the foot of Mount Jura.

heroine as she was about to draw water from the well; and as I have often found the success of a well-placed compliment upon a pretty woman, I lauded the brilliancy of her eyes, and becoming costume: this, as it flattered her vanity, was tolerably well received. Unfortunately, however, I was tempted to push my curiosity too far. Wishing to ascertain the texture of the ribbon to which a gold cross was suspended from her neck; I had scarcely touched it, ere I received a blow in the face, which made the blood flow copiously from my nose, and sent me reeling backwards several paces. How fortunate that we were alone, for had my laughing damsel been present, her risible faculties would have been beyond measure excited. I judged it the most prudent plan to sound a retreat. I, however, still affected to laugh, telling her that she displayed a little too much vivacity in her mode of salutation. She instantly raised her pitcher upon her head without assistance, and departed, muttering as she went along, "Have you not had enough! or will you try it again?" At breakfast I inquired the name of my charmer, taking good care not to allude to her extraordinary prowess. My friend, who was lord of the manor, told me she was the only daughter of one of his tenants, a farmer, of the name of Grand, and that Margaret was the affianced bride of William Brulard, the son of another tenant; that their marriage was to take place the following morning, and that it would be a sight well worth the attention of a stranger, as the manners and customs of the middle ages were still preserved in that part of the country on these occasions.

"This village," said he, "was originally a colony founded by the Saracens, after their defeat in the plains of Tours, by Charles Martel. Indelible characters mark it on the countenances of the inhabitants, although their manners and characters may have undergone a change, during long intercourse with the inhabitants of other parts."

At ten o'clock the following morning the marriage ceremony commenced. Voices were heard without; farmers de-

making admittance into the court-yard of the castle. The great gates were accordingly thrown open, and the processions preceded by a most discordant band of musicians, consisting of hurdy-gurdies, bagpipes, and squeaking clarionets. Foremost was Farmer Grand, leading his daughter by the hand, attired in the ancient Bresson costume; the former with his jacket and culotte-courte of white velveteen; the red, long-flapped waistcoat, with its immense buttons made of bone; the enormous three-cocked hat, that had seen nearly as many years as its aged proprietor; and the huge bunch of wild-thyme, fastened with long red ribbons to the button-hole of his waistcoat. Margaret walked, with her eyes modestly cast downwards, the very personification of gentleness; she wore a robe like that in which I had previously seen her, of blue Bressian cloth, with crimson ribbons, ornamented in front with an apron of the changeable colour "*Gorge de Pigeon*:" placed over her ear was a tiny hat, ornamented with long black lace lappets, which floated over her shoulders; white cotton gloves covered her rustic, but well-formed hands; blue stockings, woven with red clocks, covered her feet; and her shoes were black, bound with crimson velvet. Next followed a whole tribe of relations—grandfathers and grandmothers, brothers, uncles, aunts, and cousins of the bride.

A second procession simultaneously entered at another gate—the party of the bridegroom, who himself was dressed in the costume of the present day. He wore loose trousers of blue velvet, short hunting jacket, with its double row of metal buttons, and its seams covered with gold braid, a broad red belt, long silver watch-chain, and a white cotton night cap, with the tassel thrown backwards. The latter is so generally adopted at the present day in Bourg-en-Bresse, and indeed throughout the department of Ain, that no male of the working or lower classes is without, excepting perhaps the very aged and infirm. The two groups drew up at about fifteen paces distant, salutations commenced in true country fashion with the scrape of the foot, the leg thrown backwards, and the hat in hand. The dialogue began by the bride's father addressing the father of the young man—

Farmer Grand—"What do you want?"

Farmer Brulard (twisting his cocked hat in his hand)—"I want you to deliver your daughter, Margaret Grand, to my son, William Brulard."

Farmer Grand—"Come forward."

There was some hesitation, neither party seeming inclined to take the first step. At length the two groups advanced at the same time.

Farmer Grand—"Have you much money?"

Farmer Brulard (thumping his waistcoat pocket to make the money jingle)—"We have as much money as you."

Farmer Grand—"How much will you give your son William on the day of his marriage?"

Farmer Brulard—"I will give my son William, as much as you will give your daughter Margaret."

Farmer Grand—"I will lay five hundred silver crowns on the notary's table for my daughter, Margaret: and together with this dowry, a *beau trousseau* made expressly for her by her grandmother."

Farmer Brulard—"I will give my son William, now before us, and taking a wife, my hemp field, valued by the surveyors at two thousand francs. I dispossess myself of it in his favour; and by act of notary renounce all right and title to it, both present and future."

Farmer Grand—"Will you take care of my poor little Margaret? Will you love her—be kind to her? Will you make her happy? Do you promise all this before God, who sees and hears us, and before her family here assembled?"

Farmer Brulard—"Will I take care of her! Better care than if she were my own. Shall we all love her! As we would the child of our bosoms: and William, will he love and make her happy! He promises it to God, to you, to me his father, and to both our families."

Farmer Grand (taking Margaret by the hand, turns her slowly round twice)—"Ah! look at her! Is she not pretty and well-favoured, and good, and industrious, and modest? Saving the company's presence, she is as mild and gentle as the pet lamb of the flock she takes to graze upon the mountain." (I think I could answer for the truth of this assertion.)

During this dialogue, which can scarcely be translated in all its sim-

plcity, the blushing Margaret stood close by her father's side, her hands folded beneath her apron, scarcely daring to cast even a furtive glance towards her future husband. William, taking her by the hand, now advanced, and proceeded at the head of the now united processions, to the church where the marriage ceremony took place.

On their return to the court-yard, twelve village youths, friends of the bridegroom, entered, demanding to speak with Margaret: they had brought her, as a present, a magnificent wedding gown of crimson cloth—but custom forbids that this gown should ever reach its destination; for twelve youths, friends of her family, lying in wait, rushed upon the bearers: a struggle ensued, and the side of victory was long doubtful: in the end, the dress was torn to shreds, and fixed on the top of a pole, when it was carried in triumph through the village by the bridegroom's friends, the victorious party.

In the evening, the interior of Grand's farm presented a most animated scene. Several hogsheads of wine were broached; whole quarters of beef, an entire calf, two sheep, geese, ducks, fowls, &c., were all to be seen roasting before an enormous kitchen fire. But the impatient guests actually tore the half-cooked provisions from the fire, in their eagerness to commence the delicious repast.

The dinner ended; Farmer Grand rose, and demanded silence. He apprized the company that, according to ancient usages, the bride would make a collection to defray part of the expenses of the nuptial banquet. Accordingly, Margaret, accompanied by the bridegroom's man, made the circuit of the tables. She presented a piece of *gauffre** and a glass of wine to each person, who in return dropped his offering into the purse. This ceremony ended, the musicians, stationed in an adjoining room, sent forth their discordant sounds. At that moment the bride was seized, carried away, and hid with the bridesmaid upon the roof of the house behind a large chimney, where the two damsels were left exposed to an inclement night atmosphere. This singular custom, handed down from time immemorial, is preserved unchanged in the present day; and the greater the difficulty in discovering the bride, the higher

she is held in estimation by the inhabitants of the village.

Whilst the dancing continued, William was anxiously seeking his bride; at length, after more than two long hours, he discovered her nearly benumbed with cold.

Sometimes brides are hid in cellars, in empty casks, and in cauldrons: at other times under hay-ricks; in short, in the darkest and most impenetrable corners. It happened not long ago that a girl was concealed in an old chest, which was carefully closed: when her husband discovered her, after several hours, the poor girl was a corpse! Another time a handsome village youth married an ancient damsel, merely for her money; at night she was hid in a dark closet in the bedroom; instead, however, of looking for her, the husband retired very contentedly to bed. When the guests had departed, and the house was quiet, the lady perceiving the indifference of her lord and master, put out her head—"M. Jacquier," she said, "I lay you a wager you will not find me." "Probably not, Madame Jacquier," said her spouse, turning on the other side, and falling into a second sound slumber. The bride at length came to the wise determination of coming unsought out of her hiding-place.

As soon as William had discovered Margaret, he proposed conducting her to his paternal home: but there was another singular ceremony to be previously gone through. The bride had to proceed through every room in the farm-house, and to take the farewell of every object, animate and inanimate. She began in the kitchen, taking her apron between both hands to receive her tears, which flowed most abundantly.

"Farewell!" she said, "my chimney corner, in which I have so often sheltered my head: young and happy days, when I sought refuge from rain and storm. Farewell my winter's evenings passed beside thy cheerful hearth! farewell my chair, my spinning wheel, my shovel, tongs, my frying-pan; farewell my table, my mirror, my bed where I have dreamed of my red-cow, my pretty sheep and lambs! farewell my cat, my faithful dog! alas! must I leave you all! my God! is it possible? farewell brother, farewell to thee father, and to thee my poor old grandmother who hath fostered my infant head! farewell! farewell! to all who have so long and kindly loved me!"

* *Gauffre*, a kind of light paste cake.

farewell! She disappeared with her husband.

I have yet to add, that if, the morning after the wedding, any young woman of the company is found to rise later than the bride, she is unmercifully seized upon by four of the village youths, carried in a blanket from door to door, demand-

ing provisions, as butter, eggs, milk, &c., and at each house she is tossed in the blanket!

These details may perhaps appear exaggerated; still they are *facts*. Their real worth being in the fidelity of the narration.

L. V F

'TIS OVER NOW!

'Tis over now! 'tis over now!

The word was said and hope was gone:

Despair sat brooding on her brow,

She knew, she felt she was *alone*!

Alone!—he said he'd never part,—

He smiled and she believed his smile:

She gave him all a fond girl's heart,

She clasp'd his hand nor dreamt of guile!

'Tis over now! 'tis over now!

'Tis over now! 'tis over now!

She never deemed that voice so dear,

Which oft to her pledged-fond love's vow,

Would pour that vow in other's ear:

She never feared that that dark eye,

Which beamed so soft with love's own ray,

As if that ray could ne'er pass by,

Could *calmly, coldly*, turn away!

'Tis over now! 'tis over now!

'Tis over now! 'tis over now!

The heartless farewell speech she heard,

The cold dew stood upon her brow,

Her white lips whispered not a word!

Upon his parting form she gazed

With motionless and tearless eye;—

He passed!—the once bright eye was glazed,

The heart was still!—she could but die!

'Tis over now! 'tis over now!

D

TO A FOSSIL FERN.

Child of an ancient world! o'er whom the storms

That shatter'd empires silently have roll'd,

What awful mysteries could'st thou unfold

Of Chance and Change in all their various forms!

Thy frond-like leaves were blooming when in glory,

Proud Rome and Egypt each beheld its prime,

And doubtless thou could'st tell us many a story

Of mighty victors of the olden time.

Geology, with microscopic eye,

Regards thee as a phantom metaphoric;

While Chemistry, whose flight is always high,

Claims thee as a production meteoric;

But sister Poesy seems half afraid,

And wisely keeps her learning in the shade.

THE NIGGER SNAKES:

A Tale of Kentucky.

BY EDWARD LANCASTER, AUTHOR OF "THE LAST OF THE BURNINGS,"
"CHRISTMAS-EVE," "NEW-YEAR'S GIFT," &c.

"Weave the warp, and weave the woof,

The winding-sheet of *Edward's* race;

Give ample room and verge enough,

The characters of hell to trace.

Mark the *year*, and mark the *night*!"—GRAY.

"Died he not in his bed? where should he die?"

Can I make men live whether they will or no?—SHAKESPEARE.

—"If thou tell'st the heavy story right,

Upon my soul the hearers will shed tears,

And say, 'Alas, it was a piteous deed!'"—IBID.

"'A black man has a soul, your honour,' said Corporal Trim, doubtfully."—STERNE.

It is, with many, a favourite hypothesis, that the negro possesses mental faculties and passions of a much lower calibre, than those with which the white man is gifted. But when we turn to the pages of modern travellers, and recall the histories of Christophe de Hayte, and others, we naturally become inclined to question these libels on the dark-skinned sons of Africa. Phrenologists are particularly dogmatical on the subject; and, owing to the absence of certain "bumps," consign the entire race of negroes to stupidity and barbarism without remorse, than which, a more sweeping accusation was never entered against the impartial justice of Providence. Theorists, however, must prove that earth denies her treasures to the *plain*, and yields them all to the *mountain*, before they can shake the opinion of the philanthropist, that the idiosyncracies of the black man's feelings are as delicately framed as our own, wanting only similar causes and situations to call them forth; personal observation continually teaches us that the Ethiop's powers of mind *are* equal to the strong sense of his pallid brethren: requiring only the means and appliances enjoyed by Europeans, for their more full development; and that he might have held that very sway beneath which he so long has groaned, and maintained it with equal cunning, rapacity, and cruelty, had "fortune placed the whip in his hands."

It must not be denied that Buffon and others, eminent natural historians, insist to the contrary, and promulgate in their doctrines of human nature, that the black is little better than a connecting link between man and beast,—being stupid, savage, and incapable of improve-

ment. Yet, in unaccountable opposition to their own dogmas, these worthies furnish us with evidence to the contrary, almost in the same page; where we find abundance of anecdotes illustrating the negro's hospitality to strangers—his ingenuity in works of skill and in the chase—his instinct, powers of memory, genius,* and wisdom; and moreover, the subtlety of his religious officers, who display inventive arts to keep the ignorant in awe, quite equal to the magnificent impositions of the Romish priesthood.

To convince by one instance, is better than to waste breath in a thousand assertions; therefore, leaving philosophers and dogmatists to their war of opinions, I will, in illustration of my remarks, hasten to the relation of an interesting circumstance which fell under the personal observation of my friend Oliver and self, during a recent pilgrimage to Kentucky,—evidencing beyond impeachment, that the sable and woolly-headed denizens of Africa *CAN love* intensely,—can display a firmness of purpose worthy an ancient Roman,—is possessed of combination, and calls forth stratagems to further his resolves, which would not shame a Machiavel; and, lastly, that he is as terrible when the sterner passions of his soul are called forth, as the European in all the pride of intellect and power! The event to which I allude, was the marriage of Edward Willoughby, a mutual friend, with a young quadroon, whose freedom he had

* For a specimen of untaught negro genius, let the reader turn to the beautifully pathetic and sublime, though simple composition related by Mungo Parke to have been sung to him by an African woman who gave him shelter.

recently purchased. This was a girl largely gifted with both physical and personal attractions: her understanding was excellent—her disposition full of sweetness and benevolence, and her sentiments altogether of a very superior caste. To the beholder, she seemed to be the epitome of loveliness. Her eye was bright, and black as ebony; her hair, like the plumage on a raven's wing; her complexion, though dark, as clear as the surface of a lake; and her form, as graceful and as light as lover's heart could wish. One like Mignonette, for such was her fanciful appellation, could not long be any where without exciting the tender passions; and scarcely had she been a month on the plantation to which she belonged, ere a full third of its jetty labourers were sighing for her smiles, and nightly striving to gain her for a partner, when the merry *banjo* summoned them from toil to dancing and festivity.

As is usually the case in similar instances, one well-made fellow with more intelligence than the rest, soon secured the uppermost place in her favour; and it shortly became the received opinion, that Hassan would in a little time become the happy bridegroom of the peerless Mignonette. Nor was this a consummation beyond his deserts; he was a good-tempered, faithful fellow; strong, active, enterprising, and assiduous. No wonder, therefore, that he was not only a favourite with his master, but likewise gained such speedy admission to the good graces of his mistress. That she did not *love* him was afterwards proved; but, certainly, she was not averse to bestowing upon him her hand, and the approaching marriage seemed without an obstacle.

About this time, young Willoughby arrived from England to fill the situation of overseer, which had recently fallen vacant—for, being an orphan without resources, he had no other facilities for an honourable subsistence. His mind was, nevertheless, far above this appointment, as he had received an excellent education, and possessed a noble, though romantic disposition, yet he was too honourable not to fulfil his duties with a zeal for the interests of his employer, equal to that which he would have bestowed upon a post of honour or superior trust. Amongst other self-imposed tasks, one greatly to his credit was, that of

ameliorating the condition of the slaves, as he justly considered that the more happy and contented they became, the more willingly would they perform their allotted labours. This naturally threw him into much closer communication than is usual with those under his care; and he was thus furnished with an opportunity, which he might otherwise have missed, of knowing and appreciating the admirable qualities of the gentle quadroon.

These two seemed to be by nature formed for each other: she to rivet his poetical fancy and enthusiastic nature,—he to attract her high regard for all that was good and amiable. I need scarcely add, that their first impressions at meeting soon ripened into affection; and Mignonette, too late for the mischief she had done, discovered that gratitude for Hassan's assistance in the field, with, perhaps, a little natural female vanity occasioned by his attentions, had blinded her to the true sentiments of her heart.

Hassan was not slow in discovering this change, and thereupon became so excited and violent in his reproaches, that she was obliged to appeal to her master's authority, in order to escape from his influence; but even then the slave watched her so closely, and continued so troublesome, that Edward was induced to borrow a sum of money and purchase her freedom some time sooner than he intended, as he was greatly averse to being in debt, and had resolved to defer that necessary step until his salary became due.

To compensate for this ultimatum of Hassan's disappointment, the generous Willoughby, when paying down the price of his destined bride, also successfully used his influence to gain the manumission of his rival—a task not requiring much intercession; the planter having previously almost resolved to emancipate and hire Hassan as a free labourer, in return for some signal services rendered him by the negro, amongst which was that of formerly saving him in a situation of some peril. It was in this state of affairs that we met Edward Willoughby in Kentucky.

Making allowance for the alteration which love always creates, I found my friend as I had ever known him in England. He told me his story, and introduced me to Mignonette, in whose fa-

your I shortly became considerably prepossessed. There was no resisting the numberless fascinations which added interest and importance to every look and word; and many ladies of my acquaintance would not have considered themselves much flattered by the comparison which I mentally drew between them and this child of nature, so greatly was I struck by the superiority of artless over artificial manners. One evening, when the heat of the day had subsided, and the moon was rising with majesty and splendour in an unclouded sky, Willoughby proposed a walk through the plantations, to enjoy that calm delight experienced by the senses in such a scene, at a time when the busy hum of men is hushed. Oliver and myself were in raptures at his invitation, and forth we sallied over one of the loveliest views it was ever my lot to behold. It will be guessed that our fair quadroom made one of the party; and oh! how I envied her transported lover, as he pressed his arm round her exquisite waist and drew her to his heart whilst pointing out the beauties of the landscape, which was then shining in that talismanic light, which renders in appearance the most sterile spot on earth a paradise.

"Ah me!" exclaimed the gentle Mignonette, in a tone imbued with her lover's own enthusiasm, I would that this were indeed the holy land of blessedness, where the first of man sojourned, and that, like Adam and Eve, we were its only inhabitants."

I have forborne to give the slight patois which coloured these artless expressions, as it would be impossible to convey the charming effect it imparted to them; but her language I have preserved just as it fell from her delightful lips, as slightly characteristic of the innocent mind which gave it birth—she was indeed a heavenly girl!

Edward replied in a voice so low that its accents did not reach me; but I remarked, that a blush and a smile, and a look full of love and happiness, were the angelic recompense for what he said.

"Come, come," cried Oliver, "have done with this sentimental small talk, or let me be a partaker, lest I wish for the old serpent to invade your Eden, as he did the one of yore, for lack of other company."

Scarcely had Oliver ceased speaking,

before the dusty form of an African emerged from a neighbouring thicket, and crossed the path in such a state of melancholy and abstraction, as to be unconscious of our vicinity.

"Who is this, whom your half-formed wish seems to have conjured before us?" said I to Oliver.

Willoughby replied,—"Tis Hassan.—I will address him.—My good friend, you tarry abroad late to-night. Are you well?" and with these words he extended his hand.

Hassan received his cordiality with coldness, yet he *did* receive it and shook hands with him, for he was aware that to Edward he owed his freedom, and dared not appear ungrateful.—"Bery fine ebening, Massa Williby. Hassan lub dat moon, which put him so much in mind of does bright eyes dat once made him heart so warm," was the negro's reply.

"Nay, now," said Edward, "I was in hopes that when you quitted slavery, you likewise parted with the remembrance of what occurred during its continuance. Come, cheer up, like a man. A fine lad like you will not be long without a damsel to his taste, I warrant me."

"I guess Hassan no taste for nobody but *Minnynet*—but she leaba him, and him soon leab her—leab all a word to-gedder."

"Stuff, Hassan! what nonsense you talk," returned Willoughby, with the kind intention of rousing the negro's drooping spirits—"leave the world, indeed!—you must live and be jolly."

"Me nothing to lib for—me no *hope*," said the African with emphasis.

"Oh, yes! yes!" said Edward, pursuing his purpose: "who knows but what I may die in a month or two, and then you will be sure to gain your wishes. What say you, Mignonette?—will you, at my death, receive Hassan for your second?"

Mignonette perceived that to pacify the unhappy negro, she was expected to apply in the affirmative, and she therefore answered "yes—oh, yes!" then casting herself on Willoughby's bosom, she faintly articulated, "if I should *outlive* your loss!" in a voice whose matchless tone implied that to outlive him would be impossible.

"Lubly Rosa, Sambo cum,
Don't you hear de banjo!—tum, tum, tum!
Lubly Rosa, Sambo here;
Don't keep him waitin, dere's a dear!
Oh Rose, de coal-black Rose!
I wish I may be burnt, if I dont lub Rose!"

Such was the uncouth verse of a favourite negro song which rudely broke upon this interesting scene, and snapped the thread of interest by which I had been bound. Oliver, however, for whom the ludicrous had ever more attractions than the pathetic, ran forward to banter with the intruding serenader (a slave who now advanced trilling his love song on his way home from some evening revel), and had already commenced the expression of some drollery, when Willoughby exclaimed with startling suddenness—"Come back!—don't pause!—back, on your life!"

Oliver instinctively obeyed, but on recovering himself, said, with some vexation, "In the name of Eblis, what is there to fear?"

"Don't you perceive the monster which the slave is dandling in his arms?" was Edward's replication.

Oliver looked, and so did I, when, to our astonishment, we saw a huge black snake coiled round the negro's neck, and with surprising docility, permitting the man to play with his head unharmed, as he carelessly pursued his walk. After a few minutes' reflection, Oliver turned to Edward, and said, "I own that this sight is wonderful; but, seeing that the creature is so familiar, what greater danger had I to fear than the man who is caressing it?"

"You are unacquainted with the nature of these reptiles," rejoined Willoughby. "They form a peculiar species, and are considered by the African as friendly familiars. They are called 'NIGGER' or *negro* snakes, and have never been known to injure a black man. The European, however, does not experience the same forbearance, for they will attack him with remarkable ferocity; and it is to this circumstance, coupled with their jetty colour, that they owe their name and the estimation in which they are held."*

* Naturalists are divided on this subject. Some assert that the negro is protected from these reptiles, by a certain odour which exudes from the skin, and support their opinions by the fact that most animals are guided in their instincts by the scent. Others erroneously imagine, that the "Nigger snake" is equally harmless to all mankind:—while a third party, with, I think, more colour of probability, suppose that the creature is easily tamed by *individuals*, and that it will only attack strangers. This appears the more likely, when we consider that in many parts of the world serpents are domesticated with the same ease as cats, though, like puss, they are not always harmless to intruders.—E. L.

"I hope they do not abound in these plantations," said I, with something of alarm at the idea.

"No, no," returned Edward, smiling, "they inhabit a province in the most southern part of America, and this has merely been brought here as a curiosity. I'll have the rascal whipped if he brings it out of doors again, as he only does it to terrify strangers." With these words he turned towards home, and having wished Hassan "good night," we all hastened to court the enjoyment of a night's repose.

Nothing of moment occurred between this and our departure from Kentucky, unless we may rank as such the perfect reconciliation which took place a short time previous between Hassan and young Willoughby, and the subsequent absence of the black to another province in quest of fortune. We wished our friend every happiness, and were allowed at parting, as a signal favour, to impress the rosy lips of Mignonette—no small privilege from a high-spirited fellow like Edward.

Nearly a year after these events, and by the time we had traversed half the United States, Oliver and myself longed to bring our wanderings to a close, and once more visit the little isle which gave us birth. We determined, however, in the first place, to take a last peep at the mighty falls of Niagara, and penetrate a little further, to ascertain if our old friend enjoyed as much happiness in his "*United State*" as he had anticipated. Accordingly, we once more crossed into Kentucky, and soon had the pleasure of meeting at his own house the very man we had travelled so far to see.

The first greetings interchanged, we inquired after his spouse; when, to our great marvel, he informed us that he was still a bachelor. It appeared that this postponement of his happiness was occasioned by some pecuniary difficulties, which took their rise from the unexpected insolvency of the man to whom he was indebted for the money advanced for Mignonette's freedom; an event which put Edward to considerable loss in raising the cash, long before payment would otherwise have been required. "However," said he, in conclusion—his intelligent eye sparkling as he spoke—"every obstacle to my felicity is now overcome, and this day rivets the bands which make her mine. Yes, my dear fellows, this is my

wedding-day, and your presence at such a moment renders my joys complete."

Ere we could assure him of our delight at his information, an acquaintance, who was to act as father to the bride, stepped in to remind him that it was now time to prepare for the ceremony.

"Huzza!" shouted Edward, skipping almost as high as the ceiling—"come along, lads!—Pray wave a formal introduction, these are tried friends, whom I have long known and loved. Oh! I could jump out of my skin for joy!" Thus saying, he led the way to his expecting bride.

Not when the winter of age shall whiten my head with its snows, will the recollection of that enchanting girl, as she then appeared, fade from my memory—years since that period have rolled through the great glass of Time, yet to this hour is the impression she produced as vivid, as if my eyes had but just turned from gazing upon her!—Never did bride look more truly bride-like!—never were love and joy more perfectly tempered with innocence and purity!—never did glance turn with a more idolizing expression upon mortal man, than did the soul-fraught beam with which she now welcomed her affianced one!—I burst into tears with rapture at the sight.

"My friend!" said she, as this action made her aware of my presence,—“oh! how happy is the heart of Mignonette to see you here; methinks I've not to have a wish ungratified on the day that raises one so lowly to a state she never dreamed of, for my bosom yearned for your presence on this occasion."

In the artless energy which accompanied her words, Mignonette caught my hand, and pressed it between both her own, and so electrical was this simple action, that I, unbid, once more tasted the melting richness of her ruby lip. She smiled, and Willoughby laughed outright.

We now proceeded to church, and on our way were encountered by—can my reader guess?—*Hassan*! dressed, too, in a European habit of fashionable make and expensive materials, with a gold watch dangling at his breast, and a diamond ring sparkling on his jetty finger.

Willoughby informed us that the negro in his travels had met with a good fortune, not uncommon to enfranchised slaves, and had now returned to sport his

wealth amongst his former companions. "He appears," continued my friend, "to have completely surmounted his passion for Mignonette, and so far countenances our union, as even to have built us a small house with his own hands, by way of peace-offering for former ill-will."

"Indeed!" said I, "are you quite sure that it is safely constructed?"

"Oh, yes!" returned Willoughby, laughing at my implied apprehension: "he has resided in it himself for several days past, and assures me that it is both wind and water tight."

Having by this time reached the church, all further conversation became suspended. I, however, could not avoid being amused by the remarks, as we entered, of some of the sooty by-standers, who, it appears, looked with indignant eye upon this appropriation of a branch of their race by a white man.

"Dere!" cried one, displaying a row of teeth like cockle-shells, "curse him seben senses! him got her at last!—My Gar Amighty, what a taste she must hab!"

"Connected wid de first family of color in de place, too!" exclaimed another, "and to demean herself by marrying wid de common white trash.—Bery degradation!"

I pause not to describe the festivities that ensued after the ceremony, but hasten to conclude my narrative. After conducting the bridal pair to their new abode, I bade them good night; and at Edward's earnest request, promised to call the next morning—as, before noon-tide, it was the intention of Oliver and myself to depart for England. The other guests then made their valedictory salutations; and when it came to Hassan's turn, he said with much emphasis to Mignonette—"Remember! I hab to be your second!"

"Yes, when I lose my first, good friend," said she, sportively; then casting around her a glance from the light of which each one present seemed to receive inspiration, she added, with captivating solemnity, "and now, dear brothers and sisters, for ye all are such, receive the outpourings of my gratitude for the kindness you have displayed towards the poor quadroon orphan, Mignonette. My happiest moments will be those which shall remind me of it. God shed peace upon your hearts and slumber upon

your eyelids!—May he conduct you to every earthly happiness; and may the lightest of your joys equal that which now shines like holy moonlight on my soul, and uplifts it to the Giver of all good.—Once more, God bless you! good night."

Such were the parting words of this earthly angel; and had they indeed been uttered by one from on high, they could not have more impressed me; and I can only compare my sensations at that moment to the thrill which agitates the frame when a gentle gale sweeps by with the notes of an Æolian harp, communicating in its passage an ecstasy of pleasing sadness.

Next morning, true to our appointment, my friend and I approached the cottage of Willoughby, but found the shutters closed. "Ah! well," said Oliver, "we will spare them another hour, and when we return give them a good scolding." Accordingly we retraced our footsteps, and occupied the time by calling upon several acquaintances, and bidding them adieu: this trespassed on a longer period than we had contemplated, yet on our return we were still unable to discover any indications that Willoughby was up or stirring. Perplexed at the singularity of this event, we stood making our conjectures upon it, until the hour at which we had designed to leave Kentucky was past, and the noon-day sun flamed above our heads. "There must be something amiss here!" I exclaimed: "let us knock, and rouse them from their mysterious slumber!"

Why should I dwell upon what took place?—we knocked until a crowd gathered round the door, and our patience became exhausted:—it was then proposed to burst open the entrance. We carried the suggestion into effect, and entered, closely followed by *Hassan*, who had joined the throng, but who had remained perfectly mute amid all our impatience.

Within all was silent as the grave, and not a sign gave token of life. With alarm excited to the utmost pitch, I now tremblingly opened an inner door which communicated with the sleeping apartment, and stepped across the threshold.—Almighty God! what a view met my sight! There lay the lovers in their bridal bed, clasped in each other's arms, *cold and dead!*—Although a smile of serenity

seemed yet to live on their features, they were overspread by the sable death-dye of suffocation; and round the necks and limbs and bodies of the hapless pair, were twined the tightened folds of between twenty and thirty black serpents, which I instantly recognised as the white man's foes—"THE NEGRO SNAKES!"

Gracious Heaven!—at this moment my brain whirls with recollections of the anguish which then oppressed it!—Horror-stricken, I shrieked like a maniac, and summoned those without to the bedside. Foremost of the anxious throng was the African *Hassan*; but no sooner did the dreadful spectacle obstruct *his* gaze, than he uttered a cry so wild and thrilling, that it still resounds in my ears, and frantically exclaiming—"SHE dead, too!—the curse of hell be on the Nigger snakes!"—cast himself upon the bodies in the very midst of the murderous reptiles—but they recoiled and harmed him not.

The result of after inquiries was a chain of evidence, which, though not of a nature to be admitted in a court of justice, was sufficiently conclusive to warrant me in furnishing my reader with the following explanation of the piteous event I have imperfectly recorded:—It will be remembered that *Hassan* was an auditor when first the nature of the "Nigger snakes" was explained to me. The recital inspired him with a stratagem to gain *Mignonette*, which could only have been conceived by a mind possessing as much craft in cruelty, as that arrogated by the white man to his own species. Believing that the portion of *African blood* which flowed in her veins would secure her from injury, he determined upon destroying Edward by the dreadful means which he ultimately put into practice, and then claiming the promise of *Mignonette* to be his;—knowing that when the cause of his rival's death was discovered, he would be scathless from the charge of murder. To accomplish this diabolical plan, he absented himself from the place, and attached himself to a band of Caffree plunderers, until he raised sufficient booty to enable him to carry on his designs. His next step was to visit South America, where he purchased a number of young "Nigger snakes," and with these in his treacherous bosom, he returned to Kentucky, and won the friendship of his unwary rival. He then built the fatal house,

in the chimney of which he concealed the serpents, and accustomed them every night to crawl from thence to the bed which was to receive the bride and bridegroom. We have seen the success of these measures; and I have only to add, that the villain still lives in the scene of his guilt—despised—detested by all:

and a glaring fact, which will go far towards justifying me in my opening remark, that the negro *can* feel—can love—can scheme—can dare—can revenge:—and that in all respects, saving the complexion of his skin, HE CAN PROVE THE WHITE MAN'S EQUAL!

THE STRANGER'S BURIAL AT SEA.

We wept, as o'er the stranger's head

We bent—and breath'd a silent prayer;

For Pity watch'd the shrouded dead,

And touch'd the soul that gazed there.

We laid him on his lowly bier,

Where sadly shone the pale, pale moon;

And coldly fell the mournful tear,

In silence o'er a stranger's tomb.

How sadly sigh'd the hollow blast,

O'er cold affection's slumbering child!

And O! how long that look—the last,

On him who rests in ocean's wild!

It sunk!—and but a bubble rose,

To mark the unknown wanderer's grave:

It sunk—in gloomy, long repose,

Beneath the ocean's booming wave.

WALTER CLIFTON.

MEMOIR OF RENÉE DE RIEUX CHATEAUNEUF.

[An authentic whole length Portrait, which was published in the May number, the Binder will place here, facing this Memoir.]

Renée de Rieux, usually called Mademoiselle de Chateaufneuf, from the title of her father, was the daughter of a powerful Breton noble. Her beauty was of the most perfect kind, and combined grace of mien and movement with fine features and brilliancy of complexion. Long after her day was over, her name was proverbial at the court of France for elegant carriage; and it was the highest compliment to any young lady to say, *Quelle avoit l'air de Mademoiselle Chateaufneuf*—"that she had the air of Mademoiselle Chateaufneuf." These outward charms were not set off by any mental graces; for the fair Chateaufneuf had all the vices and frailties that might have been expected from an élève of the corrupt court of Catherine de Medicis, and her life is a warning to her sex.

At an early age she was appointed maid of honour to Catherine de Medicis.*

* This portrait will appear in the ensuing half-yearly volume.

Here she made a conquest of the Duke d'Anjou, afterwards Henry the Third, the handsomest prince in Europe. Davilla, the historian, conveys a high idea of him at this period of his life; he expatiates on his uncommon personal beauty, his courage, eloquence, and other eminent qualities. He says that all mankind had their eyes fixed on him, and had conceived the highest expectations of his future conduct. Mezerai and De Thou confirm these eulogiums. All these fine expectations were destroyed in after life by the duke's want of stability of character and principle, and he left it to his successor, Henry the Fourth, to fulfil the hopes which his early prowess in the field had occasioned. It has been declared that the future fortunes and character of a man through life often take their colouring from the good or evil disposition of the first woman to whom he is seriously attached. If so, the violent, yet vacillating conduct of Henry the Third may

be traced to Mademoiselle de Chateaufneuf, for whom he had affection enough to have been influenced to good, had she been a votary of virtue, instead of vice. But she was altogether bad, and profligate; and gave the reins to her evil passions, whenever temptation assailed her. Henry remained constant to Mademoiselle de Chateaufneuf, till a few months before his election to the crown of Poland, when he transferred his affections to the Princess de Condé.* The anecdotes du Sixieme Siecle declare that Mademoiselle de Chateaufneuf, being descended from the ancient princes of Brittany, might have obtained the hand of Henry III. both before and after he was king of Poland, if she would have devoted her whole attention to him. The king's passion for Renée revived in full force when he accidentally met her after his succession to the throne of France, and his renunciation of that of Poland. The lady for whom he cherished a virtuous passion, the widowed Princess of Condé, was just dead: her death, it is said, unsettled this prince's reason, and was the cause of his perpetrating such follies as distinguished his reign. He suffered himself very suddenly to be engaged to the Princess Louise de Vaudemont, and then fell in love again with Renée.

Louise was daughter of the Count de Vaudemont, of the younger branch of the house of Lorraine, so slenderly endowed with the gifts of fortune, that Mademoiselle de Chateaufneuf was considered as good a match for the king in descent, and far better in fortune. The irresolute Henry, it is said, remained undecided until the last, whether he would marry Louise or Renée; but fancying that the Count de Brienne, a discarded lover of the Princess Louise, was in love with Mademoiselle Chateaufneuf, the king's jealousy took the alarm; and he offered to the Count de Brienne, that if he would give up his passion for Renée Chateaufneuf, they would make an exchange, and he would resign the future queen of France to him. Count de Brienne declared he loved Louise, but would not deprive her of a throne; and when the king pressed him on the subject, the count fled from court, and took refuge in England, some say, to avoid marrying Mademoiselle de Chateaufneuf; but the author of the anecdotes,

du Sixieme Siecle, says, it was to avoid spoiling the fortunes of Louise, and to spare her the mortification of losing the crown of France. Catherine de Medicis, however, interfered, to keep Henry to his engagement with the Princess of Vaudemont.

Mademoiselle Chateaufneuf became, soon after the marriage of Henry with Louise de Vaudemont, the wife of a Florentine gentleman, in the train of Catherine de Medicis. After one year of domestic feuds and altercation, in a fit of violent passion, Renée stabbed her husband with her own hand in 1577. He died on the spot: yet, though the manner of his death was well known, the murderess had sufficient influence at court to escape punishment, or even prosecution. Soon after, this bellicose lady married a second Italian husband, Philip Altoviti, Baron de Castelane: this husband, likewise, died a violent death, though not by the hand of his wife. He had the command of a fortified town in Provence, through which happened to pass Henri d'Angoulesme, the natural son of Henry the Second. The husband of Renée was the mortal enemy of Angoulesme; and when this prince heard he was in the same place, he paid him a morning visit, before he was up, for the satisfaction of reviling him: after an hour or two of stormy recrimination, Angoulesme was so excited by passion, as to run Altoviti through with his sword. The Italian felt himself mortally wounded; but reaching his poniard that hung at the bed's head, he plunged it into Angoulesme's body, and expired a few minutes after. The prince did not think his wound would be fatal, but a friar who came to dress it, warned him of his danger: upon this Angoulesme replied with great nonchalance, "*Il ne faut plus penser à vivre? Eh bien, pensons donc à mourir!*"—"If one must not think about living, then let us think about dying!" He confessed to his physician-friar, and died about twenty-four hours after.

Through this broil Renée was left a widow a second time. She still remained at the court of Henry III., and is said to have given his queen, Louise de Lorraine, no little uneasiness. The death of Renée's second husband happened in 1588; and a year after, in 1589, Henry III. was murdered. After this fatal event, Renée retired from court; and

* This portrait will shortly appear.

though it is ascertained that she lived some years afterwards, yet it was in great obscurity, for the time of her death is not known : it is supposed to have occurred about 1600.

The beauty of this lady was celebrated in the verses of Desportes, the court poet of Charles IX., who is called the Tibullus of the sixteenth century.

Mademoiselle de Chateaufort was in the midst of the horrors of the massacre of St. Bartholomew; by her tears and entreaties she prevailed on her royal lover, the Duc d'Anjou, to spare the life of the Mareschal de Cossé, who was nearly related to her: as this was the only good action that is recorded of this pretty, but vicious creature, it would be a pity to forget it here.

DESCRIPTION OF PORTRAIT.

La belle Chateaufort is here represented in the square head-dress, now worn by the Italian peasants; it is formed of several square folds of black silk, that hang one below the other; beneath them seems a black close cap; the hair is folded back from the temples, and closely arranged under this coif. The Italian head-dress was rendered fashionable in France, by the attendants and ladies of Catherine de Medicis. The neck is covered by a lace chemisette, with a high collar surmounted with a ruff. The robe is of black silk, bordered and edged with black velvet. The cor-

sage tight to the shape, not pointed, but rather sloped round the waist to the figure: the waist is girded with a long cordeliere of thick gold rope, fastened with a knot; there is but one end which is long, but the ornament with which it terminates is concealed by the lady holding the cord in her hand, but, if we may judge by other portraits of the same age and fashion, it is a gold tassel. The upper sleeves, like the robe, are high, short, and raised, slashed with black velvet. The under sleeves are pale green satin, close to the arm, and reaching to the wrist, where they terminate, without other ornament than a ruche of muslin or lace. The petticoat, shown by the opening of the robe, is of bright red satin, trimmed with several alternate narrow and broad rows of black velvet. Round the neck is worn a plain cord of gold, smaller, but of the same fashion with the cordeliere: this cordon is fastened to a large gold medal, hung like a brooch to the front of the corsage; the medal is embossed with the head of either saint or lover. She holds brown leather gloves, cut round the wrist into a cuff of tabs. The shoes are broad and ugly.

The style of the dress reminds us of the costume la belle Féronnière;* but it is probable that as Mademoiselle Renée de Chateaufort married two Italians, she adopted the Italian head-dress out of compliment to them.

TO CUPID.

I pray thee teach me, Love, the art,
Which taught you first to wound the heart;
If I am worthy, prithee say,
Which you found the quickest way.

Is it the brain that first you fire,
And thus infuse the soft desire?
Or by degrees the passion spread,
And sap the young and thoughtless head?

Or do you captive take the whole,
Brain, heart, and all the inmost soul?
For long I've tried, and tried in vain,
To fire a cold heart with my pain:

And now from you would counsel take,
Else that must break, which now doth ache:
Then tell me, Love, I fain would try,
The magic of thy mystery.

C. F. B.

* Published Dec. 1, 1834.

MEMOIRS OF CHATEAUBRIAND.

It is well-known that the celebrated Viscount Chateaubriand has written his memoirs, which it is his intention to keep unpublished until after his death. The preface testamentary, in which the good and truly illustrious author announced his determination (in 1832), has recently received a fresh impulse, from the circumstance of the MSS. having been purchased for a very large sum—a sum, in fact, sufficient to raise Chateaubriand and the "*pauvre orphelin*," of whom he speaks in the preface, from poverty to independence. A Monsieur Delloye, formerly an officer of high rank, who devotes a premature retirement form service to editing works of useful knowledge, has formed a society. This society has bought all Viscount Chateaubriand's unedited works, including his *Memoirs* (not to be published until after his decease), a work on the Congress of Vienna, and another on the War in Spain, in 1823.

If the Memoirs at all answer the promise held out in the preface testamentary, they will indeed be truly interesting! The preface itself is singularly graphic, and highly characteristic. It is not generally known; but a copy having *accidentally fallen into our possession*, we have much pleasure in laying a translation before our readers. If the publication of the memoirs themselves be contingent on the death of Chateaubriand, long may it be delayed!

"Sicut nubes—quasi naves—velut umbra."—Jon.

PREFACE TESTAMENTARY.

Paris, August 1, 1832.

Since it is impossible for me to foresee the moment of my death—since, at my age, the days granted to man are but days of grace, or rather of endurance, for fear of being taken by surprise, I would explain myself concerning a work destined, by being procrastinated, to deceive the *ennui* of my latter lonely hours; hours which no one desires, no one knows how to use!

The Memoirs, at the head of which this preface will appear, embrace or will embrace the entire events of my life; they were commenced in the year 1811, and have been continued up to the present time. I relate that which has happened, and I shall tell of that which is

now but shadowed out: my infancy, my education, my early youth, my entrance into active life, my arrival at Paris, my presentation to Louis XIV., the beginning of the revolution, my travels in America, my return to Europe, my return to France, my emigration to Germany and to England, my re-entering France under the consulate, my occupation and acts under the empire, my journeyings at Jerusalem, my employment under the restoration;—*in fine*, the complete history of that restoration and its downfall.

I have encountered nearly every personage, who, in my time, has played any part, whether grand or unimportant, both in my own country and abroad! from Washington to Napoleon; from Louis XVIII. to Alexander of Russia; from Pope Pius the Seventh to Gregory the Sixteenth; from Fox, Burke, Pitt, Sheridan, Londonderry, Capo d'Istrias, to Malesherbes, Mirabeau, &c. &c.; from Nelson, Bolivar, Mehemet Ali, Pacha of Egypt, to Suffren, Bougainville, La Peyrouse, Moreau, &c. &c. I have been one of a triumvirate which has no parallel—three poets of nations with hostile interests at one and the same time: ministers for foreign affairs—myself in France, Mr. Canning in England, and Signor Martinez de la Rosa in Spain. I have recorded in succession, the comparatively blank years of my youth, the stirring times of the republic, the pageant of Bonaparte, and the reign of legitimacy. I have explored the oceans of the old world and of the new, and have trod the soil of the four quarters of the globe. After having lived in the hut of the Iroquois, and under the tent of the Arab, in the wigwams of the Hurons; in the ruins of Athens, of Jerusalem, of Memphis, of Carthage, and of Grenada—with the Greek, the Turk, and the Moor; after having worn the bear-skin of the savage, and the silk caftan of the Mameluke; after having endured poverty, hunger, thirst, and exile; I have sat a minister and an ambassador, covered with gold, and glittering with the insignia and ribbons of knighthood, at the tables of kings, and the feasts of princes—to relapse into indigence, and to know a prison! I have been in connexion with a crowd of per-

sonages celebrated in arms, in the church, in politics, in law, in science, and in arts. I possess immense materials—more than four thousand private letters, the diplomatic correspondence of my different embassies, and that of my ministry for foreign affairs; amongst which are many referring to myself, at once unique and unknown. I have carried the musket of the soldier, the staff of the traveller, the wallet of the pilgrim: afloat, my fortunes were as inconstant as my sail. Halcyon-like, I have had my nest on the waves.

I have been mixed up with affairs of peace, and with discussions of war: I have signed treaties and protocols, and, suffering no loss of time, have published numberless works. I have been initiated into the secrets of parties in courts, and in the state; I have closely watched misfortunes the most extraordinary—events the most remarkable. I have been present at sieges, at congresses, at conclaves, and at the overthrowing of thrones. I have written history, and was qualified to write it. My life—solitary, meditative, and poetical—has been passed without this world of realities, catastrophes, tumults, and noise, with the sons of my dreams,—Chaetas, René, Eudore, Aben-Hamet; with the daughters of my fancy, Atala, Amelie, Velleda, Cymodocée!

In, and yet as it were by the side of, the age in which I have existed, I have perhaps exercised upon it a triple influence—religious, political, and literary, without either desiring or seeking to do so.

Not more than four or five contemporaries of any note remain around me. Alfieri, Canova, and Monti, have disappeared; and of their bright times, Italy only possesses Peridemonte and Manzoni. Pellico has passed his best years in the dungeons of Spielberg; the spirits of the land of Dante are condemned to silence, or forced to languish in a strange country; Byron and Canning died in their prime; Walter Scott* is about to quit us; Goëthe* is going from us full of years and glory. France has nothing of the riches of the past; she commences another era. I remain to bury my age, like the old priest at the sacking of Beziers, who, before falling himself, waited to sound the bell as the last citizen expired.

When death shall let fall the curtain between me and the world, my drama will be found to divide itself into three acts. From my early youth to the year 1800, I was a soldier and traveller; from 1800 to 1814, under the consulate and empire, my life was literary; since the restoration, until the present time, it has been political. During my three successive careers, I always proposed to myself one definite object. As a traveller, I desired to discover the Polar world; as a writer, I have endeavoured to re-establish religion upon its ruins; as a statesman, I have earnestly endeavoured to give the people the true monarchical system, combined with a representation of their different rights and liberties. I have, at least, aided in obtaining that which is equivalent, and stand in lieu of any and every constitution—the liberty of the press.* If I have often miscarried in my undertakings, it has been through ill-fate: others who have succeeded in their designs, have been seconded by fortune; they have been supported by powerful friends, and by a country which has been in a state of tranquillity. I never had such happiness!

Amongst the modern French authors of my time, I am almost the only one whose life corresponds with his works—voyager, soldier, poet, legislator. It was in woods, that I sung of woods; it was in ships, that I described the ocean; in exile, I could tell what exile was; and in courts, state affairs, and conferences, I have studied princes, politics, laws, and history. The orators of Greece and Rome were engaged in all great public matters, and were affected by the events. In Italy and in Spain, at the end of the middle ages, and at the arrival of literature, the greatest geniuses of letters and arts took part in the social movement. What stormy, but splendid lives were those of Dante, Tasso, Camoens, Ercilla, and Cervantes!

In France, our poets and historians of the oiden time sung and wrote amidst pilgrimages and wars. Thibault, Count of Campagne, Villehardouin, Joinville, borrowed the felicity of their style from the adventures of their career: Froissard sought history on the high-road, and learnt it from the knights and abbots whom he met, or with whom he rode. But since the reign of Francis I., our wri-

* Both dead!

* Where is it now, in 1836?

ters have been, as it were, isolated individuals, whose talents were able to express the spirit, but not the deeds of their time.

If I am destined to live on, I shall represent personally, through my Memoirs, principles, notions, events, catastrophes, the epopea of my times; the rather so, since I have witnessed the beginning and the end of an ERA, and because the characters, totally opposite to each other, which have been during this era from its commencement to its termination, are interwoven with my reflections. I have found myself between two ages, as at the confluence of two rivers; I have plunged into the troubled waters, separating myself with regret from the old bank on which I was born, and swimming with hope towards the unknown shore, at which new generations are also arriving!

These Memoirs, divided into books and parts, have been written at different times, and in various places: these divisions naturally introduce a species of prologue, which records events which happened unexpectedly since the last date of my writing, and describe the places where I resumed the thread of my narration. The various events and changing forms of my life appear, also, indiscriminately: thus, in my prosperity, I have to speak of my misfortunes; and in my days of tribulation, I have to refer to those of former happiness.

My different sentiments at different periods; my season of youth extending even into the period of my old age; the gravity of my years of sorrow throwing a shadow over those of gaiety; the rays of my sun, from its dawning to its setting, crossed and mingled as the scattered reflections of my existence, give an indefinite unity to my work. My cradle has reference to my tomb, my tomb looks back upon my cradle! My sufferings become pleasures, my delights become sorrows; and it will scarcely be known whether these Memoirs were the work of a brown or of a grey head.

I do not say this to praise myself;—I relate that which *is*, that which *has* happened, without my having dreamt

of it; through the very inconstancy of the storms let loose against my back, which have frequently left me nothing to record but such and such a fragment of my life, as the rock on which I have been wrecked!

I have brought to the compilation of these Memoirs a predilection altogether paternal; I wish that I could revive, ghost-like, to correct the proofs! The dead work swiftly!

The notes accompanying the text are of three sorts; the first, placed at the end of the volumes, comprise the explanatory and justificatory documents; the second, at the bottom of the pages, refer to the same period as the text; the third, also at the bottom of the pages, have been added since the text was written, and are marked with the date and place of their composition. A year or two of solitude in some corner of the earth, would be sufficient to enable me to complete my Memoirs; but I have never had any repose, save during the months I slept out an existence in the womb of my mother; it is probable that I shall not regain this *ante-birth* quiet, but in the embrace of our common mother after death.

Many of my friends have urged me to publish a portion of my history now; I cannot comply with their wishes. First, I should be, in spite of myself, less frank and sincere: next, I have always supposed myself writing in my coffin. My work has thence derived a sort of religious character, which I could not remove without injuring it; it would cost me much to stifle this distant voice from the tomb, which is heard throughout my whole recital!

It will not be thought strange if I betray some weaknesses,—that I am anxious about the fortunes of a poor orphan, fated to remain upon earth after I am gone. If Minos should judge that I have endured enough in this world to be, at least, a happy spirit in another, a ray of light from the Elysian fields, illumining my last *tableau*, will serve to render the faults of the painter less prominent. *Life fits me ill! Death, it may be, will fit me better!*

CHATEAUBRIAND.

THE BROKEN HEART.

During a residence of some months in the neighbourhood of Falmouth, I had often noticed in my own walks through the environs of the town, a small cottage remarkable for neatness and simple elegance. I once had also an opportunity of observing the interior arrangement, when a violent storm forced me to seek shelter, which was cheerfully afforded by its hospitable inmates, mother and daughter: I was ignorant of this connexion at the time; but the interest their appearance excited, and the romantic simplicity of their abode, induced me afterwards to make inquiries respecting them; and the information I gained awoke in my mind a lively interest on their behalf. I am naturally of an imaginative turn, fond of speculating upon characters and circumstances, and in earlier life could have raised a fair fabric of romance on a far more slender base, than the information I contrived to obtain relative to these objects of my solicitude. Their cottage was embowered in trees, which screened it from view until the entrance was almost gained; it stood by the road-side, but at some distance back in a garden, which bore evidence of the taste and care of a gentle mind: I always fancied a love of flowers and plants, a feeling of their beauty, their delicacy, their poetry, the language they speak in their diversified hues,* their various habits, and their transient beauty, an indication of refinement which neither education nor association can bestow where the feeling is not innate; and here to my view, there were vivid traces of the presiding genius of a feeling heart. Two willows drooped over the entrance, and evergreens of different kinds and tints were interspersed with flowers of various hues, needing varied care: there were the *feuschia*, the rose, the geranium, the lily of the valley, the stately dahlia, and the brilliant carnation; while aside, apart from the rest, as if a neglected, unfavoured flower, even an intruder there, stood the gaudy tulip. The modest owner of that fragrant *parterre* could feel no sympathy with its meretricious glare. The jessamine, woodbine, and honeysuckle, crept over the

walls, and mingled their grateful scent with the varied odours that arose beneath them. The dwelling did not appear to contain more than four rooms; it was one of those mansions which could assume only the humble name of cottage; it owed its pretensions to elegance, not to the skill of the architect, nor the decoration of the upholsterer, but to the all-pervading taste of refined and cultivated woman; the sitting room opened by glass doors into the garden, with two or three steps descending to it, and was bordered on each side by flowers; the delicate and simple "forget-me-not" was there, and when I learnt more of the family history, I fancied its mistress had bestowed upon it more than usual care. The apartment was furnished with elegant neatness, and a good collection of books, music, and a portfolio of drawings, indicated the mental culture of the owners.

Mrs. Merton, the senior lady, was widow of a medical man in the west of England, who had left her with a youthful daughter, and but a slender income. In order to avail herself of some advantages respecting the child's education, she had removed to the suburbs of London, where Louisa Merton, under the instruction of a very accomplished lady, an intimate friend of her parent's, and the best masters, and with the moral training of an exemplary mother, promised to become all that mother could wish her to be. She was not a beauty, at least not such as regular features and a brilliant complexion are essential to; her hair was pale brown, her eyes light hazel, and her skin almost tintless, except when under the influence of strong emotion, but that was not seldom, for her mind was a fine-tuned instrument, vibrating to the gentlest touch; and the warm affections of her heart, as they were habitually brought into play, gave to her soft speaking eyes, and intelligent countenance, that superior beauty of expression, before which mere physical perfection shrinks into insignificance: she was lovely, though a connoisseur in classical beauty might not have pronounced her handsome.

The lady under whose tuition Louisa was placed, had a son who was engaged in the naval service: this young man, during the periods of his stay in town, was

* For our fair author's sake, as Mr. Tilt has published his work entitled "The Language of Flowers," we take leave to mention that this MS. was long previously in our possession.—Ed.

in the habit of frequently visiting Mrs. Merton, whom he had known from infancy, while for Louisa he had always felt and expressed the affection of a brother. He was often accompanied by a brother officer with whom he was on intimate terms, whose ingratiating manners rendered him a welcome guest in most houses into which he had been once introduced: his family connexions were honourable, and his high professional character, together with the rank in the service to which he had already attained, that of captain, held out a fair prospect of a distinguished and prosperous career. He possessed a graceful person, and a voice varying in power from the stentorian notes of command on the quarter-deck of his vessel, to the softest whisper of affection poured into the ear of listening beauty: he was bland, graceful, fascinating; when he was spoken of, epithets were exhausted in the expression of admiration for him: the female part of his acquaintance regarded him as the beau-ideal of romance; and the men acknowledged, though it might sometimes be with a touch of envy, the versatility of his talents.

Such was the man who was introduced to the society of Mrs. Merton and her interesting daughter, and it could be no matter of surprise that he made a favourable impression: in Louisa's eyes he would have been considered amiable with far inferior qualities, on account of the attention and deference he paid to her idolized mother; as it was, she looked up to him almost as a superior being, and with the depth and tenderness which only woman can feel, she soon learnt to respond to his vows of devoted affection: her mother, well satisfied as she was with the character of the man, could not, at first, be brought to assent to his acceptance as a lover, without the knowledge and approbation of his own family; but he urged his suit so importunately, pleading his right to choose for himself in the matter on which his own future happiness so materially depended, as he had no parents to offend by his election; and hinting, as delicately as he could, that his connexions desired that he should form a wealthy match, from the paltry considerations of which his soul revolted, that his arguments overcame the hesitation of Mrs. Merton, backed as they were by the silent pleading of Louisa's

eyes; Mrs. Merton, therefore, consented to receive him as the betrothed husband of her daughter, and, upon his return from the service in which he was then engaged, it was designed the wedding should take place. The captain accordingly departed for the Mediterranean, his frigate having been appointed one of a squadron sent out to relieve the fleet stationed there. His absence was expected to extend through six or seven months; but long as this term appeared to the lovers, Mrs. M. was glad that their attachment should have the trial of separation, which she deemed would be a fair test of its durability.

Time pursues his flight steadily: hours, days, weeks, and months, glide by with undeviating regularity, though to the unhappy or expectant they appear to linger; while to those who are quaffing the full cup of enjoyment, they fleet past unheeded. Never had the "*Naval Gazette*" a more attentive and interested reader than Louisa Merton, during the seven months of Captain Melville's absence; nor ever had the Ottoman empire a bitterer foe than that gentle girl, while she apprehended peril to her lover from every movement she heard of the enemy. But the time passed; he returned, and was welcomed with all the warmth and modesty of unsophisticated feeling. Little do they know who would restrict the expression of woman's feelings within the icy barriers of ceremony, how dignified and pure are the ebullitions of genuine affection; how far more congenial with true maiden delicacy, than the laboured proprieties of artificial restraint. An early day was fixed for their union, and never did the sun arise upon a pair whose personal and mental qualities promised a greater share of human bliss; but what eye can read the page of fate? what clue can be found to guide through the unravelled intricacies of the heart of man? She, a beautiful and amiable bride, in the confidence of her affection and the buoyancy of her young heart, saw nothing, in the future, but years of uninterrupted conjugal love, the happy performance of all the duties her new relationship would bring with it; and she felt that her own happiness would be attained in the act of conducting to that of him to whom her vows were then solemnly plighted.

Eighteen months passed over their

heads in the realization of all that hope had promised ; the fondly attached wife had become an exulting mother, and as she clasped her cherub boy to her bosom, she strove to trace in his baby features the lineaments of his father. Captain M. had been absent several times in short cruises, but as his stay had not exceeded a few weeks, it was borne by Louisa with heroic firmness ; no change appeared to have passed over his mind, he still glanced upon her the same looks of impassioned tenderness which had sunk into her heart in the early days of their acquaintance ; and as he hung over their infant, cradled in the arms of its lovely mother, he echoed back her expressions of doating love.

But at this time he was ordered to proceed to the West Indies, and a much longer interval was likely to elapse before they should meet again. Mrs. Melville's grief partook of the enthusiastic tinge of her character, and she felt deeply : she had fondly flattered herself he might still be retained upon service near home ; but the summons had come, and she was now to give him up, not for months, but perhaps for the tedious period of three long years. She dared not think of all the dangers that might intervene ; she turned from the thought, when it would arise, to reflect on the duties she owed her babe, during the period in which the charge of that little pledge of affection would devolve upon her alone ; and she endeavoured to nerve her mind with fortitude to perform her part worthily towards her husband : she dreamt not of inconstancy on his part ; her esteem for him was far too high, her affection too warm, too confiding, to allow the influx of suspicion ; and had such a possibility been hinted to her, her own mind was too pure to see even the shadow of a doubt.

The hour of parting arrived. That bitter word, farewell, who has not felt the difficulty, perhaps the impossibility, of uttering ? The swelling of the heart, which chokes the voice, the tears which gush without relieving, the firm grasp of hands whose clasp may never be renewed, all persons, it must be presumed, are, at some period, acquainted with ; and there are chords of sympathy ready to vibrate in every bosom, to the sense of desolation which ensues, when the last look is taken, and the loved one actually with-

drawn. Mrs. Melville had striven to acquire a measure of firmness to meet that hour, and had almost persuaded herself she could bear it with composure ; but when it arrived, and she knew that the next would have sundered her from the object of her fond worship, all her philosophy forsook her ; and she could but cling to him, in the intensity of her grief, and wish that in that embrace her spirit might escape. How much of anguish, more poignant far than any she had hitherto felt, would she have been spared, had that wish been accomplished. He spoke to her words of soothing import in those tones of thrilling tenderness he could so well command ; and as he kissed away her tears, and blessed his unconscious boy, nought but the best feelings of the husband and father could be discovered in his expressions or deportment, and he again committed his wife to the care of her mother, and hastened to assume the post allotted to him by his country.

Heavily did the first weeks of widowhood pass over : but Mrs. Melville's was not a weak mind, though it was keenly sensitive ; she knew that her affection for her husband did not exempt her from the obligations she owed as a mother and daughter, and she roused her energies to relieve, by assiduous attention to the welfare and happiness of those dear objects which she still retained, the void left by the withdrawal of him who was dearer still. The first eight months passed in the discharge of every maternal duty, and her mind had almost resumed its wonted tranquillity ; her little Arthur began to lisp the first few words a child acquires, and it was with delight, which almost for the instant absorbed her grief for the father's absence, that she listened to the infant's broken accents as he called "papa:" hours were spent in teaching him to repeat the name, with every endearing epithet her own affection could suggest ; and she would conjure up before her imagination the return of her husband, and think how proudly she would present their child to him, and how enraptured he would be to mark the change three years had made, while he found that every feeling of devotion and love for himself had been cherished in the bosom of his infant son. Thus did Mrs. Melville engage her attention ; and, by constant occupation of mind, she found the

best solace for absence,—to become more worthy that husband's love, who, however she was engaged, was still the polar star of her soul, the object she kept in view. Did she read? it was to enlarge and improve her mind for his companionship. Did she attend to the lighter accomplishments? it was to be better enabled to conduce to his amusements. Did she receive their mutual friends? it was because they had valued him, and with him she hoped again to enjoy their friendship. Did she attend to her own health and beauty of appearance, which very few women will forget, and which it was not desirable she should neglect? it was that she might appear in his eyes as attractive as when he left her. Thus did she exemplify the truism, that a woman's whole being is so blended and identified with her affections, that she exists and acts ever in the spirit of her ruling passion.

Spring had just returned to gladden the earth, and reanimated nature was rising in the bloom and promise of the opening season, in confirmation, perhaps, of the assurance, that the seasons in their revolutions should not fail: all was beauty and freshness; the pure and balmy air inspired every animate object with new life and elasticity. Had the gardens been touched by the wand of some potent enchanter, a greater change would not have been produced, than the last month had effected; the trees were decked in the youth and charm of their recovered verdure, the birds carolled gaily in the air, as they perched from tree to tree, and from all inanimate nature the breath of praise was carrying up a fragrant offering unto Heaven. Man, too, partook of the general influence of the season, in his quickened pulses, the more buoyant tone of his spirits, and the kindlier feelings he experienced; the plodding mechanic stepped lighter to his daily toil, and hummed a gayer tune; the feeble invalid raised his drooping head, and inhaled, with a sensation of recruited life, the sweet breath of the vernal time. Mrs. Melville had been out with her child and his nurse to enjoy the delicious fragrance which was rising from the neighbouring grounds; shortly after her return, a stranger visitant was announced, in the person of a lady, young and handsome, though with an expression of countenance which was not much calculated to inspire pre-

possession in her favour; she had asked for Mrs. Melville, but declined sending up any name. The lady was received with the easy courtesy which is spontaneous with a well-bred woman; but Louisa felt a sudden chill upon her entrance, a feeling as of the presence of some evil genius, which astonished herself. The stranger bowed coldly, she evidently felt under great restraint, and an awkward moment of mute embarrassment ensued; she gazed upon the fair and graceful being who stood before her, while little Arthur, half afraid, half astonished at the intruder, grasped his mother's hand, and endeavoured to screen himself amidst the folds of her dress. Mrs. Melville spoke first, and requested to know who the individual was she had the honour of addressing, not having any recollection of a previous meeting. The stranger shook her head; they had not met before, and she felt deeply convinced that their present interview would be most painful; she came to communicate no pleasant intelligence; hers was no friendly mission. A sudden idea crossed Mrs. Melville's mind,—her guest might have heard some tidings of her husband; and, improbable as it was, that another should receive earlier information than herself, it was sufficient for her fears that it was possible. "If you know any thing of Captain Melville," she hastily exclaimed, "I entreat you to tell me at once; the last intelligence I received, he was well." "I know nothing to the contrary, madam, but it is of him that I must speak. You have known him, I understand, between three and four years; did you ever hear him refer to a former marriage?" "Never; but what can induce a stranger thus to interest herself in our affairs? All that I heard of Captain M. before our marriage, as all that I have known since, was, and is, in the highest degree, honourable to him. I must request you to spare yourself the task of making any communication to me, respecting his earlier days; it is neither agreeable to my inclination, nor my duty as his wife, to listen to a stranger's version of his conduct." A faint flush of indignation crossed her white brow as she spoke, for she thought the object of her unprepossessing guest was to infuse into her mind some slander upon her husband. The strangeness of the query she had just put excited this suspicion; for Louisa did not for a mo-

ment credit the insinuation that he had ever entered into any other engagement than that which united him with herself: it did not appear at all probable that he would conceal any former matrimonial connexion, or that his acquaintance, who all held him in high estimation, would have concurred in doing so. The stranger responded, in a tone of more than equal hauteur, "Perhaps, madam, I may have rights that would not yield to yours, but I do not wish unnecessarily to irritate your feelings. When I allude to Captain Melville's former conduct, I speak from certain knowledge, for *I am his wife!*" Had Louisa received a pistol-shot through the heart, she could scarcely have rebounded with more violence from her seat: her first emotion, perhaps, was astonishment, that such an assertion should be made, and it was followed by scorn for the party whom she believed had thus volunteered a falsehood. As soon, therefore, as she had recovered the shock, so unlooked-for an avowal had given her, she resumed her seat, and required an explanation of such incredible tidings. The lady saw at once that the confidence reposed in Captain Melville was too strong to yield to any thing but irrefragable proofs. The composure with which Louisa awaited her further communications, was evidence of this: had her mind admitted the merest possibility of the charge being true, she would not have listened with such dignified calmness for what might follow; her disbelief and scorn were legible on her countenance. Mrs. Merton had entered the room, and her daughter having introduced her as her mother, requested her informant to proceed, if she had any thing further to say. Slowly, and with painful precision, was the request complied with; and the stunned, bewildered mother and daughter listened, without the power of interrupting, to the detail of Captain M.'s early marriage with, and subsequent neglect of, the lady then before them: she was a Catholic, and their marriage had been celebrated by a priest of her own persuasion: she was an orphan, and had eloped with the captain from the school, in the north of England, where she had been placed by a harsh guardian. A short time afterwards, when he was in Scotland, she had accompanied him, and she could produce persons before whom he had acknowledged her as his wife: this she believed would

render her marriage valid in the eye of the law; but even if it did not, in the sight of Heaven no other woman could be his wife while she lived.* After some time he wearied of her society, and soon left her on professional pursuits; and though she wrote often, she never received any answer to her letters. Upon his return, she again applied to him; but he proposed a separation, and with little delicacy, for her feelings avowed his own satiety and indifference. She was too proud to force herself upon him, and, young as she then was, too ignorant of the means to be adopted to compel him to do her justice, had she been inclined to have recourse to them. Her nearest connexions were dead, and she had no one to whom she could apply for counsel. She possessed a small annuity, and upon that she determined to live, and not trouble him again, unless she should learn that he contemplated another marriage. She had contrived to have information of him at many places where he deemed himself most secure from detection; but by some means she had failed to know of his reunion with Miss Merton, until after his departure for the Indies: long protracted illness having interrupted her vigilance, and prevented the earlier exposure of the smiling fiend, who could assume the fairest mask for the attainment of his object; and who, while he took care to maintain a high professional character, and appear among the virtuous as unblemished as themselves, possessed the consummate art to carry on all his intrigues in perfect secrecy, eluding all scrutiny but that which female jealousy and pique had established. Beauty was his passion; and while he could feign the tenderest emotions of love, he would sacrifice every feeling of honour or of pity for his victim in its pursuit.

Louisa scarcely understood the history of perfidy which was thus revealed to her; she had listened at first with credulity, but as the narrator proceeded, produced the certificate of her marriage, and referred minutely to the various places at which she had been with Cap-

* It was only the other day that we met with a lady, one of four living wives. The general registration of "*Births, Marriages, Deaths, and Christenings*," by the founder of the General Cemetery, would in a great measure, or altogether, with due caution, prevent the perpetration of such abominable enormities.—*Ed.*

tain Melville, and the parties who were cognizant of his avowal of their marriage. Her confidence was now shaken, and she knew not how to reject entirely so many proofs, she could scarcely credit her sense of hearing; and when there was a pause, she continued sitting cold and rigid as a marble statue. Her mother, though little less shocked than her daughter, was anxious to rouse her from the stupor in which she was sunk, deeming any burst of feeling, however violent, less to be dreaded, than the silent anguish which finds no vent: even the rival wife pitied the suffering she had caused; the jealous sentiments with which she had previously regarded Louisa, were not proof against the spectacle of helpless desolation which was presented to her: she, too, had loved Melville, but it was with a wild, undisciplined passion; her love partook of the general cast of her character—it was fierce, proud, and when slighted proved vindictive; there was more of resentment, than of moral feeling in her motives; she thought more of thwarting him who had deserted her, than of preventing the continuance of an unhallowed connexion: but when she saw and heard the heart-rending misery her communication had occasioned, she almost repented having made it; it was however too late, the arrow had sped true to its mark, and its barbed point could never be removed. Her longer stay would have been irksome to all parties, and she withdrew; having in a short visit spread blight and mildew over all that, till then, was bright and joyous in the present, or promising in the future, to those to whom she came.

When left alone with her mother, Louisa strove to collect her thoughts, in order to review the evidence which had been offered of the truth of every fact stated. She taxed her imagination for any possible motive that might have induced the invention of such a guilt as had been related to her: she thought of Melville in all the amiability of his character as he appeared to her,—the fascination of his inners, the powers of his mind, above all, the devoted affection he had ever professed for her; and she could not identify him with the heartless sensualist, the hardened systematic deceiver, and her heart rejected the conviction, which was still forced back upon her judgment with appalling proofs.

In the midst of that fearful struggle of her labouring mind, the voice of her child reached her as he exerted the newly-acquired ability of calling her name: those accents had been richest melody to her ear; softer, sweeter, than all the minstrelsy of earth: now they awoke a new and deeper sense of anguish, all her best affections appeared converted into instruments of suffering. That darling boy, whom she had regarded with such high hope, for whom she had desired nothing better than that he should bear with his father's name the reflection of his character; must he bear the stigma of illegitimacy? must she shrink from producing him; blush for his existence, who had hailed his birth as the climax of her happiness, whose fancy had never presented a picture of future weal, in which her child was not in the foreground? Wild and frenzied were her lamentations, and all the efforts of her weeping mother to soothe and console her, failed, till exhausted nature found relief in insensibility. Long and death-like was that trance; during its continuance Mrs. Merton wrote to Captain Melville, informing him of the intelligence they had received, which threatened to destroy her daughter, and entreating him, whether guilty or innocent, not to lose any time in replying; for strong as the evidence against him appeared, he had reigned too absolute, as he well knew, in Louisa's affections, for any thing but his own admission of the previous contract fully to satisfy her mind; and she thought that, once assured that he could never more be any thing to her, though her happiness in life would be destroyed, she would make an effort to rouse herself from the torpor of despair, into which there was reason to fear she would permanently sink. He would have nothing to apprehend, in a legal point of view, for the delicacy of her daughter's mind would reject the idea of exposing to the public eye the irreparable injury she had received: no punishment would reach him, but conscience must at some period awake, and he would then feel the retribution he merited.

No answer was received to this letter, nor yet to others which were addressed to him, after Mrs. Melville had recovered sufficiently from the long and violent illness that ensued on the eclaireissement which had taken place, to give her

assent to the steps her mother thought advisable. She did not write; she loved him still, though the esteem she had felt for him existed no longer; she dared not express her lingering tenderness, she would not use reproaches, and she could not address him in such terms of coolness as she knew their situation required: to her he had been all—and now was nothing.

It was impossible to conceal the alteration which had taken place in her situation and prospects from her intimate friends: they knew her to be blameless, and evinced the warmest sympathy for her unfortunate circumstances, though her sensitive mind shuddered at even the shadow of disgrace which she imagined had fallen upon her; and she was desirous of withdrawing from scenes which, by their associations, only aggravated her distress. Mrs. Merton readily assented to her daughter's wishes; she, too, saw the advisability of retiring from a circle in which they could never again mix with former pleasure: indeed, Mrs. Melville's health had given way so seriously, that, on that account alone, it would be necessary to seek a change of air and scene. They then fixed upon the residence at which the narrator became acquainted with them. Mrs. Melville, though conscious she had no right to bear that name still retained it, for she could not resume that she had formerly borne, which would leave her boy nameless.

Two years from the time of these occurrences had passed when I first met the family; the stillness of fixed melancholy had settled upon her spirits: she divided her time between the training of her child, attention to the poor in her neighbourhood, and the care of her garden; but the cankerworm was at the core, her life was wearing away slowly, but surely. At the time of my introduction to her, she scarcely appeared a creature of this earth: grief, which had attenuated her person, till it had assumed something of the shadowy character with which we are accustomed to invest apparitions, had planted no wrinkles on her brow, nor robbed her countenance of a single beauty—it had etherealized all; and the impatient spirit shone through its almost transparent tenement, waiting but the gentlest touch of the dark angel to dissolve the link by which it was detained. Nearly another twelvemonth

passed before any more decided symptoms of approaching dissolution appeared, she was then entirely confined to her room; the slightest exertion occasioned fainting fits, in which she sometimes remained so long, that her anxious parent imagined she had indeed passed the bourne from which there is no returning. Her only anxiety, as the taper of life flickered in the socket, was her Arthur's fate: without a father's care, and bereaved of his mother, how were his early years to be watched over? who would perform for him the part of his natural protectors? Her mother's increasing infirmities rendered it very uncertain how far she would be able to undertake such a charge, but there were friends who had remained firm through the season of trial, and to two of those she committed the guardianship of her son: that done, she resigned herself to die, having completed her task upon earth.

Mrs. Merton had been sitting by her side, conversing with her upon the arrangements already alluded to, and she had just expressed a wish that, should Captain Melville ever make any inquiries after his son, or evince any regret for her fate, he might be informed that her sentiments towards him had never altered; she had mourned his delinquency as the fall of a superior being; but for her own share in its consequences she fully forgave him. Mrs. Merton turned to the window to conceal her feelings, till she had attained their mastery; scarcely a minute had elapsed when she returned to the bed-side of Louisa, who appeared to have sunk into a gentle sleep: but as her mother bent over her, to gaze upon those still and pallid features, she perceived that the last breath had passed from the faded lips, and that that long suffering spirit had at last found rest.

Twenty years afterwards, I was travelling in the south of France, and stopping at an hotel, soon discovered that the apartment contiguous to my own was occupied by a fellow-countryman: as such, in a foreign land, we soon became known to each other; and I found him highly intelligent, well acquainted with men and manners, and exhibiting, in his general deportment, the finished elegance of a gentleman; but he was labouring under severe illness, and was then journeying in pursuit of health, though apparently

with little expectation of overtaking the fugitive. From the observations I had an opportunity of making during our intercourse, I suspected his disease to be rather mental than physical; the expression of his countenance, and his wild and hurried manner at some periods, when the workings of his mind burst from their ordinary control, together with several unconnected sentences which had reached my ears, led me to conclude that remorse gave bitterness to his retrospections. He was a baronet of the name of Beresford; his earlier life had been passed in the navy, but it was now some years since he had retired from the service, and the chief part of that time had been spent in travelling on the continent, where he had mixed in the first society, and partaken largely of all that is popularly termed pleasure; but it had left him a dissatisfied and unhappy man.

One day, in the course of conversation, I inquired if, during the period he had passed in the navy, he had been acquainted with Captain Melville, who, from some dates he had referred to, I calculated must have been in the West Indies at the same time with himself. He appeared much surprised at the question, and asked if I had known Captain M., and where that acquaintance existed. I explained that I had no personal knowledge of him, but that I had known some who were nearly connected with him, and that his son was then a very promising young officer in the British army. The countenance of my auditor underwent a sudden, and to me an unaccountable, change; he gazed upon me with a strange and wild expression, and eagerly inquired how long I had been acquainted with him, and whether I had known his mother. I was in my turn astonished at his manner in making the inquiries, but gave him some slight information relating to the date of my acquaintance, and the circumstances in which I found them. Happening to mention Mrs. Melville's death, he begged, as a particular favour, that I would inform him of all the particulars connected with the close of her life; alleging that it was no mean curiosity which prompted his inquiries, but that he had a deep interest

in the subject. That I might not be deterred by any feeling of delicacy from referring to her unfortunate marriage, he assured me he was perfectly aware of all the circumstances attending it. Accordingly I gave him a minute account of all the arrangements she had made on her son's behalf, and of the termination of her days, repeating her professions of full forgiveness for all that she had suffered through the treachery of her reputed husband.

When I had done, Sir Arthur Beresford rose, and walked hurriedly up and down the room; tears at last gushed from his eyes, and he ejaculated, "She forgave me, then! me, who had so basely deceived her! who, to win her, had concealed the heart of a fiend under the features of an angel of light; who, when I left her with well-feigned affection, was but studying how I could best secure for the future disengagement from her society, without blasting the fair reputation I had raised. She loved me to the last,—cruel, heartless, as I had been! The mother's prediction is fulfilled:—I feel now the sting of conscience keener than ever: this is the retribution I have merited." His self-upbraiding thus betrayed to me, that I was actually conversing with Captain Melville. By the death of a relation the rank of baronet, together with the possession of considerable property, with which his change of name was connected, had devolved upon him. He made many inquiries subsequently respecting his son, of whose character I was happy in being able to speak in the highest terms.

Some months afterwards, the father and son met: and Sir Arthur did for that son, in whom his poor mother's wish was reversed, for he was the opposite of what his father had actually been,—all the justice that remained in his power, exerting for him his influence, and bequeathing to him in his will all his unentailed property. Having done so, he retired to a seat he possessed in Wiltshire, where he spent the short remnant of his days, an altered, and, it is to be hoped, a reformed and repentant man. Thus terminated the career of him who was the cause, and of her who fell the victim, of a **BROKEN HEART!**

Paris Intelligence—The Court, News, and Fashions.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, MAY 26, 1836.

Nous voilà à la fin ma chère amie, dans la belle saison, où nous pourrions étaler nos jolies et fraîches toilettes de printemps, ainsi je vais te parler *modes* en premier lieu.

Sleeves.—The fashion for the sleeves is not yet quite decided, especially in morning costume. For ball-dresses, the flat sleeves are, perhaps, more prevalent than any others, as the quantity of blonde and other trimmings worn upon them, prevent their appearing so unbecoming to the figure, as they would otherwise inevitably do: some of them are, however, made perfectly flat and tight to the arm, without any other trimming or ornament than a narrow fall of blonde, which does not reach as far as the elbow; others are made flat and plain at top, and finished by one single small puff, reaching nearly to the elbow; others again, as I have mentioned in a former letter, have so many puffs of gauze, blonde, &c., or so many bows or bouquets, that they can scarcely be considered as flat sleeves.

The prettiest for morning dresses are decidedly those à la *François I.*, with five or six puffs, and narrow bands between: if of muslin, these bands should be of *entre deux* (insertion); if the dress should be of *organdi*, or thin muslin, and worn in dinner or evening costume, then bands would look prettiest of pink or blue satin ribbon, and tied in small bows: these sleeves, with a ceinture to match, form a very pretty toilette de soirée for a young person. You know our young ladies dress as simply as possible at the present season: in walking dresses these new-fashioned sleeves are not very generally adopted; the large sleeves, loose all the way down, are by no means exploded, but they hang quite loose, and are worn without any stiffening inside, which, although fashionable, is, I must say, most unbecoming to the figure. Ainsi ma chère, I do not imagine that this ugly innovation will last very long. Some sleeves are in three large puffs, others in two above the elbow, and the remainder of the sleeve is tight to the arm; some sleeves have merely a plain tight top to the shoulder, the remainder as loose as possible; and others, again, one large puff at top, the lower part tight to the arm. In short, there is in these new sleeves a variety that we could not have in any others: yet though it is said that "there is a charm in variety," still these sleeves are anything but charming.

Dresses.—The dresses of silk, as pour

de soie, &c., and those of mousseline de laine, are all made to open at the left side; the skirt tied down with five bows of ribbon, either the same colour as the dress, or of a colour bien assortie; as blue and *bois* (brown), blue and *écru*, drab and pink, &c. &c. In this case, the dress and pelerine, if there be one to match, are edged all round with a double *liseré* (piping); one the colour of the dress, the other the colour of the bows: for instance, a dress of drab or poussière colour, would have a drab and a pink, or a blue *liseré* all round; the bows, of course, pink or blue: these coloured *liserés* are very much worn, and make a very pretty finish to a dress. Coloured muslins are coming in, and white dresses becoming exceedingly prevalent; indeed, for summer, there is nothing prettier than a white muslin dress, with coloured ribbons. The corsage of the silks, or mousselines de laine, are made with draperies à la *Sévigné*, put on to a tight corsage: instead of the front of the corsage being made with a fullness, some are made to cross in front to the left side, and come in folds from the shoulder to the waist; others are similarly made, except that in place of folds the front of the dress is gathered; but this does not answer as well as the folds. The corsages of muslin dresses, if high, are made in this latter fashion, or à la *Sévigné*, or else quite plain, fitting tight to the bust. If the corsage be low in the neck, the fashionable make is what is called à l'*Enfant*; that is, with a fullness top and bottom, and brought square upon the shoulders.

For *Ball-dresses*, the flat sleeves decidedly prevail; but, as I have already observed, they are ornamented with puffings and bows, or flowers. The make of the corsage is quite plain, with full draperies put on; some are à *pointe*: the skirts are invariably ornamented with bows of ribbon, or bouquets; some open, *en tablier*, down each side of the front, and tied with five or seven bows, increasing in size as they go down; the *nœuds de page* on the shoulders to match, and a small bow in the centre of the front of the corsage, and another at the back. Many skirts, *demi-antique*, are open down the front, and held back at distances with bows, jewels, or flowers: in this case the front breadth of the satin petticoat worn underneath may have a rich blonde flounce at bottom. Dancing dresses, made of blonde, tulle, gauze, or crape, are ornamented with bows of ribbon and flowers; they are either looped up at bottom, or otherwise. Long

ceintures, tied at the left side, are fashionable in dress; the ends of the ribbon, if it be satin, are unravelled.

Hats.—The hats are as enormous as ever. Those of *paille de riz*, with white, pale pink, blue, or paille ribbons, and a bouquet, are the most distinguished. Leghorn bonnets, trimmed with white ribbons, and with a demi-voile, in the hems of which a satin ribbon is run, are worn by many of our elegantes; indeed, these bonnets are much more distinguished than usual, this season. The drawn capottes of *poux de soie*, pink, blue, paille, or white, continue to make *furor* amongst our belles.

Black silk *mantelets*, trimmed with black lace, are more fashionable than ever. Those most in vogue, are not cut round like pelerines at the back, but are in the style of long scarfs, the ends rounded; they are trimmed all round with black lace. Pelerines are by no means so general as they have been; they are still worn with white or coloured muslins; but the scarf *mantelets* have almost superseded every other. There are small collars called "*cols à chape*," which are much worn, and are light and pretty at this season. They are made with two falls; and the lower one with *pattes* or ends, which cross on the chest, and are fastened with a brooch. They are made of tulle, or muslin embroidered: some are trimmed all round with a *tuyauté* trimming of tulle; and others with a narrow lace put on with a very slight degree of fullness. Pelerines of organdi, or tulle, called *à la Paysanne*, with large falling collars, and a good deal open in front, are fashionable.

White *pelerines*, in the style of short *mantelets*, are likely to become exceedingly fashionable; they are either lined with pink, blue, or paille sarsnet, or have a ribbon of either of these colours run into the hems all round: with a white dress they are extremely pretty in summer.

Brodequins (half-boots) and gaiters are very much worn.

Hair.—The hair is worn in smooth bands, descending low at each side of the face, and turned up again, or else in ringlets *à l'Anglaise*. These two styles of coiffure are universal. The back hair is in a braid—not a very high one, and is worn rather far back on the head. *Féronnières* are much in fashion; and flowers, wreaths, particularly in ball-dress.

Turbans, toques, and Spanish hats, are still prevalent.

Colours.—For hats, white, pink, light blue, and straw colour; for dresses, lavender, *écru*, and drab, or *poussière*. Green is the only dark colour worn at present.

Voilà ma belle, une véritable lettre de

femme, qui ne parle que de modes: mais je, veux te rendre belle, adieu! toute à toi,
L. de F—.

DESCRIPTION OF PLATES.

(No. 11.) **WALKING DRESS.**—The capotte of *poux de soie*; the front extremely large, deep, and rounded at the corners (see plate); the crown of the capotte is not made upon a *calotte* or stiff foundation, but is merely lined, and gathered into form, like the caul of a cap (see plate); a piece of the silk cut the cross way, and with a very small piping at the edge, is plaited in the middle, and put on the front of the crown. This forms a pretty ornament, and prevents the capotte from appearing too plain, which it would otherwise do. The *bavolet* is deep, and set on in gathers. A ribbon crossed in front, and a bouquet springing from the centre, forms the only ornament of this very elegant bonnet. Underneath the front are placed a second bouquet of sweet pea, and a few light bows of ribbon. The hair is in plain bands, a good deal parted on the brow. Dress of white *jaconet* muslin. The corsage, which is *decolleté* (low in the neck), is made *à l'Enfant*, that is, full, top and bottom, and gathered at the neck into a very narrow band. The sleeves *à la François I.* are divided (see plate) into six full puffs, the bands between being of narrow insertion; a small lace ruffle finishes the sleeve at the wrist. The skirt of the dress is embroidered *en tunique* (see plate), two rows of rich embroidery go round the bottom of the dress, and another coming down each side of the front from the waist goes round, forming a third row *en tunique*. Round the bosom are two rows of worked trimming to correspond with the skirt; it is very full, and is much deeper in the shoulders than either at front or back. A kind of *guimpe* or Swiss habit-shirt is worn inside; it is made of tulle, with two rows of insertion to keep the gathers in form (see plate); it is finished at the neck with a lace frill, pink band, and Nicolo buckle. Black shoes, with dark *écru* or drab gaiters; white kid gloves, cambric pocket handkerchief, *festonné* all round; small parasol of green silk.

The sitting figure gives the reverse of the dress, with the addition of a white net scarf.

(No. 12.) **TOILETTE DE PROMENADE.**—Hat of *paille de riz*, lined with *poux de soie*, and ornamented with sarsnet ribbons and a bouquet of wild flowers. The front of the hat is immensely large, and *très envasée* (much off the face), and the crown broad, but rather flat. The bow of ribbon is placed quite on the right side; and the flowers, which are put in three separate tufts, are



LE FOLLET

Courrier des Salons

Boulevard St. Martin, 61.

Chapeau en Pelt de rose des M^{mes} de M^{me} Rousseau-Lefranc, St. de la Bourse, 31-Branches d'épines violettes
de Chagot frères, rue Richelieu, 81-Bière en Sucreaux brode-Umbrelle de M^{re} Carad, rue Montmartre, 109

Lady's Magazine, Dobbs and Street, publishers 15 Carey street, London.

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LE FOLLET
Courrier des Salons

Boulevard, St. Martin, 61

Chapeau en paille de rose des Magasins de M.^{me} Desjardins, rue Richelieu, 172.

Fleurs des M.^{mes} de Chagot / rue Richelieu, 61 - Robe en Organdy des ateliers de M.^{me} Monton, rue St. Henri, 333.

Lady's Magazine, Dobbs and Street publishers, 25, Carey Street, London.

very low, and droop quite over the front of the hat (see plate). A deep border of blonde is worn beneath the front, and three full-blown roses on the left side over the temple. The hair is in smooth bands. Dress of white *organdi* (book muslin), over a pale straw-coloured lining. The corsage *drapé croisé*, full in front from the shoulder, and crossing to the left side. The skirt of the dress is made to open also at the left side, and ornamented with four bows of sarsnet ribbon. The sleeves (see plate) are flat at

the shoulders, nearly like the top of the sleeve of a man's coat; a small flounce of lace finishes this plain top; the remainder of the sleeve is immensely full all the way down to the wrist, where it is finished by a deep cambric cuff or ruffle. Falling collar, fastened in front by a brooch, and trimmed with lace. Ceinture to match the lining of the dress. White kid gloves, silk stockings, and black shoes.

The dress of the sitting figure is of *pour de soie*.

London Fashionable Chit-Chat.

London and Paris Seasons.—Lady's Gallery in the House of Commons.—Grantley Berkeley.—Somerset-House.—London Adoptions of Fashion.—State of Women in Society at present.—Recent Separations.—Epsom.—Berkeley Craven.—Debts of Honour.—Ascot.—Receipt for Complexion.

I must own, my pretty *Leontine*, that the Parisians arrange their fashionable season in a more sensible manner, than we of the western Babylon. When nights are cold, and days are dark and dreary, it is natural for people to meet together sociably in bright-lighted, warm saloons—and thus you spend your Parisian season. Then, when your *paquerettes*, which we call daisies, spread themselves out on your *prairies*, you flutter forth to Longchamps, to set the walking costume of the female world of Europe: this is your finishing achievement, and then away you go to your chateaus, to enjoy the summer flowers and fruits, while we are stifling at June dinner parties, and fainting at crowded *soirées* in a hot July.

With these malcontent reflections, I entered May, remembering that, although a florist, it is five years since I saw the faces of my tulips, my auriculas, and jonquils. All this mal-arrangement proceeds, as every other evils does, from the perversity of the men. It suits them to murder partridges and pheasants, and catch poachers from September to January, and to scamper after hares in February; kill harmless woodcocks, wiser than themselves, in March; ruin themselves at Easter at the Newmarket-meeting; and then, truly, they are at leisure to attend their wives and daughters in the London-season; and they put on sage looks, and wonder at the ill-taste of English ladies, and the want of susceptibility to the beauties of nature which they ruined, by establishing the London season in the midst of flowery May and glorious June. And how can we help it? are we not the whole of the dreary season waiting their leisure, while they are catching foxes, and pheasants, and poachers, and woodcocks, and such creatures in the country?

Votre mari, ma belle Leontine, is no doubt,

as you often assure us, a great torment—a real personification of Lady Jersey's celebrated riddle; but he is not addicted to field-sports, and Newmarket, therefore be thankful.

However, to give our "representatives" (falsely so called) their due, they have provided an abiding place for us in the new House of Commons—a piece of gallantry that truly astonishes me; I dare answer there is some selfish motive lurking behind this graciousness. I am promised by a *distingué* member of our legislature the earliest admission, if I am alive when the gallery is built; and I shall communicate to you my discoveries "touching this matter and all concerning it." Certes, Grantley Berkeley was *par excellence* the champion who obtained *place aux dames*; and I beg and beseech he may be honoured by the brightest smiles of the ladies; that they will sing his songs, and read his contributions to the annuals with gratitude and devotion: such are the rewards we award to the gentle chevalier of the house of Berkeley, for doing his knightly devoir in defending the rights of the fair in these degenerate days. I suppose the ladies will be visible in the gallery which is to be provided for them. After all, I like better that curious lantern in the old house, where ladies got a peep of the Commons by means of great interest.

My first visit on my arrival in London, you may be certain, was to Somerset-house: my love for the arts made me desirous to see how our National Gallery bore the loss of Newton, whose highly-wrought gem-like pictures used to cast a perfect glory round their vicinage. I see no one that supplies the place of Newton. Wilkie, Callcott, Landseer, have done well, it is true; but Turner's two pictures are real insauties—blue, pink, yellow, and lilac mists, with some mysterious figures floating through. Which are the most

affected, Turner, or the admirers, that persuade him into committing such pictorial follies, I know not. Landseer has a scene in Chillingham-park, where Lord Ossulston, a very desirable match as chaperon whisper, is figuring, something in the style of the Master of Ravenswood; however, Landseer has done more justice to my lord's curs, than to himself; on the whole, Lord Ossulston is better looking than his picture.

Phillips has made Judge Littledale too young and highly coloured; and the portrait does not possess either the energy or the benevolence of expression belonging to the original.

The tone of Wilkie's picture of Cortes and Pizarro is too smooth and bright; it is flat in surface. Cortes is beautiful and disdainfully calm; Pizarro in strong caricature. Nothing but the grins of the witches deserve note in MacIise's picture of Macbeth.

Callcott's picture of the Dutch Peasants, is, perhaps, the most perfect piece in the collection; the market-women are fording a shallow stream with children and horses: the distance is beautiful; the grey pony, life itself; and the girl wading ankle deep, with the basket of fowls on her head, worthy the best of the Dutch masters. There was a great crowd round this picture, which is not to be wondered at. I found much of poetry in the composition of an unassuming picture, called the "Soldier's Last Hour," by Smith; the colouring is cold—it would tell better in an engraving. The Marquis of Anglesea looks very cross; but it is the best portrait Shee has given us this year. I neither like Etty's subjects, nor his manner of treating them; popularity has spoilt both him and Howard, who give us nothing but mythological subjects, very flabbily handled. Cooper's "Death of Harold," is dry and cold; the eyes of his human beings have an animal glare, that gives a most unpleasant mannerism to the compositions of this artist; his horses are as perfect as usual.

Mrs. George Robins and her two little boys, are in a remarkably florid and showy style of art; Reinagle can do better. This picture is painted up to the tone of those advertisements whose composition used so infinitely to amuse you when in England. How astonished I used to be, to see you seize *The Times*, and read indefatigably the prospectuses of estates on sale; foreigners are very mischievous, who can write and speak our language as well as you can. Four other pictures by Wilkie, claim attention: the portrait of the Duke of Wellington writing despatches by a candle shade to the King of France, is very highly wrought; indeed, the

toning of the light, delightful: of the likeness of the Duke, I cannot judge accurately, never remembering him at that time of life. The portrait, by Simpson, of his Grace, is a fine stern figure, in which, I observed the size of the head is diminished to add to the symmetry of the figure: this ought not to be; the colouring is good and natural: we think the Junior Service Club, which has given the commission, will be pleased with their bargain. But we are wandering from Wilkie. "The First Ear-ring," is remarkable for the grace and pretty attitude of the mother: the girl is a fright—spoilt, and sophisticated; but the mother is charming—the best modern female we ever saw from Wilkie's pencil. His other picture, "The Interior of an Irish Outlaw's Hut," is very hastily brushed over: the baby is a horrid little wretch, livid and lean; and the shoulder of the woman by the open door, is in vile drawing; the rest worthy of Wilkie's mighty name; the whole redeemable if finished, and the babe brushed out. But Wilkie's first-rate picture is the group of Napoleon and Pope Pius, very highly toned, but yet not in Wilkie's own natural touch: the head of the pope is noble, and full of intellectual beauty; Napoleon is rather pasty. "The Wreckers," by Knight, and one or two other pieces of merit, are purchased this year by that liberal patron of the arts, Mr. Cartwright, of Old Burlington-street. How I wish, for the sake of languishing British art, that I could record many such munificent patrons; but Paris furnishes more purchasers from your salons, than the metropolis of England, with all its unwieldy wealth.

Oh, come to England with all speed, and laugh with me at the scene in the hop garden in Kent: there's a full-blown family of rich hop-factors and factotums, dressed in the height of the fashion plates of 33, together with the man that owns them, and a boy in a sky-blue jacket, gathering green hops as big as apples. It is a noble-sized picture, very full of fun; the face of the prima donna, in a highly trimmed lilac satin bonnet, is inimitable. I went and came several times, before I could finally leave Landseer's picture of Lady Harriet and Beatrice Hamilton, two lovely babies belonging to the Marquis and Marchioness of Abercorn. The bright-eyed creature, lying on the couch and contemplating her coral, is charming. Lady Harriet seems about two years old; she is looking earnestly at a great noble fellow of a dog at her feet, while she hugs a little spaniel; the animals are seen as if they had got into the picture; the children very finely done, as far as outline and expression is concerned, but they want toning, their colours have

a gay flower-like brilliancy; they want the firmness and middle tints of flesh; still it is a most attractive picture. Lady King, the Ada of Byron, is near; she looks an heiress *presumptive*; it is a good firm portrait, by Mrs. Carpenter; her ladyship has descended into her hall, and seems prepared to enter a party. It is certainly one of the best painted female portraits in the collection; in which line of art, by the way, there is a miserable deficiency.

A sad falling off in Collins this year. "Happy as a king" is a very unhappy subject. Collins must not leave the sea-coast; the shoe represented in the act of falling is scarcely allowable in art,—there it falls, and is to be in the air for ever.

Plenty of gentlemen with hats and sticks in their hands—flat, smooth, and smirking, who stare at you from all corners of the room; one of the most elaborate of these worthies is D. W. Harvey, Esq. Briggs is one of the best portrait painters we now have; 283 is well worked about the hair and temples, and comes forward in the room—the colouring too high; it is one of the best here: I remember better. Leslie's Autolycus is clever, but rather coarsely painted; we hope Perdita is not in that group; the clown in the straw-hat good; the whole coloured too brightly. The puss peeping from under the table-cover in Landseer's picture of Sir Walter Scott's dog Mustard, is a gem of art. How much eloquent French you would discourse at the sight of her; the table-cover is carelessly done, so as to spoil the perspective. Uwins has embodied much poetry in his picture of the Dead Child, and Mourning Mother made frantic by the Festival of the Carnival at her door; the mingling of the light of the wax tapers at the head of the corpse, with the day-light is very good; the mother is not feminine enough to excite sympathy: her dress is not black; this is strange, as it would have aided the force of the foreground.

You would be charmed with two of the historical pictures; the one by Charles Landseer, the "Storming of Basing House in 1645," is a nobly imagined piece, full of poetry in every detail; the corpse of the player Robinson, a cavalier major just murdered by the butcher Harrison, is appalling without being disgusting; the shattered bay windows, the old cavalier full of stern grief, the plundering troopers, and the rich tone of the whole, is well worth an earnest survey: I paused upon it long and admiringly. The faults I noted were the modern appearance of the young lady, who might go with me to a dinner party to-morrow in the same dress; her curls, too, look as if made of twisted ribbon; the dog, though handled with a touch of coat worthy of the name of Landseer, is too placid for the occasion;

the figure of the boy kneeling is woody. It would make a fine subject for an annual, if well engraved; the colouring higher than nature, yet good. It far surpasses Wood's showy group of Elizabeth at Hatfield. Bruce's Coronation is a grand favourite of mine, by an artist whose name is unknown to me, W. Fisk: in point of colouring and tone, it unites splendour and delicacy in a high degree. The Countess of Buchan is divine, too modernly dressed for the times, still she is glorious. There was a creature for Edward the First to hang over the wall in an iron-cage—the wretch! Most lovingly is Bruce looking at Countess Isabel; but surely the moment when the lady places the crown on the brow of the hero, should have been the moment for the painter; *n'importe*, it is a noble scene, full of good art as well as poetry.

I can find no flowers worth mentioning, the Suffolk-street Gallery is the place to look for them; in this and many other departments of art, this assuming exhibition is far surpassed by its fast improving rival. Parris' pictures are only to be seen in Suffolk-street, an immense loss to Somerset-house, where there are no fine female portraits this year. The miniatures are mediocre; one, and only one, strikes me as possessing distinguished merit, this is by Room, and is called Margareta; the Countess de Weidershien is a sensible real-looking portrait. The general style in this department is flat smooth surface, bright blue and pink, no middle tints: this branch of art is running riot for want of criticism. The miniature of the Princess Victoria is in this style.

I had forgotten to mention Ziegler's "Equestrian Party at Brighton;" there is no pictorial merit, excepting the fidelity of the portraits of our Royal Family. As that is the case, we will have a bit of gossip on costume and fashions. The Queen is in her riding habit, she sits well on horseback, and is seen to great advantage in this style of dress; the sleeves of her habit are much smaller than those of last year; the brims of her hat are broad and shadowy, becoming to the outline of her very feminine figure: one of the King's daughters wears a dark green habit with a cape to it.

Now come with me into the Sculpture room, for we have more fresh rising art in that department than in any other in our country; the reason is, it meets with more encouragement. Monumental busts and figures are gradually superseding the silly trash of allegorical figures and trumpery urns, that have been the rage for two centuries; they are coming back to the sensible style of our ancestors, who gave us on a tomb the image of the deceased as he appeared in life. How advantageous this custom is, may be seen by the admirable

productions of Baily and Denman; the Bishop of Limerick, and Telford of the Menai-bridge, will thus live for aye under the chisels of these great artists. Among the ladies' busts, I most admire that of Mrs. Farquhar Fraser; it is designed and chiselled with exquisite skill; the hair is a model of softness and grace; the turn and contour of the features enchanting. To my astonishment, I found this was the work of an artist of the age of twenty-two, the son of Dr. Davis. His bust of W. Tooke, Esq., M.P., possesses likewise great merit; the likeness is striking, and the expression highly intellectual; the frontal organs of the brain well developed.

I wondered, when I saw blue-bell in the catalogue, what it could be; it is a foppery in marble by young Westmacott; his blue-bells are hare-bells.

I admired a miniature statue in wax or composition of Lady Arthur Lennox, by Lucas: the style is elegant; the hand on the breast is, however, defective. Artists call these statues dolls; no matter, they are pretty.

I was struck with the singular animation in the features of an alabaster bust of little Lord Clinton, heir to the dukedom of Newcastle. What a power of brain in that head,—pretty work it will make in the world if misdirected; and the heir of a ducal family has small chance of a rational education, poor babe!

Talking of babes, was there ever such a darling as the lively one sculptured by Baily, lying on a cushion and laughing; nothing can surpass the play of his baby features.

I saw a strange model, designed for the London Cemetery Company, rather a slender spire in the centre, which is approached by, I think, a dozen porches: the idea is singular, but surely not practicable; it is meant for Gothic, but gives the effect of a Chinese or Burman pagoda.

Just at this era, all the female world is unsettled in regard to fashion; the revolution in sleeves is more alarming to the ladies than the rise and fall of neighbouring states. My country neighbours were in the greatest state of excitement as to which of the sleeves lately sent by you from Paris were the general favourites in London; they may safely repose on the plates in the "Lady's Magazine." I have examined carefully the general appearance of the Park, and most fashionable promenades: as yet the style of the sleeves of the March number is generally seen; as for a strait sleeve or any thing like it in promenade or morning costume, such a thing is not to be seen; some ladies have taken the supports from the top of the imbecile sleeves, but it makes them look old and littering. New dresses are all making

with the bouffants in the upper part, and a strait lower arm, such as the May number of the last Magazine—the lady with the green dress; wadded they are not, but gently supported, and the bouffants kept in shape by strings beneath: as the size is not outrageous, there is little difficulty in this matter; so much for general adoption, touching sleeves. The court-dresses that are made after the costumes of the last century, have induced ladies in evening parties to put on a few of the strait sleeves in full dress; they are very graceless, and have the effect of making the shoulders frightfully narrow. The double and treble sabots will be the rage for the rest of the season. Capes are tremendously wide in full dress, precisely the pattern of the full-dress you sent us from Paris last January. A court milliner brought me home a transparent evening dress she had made exactly after that pattern; she assured me she dared not array me in any other; I was malcontent, for I hate capes. All transparent sleeves in full-dress are made large, with rather a high poignet, they are not *si enorme* as last year, still they project beyond the extremities of a wide cape or *mantilla*. All the bonnets walking about, are precisely the patterns of our Magazine for the last six months. The bitter cold weather has caused us still to be clad in winter wraps; some ladies wear the charming satin capes trimmed with swansdown you described last winter—they have a pretty effect. As for muslin dresses in walking costume, no one dare put them on who is fearful of exasperating the influenza into consumption. No great temptation, truly; for the newest muslin dresses are in ugly, mean little patterns, that would make our housemaids most commendable Sunday gowns. I have heard you bestow the most vivacious orations in French on the beauties of our printed muslins and chintzes; much as you admire English productions of this kind, I do not think you could like these mean *fade*-looking things. We have a new material, printed Scotch cambric, that is really very pretty,—little patterns on buff, pale green, blue or pink, on whole-coloured ground: I like these, and shall wear them in preference to the odious new muslins. At last the ladies are wearing the hair high: how I disliked the dumpy arrangement of hair! this mischief you did us by your Paris fashions three years ago. How old-fashioned we must appear to the view of a Parisienne, just as the ladies of York or Norwich seem to our eyes. But oh! I like your intellectual re-unions of grace and talent, you do not divide the blue from the belle in the odious way London society does, where every lady who is not as mute and mournful as if she were to be sculp-

tured for her monumental effigy, is considered a coquette, and the grand object of husband-hunting is supposed to be marred. It was not always thus in England: a fine woman, in the days of Addison, appears to have filled the station in society, that a married French lady does at the present day; she never thought of surrendering her liberty, under a seven or eight years' courtship; and if her lover offended her, it was considered his loss not hers.

We have now a hideous system of sudden rejection or acceptance that often ends in unutterable woe for the married pair and their more wretched children. All our periodicals of the present day that deal in such matters, are commenting on some recent separations. Incompatibility of temper, produced by the workings of impatient spirits on over-excited brains, is, in one instance, construed by the public voice into guilt. The men seem possessed by the same spirit that is ably depicted in the novel of "Miserimus:" women don't like to be tormented to death for the pastime of their masters; while they are single, it is their own fault if they are; but when they are married, and have a family who look up to them for protection and happiness, oh! how complete a slave is a woman to the despotism of a man, if his temper be fiendish.

So Epsom has passed with great *éclat*: it is graced with one victim of rank and distinction sufficient to fill up the time till Ascot. How abhorrent to me is the moral atmosphere of such places! They say Berkeley Craven's creditors hope to be satisfied by his family: his family would be madder than himself if they were. What! when he paid them with his blood and soul, is not that sufficient? Did not the man coin his heart into drachms, and will not *that* suffice modern honour? I

know the spirit of gaming has reared himself an awful throne in Paris: still I think English viciousness is more complicated on that head; we tear out of town to our racing gambling mobs with greater parade and clatter, men and women together. To be sure, some of the ladies who go to Ascot go for the pleasure of an animated scene, where they can, with many other inconveniences, get tanned, like gipsies, and choked with dust. And that brings me to the receipt I promised you for the complexion: it is simply to drop a few drops of tincture of Benzoin into rose-water that is really produced by distillation. The rose-water assumes the appearance of milk, and this is the celebrated milk of roses sold so dear: if you have been exposed to the sun, wash with it going to bed, and wash as usual in fair soft water when you rise, not with the milk of roses, because any application but water leaves a shining on the skin, which has an artificial and ugly appearance. A woman's true mind is always in her postscript, you know; I had really forgotten this promise, and had nearly left it for the post-scriptum. *N'importe*, a woman may think of something worse than her complexion. The Duke of Gordon died on Saturday. Hyde Park yesterday was all dulness, but the Regent's Park was crowded with carriage company. By the bye, the Zoological Gardens sadly monopolize the drive; there is no passing; it is a hard matter for the police to carry the obstructing carriages to "the green-yard," where they carry off all the applegirls who in the least stop up or obstruct the free passage in our public streets. *Addio, bella.*

BEATRICE.

— Square, London,
May 30, 1836.

SONNET,

INSCRIBED TO MR. NATHAN, AUTHOR OF "THE HEBREW MELODIES."

Oh, Hebrew Muse! replete with sacred fire,
Solemn with years, and bright with glory's rays,
Thou who hast charm'd my long-neglected lyre,
And taught my soul superior hymns of praise
To those renown'd in Greek and Roman days.

I leave thee yet awhile with pangs of grief,
Such as the voice of friendship oft displays
In many a broken sigh and sentence brief,
Wandering and mourning for the wish'd relief.

I leave thee, muse, or only seem to leave,
Since in my bosom thou remainest chief;
Bound with the fibres which my heart inweave:
Nor can by death the union sweet be riv'n;
Dying, I find thee sweeter still in Heaven.

Literature, &c.

1. *Plebeians and Patricians*. By the author of "Old Maids," &c. 3 vols. Smith, Elder, and Co.
2. *Chronicles of Waltham*. By the author of "The Subaltern," &c. 3 vols. Smith, Elder, and Co.

The simultaneous publication of these two works, without concerted agreement between their authors, is a curious literary coincidence. Each bears closely on the present extraordinary ordering of all things pertaining to society and property, yet each has taken a different path: they are graphic pictures, not on the same subject; but there is that resemblance between them, which we see in companion prints. Gaskell sketches the rise of the cotton lords, and the effect their bloated, uncouth wealth has on uncultivated minds; Gleig traces the downfall of the lords of the soil, and the effect that pinching misery and the impoverishing of the landed interest has on the moral and physical condition of the peasantry. At present, we confine ourselves to the discussion of the first-named work, which is dashed off with fire and rapidity, is ably conceived, true to nature, as far as the Plebeians are concerned, but certainly not finished with the polish and elegance of our author's admired essays. Nothing can be better than his delineation of the cotton lords and ladies; and we felt regret whenever they left the scene, for the introduction of the Patricians, who are far too angelic in their natures for human beings of any class. The character of John Manford, on the contrary, is life, drawn by a keen and close observer of the wealth-making part of our species. The warm, but capricious affections of this parvenu; the paucity of intellect on every other subject than cotton-spinning and money-getting; the manner in which John is managed and married, by the influence of his clamorous and coarse-minded woman-kind—all this is capitally done; and here is a specimen.

"No one watched the progress of Norton's mill more closely than John Manford, he had plenty of spare time on his hands, and day after day he might be seen scanning, with anxious eyes, its building and its machinery. He possessed no mechanical genius, but he had sense enough to perceive the general principles governing the whole; and when all was complete about it, he considered it the summit of human invention.

"Neither did his mental failing prevent him profiting by the example set him by Norton. He cleared out the old hall, and with the money he had received for his land, he purchased several machines, on which he set himself and his sisters to work; and, although he

could not compete with his neighbour, he got money fast, and soon began to contemplate building a mill himself,—this being the very acme of his ambition.

"Industry, economy, and immense profits, soon placed him in a position to put the darling wish into execution—he built his mill; and this being done, the Nortons and the Manfords became the great people of their immediate neighbourhood.

"Manford was now on the high road to wealth; and for a considerable period little deserving of record marked his career. Riches produced their usual effect in altering their style of living, and brought them into contact with some of their more aristocratic neighbours.

"Several years after the erection of the mill, the sun was shining with the same splendour, on a glorious day in June, over the same landscape to which our readers were introduced in the first chapter. Then we had seen it a beautiful and secluded spot, rich in rural sights and sounds, and basking in quiet repose. There were copses, hedge-rows, and trees covered with foliage, meadows waving with grass and flowers, brooks wimpling and glancing in every ravine—and above all, was a bright and clear summer day.

"Now the whole scene looked as little like its former self, as if an evil genius had waved his wand over it. Instead of its quiet and serpentine lanes, winding about in utter contempt of regularity, and without any regard for hill or hollow, two broad and level turnpike roads intersected it from north to south, and from east to west. The scraggy hedges on either side were shrouded in dust, raised by the continual rolling of carts, waggons, and stage coaches. The venerable and patriarchal-looking farm-houses, which had peeped out from groves of oak or sycamore, were gone, and they had been replaced by at least a dozen huge brick buildings, with lofty chimneys vomiting clouds of dense and black smoke.

"To each of these were attached groups of grimy-looking cottages; but there was scarcely a single green field to be seen. Heaps of refuse coal and cinders piled up on all sides, with the thundering sound and Babel-like clamour proceeding from the working of several steam-engines, and the half-clad and pallid creatures who were seen sitting about, forcibly portrayed a pandemonium, rather than a spot on God's earth fitted for human habitation.

"Not a vestige of Shawe-house now remained. On the right stood a mansion, overlooking a sooty mass of buildings, and having some pretensions to architectural taste; its structure was plain, but regular and extensive, and a portico of stone, forming the front entrance, gave a relief to its general unpretending character. A Gothic lodge, sadly out of keeping with the appearance of the house, stood by the road-side, about two hundred yards in advance, and gave admission to grounds laid out in plots of ornamental shrubbery, close-shaven lawns, gravel walks, and rustic trellis-works, all arranged in the most

modern and approved manner, and in scrupulous good order.

"A handsome range of detached offices, screened from the main building by a group of well-grown arborescent shrubs, joined to the general aspect of the place, afforded abundant proof that the owner was wealthy. The only discrepancy visible was the locality, so that the observer came at once to the conclusion, that the house and its appurtenances belonged to the proprietor of the adjacent works; common sense exclaiming, that nobody else was likely to locate such a building, in such an infernal looking neighbourhood.

"On taking a wider view over the country, several residences of a very similar appearance were seen; each of these also overlooked a similar group of inferior buildings. With the exception of these verdant spots, there was hardly a trace of the green face of nature to be seen; brick fields, collieries, mills, and cottages, forming a continuous layer.

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"Well," said Mrs. Manford, "I wish this Sir John Scarsbrook would come—here we are waiting dinner at half-past two, and sitting not knowing what to do with ourselves."

"Well, mother, never mind," answered one of the daughters, "you know we took care to get something into our insides at one o'clock; I'm not a bit hungry, and I don't care if the man don't come for an hour."

"Lork, Phœbe," said another of the polished party, "how thee does talk to be sure, why I'm all in a frustration; folks say, Sir John is so impudent!"

"And if he be," said Phœbe, "I know one that can match him, I should like him to try his impudence on wi' me."

"Well, Phœbe," continued her mother, "you must mind your P's and Q's with him. They say his sister, Lady Lucy, and the Earl are coming to the hall, and may be, they'll ask us to some of their grand parties."

"I don't care much about it," said Phœbe, "we've plenty of folks 'bout em'."

"The conversation ran on in this strain for some time, and was only interrupted by the sight of a carriage driving at a rapid rate through the gates. The female Manfords, notwithstanding their assumed lady-like composure, were, as the mother said, 'all in a twitter!' Their expected guest was of far higher rank than any individual they had as yet associated with, and, like all rich vulgar people, their notions of the 'quality,' as they called them, made them uneasy, when about to be brought into contact with one of them.

"At this moment Sir John was announced, by their awkward footman.

"The ladies rose and blushed, and their visitor having shook hands with Mrs. Manford, and bowed individually to the daughters, said—

"I must apologise, my dear Mrs. Manford, for having delayed your dinner, but, the fact is, my sister arrived at Vale-hall just as I was stepping into the carriage, and detained me for a short time.—But where is my friend, Mr. Manford?"

"Luckily, at this moment, our old friend,

Johnny Manford, was seen approaching from the factory, and in the excess of their good breeding, the three female Manfords rushed one and all from the room, no doubt to notify to John the presence of Sir John.

"When Manford made his appearance, he presented most of the traits we have noticed at an earlier period of his life; his person was indeed stouter, and his outward man improved. His countenance though still the same was yet different;—acquired importance, and intercourse with the busy world, had softened down some of its most prominent idiotic characteristics, but the expression remained in a great measure unaltered.

"There are few people who behave with any grace at dinner; whether the act of eating be in itself ungraceful, or whether the artificial restraints imposed on society, by the arbitrary goddess of fashion, make dinner an awkward meal, so most undoubtedly it is. If a man or woman sit down positively hungry, the case is improved, as the instinct of hunger proves an overmatch for factitious delicacy. On the present occasion, the truth of the foregoing axiom was strikingly illustrated, when all the parties, save John and Sir John, had already got 'something in their insides.'

"Talking not being an essential requisite, very little was said beyond an occasional remark from the baronet to his host. The young ladies handled their forks clumsily, and the lady-mother drank too much wine. After awhile this imbibition, joined to two stout glasses of brandy and water, which she had previously drank to keep up her appetite, made her eloquent in her hospitable attentions, and this, too, when her guest was becoming satisfied with his good cheer.

"Try another piece of duck, Sir John—it's one I fed myself—and plucked too—the servants tug and tear them so, I always dress 'em myself—let me help you, you see it's as brown as a berry, and as tender as marrow."

"Sir John courteously declined the proffered morsel.

"Taste another slice of lamb, then, Sir John; Jem Ward, the butcher, swore it was a real Downshire one, and put on a halfpenny a pound—I told him, that wasn't I expecting you, I'd have eaten nails, sooner than be done by him."

"Again Sir John bowed, and declined.

"Do take a bit more of the stewed tench," continued the indefatigable hostess, "it's a charming fish; I eat them myself since they cleared the pit of dead cats and dogs, that the factory lads had thrown in."

"And so on, through a well-filled table,—Mrs. Manford recommending each dish by some piquant remark of a similar nature to the above, and her guest as punctually declining.

"The meal, however, like other mundane troubles, had at last an end, and a choice and varied selection of early fruits was placed before them. The young ladies were more at ease in cracking nuts, and swallowing grapes, and in whispering their thoughts, as they sat gathered together in a close knot. Mrs. Manford, now in her altitudes, and with a face gloriously illuminated, amused her visitor with a spirited and graphic account of her house-

hold appurtenances; such as the number of her servants, the colours of her carpets, and various other highly interesting details. Sir John, who was a well-bred man, and a man of the world, listened very patiently to an amusing edition of Mrs. Malaprop, till John Manford, pulling out his watch, intimated to him that his time was nearly up, as he called it; and that he must be off to the mill shortly.

"The ladies on this hint withdrew, and the gentlemen were left to their wine and their business."

Turn we now to the companion picture.

2.—The Loom *versus* the Land, is the cry of the day; and certainly the loom is at present raised triumphantly above the lords of the soil, and all their ancient crests and heraldries. The author of the "*Chronicles of Waltham*," somehow, is not of that class of political economists which considers a man a better citizen, and more advanced in civilization when employed in making stay-laces or doll-eyes, or spinning cotton threads, than in causing loaves of bread to abound. Would it be too cruel a punishment, to condemn the political economists who have starved and destroyed our peasantry, and would exalt spinning jennies above the plough, to have nothing to eat for two or three days but doll-eyes and cotton-dust? perhaps they would find out at the end of that time, that it was a highly civilized action to produce a loaf of bread, and that people who grew it deserved to be paid for it, as well as the artisan whom Mr. Babbage contemplates with such rapturous enthusiasm, who made eyes to match vast warehouses full of dolls' arms and legs. Alas! Othello's occupation is gone! that useful, that gloriously employed manufacturer, the hero of Mr. Babbage's popular episode, may puff out his enamelling lamp, and go to plough,—Dutch dolls have superseded other dolls, and the demand for glass eyes is exceedingly curtailed. 'This is the fate of fancy buttons and buckles, and a thousand other fripperies produced by manufacturers, which, oddly enough, are exalted above their due worth by the present race of political economists, who are withal all utilitarians, and, strange to say, patronise the production of the most useless articles that the human creature can fancy that it needs. These gentry, when contemplating the cotton lace on a washerwoman's cap (for no other woman would wear such vile trumpery), exult and shout with joy that it costs only eightpence a yard, when formerly Mrs. Suds could not buy lace of that width for less than eight shillings. But supposing she only wore muslin borders, what then? No divine law would be violated, no natural bent of the human mind would be warped, if such a transition were to take place.

When God placed man in a garden to till and to dress it, he at once pointed out the

most noble, the most happy, and the most healthy occupation his creature could follow, even in a sinless and obedient state. The favourite dogma of political economists, that the cultivator of the earth is in a barbarous state, is therefore an unscriptural one. The vices, the ignorance of the tillers of the soil may brutify them, but not their occupation; for the highest intellects, from Virgil to Lord Bacon, have delighted in the cultivation of the earth: but, according to Messrs. Adam Smith and Babbage, the denizens of Paradise should have made buttons, and Bacon relaxed his mighty mind by weaving and tagging a gross of stay-laces. The author of the "*Chronicles of Waltham*" evidently believes his Bible, and with a masterly hand traces the causes of the present sufferings of our agricultural population, partly from the violent changes in the value of property and labour during the last fifty years, and partly from the dreadful state of demoralization the peasantry plunged into when labour was scarce, and character was not needed to obtain employment for man or woman. Crabbe startled and alarmed his country,

"by painting the cot

As Truth will paint it, and as hardy will not."

Three-fourths of his reviewers abused the poet for giving such horrid views of human nature; the rest were wise enough to compare his pictures with their originals, and found them true! And why should unclaimed, ignorant human creatures be a whit better than Crabbe and Gleig have painted them? Let those who neglect the religious education of the rising generation of infant Tom Overys, Mary Tapsals, Peter Grimes, or Dick Solleys, answer, if they can. The "*Chronicles of Waltham*" is a work of great importance in a moral light; it is likewise carried on with powerful ability:—the character of Charlotte, the overseer's daughter, is followed with breathless interest. Every page that is turned by the reader versed in country life, is found to contain some home truth or convincing reasoning. In this manner, the author details the annals of a village in Kent, from the commencement of the present century to the stack-burning era which began in 1828. It is one of those works that are destined to obtain a prodigious influence over public opinion.

The Church Review and Scottish Ecclesiastical Magazine. Nos. 1 & 2. Fraser and Co., Edinburgh; Smith, Elder, and Co. London.

Our worthy contemporary has taken the office of defender of, and periodical repository for the Church of Scotland. The papers seem well written, but being chiefly on subjects that we consider technical, neither our religious tenets or tone of employment

will permit us to discuss them more closely, than to observe, that they bear a tone of dignified tolerance, well becoming an Established Church. There is one paper, on Domestic Worship, which is written in a very beautiful spirit; it contains an assertion, alarming, we think, to society in general, and this is, that, from statistical inquiry, it is found that not more than one person out of eight attends public worship of any kind. If we were to pursue the inquiry, and ascertain what proportion of that eight were men, we doubt that it must be allowed that the lordly sex were in a very godless condition. We fear, moreover, that the devotional duties are not more numerously attended in England than in Scotland.

The Mascarenhas: a Legend of the Portuguese in India. 3 vols. By the author of the "Prediction." Smith, Elder, and Co.

Two years since we predicted that the author of the "Prediction" had resources of genius and information amply sufficient for the production of a highly-finished and beautiful romance. That prophesy has been fulfilled to the very letter, by the publication of the "Mascarenhas," which is, in good sooth, an historical romance of the first order. It is one of those works into whose minute discussion we can enter freely, without any fear of crushing the young shoots of talent by severely noting the faults ever pertaining more or less to inexperienced authorship. Where we find a mixture of talent and error, we often pat the heads of young authors with a general notice of encouragement, when critical analysis would be almost a cruelty. No such fear withholds us from the examination of such a second work as the present, where talent is perfected, and faults discerned and subdued by the good sense, good taste, and candid spirit of its author.

The choice of subject is boldly original, the adventurers of a Portuguese family of high rank at Goa are interwoven with the struggles between the Mahratta and Moslem dynasties in Hindostan. The time is the ascension of Aurungzebe to the Mogul throne. The characters are well sustained, and strikingly diversified; by means of close inquiry, and minute research into works relative to Hindu and Moslem manners and history, they act, speak, and think, in strict accordance with oriental costume. The scene between Aurungzebe and his vizier, and that between Seva and his uncle, the Prince Sevagi, are finely imagined, and executed with dramatic power, particularly the latter, which has not the clog of narrative, always dangerous when thrown into dialogue; yet the narration of Aurungzebe is both lively and charac-

teristic, and, therefore, not to be classed with the heavy specimens we often condemn in contemporary works. The portrait of the heroic Mahratta, Prince Sevagi, is the best we have seen in any work of fiction of the present year.

The story turns on the rescue of the Mahratta princess, Ailya, from the suttee-fire, by the Portuguese soldier, Xavier Mascarenhas. She is the sister of the brave Sevagi, and becomes the wife of her deliverer, and mother to Seva, who is the hero of the tale, in our estimation, at least. Ailya, who long adheres to the darkest idolatries of the Hindus, becomes estranged from her husband, and suffers voluntarily the severest deprivations of loss of high caste, to which her escape from the fiery pile has subjected her. Seva has been rescued from the power of Aurungzebe, and brought up with his uncle, the Mahratta sovereign. At last, worn with suffering, the Princess Ailya voluntarily offers herself as a victim to the pile she had escaped in her youth, thereby removing a family reproach from her brother, the heroic Sevagi, and saving her son, then under condemnation through a false accusation. The development of this scene affords a good specimen of the work; though it is far from the best, it is most easily detached, and therefore best suits our limits as an extract. Sevagi is remonstrating with the intolerant Brahmins, who demur at admitting the poor victim into the presence of their demoniac idol, Kali:—

"The Princess Ailya hath been accounted purified, her voluntary expiation accepted, her stain effaced:—is the daughter of a hundred kings who, by this night's sacrifice, becomes the deified companion of immortals, unworthy to stand within the temple her ancestors erected? to bend before the altar her ancestors enriched? By the spirits of Kedarnath, she shall walk through this temple to her throne of fire! the deities who witnessed her expulsion shall behold her curse reversed! by your voices shall she be degraded to the vile; by your voices shall she be raised to the most high, and the self-existent shall receive her uncontaminated!"

"The Suttie hath too long put off atonement, hath been inexpably defiled," exclaimed the pandaram; "she dies to avert calamity, not to win back her forfeit caste."

"She hath omitted the customary pomp and offerings, refused to follow the usual ceremonies," chimed in the priestly satellites.

"Her body must revert to its original elements, her spirit become purified by ten avatars, before she can witness the unveiled glories of the wonderful," resumed the pandaram.

"Then by the mighty powers to whom I consecrate my sword and battle-axe, she shall not burn!" exclaimed the raja—"Is Sevagi to light a Chandala's funeral pile! No, by the undying lamp! I have sworn it!—Sevagi!"

"The priests fell back amazed."

"I will appeal to the pandaram of Jagannath, continued the raja; 'let him pronounce upon

this question. I ransom the tribute due from the Suttie with jewels from her father's treasury.' He beckoned to his gift-bearers, and throwing off the cloth of gold which covered a diamond-studded shield, he pointed to a suit of gems—the plundered regalia of a Patan emperor;—a coronet, crescent, throat-collar, and girdle of precious stones, a scimitar and kanjar, the hafts of which were thickly studded with the same rich baubles.—'These,' he continued, 'shall be the offering of Ailya when restored to that rank never forfeited by her own free act, or they shall be consumed with your princely effigy, instead of her you reprobate. Choose—I am not used to waver, still less to flinch.'

"On you alone be the punishment of rashness," exclaimed the Brahmin; "we would have spared the Prince of Concan this exposure—you uncover your own disgrace. What penance or oblation shall purify the mansion of the gods?—Let the outcast cross the sacred threshold."

"Let the Princess Ailya be conducted hither," said Sevagi; "should her bearers consider themselves polluted by her touch she will advance alone, and claim the restoration of her high sectarian mark. The daughter of Shaw-gi needs no supporter."

"Prostrate ye!" exclaimed the Brahmin, waving his arms towards the assembly; "prostrate ye, to avert long-threatened vengeance; the inauspicious hour approaches—prostrate ye!"

"The terrified crowd instantly fell with their faces to the earth, muttering the holy syllable* which invokes the consubstantiate forms of the Trimurti. When they arose, all eyes were attracted by a figure wrapped in a veil, or rather shroud, standing between the grim silence-keepers of the portal."

"Fear you to approach the altar of the crime-avenger?" exclaimed the pandaram;—"fear you the inaccessible, whose hand is filled with thunders!—Then are you unfit to wear upon your brow the stamp which opens Indra's gates in the regenerate!"

"There was no indication of consciousness to this adjurement in the denounced."

"Approach," resumed the holy invocator, "approach, and make the votive offering which will redeem from unexampled sin!"

"Attention was fixed to catch the rustle of the long, white, funeral garb, the faintest mark of reverence or sign of life, but the form seemed pulseless."

"Daughter of my father," said the raja—"Ailya!"

"The outcast tottered forward: no hand was reached to aid her weak, uncertain step—she fell."

"Touch her not!" exclaimed the pandaram, arresting the raja, "let her call upon the mighty ones for aid, the gods she hath rejected!"

"Ailya tried to rise; a faintly-moaned ejaculation was distinguishable—"Sevagi!"—In a moment she was lifted up, and supported to the shrine by an arm few would have dared oppose.—"Courage, Ailya!" whispered the raja, "it is the trial of heroism: victory and immortality

crown the self-devoted; death hovers but an hour; would Ailya live dishonoured!"

"The doomed one is prepared," she murmured; "have I saved my child?"

"Unveil the shrine," cried Sevagi, authoritatively, "the Suttie makes her voluntary offering; she ascends to Indra's throne unspotted."

"The curtain of the shrine sprang back, apparently untouched, and the gigantic personation of the Indian Ilcate, black and mis-shapen, wreathed with snakes, garlanded with skulls of gold, her eyes two lamps of flame, her distended mouth studded with prominent fangs, her glittering robe tinged with the dye of sacrifice, brandishing in quadrupled hands tremendous instruments of torture, and trampling on a human skeleton, was suddenly revealed. A faint cry echoed through the temple: it was not uttered by the Chandala: at sight of the huge idol, Ailya seemed restored, and while all around were prostrate to the demon-queen, she half raised her veil, and calmly looked upon this object of her early reverence. The devotees arose: Ailya was still unbenumbed before the image."

"The Suttie is lost in adoration," cried Bastamia; "her homage and her offering are forgotten. Bend to the shrine!"

"It is the death-hour," said Ailya, meekly; "it is the death-hour! spare me in that, Bastamia!"

"Advance," exclaimed the pandaram; "suspend thy votive gift; receive the taint-erasing symbol, and adore the vast one: thy crimes are, then, remitted."

"Ailya knelt, and raised her hands and eyes devoutly; but the supplicating look was not directed to the grim scull-chaplet wearer. The priest impatiently flung back the cowl which hid the votress, and exposed a face beautifully moulded, but so deadly pale, so free from vital tint or vital semblance, that for a moment it was thought the flames were cheated of their victim, and that the large, dark, lustreless eyes, cast upwards, were for ever fixed. The forehead of the outcast was covered with a linen fillet; a chaplet of beads, half hidden by her drapery, was hung around her neck: one hand was pressed against her bosom, the other was extended to the power she silently evoked."

"Your chaplet bears the image of our creative, avenging, or preserving deity," said the pontiff; "display the symbol."

"Ailya shrank from her gloomy judge, pressed her hand tighter on her drapery, and looked imploringly at Sevagi—"Is my child safe?—king—brother—is my child safe? Will my death release him—is he free?—Will you protect him?—Oh Sevagi! they have hunted his mother like the savage beast! I will die—joyfully—I will ascend the pile myself—the daughter of Shaw-gi shall not require support—promise!—she cast herself forward, clasping the raja's knees."

"I swear! I have sworn!" cried Sevagi, "your son hath a charmed life among my people—who strikes the alien dies!—A Bonslah's oath is like the pillar of his fame—imperishable!"

"Now I am prepared," said Ailya, slowly rising: she staggered, and caught her brother's arm for support. The glare of light above the

* "Aum" or "om."

idol fell upon her features; in death they could not wear a stamp more livid—"Sevagi," she murmured, "Sevagi, you shall not light the pile, you shall not be your sister's executioner! they have secured their sacrifice."—With sudden energy she turned to the Brahmins—"Ye wish to see the symbol of my faith?—The loose sleeve of the outcast fell back as she held up an ebony cross, suspended from the chaplet.

"Wrath, for a moment, was mastered by a thrill of amazement at the miraculous hardihood which thus elevated the Christian's emblem before the monstrous type of Pagan adoration; it would seem that Sevagi had not power to shake off his sister's grasp: he looked at the cross with the unblinking gaze of one who watches the movement of the snakes in whose coils he is already bound.

"To the pile! to the pile! drag her to the pile!" exclaimed the gaunt fanatics, rushing forward. The pandaram waved them off—"We sentence her, first, to the punishment which shall fetter her for countless years."—He turned to the Chandala. "The thunder-scars of Indra shall be, henceforward, thy sectarian mark; through the infinite cycle of revolving time thou shalt suffer abject transmigration; re-born in vipers, thou shalt crawl in the loathsomeness of reptile deformity: thou shalt—"

"Mercy!" exclaimed a voice; "mercy! mercy!"

"The imprecation was suspended; an ethereal looking creature stood beside the Chandala: so sudden and so flashing had been her transit from whatever sphere she had left, that whether she had sprung from the rock-roof, the gemmed pavement, or the snake-girded brow of the black goddess, could not be divined; and even Basamia looked fixedly at the pure and lovely being standing like Heaven's mediator between the judge and the denounced, before she had decided, it was Zemani, and not the protecting genius of the unfortunate Ailya.

"It is the ranee," she cried, "the Princess Zemani! save her from the outcast's touch!—Zemani!"

"But Zemani's arms were already twined around the Chandala: it was her Seva's mother the young enthusiast supported, if not her own! compassion was more powerful than fear; her veneration for her Hindoo guides had vanished when their worship was revealed; she wiped off the cold dews which gathered on the forehead of the dying Christian; she kissed her lips.

"Spirit, blessed spirit!" murmured Ailya, fixing her dim eyes upon the seraph-face:—"come you from him who hears the silent and the dumb!—Am I accepted?—May I trust in this?"

"She held up the cross.

"Visit my son: tell him the God I ignorantly worshipped has been revealed!"

We find great poetic beauty in the language of many passages of this romance: we mistake greatly if Mrs. Steward is not a true poet. Her forte is the lofty, the tragic, and agitating conflicts of passion: where most of the writers we review fail, producing only forced and fustian effect, she is at home and at her ease. We exceedingly approve of Korraly and her hus-

band, the date-merchant, in the first volume; but their agency, perhaps, breaks in too much into those scenes where Mrs. Steward's more lofty talents are in exercise. There are few of our authors whom we should recommend to forsake the delineation of lively and familiar scenes and characters, for the stern and sublime creations of the imagination; but in this magic circle Mrs. Steward may fearlessly venture: high historic romance is the true home of her genius; it ought to enter no other. In this department of literature is not at present comprehended all that we possess of the spirit of epic poetry and the drama? These higher productions of genius are in our times embodied in historical romance, and not to be found in any publication expressly devoted to them.

Letters from Brussels in 1835. By Mrs. A. THOROLD.

As a guide book, this volume is calculated to be very useful to ladies who visit, or are about to be resident in Brussels: there is an attention to their little wants and luxuries, for which we may in vain look in any work written by a man. A large portion is occupied by the translation of Martin's work on flowers, in which we find a great deal of sentiment, mixed with some information. The character of Mrs. A. Thorold's work wants energy; but in the very feebleness that pervades its pages, there is something interesting and softly feminine.

A Day in the Woods. By THOMAS MILLER, Basket-maker, author of "Songs of the Sea-Nymphs," &c. Smith, Elder, and Co.

Of all the poets that have been drawn from obscurity by the generous aid of a contemporary, Thomas Miller surely needs least the deprecating apology that pleads forbearance from critics, and claims allowance to be made for him as an untaught artisan. Even if his hands have been employed in weaving "wicker arks," as Herriek calls his picturesque ware, his head must have been equally busy in the arrangement of words, for he has obtained a command of his native language, and ease in its application, that many a school-taught grammarian finds it impossible to attain. We did not wonder at his genius, but we marvelled at the correct elegance of his diction, both in prose and poetry, till a passage in his modest account of himself threw some light on this matter:—

"Many portions of the volume were written amid the fatigue and exertion consequent upon several hours' daily perambulation in the streets of the metropolis, in unsuccessful endeavours to dispose of his baskets; when his spirit was subdued by poverty and disappointment, when

even hope had deserted his dwelling, and despair sat brooding by his hearth.

"He had, long before this, been an adventurer on the uncertain sea of literature; but the periodical skills in which he embarked had, many of them, been wrecked; and he was cast upon a desolate shore, on which grew a few osiers; and by clinging to these, and weaving them together, he was just saved from the returning waves, which have devoured numbers of his struggling companions.

"He then took refuge in one of those silent alleys, of which there is no lack in 'busy London,' where hearts break daily, whose deep feelings are wholly unknown to the gay and prosperous,—where many a tear gushes forth unheeded, and many a sigh is breathed, which finds not an echo beyond the desolate dwelling of the sufferer.

"It was amid such scenes as these, that the Editor of the 'Friendship's Offering,' whose attention had been excited by a passage in a letter of the author's, which happened to be read in his presence, sought him out; and, after the perusal of one or two of the poems which are reprinted in this volume, deeming him worthy of a better fate, essayed, through the medium of the annual alluded to, to drag him from his obscurity. How far that gentleman was justified in the attempt is not a subject for discussion here; but if he has erred, it must be some consolation to him, as it assuredly is to the author, to know that many whose names stand high in the literature of England have erred with him."

We learn from this passage that he had produced the polish of style we have alluded to, by his endeavours to deserve a place as contributor to various periodicals, the only sure ground for literary improvement, seeing that the efforts of the aspirant must pass the ordeal of a professional critic in the person of an editor. This probation we see at last led him to attract the notice of the generous-minded editor of "Friendship's Offering," who equally did his duty at the discriminating purveyor for an elegant annual, and as a christianman who holds out his hand to a struggler among the rough waves of existence. Whether we consider him as a man of taste, or a man of feeling, we say the editor intended well.

We noticed Miller's poetry in the only annual that has claims this year to poetic distinction. Our readers will remember our quotations and criticism in the review of "Friendship's Offering." In the present volume our poet shows considerable merit as a prose essayist. His sketches of summer scenery in the English woodlands abound with fine painting from nature, he is, indeed, a graphic forest painter, and a Gainsborough in type. Here is an extract that would not disgrace Washington Irving:—

"Here Maria looked lovingly into the poet's face, and that look—But stoop; for we are now amongst the trees, and threading our way

into the heart of the wood. Seem we not to have a green sky above, and the same-bued earth beneath, or rather to be placed in the centre of a green world? But this is the 'leafy month of June,' and summer is arrayed in all her bewitching loveliness. Where shall we seat ourselves? Not under that lady birch, that rises above the beautiful hazels, like a delicate-limbed girl, slender, but handsome; no, its foliage is too thin. Have an eye to your snowy kirtles, ye laughing lasses, for these wildwood briers are the watching dragons that yet guard these sacred groves! Shall we sit beneath that linden-tree? Nay, I have made no mistake; that which Maria now passes is a maple, although their leaves are so much alike, as not to be easily distinguished by an inexperienced eye. How can you pass by those two beautiful beeches? They are the loveliest trees that adorn the forest:—look at their glossy bark, their polished foliage, and the graceful falling of their branches! Besides, there is a profusion of summer-flowers scattered at their feet: we may journey farther, and not find such another retreat. What a princely elm! It makes one's neck ache to look up at its lofty head! Bough above bough rises or falls,—jutting and bending into all forms, and covered with countless thousands of those rich leaves with which our more frugal ancestors fed their cattle. What would our old country manor-houses look without their avenues of elms, by which they are screened from the cold winds? Nothing. Besides, when we are once beneath an avenue of elms, we feel the solemn light that sleeps upon the old carriage-path, and know that such ways should alone lead to the abodes of wealthy men. Manor-houses and elm-shaded roads seem linked with the mighty men of England. They have dwelt and should dwell in such scenes.

"An ash is a noble tree, and pleasing to gaze upon when in the bloom of verdure; with its heavy bundles of keys drooping below the leaves, and turning their strong edges to the light. That small one, between the proud pollard and broad sycamore, is a mountain-ash, which was well known to our forefathers, and is yet treasured by our old grandams as a preventive against witchcraft.

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"'Hollo, hollo!'—We are called! Come, Charlotte and Catherine,—like bad hounds, we are last in the chase. Come now, leap over this brook: 'twas along this bank that the sound came;—stoop, my dear girls, the trees never wore bonnets! Yonder they are, seated in a natural bower, which, as Spenser beautifully says, 'is of the trees' own inclination made.' Depend upon it, this spot has been visited before, and I have no doubt was first discovered by our poet. It is overhung by the goodliest oak we have yet seen in the wood! And then to be within sight of the brook, and as it were before a glade, backed with hazels, and decorated with wild woodbines! And this carpet of grass; where will you find such another delicate green, so refreshing, and smooth? No sweeping scythe has been here. What better labour than this could a wood-nymph wish for, where she might rest her white limbs, and braid her soft hair, that had

been ruffled in the chase? Observe that fairy of a bird making for the top of yon high oak; saw ye not its rich burnished helmet as it glided away like a yellow butterfly, or a sovereign with wings? That is the golden-crowned-wren, the smallest bird we have that can properly be called English; for when others have migrated to sunnier climes to avoid the cutting cold of winter, this remains. Little can be said of its singing, so low are its notes. See our kettle is swinging under three newly-cut stakes, gipsy-like, and *Jemima* is down on her knees blowing the fire! Well we are to breakfast in the wood, and that large black beetle has already mounted the white table-cloth, which *Maria* hath just spread upon the velvet sward, and stands as if waiting for his share of our repast. Fire is beautiful, even in a wood. How the blue smoke rises above the tall trees, column-like, as if the wind had no power to disperse its wreaths until far beyond the highest branches!

* * * * *

"But breakfast is set out in the wood, and our pastor hath invoked a blessing, and now we will partake of the best that our village can furnish. We had our water from the brook, as pure and sweet as ever gushed from the hill side; and no monarch could be regaled with richer strains of music,—it seemed as if the whole forest had mustered its band of birds; and to complete our picture, some one hath brought the old woodman, and he is seated in his russet gaiters, on the right of our philosopher. That china cup and saucer appear not at home in those hands which are accustomed to wield the axe.

"Kings may be blest, but we are glorious."

SONNET TO SUMMER.

Maiden! with sun-dyed locks, and brow of flowers,

O! how I love thy laughing eyes to see!

Sweet-breathing summer! thou art dear to me.

What bliss to sit within thy leaf-roofed bowers,
And list the sleep-voiced bee, or patting showers,

Dropping on fragrant rose, or green-robed tree!

Wood-waking birds seem made alone for thee,
To welcome in the violet-captured hours.

The clouds above roll like soft forms of light,
And gold-steeped valleys sleep beneath thy rays;

While basking hills pillow thine image bright;

Deep brooks shine clearer 'neath thy skiey gaze,

And glide along in music through the night,
Singing for aye, with liquid tongues, thy praise.

The account of the old pike that was drawn out of the Abbey pond is highly curious.

The beautiful poem of the "Old English Wood," imagined in the times when Britain was "in the bush," and wolves and others rife in the land has peculiar charms for us; but as we have already roamed the woodland with our poet, we will change the picture, and show a good piece of anti-

quarian portraiture in the "Old English Baron :"—

"High on a leaf-carved ancient oaken chair,

The Norman baron sat within his hall,

Wearied with a long chase by wold and mere :
His hunting-spear was reared against the wall;

Upon the hearth-stone a large wood-fire blazed,
Crackled, or smoked, or hissed, as the green boughs were raised.

"Above an arched and iron-studded door,

The grim escutcheon's rude devices stood ;

On each side reared a black and grisly boar,
With hearts and daggers graved on grounds of blood.

And deep-dyed gales, o'er which plumed helmets frown ;

Beneath this motto ran—'Beware, I trample down.'

"Above, around, were suits of armour placed,
And shields triangular, with the wild boar's head ;

Arrows, and bows, and swords, the rafters graced,
And red-deer antlers their wide branches spread ;

A rough wolf's-hide was nailed upon the wall,
Its white teeth grinning stern, as when it first did fall.

"An angel lamp from the carved ceiling hung,
Its outstretched wings the flaming oil contained ;

While its long figure in the wide hall swung,
Blackening the roof to which its arms were chained ;

The iron air fell backward like a veil,—
The dropping chains, wind-shook, made a low mournful wail.

"The heavy arras fluttered in the wind,

That through the grated windows sweeping came,

And in its foldings glittered hart, and hind,
And hawk, and horse, and bound, and kirtled dame,

Moved on the curtained waves, then sank in slude,

Just as the fitful wind along the arras played.

"On the oak table, filled with blood-red wine,

A silver cup of quaint engraving stood,

On which a thin-limbed stag of old design,

Chased by six long-eared dogs, made to a wood :

Sounding his horn, a huntsman stood in view.

Whose swollen cheeks upraised the silver as he blew.

"At the old baron's feet a wolf-dog lay,

Watching his features with unflinching eye ;

An aged minstrel whose long locks were grey,

On an old harp his withered hands did try ;

A crimson banner's rustling folds hung low,
And threw a rosy light upon his wrinkled brow."

Before we take leave of Miller, we must give him a friendly admonition to avoid carelessly following precedent in other authors, for the most celebrated will often betray him into error. His own observation on facts will make his best guide,

even in the composition of fiction. We have been led to this exordium by recollecting that the only glaring fault we have found in this volume, he has been led into by the example of an incident in the "Vicar of Wakefield," where Olivia is discovered to be the legal wife of Thornhill by means of a real clergyman performing the ceremony unknown to the seducer. Such an incident in the times of Goldsmith was not only possible but extremely probable, as the marriage law remained nearly similar to that of the Catholic church, permitting marriages to be performed at any time or place. The abuses through the facility of marriage at the Fleet and other Gretna-greens of the metropolis, occasioned the English legislature, in the middle of the last century, to environ the marriage ceremony, with all the difficulties and delays that surround it at the present time: therefore the incident in the tale of "Helen Bell" is an obsolete one, impossible in the present days, when every child in the country knows that people can only be married at church and at particular hours, a real clergyman without these accompaniments of time and place would make a marriage still less legal than a false one with them. No country girl is so ignorant as Susan on this important point of marriage. We cannot allow the supposition that her ignorance is assumed for the purpose of deceiving her friends: this is not the case, by the tenor of the tale, the fault arises from the incident having been taken from a classic precedent. Meantime, however carelessly the denouement and arrangement of this tale may be constructed, it possesses considerable indications of talent: there is also to be found the grand desideratum—character, and likewise ease and nature in the dialogue. The eye cleaves to the pages; if interrupted, the reader's thoughts return to it again. The Lincolnshire peasants and their provincialisms are well done. The idiot Jack Wap, we are sure, was copied from the life. The freeholder Walter Cressy, we will answer, had likewise an original; but as for his repentance and future good conduct, that is romance and not history, a profligate tired of his ways might repent out of mere selfishness, but so detestable a cheat must always have remained a loathsome reptile.

As this tale is evidently a trial of strength in future composition, we have taken some pains in pointing out the errors as well as the beauties of its construction. We would likewise warn our author to be cautious of making too frequent use of mythological allusion in poem or essay. This practice is dangerous even to authors whose education has been imbued with classic lore. It is true that Keats, Shelley, and Byron, occasionally use this imagery successfully;

but if we trace the reason why it is not as faded and wearying in their hands as in those of Pope, Thomson, or Lyttleton, we shall find that it arises wholly from the intimate and personal knowledge our contemporaries had of the present state of the countries which were the homes and birth-places of the divinities of classic song. Byron and Shelley at least joined curious local knowledge with profound research. Let us then leave Venus to the discussion of those who voyage among the Cyclades, and Parnassus and Latmos to the gents who have risked their necks in scrambling up and down those mountains. There are few districts in England whose local traditions will not furnish Thomas Miller with a more picturesque set of supernaturals than the gods of Greeks or Romans. We now leave our "struggling" author and poet in the hands of those who know how to appreciate and reward talent.

A Tour round Ireland. By JOHN BARROW, author of "Excursions in the North," &c. &c. Murray.

Mr. Barrow in this work has written a great deal that is entertaining and meritorious; it would indeed be difficult for a writer of his capability and easy acquaintance with the pen to do otherwise, but our critical taste will not allow us to say that he has equalled his former productions. He has certainly surpassed Inglis and most other *surface* tourists, yet we feel he is not on ground congenial to his peculiar talents as an author. Barrow is a pioneer traveller, bold and adventurous: he is more at home scrambling up the sides of the Norway mountains, or peeping into a boiling fountain, than dandifying in Londonderry or Belfast. He has become rather vain too, as we detect a passage with some coxcomby in it: when speaking of a swinging bridge of ropes, difficult and somewhat dangerous to cross, he declares, "It was said that lady visitors had frequently passed it, of which I have not the least doubt; for where man dares to venture, they seldom hesitate to follow."

Really, Mr. Barrow, we shall banish you forthwith to the Uralian mountains, or Nootka Sound, or Switzbergen, or Hudson's Bay, if you continue to make such observations on civilised ladies. So, because you have drawn rather a good-looking picture of yourself perched on an Irish jaunting car, in strong contrast with an unfortunate fright of a bog-trotter, you think you are to be followed truly! Now we wish that some bright-eyed Irish Beatrice may convert your heart to a perfect piece of tinder, that her image may haunt you up mountain and

down dale to the ends of the earth, whithersoever you may wander for seven years, and at the end of that time, when you are feeling alarm at being an old bachelor, she may take leave of you with a demure curtsy, and marry some one else, just to make an example of one of the perverse sex, who fancy that when ladies wish to look at a nice old castle, with plenty of ghosts and dungeons in it, they have no object in view but following men, indeed! Very pretty of Mr. Barrow.

Our author disclaims all political interference in his preface; yet we think he is rather too much of an Orange partisan to be an unfettered delineator of Ireland as it is. He is too good-natured and well-principled to make a malignant party man; yet, whoever is as partial as he is to one side of the question, must travel through Ireland with a predisposition to view all things in a particular light, or, at least, to shut his eyes to many matters and their true causes that grieve a benevolent heart. Had we found him a bigoted champion on the O'Connor side of the question, we should equally have remonstrated with him: as it is, his book feels the influence of silence on one side, and prejudice on the other; his natural fire is abated, and he keeps to generalities and common-place statements. Ireland, we repeat, is not his proper ground: a person ought to have no noble friends, no local connexions in the island, either on one side of politics or on the other, who writes on Ireland. Situated as Mr. Barrow is, it is as awkward a task to write a tour through Ireland, as to write the biography of a living person with whom one is acquainted. We find too much artificial writing in this tour, and regret that Barrow has not bestowed his time and attention in collecting a greater number of such valuable realities as the following, which are more in the style of his former books, than of his present volume:—

"But the most extraordinary discovery yet made, in digging deep into a bog, is that (which I alluded to in a former letter) of an ancient structure of wood dug out of Drunkelin bog, in the parish of Laver, on the northern coast of Donegal Bay; so ancient, indeed, as to lead to the conclusion that, at the date of erecting the building, the use of iron was unknown to the natives. The discovery was made in June, 1833, by James Kilpatrick, when searching for bog-timber. This process is performed by probing the bog with long iron rods, varying in length from eight to fifteen feet. The description is given by Captain Mudge, of the royal navy, who is employed in surveying that part of the coast, and who was an eye-witness of all that he describes, the details of which were sent to the Society of Antiquaries, and will, I presume, be published in the 'Archæologia.'

"The upper part of the house was only four feet below the present surface of the bog; but as successive layers of peat had been taken off

for forty years, and comparing it with the neighbouring surface which had not been removed, Captain Mudge thinks that the depth of the roof may be taken at sixteen feet. The whole frame-work was so firmly put together, that it required the use of a crow-bar to tear it asunder. The roof was quite flat, composed of broad oak planks, from one and a half to three inches thick, which had evidently been split with wedges from solid blocks, the fibres being torn, and remaining as rough as common laths. The edges bore the round form of the tree, being untrimmed in any manner. The seams appeared to be filled up with a cement of grease and fine sea-sand, which was the case with the seams of the planking of the floor. The house was twelve feet square by nine feet high, formed of rough blocks and planks. It was divided into two apartments by a second floor, at about the half-way of its height, each room being four feet high in the clear. The fabric rested on a bed or layer of fine sand, thickly spread on the surface of the bog, which continues to the depth of fifteen feet below the foundation of the structure, as was ascertained by probing with an iron rod.

"The frame-work was made of oak logs; the main sleepers, resting on the sand, were of a whole tree split in two, and the round part upwards; when put together they measured twenty-three inches in diameter, and supposing the four from the same tree, as they appeared to be, were twenty four feet long. Into these the upright posts of the frame were mortised. These mortices were rudely cut, or rather bruised, with some kind of blunt instrument; and there seemed to be little doubt that a stone chisel, found on the floor of the house, was the identical tool with which the mortices were made. Captain Mudge says, 'By comparing the chisel with the cuts and marks of the tool used in forming the mortices and grooves, I found it to correspond exactly with them, even to the slight curved surface of the chisel. A second stone, larger than the former, was also found on the floor, which, being ground at one end to an edge, was probably used as a wedge for splitting the timber. It is said to be of quartz.' I have seen this chisel, which appears to be of fine, close-grained, black basalt. The outside planks, which formed the sides, were laid edgewise on each other, the lowest one being inserted in a groove of the sleepers. One whole side, supposed to be the front of the house, was left entirely open.

"Some ingenuity appears to have been displayed in putting this rude fabric together, by means of mortices and stone-wedges, to keep them tight, and prevent shaking. The floor alone was unmortised, but each plank being from four to six inches thick, split out of solid trees, their own weight was almost sufficient to keep them steady; and they were, besides, jammed into the frame. Besides the two stones above-mentioned, there was a flat freestone slab, three feet by one, and two inches thick, having a hollow in the middle, about three-quarters of an inch deep. It was presumed to be a sort of deposit for nuts, a large quantity of whole and broken ones being found on the spot; and several round shingle stones strewn about, were supposed to have been used to crack them.

"On digging a drain to carry off the water,

which soon supplied the vacant space occasioned by the removal of the house, a paved road, or pathway, was opened out to the distance of fourteen yards; at the end of which was a hearthstone, composed of flat freestone slabs, and about three feet square covered with ashes and charcoal; and close to it were about three or four bushels of half-burnt charcoal, and nut-shells in great quantities, most of them broken, and some of them charred. There were also several blocks of wood, and pieces of bog-turf, partly burned.

"By sinking the drain about six feet, a course of stones was found, like a pavement, resting on a bed of birch and hazel-wood bushes, the interstices of the stones filled up with fine sea-sand, such as is now seen in Donegal Bay, about two miles from the spot, from whence also the shingle-stones had been brought; and the freestone slabs were exactly such as are quarried at this day within a mile of the place. The bark of the birch and hazel appeared as fresh as if the trees had but just been cut down; and the colour of the wood was unchanged, but it was as soft as a cabbage-stalk. All the oak was as sound as that which is every day dug out of the neighbouring bogs.

"On a subsequent visit, Captain Mudge discovered two thick oak planks, with a mortice in each, which he thinks were for the uprights of a doorway leading to the passage; and from the number of ends of large oak logs seen in the sides of the section of the drain, he is of opinion that they belong to some other building, and that the one uncovered was only for a sleeping-place. When we consider that stumps of trees were standing, and their roots exposed on the same level of the bog on which the foundation of the house rests, similar in all respects to the timbers thereof, and that the bog has been probed to the depth of fifteen feet, we are carried back to a period of time to which the memory of man—we may perhaps say the history of man—does not extend; and the conjecture of Captain Mudge is not improbable, 'that some sudden and overwhelming calamity had buried all in one ruin.' May not that calamity have been occasioned by the flowing of some neighbouring bog over that on which the house was built?"

There is a droll passage descriptive of Mr. Barrow's journey to Castlebar, which we think will amuse our readers as much as ourselves:—

"When all seemed ready, I mounted the cart, with a feeling that I looked very much like one of those gentry who formerly used to take a morning's drive to Tyburn in some such vehicle, though I was not like them, 'loth to depart.' But the landlady, who I have already hinted, dealt largely in groceries, having numerous commissions to be performed in Castlebar, called the driver into the shop to give her directions, in which she seemed to be so much interested, as entirely to forget all about me. At last we got under way, and there I sat

'Aloft in awful state,'

to the evident amazement of a gentleman who happened to be at Swineford, at the inn hard by, collecting his rents.

"The country I had now to pass over began

to put on a more favourable aspect; the cabins were decidedly of a better description; the land was mostly under cultivation, but in some parts—indeed, generally speaking—appeared very poor. We travelled on slowly and steadily at the rate of three or four miles an hour; and I beguiled the time by conversing familiarly with my driver, who I found had seen something of the world, and had been more than once as far as London in the capacity of a pig-driver. He told me that forty pigs was the most he had at one time escorted, but that he once chaperoned only twenty, which just paid his expenses, but did not leave him much profit. Forty, he said, paid handsomely. Thus we jogged on; and you may well imagine the joy I felt on first obtaining a view of Castlebar, which is seen on this road at some distance. It happened to be market-day, and we overtook a great number of parties hurrying into the town. The driver met with an acquaintance on the road, who, with my permission, was accommodated to a seat in the cart. On approaching the town, the pig-driver and his friend dismounted, and of course I followed the example, not only to relieve the poor horse, who seemed to be little used to perform so long a journey, but also to escape from the foolish figure I was conscious of cutting on such a vehicle, by being dragged up the long street which runs through the heart of the town, and which was literally crowded from one end to the other. The pig-merchant's friend, however, hinted to me, that it would gratify the poor fellow very much to have the honour of driving me in his car through the town, which would give him some importance in the eyes of his countrymen. Of course there was no withstanding this, and I for once consented to sit in state and be gazed at, wrapped up in my cloak, for it was, as usual, a showery day, and looking for all the world like a wounded soldier in a baggage-cart. I proceeded about halfway up the crowded street, through which we had to force our passage, and then, without saying one word, scrambled out, and walked the remainder of the distance to the inn, which is situated at the top of the street. Having finished my luncheon, and taken an affectionate farewell of the pig-driver, I found a coach just preparing to start for Westport, on which I secured a place."

We find a good wood-cut accompanying this passage, indeed, we cannot dismiss the work without bestowing a word of commendation on the illustrations; the comic cuts are full of character, that which we have named is the best.

The Pilgrim, and other Poems. Hurst.

We are usually accustomed to find, in the volumes published by youthful poets, that the merit of the smaller pieces outweighs that of the larger poems. The present collection reverses that rule; for we certainly admire the commencing poem of two cantos far beyond the smaller ones; at least, than those published in this volume. Nevertheless, we have met in our pages poems by the same author superior to any we can find here, with the exception of the "Pilgrim;" the polish and finish of this poem is surprising for a boy of sixteen. We are fearful

of praising him, lest, with the vanity incidental to youth, he should rest on his oars, and cease striving for improvement. If Lord Byron had not met with savage critics, when he published a volume of the same kind in his boyhood, the splendid powers of his genius would not, perhaps, have been fully developed; although, to be sure, at the same time, serpent passions were roused into action, that stung him till his early death. We hope the reflective and religious cast of Pelikar's poetry will preserve his mind from the thousand agonies which poets are heir to. A young man destined to the church, could scarcely enter life with more favourable symptoms than are to be found in the cast of writing appertaining to this volume. We are not aware that such is his destination; yet the ministry is almost the only path in life consistent with the refinement of nerve and mind which could produce such a poem as the "Pilgrim," at sixteen. We have seen a fine instance of this harmony of profession and pursuit in the Rev. Mr. Dale; we almost shudder for the collisions that such a delicately-organized brain would meet with during its progress in a more worldly path. The poem of the Pilgrim is descriptive of the various stations and spots that a Christian traveller would naturally visit at that birth-place of our religion. The following verses, which we extract as a specimen, will show that this subject is handled in a manner worthy of poets of greater age and pretence:—

"Thus, when the bands of Godfrey from the hill
First viewed the walls of Salem pierce the sky,
Each tongue was mute, each ardent troop was still:

Oppressed with awe, they marked her bulwarks high;

The trumpet ceased the chieftain's heart to thrill—

And, lo! no more the blazoned banners fly—
No standards wave the spreading ranks among—
The cross alone is seen amid the throng!

"On to the fight! your blood-red ensigns rear,
Crusaders! Now redeem your solemn vow,
The shrine is won—the wished-for tomb is near—

See in the air the mosque's gay turrets glow!
Oh, shall the False One's temples glitter here!
'God wills it'—on—your former valour show;

'God wills it'—on—let every street resound,
Your war-cry loud each caverned roof rebound."

Among the smaller poems, we like best that commencing, "Ye stars, ye lovely stars:"—there is great elegance of language and thought in those stanzas; they possess, however, more poetical beauty than natural philosophy. When Pelikar's genius is matured, he will learn how to unite suitably to both, and to search after that close individuality of thought, that condenses power of description into a small compass

of easy and harmonious verse. This is the task we set him, and we hope soon to see the happy effects of our advice in our own pages. If the encouragement we give to young authors, authoresses, and poets, by inserting their verses, causes them to bring out volumes before the public, they must strive to justify our preference by constant efforts for improvement. Pelikar is in advance of another effort of youthful talent, in the persons of the accomplished daughters of the Right Honourable and Reverend Lord Francis Beauclerk: we see already a volume by them, entitled "Tales of Fashion and Reality."

Pelikar is, we see, fortunate enough to have a numerous host of private friends, subscribers to his work, which speaks well of his reputed talent. Many a sorrower would be found to agree with our poet in the following sentiments:—

"Oh, if it were true, as is feigned by the poet,
That there is a stream where oblivion is found—

If such power existed, oh, who would forego it?
What crowds would not always its waters surround!

"For how sweet it would be, when afflictions oppress us,

To forget them, and live just as free as before;
To fly to those streams which have power to bless us,

And cast in their depths all the burden we bore.

"Not then should we mourn over broken affections,

Nor grieve o'er the ties oft by death torn away;

Not then should we weep upon sad retrospections—

Not then in the paths of remorse should we stray.

"Oh, then it were sweet, that when once disunited

From those we loved best, to forget them, till when

Those prospects shall flourish, which seem to us blighted,

And we meet in the bowers of bliss once again!"

The Elysium of Animals. By EGERTON SMITH. Nisbet.

To the fact that this pamphlet is powerfully written, the painful thrilling of our own nerves on its perusal can bear witness. It is calculated to be of inestimable utility; all country ladies who are mothers, should place it in the hands of their boys, just when they begin to show an inclination to pass their time with their father's grooms in the stable,—that scene of every thing that is degrading to the intellect of man. We think this work would be an excellent preservative from the evils which follow a taste for field sports and the turf,—evils that fall heavily on the female part of a family, when women's

fates are connected with this most brutal of pursuits,—gambling. These propensities have the rare privilege of uniting implied and actual cruelty with the excitement of gaming. How must the spirits of evil shout and clap their wings over the assembled concourse in the fields of Epsom and Ascot; and is there a year that these re-unions boast not their victims? If an early loathing of the moral atmosphere of such scenes were instilled, they would soon be banished altogether, or left, like the ring, to the human animal in its lowest and least civilized state. To establish this desirable change is in the hands of our women, under whose influence the first years of man, when his mind is in a pliable state, are passed. This book, we repeat, would be a powerful assistant in effecting so excellent a purpose. We wish we could accuse the author of exaggeration in his agonizing details; but alas! we know full well that his pictures fall far short of describing the fiendish inflections that man in his unregenerated state, practices on the shuddering flesh of his uncomplaining fellow creatures.

EDUCATIONAL LITERATURE.

1. *Family History of England.* Vol. 1.
2. *The Imagery and Poetic Ornaments of the Psalms, Prophetic Language, &c.*
By the Rev. G. H. STODDART, A. M.
3. *Book of Common Prayer.* Valpy.
4. *Prideaux's Genders of French Nouns.*
Thomas.

At length we have the satisfaction of meeting with a history of England that approaches the plan we have often demanded for the proper instruction of juvenile readers. A history that gives us the idea of our ancestors as they looked and acted, and were domesticated, as well as the mode in which they knocked their neighbours in the head, and proceeded in the work of civil destruction. The letter-press is by an author of great celebrity, Mr. Gleig: the style is animated and attractive; yet we own that the work is still more indebted to the able and intelligent young artist who has designed and cut the illustrations. The union which is here shown of antiquarian research and pictorial skill, will, if persevered in, open for Frederic Parker a very eminent career. Our own labours in the illustration of historical portraits, enable us to appreciate all young Parker has done for the cuts of the "Family History of England;" and when we name the sources from which his pencil has drawn these historical scenes, our readers will consider how well his authorities may be relied on. He has searched among the treasures of the British Museum, and consulted the same authorities that supplied the plates of Strutt, Meyrick, Hamilton,

Smith, and Fosbroke: the works of all these authors are expensive, and difficult of attainment; but the cuts of this work convey a more regular stream of information, than can be gathered from their united illustrations, comprehended too in a cheap and accessible form. We shall watch the progress of this work with no little interest.

2. Great admirers as we are of Lowth, we have often regretted that the information contained in his work on the Psalms was not attainable in a more familiar form, and more capable of being applied to the purposes of education. The Rev. Mr. Stoddart has ably supplied this literary deficiency, and has united with the critical profundity of the learned Lowth the more evangelical spirit of the saintly Horne, and the most valuable observations of other luminaries of the church: altogether his work on the Psalms is a great acquisition to educational literature, and praise is due to the patient and pious care by which he has collated and reconciled many learned works, adding withal useful original passages which embrace the discoveries of more modern times. We think that every person who has perused this interesting and truly awakening little work, will join in the service of our church, where the Psalms occur with a more than usually enlightened spirit of devotion.

3. It is not our intention to limit the learned labours of the Rev. G. Valpy in behalf of our national liturgy to the use of children, yet as his Common Prayer, with notes, is calculated to be of inestimable advantage to them, we cannot forbear placing it in a department which we consider, *par excellence*, the most distinguished among our reviews. The book of Common Prayer presents great difficulties to young persons, and often to adults; but the use of this beautiful edition will afford to their minds clear and comprehensive views of the petitions, in which their lips oftentimes ignorantly join in public devotion. The explanatory marginal notes are simple and terse. Mr. Valpy, we see, is inclined to give all the original force to the condemnatory clause in the exhortation to the communion; and we must own, although we ourselves have been taught to cherish a softening idea on this subject, that his few words on this important subject are scriptural and conclusive. As a book of prayer to take to church, we miss the singing psalms; but as the Hebraisms of the original text have already been explained, the omission of the versified psalter is more consistent with the plan of the work. Those who are used to J. Valpy's splendid types and style of getting-up, need not be told how well this book is brought out.

4. We have examined many rules for

attaining the genders of French nouns, which have been sent to us for review, most had merit, yet we found none that was not susceptible of improvement: we think we may safely declare this little book, by Prideaux, to be at least as good as the rest, in regard to the practical department: the preface is very well written, we wish it had been more extensive, as, in point of philological reasoning, it is far superior to its rivals.

Eau de Bouquet. Prepared by W. Blount. —Messrs. Longman and Co. put trees and shrubs in our way, collected in their "Arboretum Britannicum." Messrs. Ackerman and Co. presented us with "Flowers of Loveliness: Mr. Tilt gave us "the Language of Flowers;" and we have now a present from Mr. Blount of a bottle of "Eau de Bouquet." Oh, the life of an editor: those who know the cruel jealousies and feelings which spring up, as well as in fair

competition (thanks be that none such now exist, for we have no rivalries, except for the writers), as in crafty and low cunning to supplant each other, will congratulate us, that amidst all the troubled waters of our calling, the "Eau de Bouquet" should come in friendly greeting to revive our fatigued frames in the hours of midnight. But to the point: this water differs not greatly from the agreeable lavender, is pungent, and it is said, for we have not had time to try, not to leave any marks on the linen when washed, neither a disagreeable scent, as often happens shortly after being used on the kerchief. We find, however, a very agreeable and delicate odour, most agreeable, indeed, on our fingers and pens, for we have only just opened the bottle to give our opinion, and a potion fell on them; the scent on our kerchief is we find, after a while, extremely agreeable; at first we thought it deficient in aromatic power.

Fine Arts.

Switzerland. No. 22. By W. BEATTIE, M.D.; illustrated by W. H. BARTLETT, Esq. Virtue.

This number contains "Baths of Pfeffers, Canton St. Gall," engraved by G. K. Richardson. "Hospice, Grand St. Bernard," engraved by J. H. Kernot. The lights from the windows are well conceived; and if we except some rather harsh perpendicular lines on the water, very great talent is shown by designer and engraver. By the side of the Hospice is the Dead-house, in which are placed the remains of those poor souls who are lost in the snow, whilst endeavouring by this shorter route to regain their Italian homes: there they are placed upright against each other, until the hand of time crumbles the more perishable parts to dust. Numbers pourtray in their countenances which may be seen through an iron grating, the cruel agonies of hunger and despair, in which death gained the mastery over them. There is one of the charitable brotherhood, and two of the St. Bernard dogs, now reduced in number to about five. We like this very much indeed. On an inclement night, in the year 1834, we slept there, when 300 poor creatures had bed and board: and the party of gentry up stairs, consisted of about thirty persons of all nations, who were most hospitably

entertained. "Mont Blanc, from Chamouni," engraved by D. Buckle, is nicely executed. Mr. Bartlett has taken this, as far as we can remember, from the very best point of view, viz. about a mile from the village, which, with its church, is very faithfully represented. "Bridge over the Rhine, near Suvers, Via Mala," engraved by Adrald. This shows exactly what Swiss scenery is—its inconceivable height and depth, its dangerous passes, its mountain torrents, its cloud-capped mountains covered with perpetual snow. Our readers will remark no small ingenuity in the structure of such a bridge. It happened once upon a time that we had to cross almost such a bridge, when the side rails had been carried away by a storm, and the way was declared to be impassable: luckily, however, we tried the value of our philosophical knowledge, and nothing gazing at the objects around, reversed our umbrella, and fixing at the crooked end the knapsack which had been snugly reposing at our back, let it advance before us with outstretched arm at our feet, and by this means accomplished what stragglers in those parts said could not be done, and which we could not in any other way have effected.

The letter-press relates chiefly to a description of the city of Bern.

Cannons Found.—Three nine-pounders may be still seen on the beach at Herne Bay, dug lately out of the sand, supposed to have belonged to a fortress near the Reculver church, two miles from the sea, in the 16th century.

Confirmed Beer-drinkers.—An excellent arti-

cle in the *Standard*, sets forth, from Sir Astley Cooper's lectures, the fact, that great beer-drinkers, particularly the fine-looking draymen, who drink abundantly, are vital all over, and that the least surgical operation which may be necessary greatly hazards life.

Music.

Musurgia Vocalis: an Essay on the History and Theory of Music, &c. 4to. By J. NATHAN.

The world has exhibited no scarcity of musical writers; but it has rarely occurred that a person perfectly qualified has undertaken such a task: the musician has too often been no scholar. The errors of Burnett, esteemed the first of modern musical authors, are notorious: and in the long catalogue, we scarcely find one of whom the same may not be said. Mr. Nathan is both scholar and musician: the world has long acknowledged his claim to the latter, and this work will clearly establish his right to the former.

"*Musurgia Vocalis*" embodies a vast mass of profound learning, and of amusing anecdote. The first portion is devoted to a history (ancient and modern) of music, where many errors of former writers are corrected. Here the history of music is traced through its various epochs; and the different styles, vocal and instrumental, which have prevailed, are passed into review. Farther than this, some information is given relative to the music of every known nation of the world; not even excepting the South Sea islands. A curious instrument, the *magical drum*, in use among the Laplanders, is described:—

"The Laplanders have the magical drum, which, according to Seheffer and others, is made of beech, pine, or fir, split in the middle, and hollowed on the flat side, where the drum is to be made. The hollow is an oval figure, and is covered with a skin clean dressed, and painted with figures of various kinds—such as stars, suns, and moons, animals and plants, and even countries, lakes, and rivers: all these are separated by lines into three regions or clusters. There is, besides these parts of the drum, an index and hammer; the index is a bundle of brass or iron rings, the biggest of which has a hole in its middle, and the smaller ones are hung to it. The hammer, or drum-stick, is made of a horn of the rein-deer, and with this

they beat the drum so as to make the rings move—they being laid upon the top for that purpose. In the motion of these rings about the pictures figured on the drum, they fancy to themselves some prediction in regard to the things they inquire about."

Music appears to have been more highly esteemed among its ancients than in our own day: it formed an indispensable part of education; and its effects upon the feelings were considerably greater. Chapters 2 and 3, contain some striking anecdotes of musical influences on men and animals—many of these occurring in the author's own experience. We select an instance:—

"Lady Caroline Lamb assured me, that whenever her beautiful black mare, so well known in London, heard an organ, hurdy-gurdy, or any musical instrument, it began to dance; and her ladyship was frequently obliged to stop, and indulge the animal's predilection for the united accomplishments of Terpsichore."—P. 59.

We have also known many dogs whine and cry most piteously in the room, as soon as a musical instrument has been touched. The remaining portion of the work is devoted to the abstruser parts of the science, where the author truly exhibits himself as a scholar and a musician. These chapters are enriched with allusions to, and quotations from classical authors, Arabian, Persian, and Indian writers, &c., illustrative of the state and progress of sweet sounds in their various countries and eras. This work must then be found exceedingly interesting to the general reader, as well as to men of science. Many of our fair friends will rejoice at the opportunity of thus knowing what music was, how cultivated, and its influence on mankind, thousands of years ago, and in widely separated nations. Music of our own day is largely treated of, and its beauties and defects ably pointed out. None of our friends can be ignorant of Mr. Nathan's being the talented composer of Lord Byron's "Hebrew Melodies."

Drama, &c.

DRURY LANE.

We have no novelty of consequence to notice at this house, except the production of the "*Maid of Artois*." The opera, the story of which is, we believe, original, opens with a scene in one of the public places in Paris, the period of the action being the latter part of the reign of Louis XV. After a lively chorus, and a very delightful scena by Mr. Phillips, *Jules de Montangon* (Mr. Templeton), a young countryman from the province of Artois, enters in a state of dejection. He has come from his native village in search of *Isoline* (Madame Malibran), his betrothed bride, who has been lured to

Paris by an old colonel (Mr. Phillips), and whom *Jules* believes to have deserted him. In this condition he is entrapped by a serjeant, and enlists. *Coralie*, a friend of *Isoline*, learns this, and conveys information of it to her. *Isoline* and the colonel meet; she implores him to save her lover; this he is only willing to do, on condition that she becomes his: after a long and passionate struggle, with music admirably sung, she consents to sacrifice herself to preserve her lover. At this moment, *Jules* enters; an altercation ensues, and the colonel draws his sword and wounds the lover. Soldiers rush in, and *Jules* is borne away a prisoner. The second

act opens with a fort on the sea-coast in French Guiana, where *Jules*, in the dress of a slave, is undergoing his sentence of transportation. A ship arrives from France; among the crew is *Isoline*, in the dress of a sailor boy; she changes her attire, and has an interview with *Jules*; their raptures are interrupted by the arrival of the inspector, who has learnt *Isoline*'s story, and offers his addresses to her. She repulses him; he offers violence, when *Jules* rushes forward and locks the gaoler in one of his own dungeons, and the lovers make their escape to the desert. After several distressing adventures, the lovers are found in a dying condition by the colonel, who recognising them, joins their hands, and their sorrows cease. The house was crowded, and with one of the most fashionable audiences of the season. Malibran's acting and singing elicited the most rapturous applause; she was called for between the acts, and at the end of the opera; and was most warmly greeted on each occasion. The other parts were, without exception, ably sustained; and "The Maid of Artois" promises to be the most successful production of the season.

COVENT GARDEN.

"The Steel Pavilion, or the Charcoal Burner of the Hartz," was produced here on Whit Monday: we can merely characterize it as a genuine German story, with the usual admixture of the horrid and the absurd. Passing on to the grand feature of the month, we have to notice the production of Mr. Serjeant Talfourd's celebrated tragedy of "*Ion*." This, on which public expectation has been long highly excited, was brought forward for Mr. Macready's benefit on the 25th ult. The story, as its title implies, is Greek and classical, and is strongly stamped with that character of originality which is the test of genius. The principal character is the young, the innocent, the devoted *Ion*; and we knew not which most to admire, the creation of the author, or its beautiful representation by Macready. The fatalism, which controls the conduct and inspires the actions of *Ion*, had it been clothed with some-

thing of the horror of the German school, would have presented more palpable images to startle the imagination, and produce stage effect; but *Ion*, as he stands, is like a beautiful Grecian statue, sculptured by a Grecian chisel; and far be it from us to desire to see its beautiful proportions arrayed in the barbaric drapery of less intellectual art. The part of the high-souled, tender *Clemanthe*, received ample justice in the hands of Miss E. Tree. Mr. Dale enacted the character of *Adrastus*, the tyrant of Argos, with great effect; and a more rich treat than this representation has never, we venture to assert, been given to the public. We have not attempted to sketch the plot, as the tragedy has been published, and by this time has, doubtless, been generally read. We never beheld a more crowded house, and to say that unbounded applause marked the fall of the curtain, would be to convey a faint picture of enthusiasm which prevailed. Macready and Miss Tree were successively called for, and appeared. The presence of the author was then demanded, and he appeared in one of the private boxes, evidently affected at the tribute paid his genius. He kindly consented to permit the play to be re-acted on Wednesday evening next.

MR. HOLMES'S MORNING CONCERT.

Mr. Holmes had his annual concert, under the patronage of the Princess Augusta, at the Hanover-square Rooms, on the 26th ult., which we were happy to see most numerous and fashionably attended. The "unrivalled Malibran" was there, and rapturous applause confirmed her in her claim to supremacy. Miss Clara Novello sang two or three delightful arias; and than Phillips's "Oh! the Lake of Killarney," a more delightful treat cannot be conceived. Two or three brilliant productions of Mr. Holmes were performed by that gentleman and his pupils on the piano. A polacco, by Mrs. Bishop, excited particular attention; the finale was a laughing trio, in which that lady took part, and which, though it was little needed, spread smiles over every lovely countenance present.

HER MAJESTY'S FIFTH DRAWING ROOM.

At her Majesty's fifth drawing-room on the 5th of May, the following presentations took place:—

Lady Oxmantown, by the Countess of Rosse; Hon. Mrs. T. Best, by the Duchess Dowager of Richmond; Lady Gardner, by the Countess of Chesterfield; Mrs. Scott, by her mother, Lady Maria Stanley; Mrs. T. Gladstone, by the Countess of Denbigh; Mrs. W. Owen Stanley, by Lady Maria Stanley; Mrs. A. B. Dyce, by Lady Young; Mrs. Henry L. Hunter, by the Hon. Mrs. Arthur Thellusson; Mrs. Mosley, by Lady Mosley; Lady Poltimore, by the Viscountess Bridport; Lady H. Dunlop,

by the Countess of Rosebery; Hon. Lady Stirling, by Lady A. Byng; Viscountess Deerburi, by the Hon. Lady Cockerell; Hon. Mrs. G. Hope, by the Countess of Haddington; Hon. Mrs. H. Ashley, by the Marchioness of Ely; Hon. Mrs. F. Scott, by Lady Hume Campbell; Hon. Mrs. Finch, by the Countess of Aylesford; Lady George Hill, by the Marchioness of Downshire, on their marriages; Lady S. Needham, by her mother, the Countess of Kilmorey; Hon. Miss A. Cranston, by Lady A. M. Donkin; Mrs. G. Moslyn, by her mother, the Hon. Mrs. Vansittart; Lady C. F. Strangways, by the Marchioness

of Lansdowne; Miss Lloyd, by her mother, Lady Trimlestown; Miss E. Roberts, by her mother, Mrs. Roberts; Countess Charleville, on succeeding to the title, by her mother, Lady Charlotte Bury; Miss Colquhoun, by her mother, Mrs. Colquhoun; Mrs. Gerard, by Lady Gerard; Lady E. Courtenay, on receiving rank, by Lady Bolton; Miss G. Beresford by Lady Elizabeth Reynell; Lady Rivett Carnac, by the Marchioness of Lansdowne; Mrs. P. Browne, by Lady Radstock; Mrs. R. Gosling, by Lady Cottenham; Lady Talbot de Malahide, by the Marchioness of Downshire; Lady Cooper, on succeeding to the title, by the Dowager Lady Honeywood; Mrs. Arcedeckne, by Lady Bolton; Miss Wharton, by the Hon. Mrs. Lane; Miss Young, by Lady Young; Miss Wynne, by Mrs. C. G. Wynne; Miss F. Blackwood, by her mother, Mrs. W. Blackwood; Miss J. Trollope, by Lady Trollope; Miss L. Young, by Lady Young; Lady Bolton, by Mrs. John Portal; Hon. Miss Napier, by the Countess of Haddington; Miss Kennedy, by Mrs. Colonel Howard; Lady Young, by the Dowager Countess of Winterton; Lady Sondes, on coming to the title, by the Marchioness of Ely; Miss Clayton East, by her mother, Mrs. Clayton East; Miss Henegage, by her mother, the Hon. Mrs. J. Henegage; Lady Robert Kerr, by Lady Gomm; Miss Caroline Honeywood, by the Dowager Lady Honeywood; Miss Crawford, by her mother, Mrs. Crawford; Mrs. Young, by the Countess of Albemarle; Miss L. Honeywood, by the Dowager Lady Honeywood; Miss St. John, by her mother, Mrs. E. St. John; Miss Blackstone, by Mrs. D. Griffith; Lady Campbell, on her return from Persia, by Lady Aylmer; Mrs. Allen (of Errol), by the Countess of Albemarle; Lady Rendlesham, by the Marchioness of Londonderry; Miss Hoey, by the Marchioness of Downshire; Miss Ross, by Lady C. Guest; Mrs. Powney, by the Hon. Mrs. Henegage; Miss F. Hoey, by the Marchioness of Downshire; Lady Dickens, by the Right Hon. Lady Vivian; Miss Parker, by the Countess of Haddington; Miss Robertson, by Lady Yarde Buller; Lady Maitland, by the Hon. Mrs. G. Elliot; Miss Smyth Pigot, by Mrs. Every; Miss Allen (of Errol), by the Countess of Albemarle; Mrs. Crawford, by Lady Rivett Carnac; Miss Riddell, by Mrs. Milman; Miss Arcedeckne, by Mrs. Arcedeckne; Lady Eleanor Howard, by the Countess of Wicklow; Mrs. Beale, by Lady Harriet Clive; Hon. Miss Thellusson, by her mother, Lady Rendlesham; Mrs. King, by the Marchioness of Downshire; Mrs. Robertson, by Lady Yarde Buller; Miss Beale, by Lady H. Clive; Mrs. McAlpine, by the Hon. Mrs. Lane; Mrs. Halford, by the Countess of Denbigh; Miss Fleming, by Mrs. Fleming; Miss Amphlett, by her mother, Mrs. John Amphlett; Miss C. Mosley, by Lady Mosley; Miss F. Broughton, by the Hon. Mrs. Lane; Miss O. Mosley, by Lady Mosley; Miss L. Price, by her sister, Mrs. Basset; Lady H. Searle, by Lady Hatherton; Mrs. N. Duff, by the Marchioness of Ely; Mrs. R. Stewart, by the Countess of Rosebery; Mrs. J. Wood, by Mrs. Evans, of Portrane; Mrs. C. Beale, by Lady H. Clive; Mrs. J. L. Wynne, by the Countess of Stradbroke;

Miss C. Robinson, by the Hon. Mrs. Henegage; Miss E. Harvey, by her mother, Lady Harvey; Mrs. W. Blackwood, by Lady Dufferin; the Hon. Miss A. Crewe, by her aunt, the Hon. Mrs. C. Offley; Mrs. Saunders, by the Countess Amherst; the Hon. J. Hood, by her mother, Lady Bridport; the Hon. C. Hood, by her mother, Lady Bridport; Mrs. E. St. John, by Lady Bolton; Mrs. Jones (of Clytha), on going abroad, by Mrs. Milman; Miss M. Fanshawe, by her mother, Mrs. Fanshawe; Miss C. Maitland, by Lady S. Maitland; Miss K. Williams Wynn, by the Countess of Denbigh; Miss M. G. Wilkinson, by her mother, Mrs. G. Wilkinson; Miss Haukey, by her sister, Mrs. D. Griffith; Miss F. Hankey, by her aunt, Mrs. D. Griffith; Miss M. Rushbrooke, by Mrs. Rushbrooke; Miss M. A. Clarke, by Lady Clarke; Miss T. S. Rice, by the Marchioness of Lansdowne.

Ladies' Dresses.

HER MAJESTY.

White net embroidered in silver, body and sleeves splendidly ornamented with diamonds, emeralds, and blonde; train lilac tabinet, richly brocaded in silver, lined with white satin. Head-dress, feathers, emeralds, and diamonds. (Dress of British: train Irish manufacture.)

H. R. H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

Blonde-dress over white satin, body and sleeves magnificently ornamented with diamonds, amethysts, and blonde; train of rich maize figured satin, lined with white gros de Naples, and trimmed with blonde. Head-dress, feathers and diamonds. (The whole of British manufacture.)

DUCHESS.

DOWAGER OF RICHMOND: Gold-embroidered white satin dress; train violet Irish poplin, trimmed with deep border of gold cheif; mantilla and sabots of costly lace. Head-dress, ostrich plume, blonde lappets, and profusion of diamonds.

MARCHIONESSES.

LONDONDERRY: Magnificent point lace dress, over rich blue satin; sleeves du moyen age, with superb sabots of point, and skirt elegantly trimmed to correspond; train Brussels point, lined with blue satin, and trimmed with beautiful lace, looped back with brilliants. Head-dress, feathers, lappets, and diamonds. **HASTINGS:** Habit de Cour (XVII. siecle), rich satin bleu Louise, and lined with white satin; body and sleeves, avec berthe et sabots, of Chantilly blonde; dress white satin, richly embroidered a bouquets de couleurs et d'or. Head-dress, plume of feathers, blonde lappets, and brilliants.

COUNTESSES.

WICKLOW: Rich white figured satin petticoat, with elegant pearl cordelier; splendid Royal purple manteau enannelled satin, lined with white, ornamented with pearls, tulle, and ribbon; corsage costume of Louis XIV., richly trimmed with blonde and flowers. Head-dress, blonde lappets, feathers, and diamonds. **BURNLOW:** Siecle XVII. mauve satin, lined with satin souffre; body and sleeves, avec berthe et sabots, of Chantilly blonde; dress, velvet, trimmed to correspond with the train. Head-dress, plume of feathers, blonde lappets,

and brilliants. DARTMOUTH: Siecle XVII. black blonde, over black satin; body and sleeves, avec berthe et sabots, of Chantilly blonde; black blonde dress, a colonnes, over black satin. Head-dress, plume of feathers, blonde lappets, and brilliants. CHARLEMONT: Siecle XVII. rich black satin, brocaded with lilac bouquets: body and sleeves, avec berthe et sabots, of Chantilly blonde; dress of rich lilac satin. Head-dress, tulle, with blonde lappets, feathers, and brilliants. VERULAM: Body and train rich brocaded various coloured satin, white lined train, richly trimmed with blonde; mantilla and sabots to correspond; petticoats white velours epingle, trimmed with blonde. Head-dress, feathers, diamonds, and blonde lappets. ROSEBERRY: Blue satin body and train, superbly trimmed with point lace and ribbons; petticoat of a magnificent point lace, over a rich white satin, most beautifully trimmed to correspond. Head-dress, feathers, lappets, and diamonds. LICHFIELD: Rich white satin, embroidered in white floss silk en tablier, with bows of blue gauze ribbon, fastened with turquoises and diamonds; body and train rich blue velvet, lined with white satin, and trimmings of silver and blonde. Head-dress, white plume, with magnificent turquoise and diamond comb: necklace, ear-rings, and cross of the same. ROSSE: Dress white figured satin; train green and white figured satin, lined with white, and trimmed with blonde; mantilla and blonde sabots. Head-dress, blonde lappets, feathers, diamonds, and pearls. CHARLEVILLE: Habit de Cour (XVII. siecle), black velours epingle, raye faconne, body and sleeves, avec berthe et sabots, of black Chantilly blonde; dress black tulle, ribbons, and blonde. Head-dress, plume of white feathers, blonde lappets, and brilliants. BRADFORD: Habit de Cour (XVII. siecle), of satin faconne rose et blanc, trimmed with rouleau and gold lace; body and sleeves, avec berthe et sabots, of Chantilly blonde; dress white gaze Iris, brode d'or, over white satin. Head-dress, plume of feathers, blonde lappets, and diamonds. SEBASTIAN: Lilac damas argente, elegantly ornamented with dentelle de soie; trimming to correspond. Head-dress, ostrich feathers, lappets, pearls, and diamonds. GUSTAVE BLUCHER DE WAHLSTATT: Sky-blue satin; corsage a point, ornamented with dentelle de soie, and blue bouquets: dress of tulle filet de Vulcain, over superb satin slip, ornamented to correspond. Head-dress, ostrich plume, lappets, turquoises, and diamonds. COWPER: Magnificent court dress of lilac Terry velvet; corsage a pointe, en toure de diamants; Brussels lace dress of silver lama, over rich satin slip. Head-dress, ostrich plume, Brussels lace lappets, diamond necklace and ear-rings. LINSEY: Magnificent train superb white satin, handsomely brocaded with coloured silk; dress tulle blonde; body a la Huguenot, with superb fall of blonde; sleeves richly trimmed with blonde; skirt of embroidered lace pattern, and trimmed with ribbon and blonde. Head-dress, fine ostrich feathers and diamonds, with lappets and blonde.

VISCONTESSES.

DILLON: Pink velours train epingle, richly trimmed with blonde, satin, and flowers; body and sleeves a l'antique, richly ornamented with

blonde and sabots; blonde dress, over rich white satin petticoat. Head-dress, ostrich feathers, blonde lappets, diamonds, and pearls. EASTON: Rich white satin dress, with satin garniture, and rich blonde; superb lilac manteau, satin broche, richly ornamented to correspond. Head-dress, rich ostrich feathers, blonde lappets, and diamonds.

HONOURABLE LADY.

CAM HOUSE: Body and train blue Irish tabinet, elegantly trimmed with blonde and ribbons; train lined with rich white gros de Naples; very superb petticoat of blonde lace, over rich white satin, beautifully ornamented to correspond. Head-dress, feathers, diamonds, and lappets.

LADIES.

LYNN: White satin dress, brocaded in gold; Parisian sleeves; maize satin train, trimmed with gold and blonde. Head-dress, feathers, diadem, and parure of variegated stones. MONTFORT: Green satin robe, lined with white; and green satin petticoat, covered and trimmed with blonde. Head-dress, ostrich plume, diamond necklace and ear-rings. CAMPBELL: Magnificent blonde dress, with splendid white satin under-dress; superb rose-coloured plain satin train, trimmed with fancy flowers in rose and silver; mantilla, lappets, and sabots of rich French Sylphide blonde. Head-dress, ostrich feathers and pearls. BLUNT: Court costume, a la Valliere, of rich lavender satin; train and corsage magnificently trimmed with blonde lace; white marabout gauze dress, over white satin. Head-dress, plume of feathers, blonde lappets, and diamonds; mantilla and sabots of Chantilly blonde lace. GAGE: Tulle, over white satin; body and sleeves elegantly trimmed with blonde of blue ribbon; front dress with an elegant trimming of blonde and blue ribbon; train, rich figured blue silk, with handsome trimming. Head-dress, velvet resille, feathers, pearls, diamonds, and lappets of rich blonde. C. GUER: Superb blonde dress, with deep flounce of blonde; body a la Charles IX., sleeves ancient style, ponceau velvet and train, elegantly trimmed. Head-dress, ostrich feathers and diamonds: lappets of blonde. BOLTON: Siecle de Louis XIV., rich black satin petticoat, covered with crape, ornamented with bunches of crape flowers; rich satin train trimmed with crape, and lined with silk; white crape ruffles and mantilla. Black head-dress, plume of feathers, crape lappets, and jet ornaments. COURTNEY: English blonde petticoat, richly ornamented with blonde lace and pearls, lined with white satin; body and train of lavender satin, lined with white ditto, and trimmed with handsome Chantilly lace. Head-dress, feathers, diamonds, and blonde lace. POLTIMORE: Siecle de Louis XIV., rich silver lama, over satin slip; corsage and manches a la Maintenon, richly trimmed with silver and blonde lace; ruffles of the same, and mantilla a la Berthe; a court train of rich white satin, embroidered with border of silver lama, lined with white satin. Head-dress, white ostrich feathers, and blonde lace lappets; diadem of diamonds, diamond necklace, and ear-rings. STIRLING: Fine crape dress, over white gros de Naples petticoat, with ruches in colours; train white gros de Naples, covered with crape, and trimmed round with a ruche; manches a la Velere, with

ruffles and berthe of fine blonde. Head-dress, feathers and diamonds. HARVEY: White crape dress, richly embroidered with gold, over slip of white satin; rich blonde mantilla and sabots; train rich amethyst satin, lined with white gros de Naples, trimmed with gold and blonde. Head-dress, rich plume and lappets, and diamond ornaments. BLACKWOOD: Siecle XVII., rich figured black satin; body and sleeves, avec berthe et sabots, of black Chantilly blonde; grey figured satin dress. Head-dress, feathers, blonde lappets, and brilliants. CONROY: Siecle XVII., rich white velours a la Reine, with tulle and ribbons; body and sleeves, avec berthe et sabots, of Chantilly blonde; dress tulle Greque, richly embroidered en tablier, over white satin. Head-dress, tulle Greque brode, plume of feathers, blonde lappets, and brilliants. L. DUNCANNE: Mais crape dress, over rich satin skirt, richly ornamented with pearls and French blonde; corsage en point, ornamented with pearls and diamonds; rich blonde sleeves, a la Vénétienne, looped up with diamonds; blonde mantilla to correspond; beautiful figured train, mais and white satin, lined with white satin, trimmed with French blonde. Head-dress, plume and rich blonde lappets, with riviere and tiara of diamonds, necklace and ear-rings of pearls, diamonds, and rubies. C. STEWART: White crape, elegantly embroidered, over rich satin slip; corsage en pointe, richly trimmed with French blonde; sleeves, a la Vénétienne, of blonde; blonde mantilla; celeste reps silk train, trimmed with blonde, and lined with white satin. Head-dress, splendid plume and blonde lappets, with profusion of diamond and pearl ornaments. DICKENS: Rich white satin petticoat, with volans of broad Chantilly blonde, looped up with satin ribbon; rich brochet silver-grey satin train, lined with white gros de Naples, and trimmed all round with handsome blonde lace; mantilla and sabots of superb Chantilly blonde. Head-dress, ostrich feathers, blonde lappets, diamonds, and pearls. FRANCES LEY: Rich white satin; beautiful arbre de negre satin train, lined with white, trimmed with garniture of ribbon and blonde; body and sleeves costume Louis XIV., richly trimmed with blonde and flowers. Head-dress, feathers, and diamonds. ROLFE: Siecle XVII., blue and silver poplin, lined with white satin; coroll and tassels blue and silver; body and sleeves richly trimmed with Brussels lace; white brocaded satin dress, trimmed with two superb Brussels lace flounces. Head-dress, plume of feathers, lappets of Brussels lace, and diamonds. OXMAN-TOWNS: Siecle XVII., rich figured white satin, dessein dentelle, trimmed with blonde and ribbons; body and sleeves, avec berthe et sabots, Chantilly blonde; white blonde dress, a colonne, over white satin. Head-dress, plume of feathers, blonde lappets, and brilliants. E. HOWARD: White tulle petticoat, over rich white satin, elegantly trimmed with pearls and bouquets of flowers; rich blue brocaded silk train, lined with white, and tastefully trimmed with pearls and ribbons; bodice and sleeves costume Louis XIV., ornamented with blonde. Head-dress, feathers, blonde lappets, and pearl ornaments. KERRISON: Rich white satin, elegantly trimmed with Chantilly blonde, a la Louis XIV., superb flounce of blonde; white satin train, handsomely trimmed. Head-dress, feathers, blonde lappets, and profusion of dia-

monds. TALBOT: Magnificent canbrie costume Louis XIV., rich blue brocaded satin, elegantly trimmed with beautiful blonde; superb white satin petticoat, trimmed with blonde, en tablier, tastefully ornamented with coques of ribbon and flowers. Head-dress, blonde lappets, feathers, and splendid diamonds. GEORGE HULL: White net dress, over white satin, elegantly trimmed with satin and blonde; rich figured maize Irish tabinet train, lined with white satin, trimmed with ribbon and blonde. Head-dress, feathers and diamonds. YOUNG: Tulle dress, elegantly embroidered, over rich white satin, trimmed with bunches of lilac; rich lilac and white broche satin manteau, lined with satin, and trimmed round with tulle ruches and ribbon rosettes; corsage and sleeves a la Louis XIV., elegantly trimmed with broad Chantilly blonde. Head-dress, silver resille, with broad lappets, feathers, and diamonds. BRIDPORT: Rich black satin, with trimming en tablier, looped back with satin ribbon rosettes; black brochet satin manteau, trimmed round with ruches of tulle and rosettes; body and sleeves a la Louis XIV., elegantly trimmed with broad black lace. Head-dress, black feathers, lappets, and diamonds. E. DRAKE: Siecle Louis XIV., rich blue broche satin, embroidered with silver lama; body and sleeves trimmed with Chantilly blonde and silver; dress white aerophone, embroidered en tablier, and trimmed with blonde. Head-dress, blonde lappets, feathers, and diamonds. RENDLESHAM: Rich blue satin body and train, lined with white silk, and tastefully ornamented with rouleaux of satin and beads, and looped back down the sides by tassels of the same. Sleeves du moyen age, with superb sabots in blonde, and a mantilla; petticoat of white tulle, over white satin, with a garniture to correspond. Head-dress, feathers, and a diamond wreath. ROLFE: Body and sleeves of a magnificent blue and silver brocaded Irish tabinet, trimmed profusely with silver lama and point lace; train lined with white satin; rich figured white satin petticoat, with elegant flounce, richly embroidered with blue floss silk to correspond. Head-dress, point lappets, feathers and diamonds. ANN BECKETT: Body and train of a magnificent dahlia moire, richly embossed with gold, lined with white satin, and trimmed with splendid point lace and gold lama; petticoat of white crape over a rich white satin, most beautifully brocaded with gold. Head-dress, point lappets, feathers, and diamonds. GARDNER: Brussels lace over white satin, ornamented with blush roses; delicate pink satin broche train, handsomely trimmed, and lined with white satin; Brussels lace collaret and sabots. Head-dress, feathers, diamonds, and Brussels lappets. SOPHIA GRISLEY: Very splendid point lace dress, over pink satin; body, sleeves, and skirt splendidly ornamented with point lace and ribbons; rich Brussels point train, over pink satin, trimmed to correspond with the dress. Head-dress, feathers, lappets, and diamonds. HARRIET DUNLOP: Beautiful white satin, richly trimmed with deep flounce of blonde, and magnificent mantilla and sabots to correspond; rich white satin train, ornamented with a rouleau. Head-dress, feathers, blonde lappets, and diamonds. LADY MURRAY: Body and train of rich blue satin, the train lined with

white gros de Naples, beautifully trimmed with blonde and ribbon; superb figured white satin petticoat, richly trimmed with blonde and ribbon to correspond. Head-dress, feathers, lappets, and diamonds. CHARLOTTE and MARY HILL: White crape over rich white satin petticoats, beautifully ornamented with pink satin, richly embroidered in floss silk and pearls; tight sleeves handsomely trimmed with blonde, and looped back with tassels of pearls; pink satin trains, trimmed with tulle and ribbon. Head-dresses, feathers, lappets, and pearls. SONDERS: Siecle XVII., rich black satin, trimmed with bouffants of tulle and ribbons; body and sleeves, avec berthe et sabots, of Chantilly blonde; dress of black blonde over black satin, trimmed to correspond with the train; plume of feathers, blonde lappets, and brilliants. M'FARLANE: Siecle XVII., velours Greque paille, lined with white satin, trimmed with silver lama; body and sleeves, avec berthe et sabots, Chantilly blonde; white crape richly embroidered in silver lama a colonnes: plume of feathers, blonde lappets, and brilliants. AYLMER: Blonde lace dress, over white satin; body and sleeves a la Louis XIV., richly trimmed with blonde lace; manteau of rich green brocaded satin, tastefully trimmed with tulle and gauze ribbon, lined with white satin. Head-dress, feathers, diamonds, blonde lace lappets. RIVETT CAHNAC: Rich white satin, trimmed with gold lama and gold flowers; body and sleeves a la Louis XIV., magnificently trimmed with blonde lace; corse and gold tissue manteau, beautifully trimmed with gold lama and gold flowers, lined with white satin. Head-dress, feathers, diamonds, and blonde lace lappets. M. and A. LIGGE: Trains and corsages of handsome lavender-figured satin, ornamented with blonde and ribbon; petticoats en tablier of rich figured gauze. Head-dresses, feathers, diamonds, and blonde lappets. G. STANLEY: Train and body very handsome cherry satin, figured colonnade, ornamented with plain blonde and ribbon, blonde sabots; rich white satin mantilla, with blonde and ruhe; a white satin dress, with surtout of plain blonde, trimmed with ruhe, and rosettes to match the train. Head-dress, gold and silver, and plume of ostrich feathers; blonde lappets, with set of diamonds. ALICIA PARSONS: Figured blonde over white satin, trimmed with blue flowers; train of rich figured blue satin, trimmed with blonde; mantilla and sabots of blonde. Head-dress, blonde lappets, feathers, diamonds, and pearls. JANE KNOX: Figured blonde over white satin, trimmed with blue and silver flowers; rich figured blue satin train, trimmed with silver; mantilla and sabots of blonde. Head-dress, blonde lappets, feathers, diamonds, and pearls. OSWALD MOSLEY: Siecle XVII., yellow and lilac a bouquets, richly trimmed with bouffants of tulle, ribbons, and blonde, lined with white satin; body and sleeves, avec berthe et sabots, of Chantilly blonde; tulle Greque dress, brode a colonnes, over lilac satin. Head-dress, plume of feathers, blonde lappets, and brilliants. THORLOPE: Siecle XVII., rich white figured silk, trimmed with bias and gold lace; body and sleeves, avec berthe et sabots, of Chantilly blonde; gaze Iris dress, embroidered a bouquets, mixed flowers with gold. Head-dress, feathers, blonde

lappets, and brilliants. TRIMESTOWN: Rich black satin dress; superb brocaded satin manteau, garni avec nœuds de ruban; brodico and sleeves du siecle de Louis XIV.; mantilla and sabots of rich point d'Alençon. Head-dress, lappets of point d'Alençon, feathers, pearls, and diamonds. HARRIET SEARLE: Costly brocaded green satin train, elegantly trimmed with white lilac, and tulle Francaise, a la Marie Louise; body and sleeves a l'antique, richly ornamented with costly blonde and sabots; a white gauze cotteline dress, trimmed en tablier to correspond, over a rich white satin petticoat. Head-dress, ostrich feathers and blonde lappets. JOHN RUSSELL: Green and white brocaded satin train, richly trimmed with blonde and satin; body and sleeves a l'antique, elegantly ornamented with costly blonde; blonde tulle dress, over rich white satin petticoat to correspond. Head-dress, ostrich feathers, blonde lappets, and diamonds. MARIA STANLEY: Superior rich feuille morte satin train, lined and trimmed with satin; body and sleeves a l'antique, richly ornamented with costly blonde; rich brocaded poul de soie dress, elegantly trimmed with blonde and satin. Head-dress, ostrich feathers, blonde lappets, and profusion of diamonds. CAROLINE STRANGWAYS: Rich white poul de soie train, richly trimmed with satin; corsage and sleeves a l'antique, elegantly ornamented with blonde; a gauze cotteline dress, trimmed to correspond, over a white satin petticoat. Head-dress, ostrich feathers and blonde lappets. DUFFERIN: Elegant blonde dress, a colonnes, over rich satin slip; superb grey satin manteau, lined with rich white satin; corsage a pointe, ornamented with dentelle de soie. Head-dress, ostrich plume, lappets, and diamonds. RIAL: Superb white satin dress (a la Huguenot), with rich lilac, handsomely trimmed with blonde; sleeves a la Leonide, with deep sabots of blonde; train, same rich material, elegantly trimmed with puffs of net, and looped with lilac ribbons; superb blonde skirt. Head-dress, ostrich feathers and diamonds; rich blonde lappets. GOMM: Siecle Louis XIV., rich giraffe satin train, lined with pink and trimmed with silver lama; blonde mantilla and sabots; pink crape petticoat over satin. Head-dress, feathers and lappets; ornaments, diamonds. TIERNEY: Siecle Louis XIV., rich lilac glace gros de Naples train; blonde mantilla and sabots; petticoat of rich white satin, trimmed en tablier with blonde. Head-dress, feathers and lappets; ornaments, diamonds. MONTAGUE: Siecle Louis XIV., rich mare satin train; blonde mantilla and sabots; petticoat white glace gros de Naples, trimmed en tablier with blonde, nœuds satin ribbon. Head-dress, feathers and lappets; ornaments antique. C. FITZROY: Siecle Louis XIV., rich black satin train; mantilla and sabots of black Chantilly; petticoat rich grey satin, trimmed en tablier with black Chantilly. Head-dress, feathers and black lappets; ornaments, diamonds. MAITLAND: Siecle Louis XIV., rich parruche satin train; blonde mantilla and sabots; petticoat of blonde, over white satin. Head-dress, feathers and lappets; ornaments, diamonds.

HONOURABLE MISTRESSES.

HORT: Siecle de Louis XIV., rich white satin train, trimmed with silver lama; blonde

mantilla and sabots; white crape petticoat, over satin, trimmed en tablier with blonde and white roses. Head-dress, feathers and lappets; ornaments, diamonds. HEATHCOTE: Rich court dress *feuille de rose satin, elegantly ornamented with dentelle de soi; dress a dessin Gothique, to correspond; ceinture, magnificent diamonds. Head-dress, ostrich feathers, lappets, and diamonds. ARTHUR THELLUSON:* Siecle Louis XV.; white crepe, embroidered with gold and variegated silks; corsage et manches a la Pompadour; mantilla and ruffles superb Mechlin lace; court train rich brocaded satin, trimmed with blonde lace and ribbon, lined with white satin. Head-dress, white ostrich feathers, diamonds, and pearls; necklace and ear-rings to correspond. CAPTAIN BEST: Black crape dress, handsomely trimmed and embroidered in jet; body a la Huguot, with rich blonde sleeves, in the style of Charles IX.'s reign, sabots of blonde; train, black satin, elegantly trimmed. Head-dress, ostrich feathers and diamonds; blonde lappets. F. SCOTT: Tulle illusion dress, elegantly trimmed with orange blossom and white roses, over satin slip; rich figured white silk train, with bodice and sleeves trimmed tastefully to correspond. Head-dress, blonde lappets, feathers, and diamonds. E. BOUVERIE: Over rich satin slip, white aeroplane dress, superbly embroidered in gold; train of silver grey poplin broche, lined and trimmed to correspond; corsage and sleeves handsomely trimmed with blonde; blonde sabots. Head-dress, feathers, diamonds, and blonde lappets. WESTERA: Superb white brocaded satin petticoat; elegant green satin manteau, tastefully ornamented with bouffants of tulle and ribbon; bodice and sleeves siecle de Louis XIV., richly trimmed with beautiful point lace and flowers. Head-dress, point lace lappets, feathers, and diamonds. FINCH: Siecle XVII., white figured satin, trimmed with tulle and ribbons; body and sleeves, avec berthe et sabots, of Chantilly blonde; tulle dress

Greque, over satin, trimmed with blonde and flowers. Plume of feathers, blonde lappets, and brilliants. ASHLEY: White crape dress, beautifully embroidered, over rich white satin; body and sleeves, handsomely ornamented with blonde; rich white satin train, elegantly trimmed with blonde. Head-dress, lappets, feathers, and diamonds.

HONOURABLE MISSES.

DUNDAS: White satin body, covered with white crape, trimmed with blonde lace; white satin petticoat, covered with white crape, trimmed with satin ribbon; white figured gros de Naples train, trimmed with blonde net. Head-dress, white ostrich feathers; splendid diamond ornaments. J. AND C. HOOD: Tulle, over rich white satin, elegantly trimmed with white hyacinths and white roses; manteaus of rich white velours des Indes, trimmed with ruches of tulle; corsages and sleeves a la Louis XIV., with mantillas and ruffles of rich blonde. Head-dresses, plume of feathers, blonde lappets, and pearls. WYNN: Superb Adelaide velvet body and train, tastefully ornamented with point lace and ribbons; petticoat rich blue satin, elegantly trimmed with point lace and ribbons to correspond. Head-dress, lappets, feathers, and diamonds. G. AND E. BARRINGTON: Tulle petticoats, tastefully trimmed with ribbon, over rich white satin; trains and corsages blue brocade, elegantly trimmed with blonde, and lined with rich gros de Naples; sabots blonde. Head-dresses, feathers and pearls. CRANSTOWN: White crape dress, over white satin, with rich mantilla of blonde; train of white watered gros de Naples, lined with white satin, and trimmed with bouquets of jessamine. Head-dress, feathers, blonde lappets, and a suit of diamonds. ANNA CRANSTOWN: White crape, over white satin, ornamented with blonde; rich blue satin train, lined with white silk. Head-dress, feathers, blonde lappets, and diamonds; ornaments of turquoise.

HER MAJESTY'S SIXTH DRAWING ROOM.

The following is a description of some of the ladies' dresses worn at her Majesty's Sixth Drawing Room, held the 28th May, on the occasion of the King's Birthday; but, in consequence of its being so numerously attended, we have only space to insert those who wore costumes a l'antique:—

HER MAJESTY.

Beautiful silver lama, over white satin; body and sleeves splendidly ornamented with diamonds and blonde; cerise satin train, richly brocaded in silver (Spitalfields manufacture), with handsome silver border, lined with white satin. Head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

H. R. H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

Elegant net, richly embroidered in silver; body and sleeves magnificently ornamented with diamonds and blonde; beautiful cerise tabinet train, richly brocaded in silver, with silver border, lined with white satin. Head-dress, feathers and diamonds; dress of English, and train of Irish manufacture.

H. R. H. PRINCESS VICTORIA.

Handsome blonde dress, over white satin; rich white satin train, lined with gros de Naples, elegantly trimmed with pale blush roses and blonde. Head-dress, feathers; dress of British materials.

H. R. H. DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER.

Slip of tulle, richly embroidered in gold lama, with front, en colonnes, of gold; rich satin slip; train superb India gold tissue, with elegant trimming of puffings of gold gauze, lined with rich white satin; body and sleeves of the same rich tissue, trimmed with superb lace; sabots of the same lace. Head-dress, ostrich feathers, lappets of point lace, and diamonds.

DUCHESES.

BUCKLETON: Costume de Cour (moyen age), splendid Chantilly blonde dress (a colonnes, dessin Gothique), over rich pink glace satin, open en tablier, and fastened at the sides with diamond bouquets; pink glace satin train, richly trimmed with blonde and bows of ribbon; body and sleeves, with berthe et

sabots, of Chantilly blonde, to correspond with the dress. Head-dress, superb diamonds, plume of feathers, blonde lappets, and brilliants. **ST. ALBAN'S:** Rich and very elegant white satin dress, with Brussels lace petticoat, beautifully embroidered in columns; corsage à la Louis XV., the sleeves having full ruffles of Brussels lace. Looped up with diamond strawberry-leaves and arabesques; deep fringe of diamonds, for epaulettes; stomacher large sapphires and profusion of diamonds, finished by a diamond lily and roses; white satin train, trimmed with Brussels lace, looped back at short distances with large diamond rosettes, and bows. Head-dress, black velvet resille, à la Marie Stuart, splendidly ornamented on each side with diamond flowers, representing hydrangias and lilies; the crown surrounded by a magnificent diamond tiara, with a rich plume, and Brussels lappets; comb, ear-rings, and necklace of large diamonds.

MARCHIONNESSES.

TAVISTOCK: Rich white satin slip, elegantly trimmed with rich fringe and pearls; rich white figured satin train, elegantly trimmed with puffings of net, and looped with pearls; body à l'isoline, elegantly trimmed with blonde; sleeves à la Louis XI., with rich sabots of blonde. Head-dress, feathers and diamonds, blonde lappets. **EXETER:** Siecle Louis XIV.; rich pink satin train, blonde mantilla and sabots; petticoat, white glace gros de Naples, trimmed en tablier with lilies and roses. Head-dress, feathers and lappets; ornaments, diamonds.

COUNTESESSES.

SANDWICH: White crape dress, richly embroidered en tunique, trimmed with blonde; manteau de Cour, corsage, et volants d'orient paille, lined with white satin, and trimmed all round with bows of ribbon; Spanish sleeves, à l'Isabella d'Arragon; chérusse of blonde. Head-dress, feathers, blonde lappets, and a profusion of variegated stones and diamonds. **SHUFFIELD:** Siecle de Louis XIV., rich gold brocade train, with white satin; blonde mantilla and sabots; petticoat of rich white satin, with blonde tablier. Head-dress, feathers and lappets; ornaments, aqua marina and diamonds. **BROWNLOW:** Costume de Cour, moyen age, rich dress of tulle Greque, embroidered in gold lama, en tablier, et riche bordure; magnificent tulle Greque train, richly embroidered to correspond with the dress, lined with rich white satin; body and sleeves, with berthe et sabots, embroidered en suite. Head-dress, feathers, blonde lappets, and brilliants. **DARTMOUTH:** Costume de Cour, moyen age, white tulle embroidered in gold and colours, dessin Gothique; train rich green and white figured satin; body and sleeves, with berthe et sabots, of Chantilly blonde. Head-dress, feathers, blonde lappets, and brilliants. **CHARLEVILLE:** Costume de Cour, moyen age, white tulle, over rich white satin, elegantly trimmed with bouffants and bows of ribbon; rich white satin train, lined with white gros de Naples, trimmed with bouffants and ribbon; body and sleeves richly trimmed with Chantilly blonde. Head-dress, feathers, blonde lappets, and diamonds. **JERSEY:** Costume de Cour, moyen age, white crape lisse, richly embroidered, a colonnes, in gold lama, and bouquets of mixed flowers; train of rich ponceau damas,

embroidered all over in gold lama, and trimmed with Chantilly blonde, embroidered gold; body and sleeves, with Chantilly blonde, berthe et sabots, spotted with gold. Head-dress, plume of feathers, brilliants, and Chantilly lappets, dessin Gothique, embroidered with gold. **COWPER:** A superb sky-blue satin train, with magnificent lace; corsage to correspond, with profusion of splendid diamonds; dress of white crape, over a rich satin slip; diamond cordelier, and garniture of point lace. Head-dress, ostrich feathers, point lace lappets, diamond necklace and ear-rings.

VISCOUNTESS.

ASHBROOK: Rich white satin, trimmed with blonde; train light-blue gros des Indes; body and sleeves à la Louis XIV.; mantilla and sabots of blonde. Head-dress, white feathers and diamonds.

BARONESS.

DIMSDALE: Elegant Chantilly blonde robe, over rich white satin slip; body and sleeves magnificently ornamented with brilliants and blonde; costume à la Louis XIV.; manteau green brocade, embroidered in bouquets, lined with white satin, trimmed with marabouts, encircling the Provence rose. Head-dress, plume of ostrich feathers, bandeau and aigrette of brilliants.

LADIES.

CLONCK: White silk damasé, elegantly trimmed with blonde on each side, fastened with ribbons and bouquets of orange blossoms, made of feathers; corsage à la Fille d'Artois; rich fall of blonde, sabots of blonde; train of magnificent velvet, trimmed with tulle, ribbon and flowers. **QUINTIN:** Habit de Cour XVII. siecle, blue et blanc broche satin, trimmed with torsade of blue and white satin; body and sleeves, avec berthe et sabots, Chantilly blonde; white satin dress. Head-dress, plume of feathers, blonde lappets, and brilliants. **WILLOCK:** Court costume siecle de Louis XIV., elegant tunique of white crepe de zéphire, over petticoat of white satin, superbly brocaded in bouquets of silver, and beautifully trimmed with blonde; corsage and train of rich pink satin (colour, feuille de rose), magnificently trimmed with drapery of silver and blonde; mantilla and ruffles of superb blonde. Head-dress, feathers, lappets, and diamonds, with a splendid suit of emeralds and diamonds. **E. BALFOUR:** Court costume siecle de Louis XIV., rich white satin train, trimmed with chef d'or; blonde mantilla and sabots; gold muslin petticoat over satin. Head-dress, feathers and lappets; ornaments, diamonds. **CORTENHAM:** Court costume siecle de Louis XIV., rich pink satin train, trimmed with silver lama; berthe and sabots of blonde; pink crape petticoat, over satin, trimmed en tablier, with blonde and bouquets of pink and silver. Head-dress, feathers and lappets; ornaments, diamonds. **ROLLE:** Court costume siecle de Louis XIV., white satin train, richly embroidered with silver; blonde mantilla and sabots; white satin petticoat, richly embroidered with silver to correspond with train. Head-dress, feathers and lappets; ornaments, diamonds. **SHADWELL:** Costume de Cour (moyen age), silver lama, over white satin; rich green satin, brocaded white; body and sleeves ornamented with Chantilly blonde. Head-dress, plume of

feathers, blonde lappets, and brilliants. **G. FANE:** Costume de Cour moyen age, white tulle over white satin, trimmed en tablier, with white and gold flowers; rich green velours des Indes train, trimmed with border of gold lama; body and sleeves ornamented with Chantilly blonde. Head-dress, plume of feathers, blonde lappets, and brilliants. **HONNE:** Rich white satin broche, trimmed with blonde and pearls; corsage a la Marie Stuart; rich brocade rose manteau, lined with white satin and garni du ruban. Head-dress, feathers, blonde lappets, and diamonds. **OAMANTOWN:** Costume de Cour moyen age, rich white blonde dress, a colonnes; rich mauve satin, broche blanc, elegantly trimmed with blonde and ribbons; body and sleeves, with berthe et sabots, of Chantilly blonde. Head-dress, feathers, blonde lappets, and brilliants. **SCODES:** Costume de Cour moyen age, white crepe lisse dress, richly embroidered, en tablier, rich border in gold and coloured flowers; rich pink damas train, brocaded in bouquets of coloured flowers; body and sleeves, with berthe et sabots, of Chantilly blonde. Head-dress, feathers, blonde lappets, and brilliants. **A. BRESFORD:** Costume de Cour moyen age, rich white Indian silk, brocaded in green and gold; green damas Pompadour train, brocaded in colours and gold, to correspond; body and sleeves ornamented with Chantilly blonde. Head-dress, feathers, blonde lappets, and brilliants. **MULCASTER:** Court costume siecle de Louis XIV., rich mauve satin train; blonde mantilla and sabots; petticoat rich white ducape, trimmed, en tablier, with blonde and nœuds of satin ribbon. Head-dress, feathers and lappets; ornaments, diamonds. **SMITH:** Costume de Cour moyen age, white crepe lisse dress, richly embroidered in bouquets of gold and coloured flowers, over white satin; rich paille and white brocaded satin train; body and sleeves trimmed with Chantilly blonde. Head-dress, feathers, blonde lappets, and brilliants. **CURTIS:** Costume de Cour moyen age, rich white satin dress, trimmed with tulle and blue flowers; rich blue satin train, trimmed to correspond, body and sleeves, with berthe et sabots, of Chantilly blonde. Head-dress, feathers, blonde lappets, and brilliants. **R. PELL:** Costume de Cour moyen age, composed of elegant blonde tunique, over rich blue glace satin, with flounce and bows of ribbon; rich blonde train, dessin Gothique, lined with blue glace satin; body and sleeves, with berthe et sabots, of Chantilly blonde. Head-dress, plume of white feathers, blonde lappets, and brilliants. **ROLLE:** Costume de Cour moyen age, a rich blonde tunique, over pink glace satin, blonde flounce, and bows of ribbon; rich damas rose train, glace et broche blancs, trimmed with blonde and bows of ribbon; body and sleeves, with berthe et sabots, of Chantilly blonde. Head-dress, plume of pink and white feathers, blonde lappets, and brilliants. **ADAM:** Costume de Cour moyen age, white crape dress, embroidered in tulle applique en tablier; rich pink velours des Indes train; body and sleeves ornamented with Chantilly blonde. Head-dress, plume of feathers, blonde lappets, and brilliants. **HARGOOD:** Beautiful white satin brocaded dress, with deep flounce, and white satin bows; rich sky-blue satin brocaded man-

tesu, lined with the same colour, trimmed with blonde and ribbon; body and sleeves costume Louis XIV.; blonde mantilla and sabots. Head-dress, white feathers and diamonds; necklace and ear-rings en suite. **S. GRABAM:** White crape, richly embroidered with silver, over white satin; superb brocaded blue satin train, lined with gros de Naples, trimmed with bouquets of blue and silver flowers, intermixed with ribbon and blonde; corsage the same, sleeves siecle Louis XIV.; mantilla of rich blonde. Head-dress, plume of ostrich feathers, blonde lappets; ornaments of turquoise and diamonds. **BEAUCHAMP PROCTOR:** Petticoat rich white satin, tastefully ornamented with ruche of blonde and satin ribbon; superb broche white and silver grey silk train, elegantly trimmed with rosettes of satin and white satin ribbons; corsage of the same, a la Louis XIV., with diamond stomacher; mantilla and sabots of handsome blonde. Head-dress, feathers, diamonds, bandeau, and sprays, blonde lappets; necklace and ear-rings, en suite. **POCOCK:** Rich figured blonde, over white satin, ornamented with corn flowers; corsage a la Don Juan, richly trimmed with blonde; pearl-coloured Irish tabinet train. Head-dress, black velvet resille, with feathers and lappets; necklace, ear-rings, and Serigne of diamonds. **HAMMER:** Splendid white satin, handsomely embossed with flowers, trimmed with two elegant flounces of blonde, style de la fille d'honneur; corsage a la Francois I.; train gold-coloured satin, richly figured in blonde pattern, ornamented with festoons of blonde agraffe avec un nœud a la flance; mantilla et sabots de blonde. Head-dress, diamonds, feathers, and blonde lappets. **ELLIOTT DRAKE:** Court costume siecle de Louis XIV., rich blue broche satin, embroidered with silver lama; body and sleeves trimmed with Chantilly blonde and silver; white satin dress, beautifully embossed in bouquets of flowers. Head-dress, blonde lappets, feathers, and diamonds. **STEFANY:** Train pale amber gros de Naples; body and sleeves, a l'antique, ornamented with blonde and white lilac; blonde petticoat, over white satin, trimmed with white lilac. Head-dress, feathers, diamonds, white lilac, and blonde lappets. **RIVETT CARNAC:** Magnificent dress, costume Louis XIV., rich primrose brocaded satin, elegantly trimmed with blonde, bouquets of ribbon and gold flowers, lined with white satin; blonde petticoat, over white satin, trimmed with white blonde, en tablier, and tastefully ornamented with bouquets of ribbon and gold flowers. Head-dress, feathers, diamonds, and emeralds, blonde lace lappets. **J. POLE:** Court costume, siecle Louis XIV., beautiful jonquille and white brocaded satin, tastefully ornamented with tulle and ribbon; body and sleeves elegantly trimmed with blonde and flowers; splendid blonde petticoat, over white satin. Head-dress, blonde lappets, feathers, and diamonds. **W. GORDON:** Most magnificent train of rich watered silk, elegantly trimmed with blonde and ribbon; sleeves of same material, siecle Charles IX., rich white figured satin skirt, with handsome trimming. Head-dress, feathers, diamonds, and blonde lappets. **M. A. CROMPTON:** Tulle, over rich white satin, trimmed with pink roses; body a l'antique, with rich blonde; rich green-

figured silk train, trimmed with puffings of net and pink ribbon. Head-dress, ostrich feathers and diamonds, lappets of rich blonde. **MATILDA WYNYARD:** Costume, siècle de Louis XV., superb blonde, over white satin petticoat; rich lilac gros d'Afrique manteau, garni de ruban bouffants; bodice and sleeves elegantly trimmed with ribbon; blonde mantilla and sabots. Head-dress, feathers, diamonds, and blonde lappets. **LILFORD:** Superb maze terry velvet train, beautifully embroidered with silver; body and sleeves à l'antique, elegantly trimmed with blonde; sabots of blonde to correspond; rich white brocaded satin dress, ornamented with blonde and satin. Head-dress, ostrich feathers, lappets, and diamonds. **F. BEAUCLERK:** Dress and mantilla of superb French blonde, over rich white satin; corsege and sleeves antique, ornamented with diamonds and pearls; pale blue moire silk train, lined with white, tastefully looped en festoon, with rosettes of satin ribbon. Head-dress, resille of blue velours d'epingle, with feathers and diamonds; necklace and ear-rings en suite. **DOWAGER FLOYD:** Costume de Cour (moyen age), green crape, trimmed with tulle and blonde; rich green satin train, brocaded a bouquets, and trimmed to correspond with the dress; body and sleeves ornamented with Chantilly blonde. Head-dress, plume of white feathers, blonde lappets, pearls, and brilliants. **G. PARKER:** Rich silver lama dress, corsege à la Grecque, ornamented with silver; mantilla of deep blonde, headed with silver wreath; Elizabeth sleeves, looped up with silver bouquets; rich French pench satin train, embossed with white flowers; trimmed silver fringe and bouquets. Head-dress, feathers and lappets, with tiara of diamonds; ornaments, amethysts and diamonds. **A. COOPER:** Rich white figured satin petticoat, trimmed en tablier, with gold lama and roses; manteau and corsege à la Louis XIV. in satin, superbly trimmed with blonde and gold lama; mantilla and sabots in rich French blonde, mixed with gold. Head-dress, feathers, blonde lappets, and diamonds. **MARY LONG:** Blue and white dress, richly brocaded with bouquets of various colours; bodice and sleeves, costume of Louis XIV., trimmed with point lace and diamonds; rich blue satin train, lined with white silk. Head-dress, feathers, point lace lappets, and diamonds. **M. SYKES:** Court dress, costume Louis XIV., rich blue brocaded satin, trimmed with blonde; bouffants of tulle and pearl tassels; rich white satin petticoat, trimmed with blonde and pearls. Head-dress, blonde lappets, feathers, and diamonds. **H. SEARLE:** Rich green silk train, elegantly trimmed with flowers; body and sleeves à l'antique, ornamented with costly blonde; net dress, over white satin petticoat, richly trimmed with blonde, and flowers to correspond. Head-dress, feathers, lappets, and chrysobraz necklace and ornaments. **C. DELAFIELD:** Rich brocaded blue satin train, elegantly trimmed with facades of blonde and ribbon; body and sleeves à l'antique, ornamented with costly blonde, and rich sabots; tulle illusion dress, over rich white satin petticoat, trimmed with a rich broad blonde releve en point. Head-dress, ostrich feathers, a wreath of diamonds, wheat-ears of diamonds, and blonde lappets. **JOHNSON:** Rich mauve

brocaded satin train, elegantly trimmed with draperies of tulle illusion, blonde and ribbon; body and sleeves à l'antique, costly broad blonde sabots; white rich brocaded poult de soie dress, richly ornamented with blonde and satin. Head-dress, ostrich feathers, blonde lappets, and a profusion of diamonds. **GARDINER:** Rich waved primrose poux de soie train, lined with rich white satin, elegantly trimmed with torades of blonde and ribbon; body and sleeves à l'antique, richly trimmed with costly blonde, and sabots to correspond; dress of rich white brocaded poult de soie, ornamented with rich broad blonde. Head-dress, ostrich feathers, lappets, and diamonds. **T. AND C. STRANGWAY:** Rich glace poult de soie rose trains, trimmed with elegant double ruche tulle illusion; bodies and sleeves à l'antique, ornamented with rich blonde, and sabots to correspond; white cotelaine dresses, over rich white satin, petticoats, elegantly trimmed with bouillonnées of tulle illusion, and pink satin ribbon, releve with bouquet of roses. Head-dresses, feathers and lappets.

HONOURABLE MISTRESSES.

CAPTAIN BERT: White crape dress, handsomely embroidered in coloured silk, tastefully trimmed with net and fleurs cache à la jardinaire; body à l'Isoline, trimmed with rich blonde sleeves à la Clotilde, with sabots of rich blonde, magnificent brocaded cerise white satin train, with elegant trimming of net and ribbon. Head-dress, superb ostrich feathers, blonde lappets, and costly diamonds. **LYCESTER STANHOPE:** Figured blonde dress, over white satin slip, à la costume and trimming of Louis XIV.; rich figured French brocaded satin train, with handsome garniture. Head-dress, feathers, lappets, and tiara studded with jewels; ornaments, diamonds and large pearls. **BELBY THOMPSON:** Costume de Cour moyen age; dress, rich white satin; rich emerald green figured satin train, body and sleeves ornamented with Chantilly blonde. Head-dress, feathers, blonde lappets, emeralds, and brilliants. **DYMOKE:** Costume de Cour moyen age, white satin dress; rich mauve satin train, broche blanc; body and sleeves elegantly trimmed with Chantilly blonde. Head-dress, feathers, blonde lappets, and brilliants. **RYDER BURTON:** Dress, costume Louis XIV., rich pink brocaded satin, elegantly trimmed with blonde; white satin petticoat, trimmed with blonde, en tablier, and ornamented with coques of ribbon and flowers. Head-dress, blonde lappets, feathers, and diamonds. **F. INBY:** Superb pink broche satin train, trimmed with ruche of blonde and satin ribbon; corsege the same, à la Louis XIV., with splendid mantilla and sabots of blonde; rich white satin petticoat. Head-dress, feathers, blonde lappets, pearls, and diamonds; necklace and ear-rings, en suite. **ASHLEY:** Court costume, siècle de Louis XIV., rich white satin train; blonde mantilla and sabots; white crape petticoat, over satin, trimmed with blonde and roses. Head-dress, feathers and lappets; ornaments, diamonds.

HONOURABLE MISSES

GEORGINA FOLEY: Tulle over tastefully ornamented with bouc convolvulus; rich blue satin à white; body and sleeves à la Louis XV., elegantly trimmed with blonde. Head-

thers and lappets. **LYTTLETON**: Court costume, siecle Louis XIV., of rich blue ducap train, festooned with bouquets of blue and white flowers; blonde mantilla and sabots; tulle petticoat over white satin, trimmed with wreaths of flowers to correspond with train. Head-dress, feathers and lappets; ornaments, diamonds and pearls. **MONTRESOR**: Rich pink satin bouffants tulle train; corsage a la Charles IX.; sleeves a la Clotilde, trimmed with blonde; slip of tulle de blonde, with handsome trimming. Head-dress, ostrich feathers and diamonds, lappets of blonde.

MISTRESSES.

CAPTAIN KING: Very rich white satin dress, trimmed, en tablier, with tulle and rosettes of satin ribbon; corsage a Louis XIV., elegantly trimmed with Brussels point; mantilla and ruffles; costly train of velours epingle, embroidered in large clusters of gold. Head-dress, feathers, point lappets, and diamonds. **MAYNE**: Court costume, siecle Louis XIV., rich white satin petticoat, garni, en tablier, with blush roses and forget-me-nots; blue broche satia train, trimmed with blonde; mantilla and sabots of blonde. Head-dress, feathers, lappets, and pearls. **MEYNELL**: Court costume, siecle de Louis XIV., white moire train, embroidered in gold; rich white satin dress, with blonde flounce; corsage trimmed with blonde and brilliants. Head-dress, feathers, and lappets; ornaments, brilliants. **B. CHALONER**: Court costume, siecle de Louis XIV., rich white satin train, trimmed with blonde; white crape dress, over white satin; blonde mantilla and sabots. Head-dress, feathers and lappets; ornaments, brilliants and amethysts. **LONG**: Rich white brocaded satin petticoat; green satin train, tastefully trimmed with bouffants of tulle and ribbon; body and sleeves costume of Louis XIV., richly trimmed with blonde, and finished with a beautiful pearl cordelier. Head-dress, blonde lappets, diamonds, and feathers. **HARTOPPE**: Magnificent tulle over rich white satin slip, elegantly trimmed with blue flowers, cache dans le tulle; body in the style of Isoline; manches a la Louis XI., trimmed with blonde; a most splendid train, satin broche, blue and white, with trimmings. Head-dress, ostrich feathers and diamonds, and lappets of blonde. **SKINNER**: Satin dentelle robe, trimmed with puffings of net and ribbon; body a Isoline; sleeves a la Clotilde, trimmed with blonde; train, rich pink satin figured, trimmed with net and coquille of ribbon. Head-dress, ostrich feathers, diamonds, blonde lappets. **METHUEN**: White crape, embroidered with floss silk, over rich white satin slip; a vert pomme court train of rich brocaded silk, lined with white satin, trimmed elegantly with rich brocaded ribbon, blonde lace, and tulle; corsage and manches siecle Louis XIII. Head-dress of handsome white ostrich feathers, blonde lace lappets, pearls, diamonds. **EDWARD SMYTH**: White satin petticoat, magnificently embroidered with gold; manteau of splendid pink brocaded satin, richly ornamented with blonde lace and ribbon, lined with white satin; corsage trimmed with deep blonde falling and a ruff, style of Queen Elizabeth. Head-dress, feathers, blonde lappets, and diamonds. **G. DAWSON**: Rich white satin dress; beautiful pale blue satin train, lined with

white, and trimmed with a garniture of ribbon and blonde; body and sleeves costume Louis XIV., richly trimmed with blonde. Head-dress, feathers and diamonds. **KEMP**: Rich sky-blue satin manteau, lined with white, trimmed with handsome dentelle de soie and ribbon; corsage and sleeves costume Louis XIV.; mantilla, de berthe, et sabots; the petticoat en tablier, of the richest dentelle de soie, to correspond with mantilla and train. Head-dress, beautiful white feathers, and splendid diamond tiara; ear-rings, necklace, and diamond ornaments en suite. **A. WYNDHAM BISHOP**: Court costume, siecle de Louis XIV., pale pink satin, lined with rich white satin, and trimmed with Chantilly blonde; French blonde dress, and mantilla and sabots of the same. Head-dress, feathers, lappets, and diamonds; ornaments, pearls and diamonds. **FITZROY KELLY**: Blonde dress, in colonnes, over rich white satin, trimmed with bouquets, of roses and ribbon; rich pink brocaded silk manteau, lined with white, trimmed with blonde and ribbon; body and sleeves, costume Louis XIV., trimmed with blonde; mantilla and sabots. Head-dress, beautiful white feathers, diamonds, and sapphires; necklace and ear-rings en suite. **VERNON**: Rich white satin dress, trimmed with blonde and ribbon; rich peach brocaded satin manteau, lined with the same colour, trimmed with blonde and ribbon; body and sleeves, costume Louis XIV., with mantilla and sabots of rich blonde. Head-dress, white feathers and splendid diamonds; necklace, cestus, and ear-rings en suite. **HALL**: Beautiful white dress, embroidered in gold and coloured flowers, over pink satin; rich green brocaded silk manteau in rosebuds, trimmed with gold and wreaths of roses; body and sleeves in the costume of Louis XIV., with blonde mantilla and sabots. Head-dress, white feathers, and diamonds; necklace and ear-rings en suite. **J. SELBY**: Costume de Cour (moyen age), rich white blonde, trimmed with pearls and fleurs du Brazil; rich white satin train, looped with tassels of pearls; body and sleeves ornamented with Chantilly blonde. Head-dress, feathers, blonde lappets, and brilliants. **ECARON**: Costume de Cour (moyen age), rich white satin dress, elegantly trimmed with tulle and blue flowers; rich blue satin train, trimmed to correspond with dress; body and sleeves, with berthe et sabots, of Chantilly blonde. Head-dress, plume of feathers, blonde lappets and brilliants. **N. DUFF**: White tulle dress, over white satin, beautifully trimmed with variegated geraniums, and satin mantilla of rich pale pink satin, lined with white, trimmed with tulle and ribbon; body and sleeves costume Louis XIV.; mantilla and sabots of blonde. Head-dress, feathers and pearls, necklace and ear-rings en suite. **FITZGERALD**: Beautiful Chantilly blonde en colonnes, and bouquets, over blue satin, with rich blonde flounce to correspond, ornamented with lbee feathers, fastened with diamonds; a splendid Oriental brocaded satin mantilla, lined with blue, trimmed with Chantilly blonde, and looped back with jewels; body costume Charles IX.; mantilla and sabots of Chantilly; stomacher, cestus, and sleeve ornaments of splendid jewels. Head-dress, white and lbee feathers, and a profusion of diamonds, necklace and ear-rings en suite. **GURNEY**: Rich

amber satin court train, trimmed with blonde and ribbon; corsage a la Sevigne, with rich mantilla of blonde, an embroidered white crape skirt, over white satin slip. Head-dress, feathers, blonde lappets, and diamonds. O. MOSLEY: Costume de Cour (moyen age), white crape dress, embroidered in silver lama, a colonnes, over white satin; rich white satin train, trimmed with silver lama; body and sleeves, avec berthe et sabots, of Chantilly blonde. Head-dress, plume of feathers, blonde lappets, and brilliants. PHILLIMORE: Costume de Cour, moyen age, white blonde tunique, a tablier, over white satin; train of rich pink brocade satin; body and sleeves, with berthe et sabots, of superb Chantilly blonde. Head-dress, feathers, blonde lappets, and brilliants. SMITH: Court costume, siecle de Louis XIV., rich maize satin train; blonde mantilla and sabot; white crape petticoat, over satin, trimmed, en tablier, with blonde and nœuds of satin ribbon. Head-dress, feathers and lappets; ornaments, diamonds. GLYNN WELBY: Tulle dress, over rich white satin petticoat, ornamented with bunches of pale blue flowers and white satin ribbons, trimmed en rolee; very beautiful brocade blue and white train, lined with silk, trimmed ruche of tulle, with satin rosettes; corsage and sleeves a la Marie Stuart, trimmed with blonde lace and ruffles. Head-dress, plume of feathers, with blonde lappets; ornaments, diamonds, and pearls, with pearl necklace. PALMER: Costume Louis XIV., over slip of white satin, on dress of superb French blonde, ornamented with a profusion of the same, with berthe; sabots falling in graceful folds; manteau a la Sevigne, softest lavender satin, strewn with bunches of silver, entwined with rolls of pearl and fine blonde, supported with aigraffes of the same; cordelier of pearls. Head-dress, feathers, diamonds, and magnificent brilliants. BANNERMAN: Court costume, siecle de Louis XIV., superb citron and white figured satin train, lined with white corsage and sleeves magnificently trimmed with Chantilly lace; rich white satin petticoat, handsomely trimmed with tulle and satin. Head-dress, ostrich feathers, lappets of fine Brussels lace; ornaments, diamonds. E. L. BULWER: White and gold Turkish brocade dress; rich green velvet, trimmed with blonde and filets en or; corsage a la Ninon. Head-dress, point lappets, feathers, and a profusion of diamonds. S. REYNOLDS SOLLY: Beautiful white crape dress, silver lama, siecle Louis XIV.; under-dress, rich white satin; splendid figured blue satin train, tastefully trimmed with blonde and silver; mantilla, sabots, and lappets of very rich

blonde. Head-dress, feathers, and adorned with beautiful pearls and diamonds; diamond ear-rings; necklace, Sevigne. G. DICAY: Manteau de Cour, corsage of brown satin, with precious stones, trimmed with ruches and bows of ribbon, looped up in front a la Montespan; white watered silk dress, trimmed in front with flounces of blonde, and ruches to correspond; chérusse and lappets of blonde. Head-dress, feathers and diamonds. D. HALFORD: White aerophane dress, richly embroidered in gold, over white satin; mantilla and manchettes of broad blonde; rich citron-colour figured satin train, trimmed with gold and lace; sleeves a la Louis XIV.; corsage a pointe, trimmed to correspond. Head-dress, blonde lappets, feathers, and diamonds. STANLEY CAREY: Rich ruby satin du Serail train, elegantly trimmed with tassades of blonde and ribbon; body and sleeves a l'antique, richly ornamented with costly blonde, and sabots to correspond; superb blonde dress, over rich white satin petticoat. Head-dress, ostrich feathers, blonde lappets, and diamonds. MISSES.

HERVEY: Mais brocade gros de Naples train, tastefully trimmed with tulle and ribbon; body and sleeves a l'antique, richly ornamented with costly blonde; white watered gros de Naples, trimmed with blonde en tablier, and tastefully ornamented with coques of ribbon. Head-dress, feathers, diamonds, and blonde lappets. FLANERY: Court costume, siecle Louis XIV., blue brocade satin, tastefully ornamented with blonde ribbon; rich white satin petticoat, elegantly trimmed with scabios and blue. Head-dress, blonde lappets, feathers, and diamonds. VAUGHAN: Habit de Cour, siecle XVII., rich blonde petticoat, with deep volantes of blonde, over pink satin slip; body and train of broad pink and white satin, trimmed with bouquets of flowers and blonde. Head-dress, blonde lappets, ostrich feathers, and diamonds. BERNAL: Court costume, siecle Louis XIV., elegant rich damascene silk, lined with white satin, and trimmed with blue; corsage and sleeves magnificently ornamented with flowers and blonde; tissue petticoat, lined with white satin, elegantly embroidered in blue. Head-dress, ostrich feathers and blonde lappets; ornaments, diamonds and amethysts. E. BERNAL: Court costume, siecle Louis XIV., elegant rich damascene silk, lined with white, and trimmed with green and pink satin; corsage and sleeves ornamented with blonde; rich white satin petticoat, superbly trimmed with flowers and ribbons. Head-dress, ostrich feathers and blonde lappets; ornaments, rich pearls.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

BIRTHS.

May 3, in Grosvenor-street, Lady Frances Sandon, of a son.—May 4, in Portland Place, the lady of the Hon. R. Bootle Wiltbraham, M. P., of a daughter.—May 8, in Eaton-place, the lady of M. T. Smith, Esq., of a daughter.—May 5, in Manchester-square, the lady of Winthrop M. Præd, M. P., of a daughter.—April 30, at Hay-park, Hereford, the Countess Albizzi, of a son.—May 7, Mrs. T. S. Brandreth, 8, Queen-square, of a son.—May 7, in Grosvenor-square, Lady Courtenay, of a son.—

May 8, the lady of Dr. Baderley, of Chelmsford, of a daughter.—May 10, the lady of the Hon. and Rev. Samuel Best, of a daughter.—May 12, in St. James's-square, the Right Hon. Augusta Ada Lady King, of a son and heir.—May 10, at Lancaster, the lady of Matthew Talbot Baines, Esq., barrister-at-law, of a son.—May 13, in Hanover-square, Lady Norreys, of a son and heir.—May 16, in Albion-street, Hyde-park, the lady of Richard Onslow, Esq., barrister-at-law, of a daughter.—May 17th, at the Royal Mint, the lady of W. H. Barton, Esq., of a

daughter.—May 17th, at the house of her father, Josias Nettidge, Esq., of Rose Hill, Wixoe, Suffolk, the lady of Frederick P. Ripley, Esq., of Woburn-place, Russell-square, of a daughter.—May 11th, at Aspen den rectory, the lady of the Hon. and Rev. Grantham Yorke, of a daughter.—May 19th, in Curzon-street, the lady of James Stewart, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn, of a daughter.—May 17, at Hampton-lodge, Surrey, the Right Hon. Lady Catherine Long, of a son, still-born.—May 21, in Wigmore-street, Mrs. John G. Grace, of a daughter.—May 21, at Woolwich, the lady of Lieutenant Gore, R.A., of a daughter.—May 22, in Guilford-street, Russell-square, the wife of Thomas Cormack, Esq., of twin sons.—May 20, at Fintray-House, Aberdeenshire, the Hon. Lady Forbes, of Craigievar, of a son.—May 23, Mrs. J. Barber, of No. 18, Regent-square, of a daughter.—The lady of James Morrison, Esq., M.P., Upper Harley-street, of a son.—May 18, at Orchard-house, Northumberland, the Hon. Mrs. Coulson, of a son.—May 24, at the Earl of Harewood's, in Hanover-square, the Lady Louisa Cavendish, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

April 30, at St. Mary's, Islington, Benjamin Ferrey, Esq., of Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury, to Ann, eldest daughter of the late William Lucas, Esq., of Stroud-green, Horner.—May 5, at St. George's, Hanover-square, the Rev. William Corfield, to Henrietta Louisa, second daughter of the Lady Maria Cotes.—May 4, at Liverpool, the Rev. Wheeler Milner, eldest son of the late Thomas Wheeler Milner, Esq., of Manchester-square.—May 10, at Bury St. Edmund's, Joseph Burrell, Esq., of the Middle Temple, barrister, to Elizabeth, third daughter of Benjamin Greene, Esq., of Bury.—November 12, 1835, in the Upper Provinces of India, Edward Monckton, Esq., Bengal civil service, to Caroline Rosa, youngest daughter of Charles Woodcock, Esq., Park-crescent, Portland-place.—May 12, at Godstone, John Goose, Esq., of Croydon, solicitor, to Sarah Jane, youngest daughter of the late William Stenning, Esq.—May 14, at St. Marylebone Church, Alexander Brandt, Esq., of York-terrace, Regent's-park, to Mary Esperance, second daughter of Emanuel Henry Brandt, Esq., of Chester-terrace, Regent's-park.—May 10, at St. George's, Liverpool, William Alexander Dow, of the Hon. Society of Lincoln's-inn, Esq., to Ann, eldest daughter of John Andrew, Esq.—May 10, at St. George-the-Martyr, Charles Henry Weston, Esq., of Lincoln's-inn, barrister-at-law, to Agnes Sarah, second daughter of Robert Bayly, Esq., of Queen-square, boucher of Gray's-inn.—May 10, at St. George's Church, Hanover-square, Captain Weeks, Queen's Royal Lancers, to Laura, second daughter of Lieutenant-General Sir Henry John Cumming, of Upper Grosvenor-street.—May 17, at Clapham Church, William, second son of George Bachelus, Esq., of Clapham Common, to Emma, youngest daughter of Robert Saunders, Esq., of the same place.—May 17, at Down, Kent, the Rev. J. Pierce Morrice, rector of Rympton, Somerset, to the Hon. Jane Lucy Powys, youngest daughter of the late Lord Lilford.—May 17, at St. Mary's, Marylebone, Captain C. S. Maling, 68th Bengal Native Infantry, to Wernysia Jane, relict of the late Major C. H. Campbell, and daughter of the Hon. L. G. K. Murray, youngest son of the late Earl of Dunmore.—May 18, at St. Peter's, St. Alban's, the Rev. Martin John Lloyd, M.A., St. John's College, Cambridge, domestic chaplain to his Grace the Duke of Richmond, and rector of Dapden, Suffolk, to Sarah Loretta, eldest daughter of Joseph Timperon, Esq., of New Barnes-house, Herts.—May 10, at St. Mary's, Stoke Newington, John Bailey, of Lincoln's-inn, Esq., Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, to Susan, daughter of Richard Smith, Esq., of Stoke Newington and Basinghall-street.—May, 3, at Long Ashton, Somersetshire, Edward, only son of Edward Daniel, Esq., of St. George's,

Bristol, to Barbara, posthumous child of the late Rev. Thomas Bedford, vicar of Wilsted, grand-daughter of Henry Beauchamp, Lord St. John, eleventh Baron of Bletsoe.—May 21, at St. George's, Hanover-square, Charles Wondwell, Esq., of the 10th Hussars, to Charlotte, eldest daughter of Thomas Orby Hunter, Esq.

DEATHS.

April 12, at Winborne-minster, aged 74, Jane, relict of the late Rev. James Mayo, A.M., head master of Queen Elizabeth's grammar-school, in that place.—April 25, at Woudham, in Kent, aged 21, the Hon. Francis De Grey, youngest son of Lord Walsingham, unfortunately drowned in attempting to swim to a boat adrift on the river Medway.—April 29, Jane Elizabeth, eldest child of Francis H. Ramsbotham, M.D., of New Broad-street, aged 5.—April 30, at Southall, Middlesex, Vitruvius Lawes, Esq., serjeant-at-law, aged 78.—May 3, Capron, third son of Hasler Hollist, Esq., barrister-at-law.—May 3, at his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland's, Kensington, Miss Cooper.—May 1, the Rev. Thomas Foster, rector of Fetcham, Surrey, aged 83.—May 4, in Argyle-street, Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late Professor Young, of Glasgow.—May 6, Anthony Tenderden, eldest son of Hasler Hollist, Esq., barrister-at-law.—May 8, at his father's house, Hackney, aged 21, Andrew Fuller, the youngest child of Mr. Tomes, solicitor, Gray's-inn.—May 7, of consumption, at his house in Abingdon-street, Charles Millard, Esq., surgeon, aged 27.—May 7, at his house in Guilford-street, aged 61, John Carr, Esq.—May 7, at Morben-lodge, near Machynlleth, aged 90, Margaret, last surviving daughter of Edward Williams, Esq., and Jane Viscountess Bulkeley, his wife, formerly of Peniarth, in the county of Merioneth.—May 4, at Pencarrow, Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late Sir Arscott O. Molesworth, Bart., aged 24, and sister of Sir William Molesworth, Bart., M.P. for East Cornwall.—May 5, at No. 10, Park-crescent, Worthing, Anna Maria, widow of the late General William Stapleton, aged 77.—May 11, in Wilton-crescent, George Charles, infant son of the Right Hon. Lord Vernon.—May 11, at his residence, 26, Osnaburgh-street, Regent's-park, Robert Thorpe, Esq., LL.D., aged 71.—May 11, after a few days' illness, the Rev. James Ellis, M.A., rector of Ashurst, Sussex, aged 64.—May 10, at Ham-common, the Hon. Frances, relict of Admiral Sir John Sutton, K. C.B.,—January 8, at Calcutta, Lieutenant-Colonel William Kennedy, Bengal Army.—May 13, at East Moulsey, aged 98, Mary, relict of the late Sir Edmund Nagle.—May 13, in Baker-street, Portman-square, Sir Charles Wilkins, aged 85.—May 14, at St. Leonard's, aged 85, Barbara, relict of the late Robert Dingley, Esq., of Bloomsbury-square and Nottingham.—May 16, Mr. Henry Dixon, of Carey-street, Lincoln's-inn, bookseller, third son of Timonath Dixon, of New Boswell-court, solicitor, aged 34.—May 15, suddenly, at Dulwich, Daniel William Stow, Esq., General Post-office, aged 70.—May 10, at 33, Charlotte-square, Edinburgh, the Hon. Robert Lindsay, of Balcarres, second son of James 5th Earl of Balcarres.—May 18, at Lord Bexley's, Great George-street, Westminster, Mrs. Sophia Vansittart, aged 68, sister to Lord Bexley.—May 18, of pulmonary consumption, Anne Jane, the beloved wife of Dr. Waller, Bartholomew-close.—May 17, at Putney, Joseph Bingham Clifton, Esq., aged 39.—May 15, of scarlet fever, after three days' illness, at Leeson's, the son of his uncle, Lord Wynford, Jerome William Knapp, Esq., of Lincoln's-inn, aged 33.—May 9, at Coblenz, Germany, after a few days' illness, of apoplexy, Maurice Fitzgerald, Esq., eldest son of the Knight of Kerry, aged 32.—May 21, of consumption, Fanny, wife of Richard Edward Arden, Esq., of Red Lion-square, aged 35.—May 20, at Northiam, aged 76, the Rev. Henry Lord, D.D., rector of Barfrestone, Kent, and Northiam, Sussex.

INDEX

TO

THE EIGHTH VOLUME

OF THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE AND MUSEUM.

IMPROVED SERIES ENLARGED.

It is particularly recommended that the Magazine be not bound for at least two months, in order that the ink become thoroughly dry, otherwise it may *set off*, that is, cause the opposite pages to imprint each other. Any of the former numbers, either of the *Improved Series Enlarged*, or of the *Improved Series*, which may be wanting to complete sets, can be had at the office, as well as whole sets.

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* * The articles marked thus (*) are poetry; those marked thus (†) are reviews.

- Absurd Custom, [211](#)
A Day in the Woodst, [421](#)
Agnes Serlet, [332](#)
Alien Registration, [211](#)
Alvarez: a Romance of Spain. By the Hon. Henrietta Mary Beauclerk, [172](#)
Ancient Modern Geography†, [34](#)
Anglo-Polish Harp; or Songs for Poland, &c., by Jacob Jones, Esq.†, [280](#)
Another Year is Gone! By Caroline [36](#)
Appointment indeed! [289](#)
Architectural Magazine. Parts [20](#), [21](#), [2](#)—[59](#); [23](#), [24](#), and [52](#)—[82](#); [26](#)†—[353](#)
Assassination of the King of the French, [137](#)
Athenian Sarcophagus [211](#)
Bachelor's Recollections—No. [1](#), Communicated by Mrs. Hoffman, [26](#); No. [2](#), [168](#)
Ballad—"We are Parted for Ever*." By J. E. Carpenter, [311](#)
Bella Giulietta: a Story of Piedmont, [370](#)
Benevolent Magistrates, [208](#)
Boring for Springs, [211](#)
Brazilian Succession, [194](#)
The Broken Heart, [401](#)
Brutal Laws and Kind-hearted Managers, [408](#)
Bull, [210](#)
Burning, [135](#)
Catechism of Elocution†, [353](#)
Carter, G. R., Poems by, [40](#), [309](#), [384](#)
Cemetery Ground Fees, [211](#)
Chateaubriand, [328](#)
Charles of Naples, Prince, [289](#)
Child's Own History of France. By W. Law Gane, Esq.,† [132](#)
Chinese Notion, [137](#)
Choice of a Wife, [133](#)
Church Rates, [210](#)
Church Review and Scottish Ecclesiastical Magazine, Nos. [1](#) and [2](#)†, [418](#)
Christmas-Eve; or, the Last Link of the Chain! By Edward Lancaster, [20](#)
Chronicles of Waltham†, [416](#)
Church Donations, [289](#)
Circumstantial Evidence, [210](#)
Clark on Pulmonary Consumption†, [152](#)
Cold Roast Veal, [138](#)
Colliery, [209](#)
Conflagration at New York, [137](#)
Convent Bells, [269](#)
Convicts, how disposed of at Sydney, [159](#)
Coronation, [137](#)
Counterpanes, [210](#)
Country Bank Failure, [209](#)
Court Mourning, [268](#)
Cupid. By C. F. B.*. [327](#)
Curing Bacon, [139](#)
Description of Plates:—
No. [1](#), Dinner or Soirée Dress, [46](#)
No. [2](#), Morning Interior Dress, [121](#)
No. [3](#), Toilette de Bal; Dress of Sitting Figure; Standing Figure, [121](#)
No. [4](#), Interior of the Grand Opera at Paris; Costume Swiss and Spanish, [121](#)
No. [5](#), Walking Dress, [191](#)
No. [6](#), Ball Dress, [191](#)
No. [7](#), Morning or Interior Dress, [261](#)
No. [8](#), Mode de Longchamps; Walking Dress, [261](#)
No. [9](#), Walking Dress, [337](#)
No. [10](#), Capotte a Couliasses, [337](#)
Child's Dress, [337](#)
Second Child's Dress, [338](#)
No. [11](#), Walking Dress, [410](#)
No. [12](#), Toilette de Promenade, [419](#)

Index.

- Description of the Portrait of Catherine the Second, Empress of Russia, 79
 — of Countess de Grignan, 215
 — of Renée Chateaufneuf, 397
 — of Marie Touchet, 79
 — of Marchioness de Seigné, 149
 — of Madame de Verneuil, 368
 Designs for the New Houses of Parliament, 254, 289, 357
 Drama, Concerts, &c.—
 King's Theatre, 284, 356
 Drury Lane, 63, 136, 206, 281, 356, 450
 Covent Garden, 61, 136, 206, 285, 356, 430
 English Opera, 65, 285, 356
 Adelphi, 66, 136, 206, 285
 Olympic, 66, 136, 206, 285
 St. James's, 67, 136
 Queen's 67, 136, 206, 285, 356
 Victoria, 68
 Surrey, 68, 136, 206, 285
 Sadler's Wells, 69, 136
 New Strand, 285, 356
 Anniversary of the Royal Society of Musicians, 285
 Mr. Holme's Morning Concert, 430
 Drawing Rooms:—
 Her Majesty's Birthday, 125
 — Second Drawing-room, 262
 — Third Drawing-room, 338
 — Fifth and Sixth Drawing-rooms, 411, 436
 Dreadful Earthquake, 159
 Dreamer. By H., 28
 Drinkable Sen-water, 211
 Duchess of Kent's Grand Dinner and Concert, 267
 Duke of Wellington's Waterloo Horse, 210
 Eau de Bouquet, 422
 Early Improvements, 137
 Echo de Paris, 353
 Edinburgh Cabinet Cyclopædia, No. 18.—Chinat, 348
 Edinburgh Journal of Natural History, † 200
 Edith; or Retribution: a Tale of the Sixteenth Century. By the Hon. Henrietta Mary Beauclerk, 92
 Educational Literature:—
 1. Application of Money.—2. Value of Time; by Mrs. Barwell.—3. The Boy and the Birds; by Miss Emily Taylor.—4. Tales and Lessons on the Proverbs.—5. Cherville's First Step to French.—6. Comic Alphabet.—7. West's Intellectual Toys, † 202, 353
 — Family History of England, Vol. I
 Book of Common Prayer.—Valpy. Prieux's Genders of French Nouns.—Thomas, † 428
 Eloquence, 211
 Elysium of Animals, † 427
 Embossed Bibles for the Blind, † 210
 Empress; a Novel, 345
 English Bijou Almanack, † 133
 English Boy at the Cape, † 55
 Evenings Abroad, † 273
 Excellence in Painting, 137
 Exercises for Ladies. By Donald Walker, † 128
 Exhibitions, 989
 Faithful Lover.* By Caroline, 327
 Fashions, 49, 121, 191, 261, 337, 358, 410
 Female Attire, 137
 Female Presence of Mind, 140
 Ferdinand of Portugal, 368
 Fine Arts:—
 Finden's Byron Beauties. Parts 11, 12, and 13, 60
 Stanfield's Coast Scenery. Parts 5 and 6, 61, Parts 7 and 8
 Illustrations of the New Testament. Part 2, 61, Part 3, 282, Part 6, 356
 Arboretum Britannicum. Nos. 10, 11, and 12, 61
 Royal Academy of Arts, 61
 Switzerland. Parts 18 and 19. By W. Beattie, M. D., 134.—Heath's Drawing-room Portfolio.—Studies of Heads.—Daniel's Panorama, Pall-mall, 356
 Finden's Portrait and Landscape Illustrations. Part I, 132
 Letter to the Editor.—New Houses of Parliament, 133
 Switzerland, by W. Beattie, from designs taken by W. H. Bartlett, Esq. Nos. 20 and 21, 284. No. 22, 429
 Finden's Portrait and Landscape Illustrations. Part 2, 284
 Burford's Panorama of Lima, 583
 Suffolk-street Gallery, † 286
 Somerset House Exhibition, † 411
 Fire King, 289
 Fire in a Palace, † 289
 First and Last Song. By Mrs. T. F. Clarke, 149
 Fitz-Allan, a Poem. By H., 245
 Francis Burdett, Sir, 198
 Frihiot's Saga, † 122
 Fry, Mrs., 208
 Gems from American Poets, 347
 Gin, the Skeleton Spirit and Demon of Depravity, † 350
 Good and Evil, 157
 Gospel Donation, 98
 Grand Fancy Ball, 368
 Great River Ouse, 211
 Grisi, Mademoiselle, 209
 Gustavus Adolphus, a Play. By Gustavus III., late King of Sweden, 125
 Gustavus Adolphus II., 259
 Halley's Comet, 137
 Hungmen in Poland, 137
 Hanover-square Rooms, 209
 Hazards of the Sea, † 211, 289
 Hermit in London, 289
 Heroic Madness, 140
 Heroine of Bohemia; a Tale of the Inquisition. By the Author of a Mother's Prayer, &c. &c., 299
 Hints on Etiquette; Longman and Co., † 278
 History of England. By the Rev. T. S. Hughes. B.D. Vol. 18, 131. Vol. 19, † 331
 History of Rome, vol. 2. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, vol. 73, † 131
 History of the Overthrow of the Roman Empire. By W. C. Taylor, LL.D., † 271
 Holland, Mrs., original communications by, 96, 168, 222, 327, 381, * 40, 44, 102
 Holiday to Freemasonry, 212
 Honourable Conduct, 207
 Horticultural Society, 209
 Intense Frost, 211
 Irish Clergy, 211

Index.

- Kelly, [268](#)
 Kingston, Mrs., original communications by, [81](#).
 Kirkwall, Viscountess, [211](#)
 Lamentable End, [212](#)
 Law of Scotland, [139](#)
 Lay of the Last Spinster. By J. E. Carpenter, * [380](#)
 Lays of the Heart, by J. S. C., † [272](#)
 Letter on the Separation of the Judicial and Political Functions of the Lord Chancellor. By Basil Montagu, † [134](#)
 Letter to the Editor, [257](#)
 Letters from Brussels in 1835, † [421](#)
 Lines. By E. Darby, Jun., * [333](#)
 Lines Written at Dryburgh Abbey. By John Charles Hall, Jun., * [19](#)
 London Fashionable Chit-chat:—
 Queen's Drawing-room.—Adoption of Dresses of the Age of Louis XIV.—Costumes from the Historical Portraits in the "Lady's Magazine."—Montespan.—La Valliere.—Court Dresses.—Fancy Balls.—Annals.—Miss Sheridan.—"Keepsake" and its noble deserters.—Snowdrops.—Princess Sophia.—English Gentlemen's Fields Sports.—Swaffham.—Geological Lecture.—Secret of the Toilet.—Receipt for Dentrifrice.—Hints for the Complexion.—Painted Ladies, [334](#)
 :—
 London and Paris Seasons.—Lady's Gallery in the House of Commons.—Grantley Berkeley. — Somerset-house. — London Adoptions of Fashion.—State of Women in Society at present.—Recent Separations.—Epsom.—Berkeley Craven.—Debts of Honour.—Acot.—Receipt for Complexion, [411](#)
 Loudon's Arboretum, Nos. [13](#), [14](#), [15](#), [16](#), and [17](#), † [279](#)
 Love, [138](#)
 Lowenstein, King of the Forests, † [348](#)
 Magazine of Health. Parts [1](#) and [2](#); † [278](#), [353](#)
 Manual on Entomology. Parts [11](#) and [12](#); [13](#) and [14](#); [15](#) and [16](#), † [55](#)
 Manual of Prayers on Text of Scripture, † [133](#)
 Marco Visconti. By Miss Caroline Ward, † [48](#)
 Margaret Ravenscroft; or Second Love. By J. A. St. John † [60](#)
 —Second notice, [124](#)
 Mascarenhas, † [419](#)
 Medical Reminiscences.—A Village Apothecary, [325](#)
 Melange.—No. [1](#).—The Student's Rambles in Search of the Picturesque. By R. H. S., [317](#)
 Memoirs:—
 —of Catherine the Second, surnamed the Great, Empress of Russia, and of her Court. Illustrated by a beautifully painted Portrait, taken from the life, [1](#)
 —of the Comtesse de Grignan, daughter of Madame de Sevigné. Illustrated by an authentic whole-length Engraving, beautifully coloured from the celebrated original at Versailles, by Mignard, [213](#)
 —of Marié Antoinette, Queen of France, [292](#)
 —of Renée Chateaufneuf, illustrated, &c., [345](#)
 —of Marié Touchet. Illustrated by an authentic whole-length Portrait, beautifully coloured, [77](#)
 —of Madame de Sevigné, and the Sevigné Family. Illustrated with a whole-length Portrait of Madame de Sevigné, beautifully coloured, from the original at Versailles, [141](#)
 —of Madame de Verneuil, [365](#)
 —of Chateaubriand, [398](#)
 Memory. By Pelikar, * [85](#)
 Menai Bridge, [211](#)
 Mephistophiles in England; or the Confessions of a Prime Minister, † [58](#)
 Midnight Blush. By H., * [121](#)
 Miscellany, [137](#), [138](#), [210](#), [194](#), [198](#), [289](#), [353](#)
 Music, * [62](#)
 The Younger Son, by Miss Smith, [283](#)
 Wine's Reminiscences, written by C. Lancaster, composed by W. Kirby, [283](#)
 My Ward, Jemima. By J. E. Carpenter, * [80](#)
 Nadir Shah: an Oriental Sketch. By G. R. Carter, * [369](#)
 Napoleon's Mother, [212](#)
 Napoleons: an Episode on the War in Italy, [215](#)
 Narrow Escape, [210](#)
 National Benevolence, [208](#)
 Lord Newborough's Mansion, [210](#)
 New Houses of Parliament, [198](#)
 New Map of Great Britain, † [134](#)
 New Coinage, [209](#)
 New-Year's Gift. By Edward Lancaster, [86](#)
 New Year's Welcome. By Mrs. Holland, [41](#)
 Nigger Snakes: a Tale of Kentucky. By Edward Lancaster, [389](#)
 Orange Societies, [212](#)
 Old Sermon, revised and adapted to the Present Times. By Henry Raper Slade, LL.B., [251](#)
 Opening of Parliament, [198](#)
 Origin and End of Lotteries in France, [157](#)
 Otter, [210](#)
 Outlaw. By the author of the "Bucanneer", [53](#)
 Paganini, Dr. [210](#)
 Paris Intelligence: The Court News and Fashions.
 The Past Year.—Loss of Friends.—Death of Prince Talleyrand's Wife, Jerome Buonaparte's Wife, Napoleon's Eulogy.—Terrible Occurrence, [44](#)
 Sale of Baron Gros's Pictures, Napoleon's Hat, &c.—Marshal Soult's Sale.—Fashionable Bazaars and Lottery at Versailles for the Poor.—New Visiting Ticket.—Mirabeau's Statue.—New Immense Convent.—No Midnight Christmas-eve Mass.—Lotteries to be abolished after this Year.—Orlean's Visit to Algiers.—Slave Marriage.—Arrivals and Departures.—The Weather.—Fashions and Dresses.—Dresses for Grande Toilette.—Hats.—Hair.—Dress Hats.—Dress Caps.—Toques.—Turbans.—Colours for Hats.—Colours for Dresses, [45](#).—Grand Fancy Ball at the Court; very many English present, [18](#)
 Private Fancy Balls.—Fancy Balls at the British Embassy.—Marriages.—Hoax on a rich Englishman.—Runaway English Girl.—Bellini's Monument.—Death of the Hon. L. Ashlev.—Subterraneous Railroad.—Fountain Monuments.—Bad State of the Grounds of Pere la Chaise.—Taglioni.—Fashionable Arrivals.—The Fancy Ball.—Dresses of principal characters, &c. [118](#)

Index.

- Remarks on the Plate of the Carnival Ball, published in *The Lady's Magazine and Museum* last Month.—Miss Penelope Smith, and Prince Charles.—Exposition at the Louvre.—Grisi.—Price of Fieschi's ugly Portrait.—Nina Lasagne.—How to become great at Paris.—Number of Balls on Shrove Tuesday.—Fashions.—Dresses.—Description of our Plates. [190](#)
- Complete Change in make of Dresses.—Fine Warm Weather.—Materials.—Death of no reigning Queen of Naples for Three Centuries.—Unfair Rejection of Paintings.—Suicide of an Artist for Love. [259](#)
- Modes.—Short Sleeves.—Long Sleeves.—Dresses.—Hats.—New Materials.—Mantelets.—Lingerie.—Hair.—Flowers.—Reticules.—Colours for Hats.—Colours for Dresses. [335](#)
- Modes.—Sleeves.—Dresses.—Ball Dresses.—Hats.—Mantelets.—Pelerines.—Brodequins.—Hair.—Turbans.—Colours. [409](#)
- Past Errors. By Mrs. G. S. Kingston. [37](#)
- Pearl in a Periwinkle. [211](#)
- Perils in the Woods.† [355](#)
- Pike. [210](#)
- Pilgrim and other Poems.† [426](#)
- Plebeians and Patricians.† [416](#)
- Poetical Works of the Rev. Thomas Dale, M.A.† [269](#)
- Poisoning. [210](#)
- Population of the Mauritius. [209](#)
- Portuguese Church. [239](#)
- Present Position of the British Trade with China.† [359](#)
- Price of English Liberty at Paris. [209](#)
- Prisoners' Counsel Bill. [211](#)
- Public Orator. [210](#)
- Punishment of Whipping Females. [289](#)
- Queen, The. [268](#)
- Queen of Naples. [212](#)
- Quicksilver. [211](#)
- Rudical Reasonings. By J. E. Carpenter. [324](#)
- Railroad to Galicia and Bochnia. [159](#)
- Regent's Park. [210](#)
- Reminiscences in Domestic Life, communicated by Mrs. Hoffman, No. [3](#). Rivalry in Cousins. [222](#); No. [4](#). [327](#); No. [5](#). [381](#)
- Rence de Rieux Chateaufort, Memoir of. [395](#)
- Resuscitation. [194](#)
- Rival Demons. [227](#)
- Rivalry in Cousins, by Mrs. Hoffman. [222](#)
- Robbery: a Domestic Suffolk Tale, Ten Days old. [207](#)
- Robson, Captain Hall. [289](#)
- Rome. By Pelikar. * [159](#)
- Rubens. [211](#)
- Spring Rice. [268](#)
- Sacred History.† [353](#)
- Sad Disappointment. [138](#)
- Selda, the Ice-Nymph: a Tale of the North. By Mrs. G. S. Kingston. [81](#)
- Self-Condemned, the. [192](#)
- Sentiment of Flowers.† [133](#)
- Shakspeare. [157](#)
- Ships detained. [198](#)
- Siamese Twins. [210](#)
- Sister Ursula: a French Story. By Mrs. G. S. Kingston. [226](#)
- Sketches of the Manners and Customs of the Peasantry of France, No. [1](#). By L. V. F. [385](#)
- Sketches of Natural History.† [353](#)
- Slave Trade. [198](#)
- Solar Eclipse.† [353](#)
- Snow. [211](#), [289](#)
- Song of the Curfew. By G. R. C.* [384](#)
- Song—The Sweet Gennessee. By Walter Clifton. * [316](#)
- Sonnet. * [115](#)
- Sonnet. By Mrs. Hoffman. * [44](#)
- Sonnet. * [48](#)
- Sonnet to the Memory of James White, Esq. By Barbara Hoffman. * [102](#)
- Sonnets on Richborough Castle. By G. R. Carter. * [40](#)
- Spanish Expedition. [211](#)
- Stanfield's Coast Scenery, Parts [7](#) and [8](#). [205](#)
- Stanmore Gold-finders. [210](#)
- Stanzas.* By the Author of "Stray Flowers," "Oracle of Flowers," &c. [338](#)
- Stanzas.* By Elias. [117](#)
- Stanzas, to my Beloved Friend, M. E. C.* [221](#)
- Steam to India. [211](#)
- Story without End.† [353](#)
- Strangers' Burial at Sea. By Walter Clifton.* [325](#)
- Strickland Agnes, original communications by. [95](#), [103](#), [160](#)
- Suffolk-street Gallery of the Society of British Artists.† [286](#)
- Superstition. [138](#)
- Tales of the English Chronicles—Sir Lucas Stanmore and the Lord High Admiral. By Miss Agnes Strickland. [105](#), [160](#)
- Tale of the Black Forest. [511](#)
- Tale of the Rhineland. [31](#)
- Theatrical Outrage. [209](#)
- 'Tis an Ill Wind that blows no one Good. [157](#)
- 'Tis over now! * By D. [388](#)
- Tomb of the Princes of Judah.* By Pelikar. [102](#)
- Tour round Ireland.† [244](#)
- Travelling Sketches in Rhyme. By Lady E. S. Wortley.† [35](#)
- Tremordin Cliff. By Mrs. Trollope.† [57](#)
- Trial of Fieschi, Morey, and Pepin. [192](#)
- Two suspicious Boxes. [289](#)
- Unwedded One.* By John Francis. [172](#)
- Valentine's, St. Complaint.* By Miss Agnes Strickland. [95](#)
- Venetian Funerals. [261](#)
- Verdict "Not Proven." [209](#)
- Vizards at Public Places. [157](#)
- Walker, Thomas. [212](#)
- Wilkie, David. [210](#)
- Wolves. [194](#)
- Works of Alexander Pope.† By the Rev. G. Croly, LL.D.. [55](#)
- Worthy Englishman. [208](#)
- Youth. By Pelikar. * [30](#)

CONTENTS OF LE FOLLET.

<u>Academie Royale, 16</u>	<u>Leonidas Moderne Le, 4</u>
<u>Andouillettes Empeignees, 3</u>	<u>Lors Somptuaries, 7</u>
<u>Bal Travesti, 6</u>	<u>Longchamps Mode pour, 14</u>
<u>Billets deux Les, 11</u>	<u>Marié Touchet, 7</u>
<u>Catherine 2nd, 3</u>	<u>Modes, 1, 3, 13, 14, 17</u>
<u>Chateaufort, La Comtesse, &c., 19</u>	<u>Modes d'Hommes, 6</u>
<u>Comedian Travesti Lle, 7</u>	<u>Napoleon et les Apôtres, 4</u>
<u>Costumes, 2, 6, 10, 17, 18, 22</u>	<u>Revenant Le, 23</u>
<u>Corneille et l'Escargot, 20</u>	<u>Salon de, 1836, 19</u>
<u>Descriptions des Planches, 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22</u>	<u>Seigné La Marquise de, 11</u>
<u>Dress Soirée, 2, 18</u>	<u>Toilettes Interieur, 2</u>
<u>Distraction d'un Savant, 4</u>	<u>Verneuil La Marquise de, 23</u>
<u>Exposition, 1836, 15</u>	<u>Voleur Anglais, 3</u>
<u>Grignan, Comtesse de, 15</u>	<u>Costume de Promenade</u>
<u>Huguenots des Academie, 16</u>	

INDEX FOR EMBELLISHMENTS.

JANUARY.

Frontispiece, to face title-page.
Whole length portrait of Catherine II., Empress of Russia, surnamed the Great, splendidly coloured and illuminated, after the original, presented by her Imperial Majesty to the King of France. She was celebrated for the deposition and murder of her husband, and for her successful usurpation of his throne. To face Memoir, 1
Fashion Engravings—
1st, Evening Dress. 2nd. Reverse of the same. With these are shown, newest style of couch, drawing-room curtains, and chandeliers, 46, 47. 3rd. Elegant at Home, 47. Likewise newest patterns of cottage, piano, fauteuil, and vase. 4th. Reverse of dress of standing figure, 47.

FEBRUARY.

Whole length portrait of Marie Touchet, by marriage Comtesse d'Entragues, beautifully coloured and illuminated, from an authentic ancient portrait. She was beloved by Charles IX., King of France. To face description, 79

Fashion Engravings—
1st figure, Ball dress. 2nd. Same, with newest style of cap. 3rd. Reflection of the back of figure 1. In this plate are seen fashionable work table and Ottoman, and two more of the newest caps.
4th, &c. Scene of the Carnival at Paris, as it appeared in 1836, in the theatre Italien, with five principal figures in Swiss, Spanish, antique, and modern costumes; the background is filled with many varied costumes.

MARCH.

Whole length portrait of the Marquise de Sevigne, accurately coloured from one of her pictures in the collection of the King of France, painted in the reign of Louis XIII. She is justly celebrated as the author of the most easy and lively correspondence ever published, and for her benevolent and virtuous conduct. To face 139.

Fashion Engravings.
1st. Walking dress, 191, 192. 2nd. Reverse of the same, 192. Newest style of time-

piece and tabouret, or drawing-room stool. 3rd. Ball dress, 192. 4th. Reverse of same figure.

APRIL.

Whole length portrait of the Comtesse de Grignan splendidly coloured and illuminated from the celebrated picture at Versailles painted by Mignard, by the order of Louis XIV. It was to this lady that the far famed correspondence of her mother, the Marchioness de Sevigne, the subject of the preceding portrait was addressed. She was likewise distinguished for her great beauty, and high moral character. To face 215.

Fashion Engravings.
1st. Morning at Home dress. Newest style of toilette glass, table, and Ottoman, 261. 2nd. Walking dress at Longchamps. 3rd. Reverse of same figure.

MAY.

Whole length portrait of Mademoiselle Renee de Rieux Chateaufort, beautifully coloured and illuminated, from an authentic portrait by Janet. She was descended from the Sovereign Dukes of Brittany, was beloved by Henry III., King of France, and was celebrated for her beauty and violence of disposition. To face 397.

Fashion Engravings.
1st. Spring promenade dress. 2nd. Reverse, with addition of new scarf, 357. 3rd. Walking dress. 4th. Girl's dress, 338. 5th. Child's dress, 338.

JUNE.

Whole length portrait of the Marquise de Verneuil, splendidly coloured and illuminated, from an authentic likeness in the collection of the King of France. She was the daughter of Marie Touchet, and obtained a promise of marriage from Henry the Great, with which she greatly disturbed the peace of his queen, Marie de Medicis. To face 368.

Fashion Engravings.
1st. Walking dress, newest style of sleeves, corsage, and bonnet. 2nd. Shows the reverse, 410. 3rd. Promenade dress, 41, 411. 4th. Reverse.

Index.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF THE PRESENTATIONS AT HER MAJESTY'S DRAWING ROOMS, AND REFERENCE TO EACH LADY'S DRESS DESCRIBED IN THE LADY'S MAGAZINE & MUSEUM IN VOL. 8.

- Her Majesty 195, 262, 432, 436
 H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, 262, 432, 436
 H. R. H. Princess Victoria, 195, 436
 H. R. H. of Gloucester, 195, 436
 H. R. H. Augusta, 195
 Abbot, 197
 -----, C., 107
 Adam, 196, 262, 264
 Abercromby, 197, 262
 Adam, 196, 264, 438
 Albemarle, 432
 Aldis, 263, 266
 Allen, 432
 Amherst, 432
 Amphlett, 432
 Ansley, 267
 Anson, 263, 265, 267
 Arce de Kue, 432
 Archibald, 262, 265
 Ashbrook, 437
 Ashford, 432
 Ashley, 265, 436, 439
 Ashworth, 262, 263
 Aylmer, 196, 262, 432, 434
 Aylsford, 432
 Baillie, 262, 265
 Bailly, 267
 Ballour, 437
 Bandon, 193
 Bannerman, 411
 Baring, 195, 196
 Barrington, 436
 Bulwer, 441
 Burgoyne, 195
 Burton, R., 197, 489
 Bury, 262, 263, 432
 Bury, H., 267
 Busbe, 197
 Byng, 431
 Basset, 432
 Bathurst, G. and C., 263
 Beale, 432
 Beauchamp, 263
 Beauclerk, 439
 Beckett, 195, 434
 Bedingfield, 262
 Belhaven, 196
 Beresford, 266, 432, 438
 Bernard, 196
 Bernal, 411
 Best, 431, 436, 439
 Bishop, W., 266, 442
 Bishop, A. W., 265
 Blackstone, 432
 Blackwood, 432, 434
 Blucher, 433
 Blunt, 433
 Bolton, 432, 433
 Bourne, 197
 Bouverie, 436
 Bradford, 433
 Bridport, 423, 434
 Broughton, 432
 Browne, 432
 Browne, W., 266
 Brownlow, 195, 262, 432, 437
 Brownrigg, 262, 265, 267
 Burclough, 436
 Buller, Y., 264, 432
 Cam Hobhouse, 433
 Campbell, 267, 431, 432, 433
 Canning, 262
 Capper, 262, 266
 Carnac, 432, 435, 438
 Carey, 441
 Caton, 197
 Chaloner, 440
 Charlemont, 433
 Charleville, 432, 433, 437
 Chesterfield, 431
 Chichester, 262
 Clanciarde, 262
 Clarke, 432
 Clive, 195, 432
 Clonbroch, 437
 Cockbourne, 262, 263
 Cockrell, 431
 Colchester, 262, 264
 Collichwood, 262, 265, 267
 Colquhoun, 432
 Combermere, 263
 Conroy, 434
 Conyngham, 264
 Cooper, 195, 432, 439
 Cornwallis, 195, 263
 Cottenham, 262, 264, 432, 437
 Courtenay, 432
 Courtney, 433
 Cowley, 262, 264
 Cowper, 195, 433, 437
 Cranston, 431, 436
 Crawford, 432
 Crewe, 432
 Crompton, 438
 Curtis, 435
 Cust, 195, 265
 Daily, 266
 Dartmouth, 433, 437
 Dawson, 440
 Deerpark, 431
 Delafield, 439
 Denbigh, 431
 Dickens, 432, 434
 Digby, 441
 Dillon, 264, 267, 433
 Dimsdale, 437
 Donville, 262, 265, 267
 Donkin, 431
 Downshire, 431
 Drake, 434
 Drake, E., 438
 Dudley, 196
 Duff, 432, 440
 Dufferin, 432, 435
 Duncombe, 434
 Dundas, 436
 Dunlop, 431, 434
 Dunraven, 263
 Dunsany, 262, 264
 Durham, 263
 Dyer, 431
 Dymoke, 439
 East, 432
 Eastnor, 433
 Egerton, 196, 264, 440
 Elliot, 196, 432
 Elliot, F., 196
 Ely, 195, 262, 432
 Erskine, 262, 265, 267
 Evans, 432
 Every, 432
 Exeter, 437
 Eyre, 265
 Fane, 196, 438
 Fanshawe, 197, 432
 Ferard, 198
 Ferguson, 197
 Finch, 431, 436
 Fitzgerald, 197, 440
 Fitzroy, 262, 433
 Fitzroy, W., 264, 266
 Fleming, 432
 Flauery, 441
 Floyd, 439
 Foley, 139
 Fox, 262
 Fuller, 197
 Gage, 433
 Gardiner, 439
 Gardner, 431, 434
 Gascoyne, 197
 Gerard, 433
 Gladstone, 431
 Gomm, 432, 435
 Gordon, 196, 438
 Gosset, 262
 Gosling, 432
 Graham, 438
 Greisley, 484
 Grey, 195
 Griffith, 432
 Guest, 196, 263, 432, 433
 Gurney, 440
 Haddington, 431
 Halford, 432, 441
 Hall, 197, 266, 440
 Hamilton, 262
 Hankey, 432
 Hammer, 438
 Harcourt, 262
 Hargood, 438
 Harrowby, 263
 Hartoppe, 440
 Harvey, 432, 434
 Hastings, 432
 Hatherton, 433
 Heathcote, 436
 Henneage, 432
 Herbert, 262, 265, 264
 Herries, 262
 Hervey, 197, 441
 Hill, 431, 434
 Hill, C. and M., 435
 Hoey, 431
 Honeywood, 431
 Hood, 432, 436
 Hope, 431
 Horne, 438
 Horsaide, 196
 Hotham, 196
 Howard, 197, 432
 Howe, 195, 262
 Howley, 197, 198
 Hoy, 197
 Hunter, 431
 Irley, 262, 265, 439
 Jermyn, 262
 Jersey, 437
 Jones, 432
 Johnson, 439
 Johnstone, H., 197, 266
 Kelly, F., 440
 Kemp, 440
 Kennedy, 432
 Kerr, 432
 Kerrison, 434
 Kilmorey, 431
 King, 263, 432
 King, 262, 440
 King, A., 266
 Knox, 485
 Lady Mayoress, 264
 Lanson, 266
 Lane, 432
 Langdale, 262, 263
 Langton, 197
 Lansdowne, 433
 Law, 196, 197, 264, 266
 Legge, 196
 Lehan, 196
 Lewis, 234
 Ley, 434
 Lilford, 439
 Lincoln, 196
 Linsey, 433
 Listowel, 196
 Litchfield, 433
 Lloyd, 432
 Loftus, 196
 Londonderry, 432
 Long, 439, 440
 Lumley, 196
 Lytleton, 440
 M'Alpine, 432
 M'Donald, 263, 266
 M'Farlane, 435
 M'Neil, 265
 Maitland, 432, 436
 Mansfield, 262, 266
 Maxwell, 262, 263
 Mayne, 440
 Mayo, 195
 Meek, 197
 Metaxa, 262
 Methuen, 440
 Meynell, 440
 Milman, 432
 Mitchell, 197
 Mitchell, 267
 Moncrief, 264
 Montague, 435
 Montresor, 440
 Mosley, 431
 Mosley, O., 435, 441
 Mostyn, 431
 Mulcaster, 438
 Munro, 262, 266
 Murray, 196, 197, 434
 Murray, E., 264
 Napier, 432

Index.

- Needham, 431
 Neville, 262
 Northumberland, 195,
262
 Norton, 196
Offley, 432
 Otway, 262
 Oxmantown, 431, 434,
438
 Palmer, 441
 Parker, 198, 432, 439
 Parsons, 435
 Pechell, 198
 Peel, 196, 438
 Pelham, 197
 Pembroke, 262
 Phillimore, 441
 Planta, 197
Pigot, 432
 Pocock, 438
 Poland, 263
 Pole, 438
 Polthimore, 431, 433
 Pousonby, 262, 263
 Porter, 262, 266
 Portal, 432
 Poulett, 195
 Powney, 432
 Prime, 262, 265, 267
 Proctor, B., 488
 Quin, 264
 Quinton, 437
 Rubet, 262
 Radstock, 432
 Ravenshaw, 196
 Rennie, 262
Reynell, 264, 432
Riell, 435
 Rice, 432
 Richmond, 431
 Riddell, 432
 Roberts, 432
 Robertson, 432
 Robinson, 432
 Rolle, 431, 437, 438
 Rees, 262, 263
 Rosebery, 431, 438
 Ross, 432
Rushbrooke, 432
 Russell, F., 262, 485
 Russell, W., 262, 264
 St. Alban's, 437
 St. John, 432
 Salis, 195
 Salomans, 262, 265
 Sandwich, 437
 Saunders, 432
 Scott, 431, 436
 Searle, 435
 Sebastiani, 195, 262,
263, 433
 Selby, 262, 265, 267,
440
 Seymour, 196, 265
 Shadwell, 196, 437
 Sheffield, 437
 Simond, 196
 Sinclair, 262, 263
 Skinner, 440
 Smith, 438, 441
 Smyth, 440
 Solly, R., 441
 Somerset, 196
 Sondes, 432, 435
 Spearman, 262
 Stanhope, Leycester,
439
 Stanley, 431, 433
 Stepney, 438
 Stewart, 434
 Stewart, 266
 Stirling, 431, 433
 Stradbroke, 432
 Strangways, 196, 431,
432
 Sullivan, 262, 264, 267
 Sumner, 266
 Sutherland, 262
 Sykes, 439
 Talbot, 433
 Talbot de Melabide,
432
 Tavistock, 437
Thellusson, 431, 436
 Thistlethwayte, 262,
266
 Thomond, 195
 Thompson, B., 430
 Tierney, 485
 Tracy, 196
 Trimlestown, 432, 435
Trollope, 432, 433
 Vail, 265
 Vaile, 197
 Vansittart, 266, 431
 Vaughan, 192, 441
 Verney, 262
 Vernon, 440
 Verschoyle, 187
 Verulam, 433
 Vivian, 266
 Walpole, 196
 Walpole and S., 198
 Walton, 197
Welby, G., 441
 Wellesley, 262, 264,
265
 Wellesley Long, 262,
267
 Westera, 436
 Wheatly, 196, 262
 Wharton, 432
 Whatley, 195
 Wicklow, 432
 Wilkinson, 432
 Wilkinson, G., 262, 266
 Windsor, 231
Wingfield, 265
Winterton, 262, 432
 Wood, 198
 Wortley, S. G., 264
 Wynn, 432, 436
 Wynne, 432
Wynyard, 439
 Young, 432

BIRTHS.

- Albizzi, 441
 Badley, 441
 Barber, 442
 Baines Talbot, 441
 Baring, 290
 Barton, 441
 Bentley, 140
 Beat, 441
 Blount, 140
 Bowling, 140
 Brandreth, 441
 Brown, 290
 Cavendish, 442
 Calcraft, 362
 Carden, 140
 Carr, 140
 Chaplin, 362
 Cochrane, 290
 Conyngham, 212
 Cormack, 442
 Corry, 362
 Coulson, 442
 Courtenay, 140
 Courtenay, 441
 Crofton, 212
 Cruicksbank, 212
 Danneskeold Samsoe,
140
 Dare, 290
 Dare Hall, 361
 Dillon, 212
 Dolphin, 362
 Dyce, 140
 Edwards, 140
 Egerton, 212
 Egertou, C., 212
 English, 212
 Engstrom, 140
 Forbes, 212
 Forbes, 442
 Fraser, 290
 Girdlestone, 150
 Gosling, 140
 Gore, 442
 Grace, 442
 Graham, 362
 Gray, 362
 Harris, 212
 Hasker, 140
 Holmesdale, 362
 Horne, 362
 Lane, Newton, 290
 Lee, 140
 Londonderry, 361
 Long, 442
 Macdougall, 140
 Marchaut, I.e., 362
 Maxwell, Berkeley, 362
 Medleycott, 361
 Menzies, 212
 Morrison, 442
 Muncaster, 212
 Murray, 362
 Neave, 362
 Nicholas, 212
 Norreys, 441
 Onslow, 441
 Owen, 290
 Owen, 361
 Payuter, 140
 Peacock, 140
 Penryhn, 361
 Præd, 441
 Pusey, 76
 Ram, 362
 Ripley, 442
 Roberts, 290
 Robins, 290
 Sandon, 441
 Smith, 76
 Smith, 441
 Stephens, 76
 Stewart, 442
 Straight, 212
 Suffield, 212
 Tabley, De, 361
 Tyler, 141
 Valpy, 362
 Vutch, 140
 Vernon, 362
 Watson, 140
Wilbram, 441
 Wilson, 140
 Yorke, 442
 Young, 290
 Young, 361

MARRIAGES.

- Bacchus, 442
 Baily, 442
 Barrow, 362
 Bishop, 140
 Boyle, 76
 Brandt, 442
 Browne, 290
 Burrell, 442
 Burton, 362
 Campbell, 362
 Carnegie, 212
 Carrington, 140
 Cato, 76
 Cepple, 290
 Child, 140
 Chilton, 290
 Colchester, 290
 Corfield, 442
 Criddle, 290
 Daniel, 442
 Dixon, 442
 Dow, 442
 Drought, 140
 Dyke, 76
 Ferry, 442
 Garrard, 76
 Goose, 442
 Green, 362
 Hemming, 362
 Hill, 290
 Hollingsworth, 362
 Hope, 290
 Hope, 362
 Hulse, 362
 Humphrey, 362
 Lindsay, 76
 Lloyd, 442
 Maling, 42
 Marshall, 362
 Martin, 76
 Monckton, 441
 Morrice, 442
 Milner, 442
 Murdock, 362
 Murray, 362
 Oakes, 290
 Palmer, 76
 Payne, 76
 Phelps, 290
 Powerscourt, 140
 Rawlings, 140
 Scott, 76
 Shaw, 76
 Taxfe, 290
 Tenant, 140
 Thorn, 212
 Thornton, 362
 Thurlow, 290
 Tobias, 140
 Tyler, 362
 Valance, 290
 Venn, 140
 Weeks, 442
 Weston, 442
 White, 140
 Wombwell, 442
 Worster, 140
 Wright, 362

Index.

DEATHS.

Alexander, 362	Esdaile, 290	Lawes, 442,	Ruddell, 362
Angelo, 76	Farebrother, 290	Lewis, 290	Russell, 140
Arden, 442	Fead, 142	Liddel, 290	Saunders, 76
Ayton, 142	Fitzgerald, 442	Lord, 442	Saunders, 362
Bagnall, 212	Flower, 362	Mackinnon, 76	Sheridan, 212
Beaumont, 290	Foster, 442	Martin, 362	Singleton, 76
Blackwood, 76	Fox, 140	Martineau, 140	Sparrow, 140
Blunt, 140	French, 362	Mayo, 442	Stanley, 140
Brown, 76	Fronde, 290	Millard, 442	Stair, 212
Brine, 140	George, 140	Millman, 290,	Stapleton, 442
Brydges, 140	Goring, 212	Miners, 442	Stow, 442
Burgoyne, 290	Gore, 140	Molesworth, 442	Strachy, 140
Bullivant, 76	Gostling, 362	Morgan, 362	Sweedland, 290
Burton, 140	Goulbourn, 362,	Moore, 110	Thorpe, 442
Carr, 442	Graham, 140	Morrah, 76	Tomes, 442
Chapman, 140	Grey, De, 442	Murel, 140	Travius, 143
Clifton, 440	Hamilton, 67	Nagle, 442	Tuson, 362
Coates, 362	Hanbury, 76	Norw, 212	Van Mildert, 212
Collingwood, 76	Hollist, 442	Nook, 140	Vansittart, 442
Cooper, 140	Home, 362	Parry, 290	Vernon, 442
Cooper, 442	Howe, 76	Pirner, 140	Walker, 212
Crepin, 76	Hughes, 212	Polhill, 290	Waller, 442
Crewe, 76	Hulkes, 362	Ramsbottom, 442	Watkins, 140
Dyneley, 442	Johnstone, 362	Rich, 362	Wilkins, 442
Ellis, 442	Kennedy, 442	Robinson, 212	Williams, 140
Elphinstone, 76	Kingsley, 140	Robson, 212	Williams, 442
Ely, 362	Knapp, 442	Ronayne, 140	Wilson, 212



